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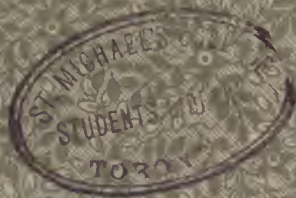


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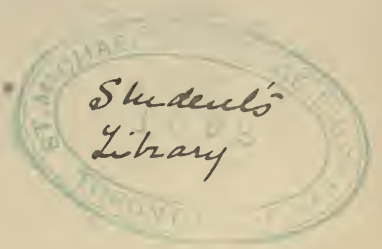
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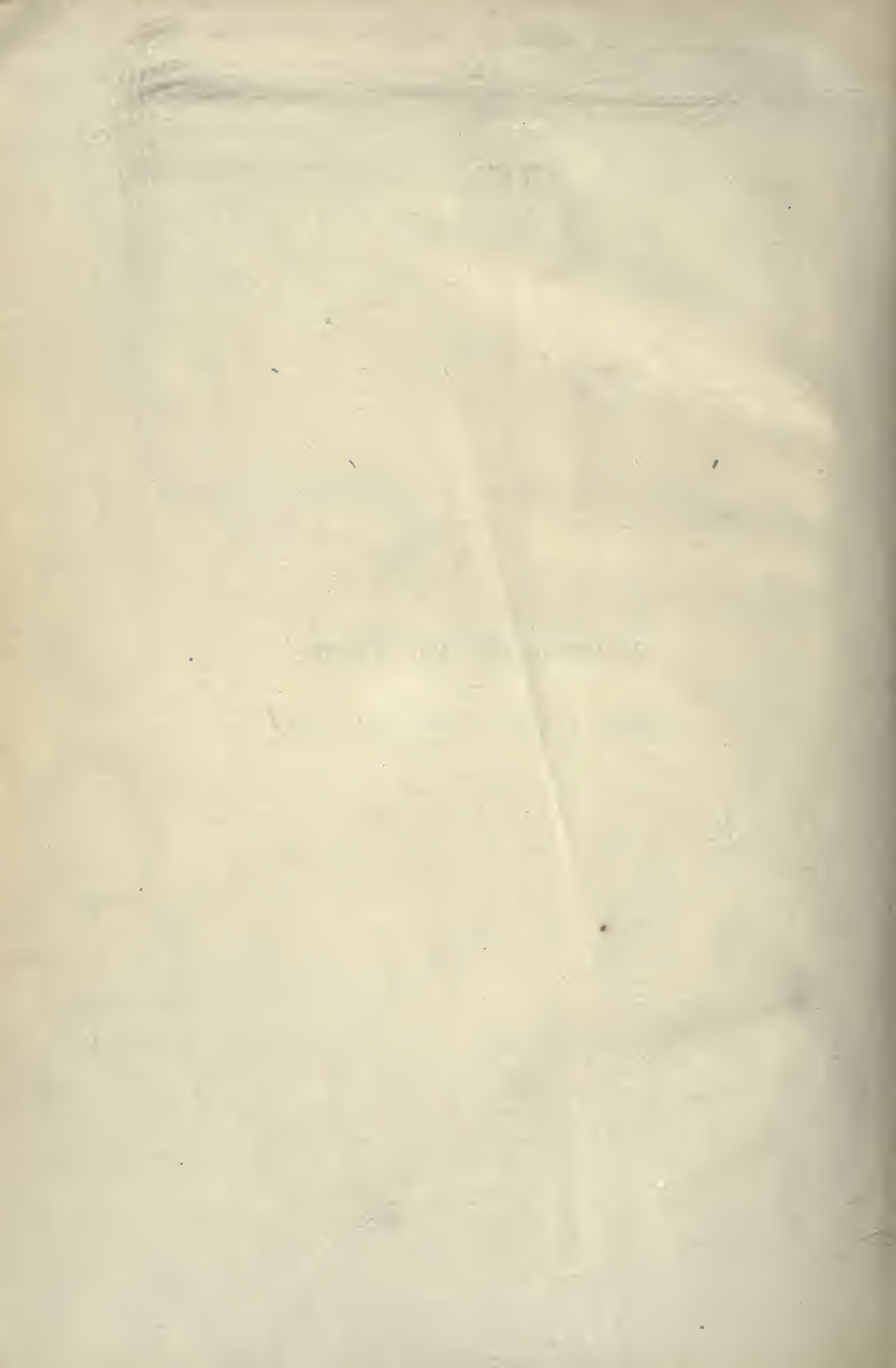
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Retreat 1

Ad Beatam Mariam Virginem.

Recordare nostri, Sanctissima Virgo !



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VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 3, 1886.

No. 1.

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Growth and Duty.*

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

WHAT life is in itself we do not know, any more than we know what matter is in itself; but we know something of the properties of matter, and we also have some knowledge of the laws of life. Here it is sufficient to call attention to the law of growth, through which the living receive the power of self-development—of bringing their endowments into act, of building up the being which they are. Whatever living thing is strong or beautiful has been made so by growth, since life begins in darkness and impotence. To grow is to be fresh and joyous. Hence the Spring is the glad time; for the earth itself then seems to renew its youth, and enter on a fairer life. The growing grass, the budding leaves, the sprouting corn, coming as with unheard shout from regions of the dead, fill us with happy thoughts, because in them we behold the vigor of life, bringing promise of higher things.

Nature herself seems to rejoice in this vital energy; for the insects hum, the birds sing, the lambs skip, and the very brooks give forth a merry sound. Growth leads us through Wonderland. It touches the germs

lying in darkness, and the myriad forms of life spring to view; the mists are lifted from the valleys of death, and flowers bloom and shed fragrance through the air. Only the growing—those who each moment are becoming something more than they were—feel the worth and joyousness of life. Upon the youth nothing palls, for he is himself day by day rising into higher and wider worlds. To grow is to have faith, hope, courage. The boy who has become able to do what a while ago was impossible to him, easily believes that nothing is impossible; and as his powers unfold, his self-confidence is nourished; he exults in the consciousness of increasing strength, and can not in any way be made to understand the doubts and faint-heartedness of men who have ceased to grow. Each hour he puts off some impotence, and why shall he not have faith in his destiny, and feel that he shall yet grow to be poet, orator, hero, or what you will that is great and noble? And as he delights in life, we take delight in him.

In the same way a young race of people possesses a magic charm. Homer's heroes are barbarians, but they are inspiring, because they belong to a growing race, and we see in them the budding promise of the day when Alexander's sword shall conquer the world; when Plato shall teach the philosophy which all men who think must know; and when Pericles shall bid the arts blossom in a perfection which is the despair of succeeding generations. And so in the Middle Age there is barbarism enough, with

* An Oration delivered at the forty-second Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame.

its lawlessness and ignorance; but there is also faith, courage, strength, which tell of youth, and point to a time of mature faculty and high achievement. There is the rich purple dawn, which shall grow into the full day of our modern life.

And here in this New World we are the new people, in whose growth what highest hopes, what heavenly promises lie! All the nations which are moving forward, are moving in directions in which we have gone before them—to larger political and religious liberty; to wider and more general education; to the destroying of privilege, and the disestablishment of State churches; to the recognition of the equal rights not only of all men, but of all men and women.

We also lead the way in the revolution which has been set in motion by the application of science to mechanical purposes, one of the results of which is seen in the industrial and commercial miracles of the present century. It is our vigorous growth which makes us the most interesting and attractive of the modern peoples. For whether men love us, or whether they hate us, they find it impossible to ignore us, unless they wish to argue themselves unknown; and the millions who yearn for freedom and opportunity, turn first of all to us.

But observant minds, however much they may love America, however great their faith in popular government may be, can not contemplate our actual condition without a sense of disquietude; for there are aspects of our social evolution which sadden and depress even the most patriotic and loyal hearts. It would seem, for instance, that with us, while the multitude are made comfortable and keen-witted, the individual remains commonplace and weak; so that on all sides people are beginning to ask themselves what is the good of all this money and machinery, if the race of god-like men is to die out, or indeed if the result is not to be some nobler and better sort of man than the one with whom we have all along been familiar. Is not the yearn-

ing for divine men inborn? In the heroic ages such men were worshipped as gods, and one of the calamities of times of degeneracy is the dying out of faith in the worth of true manhood through the disappearance of superior men. Such men alone are memorable, and give to history its inspiring and educating power. The ruins of Athens and Rome, the cathedrals and castles of Europe, uplift and strengthen the heart, because they bid us reflect what thoughts and hopes were theirs who thus could build. How quickly kings and peasants, millionaires and paupers, become a common, undistinguished herd! But the hero, the poet, the saint defy the ages, and remain luminous and separate, like stars. They

"Waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that can not pass away."
The soul, which makes man immortal, has alone the power to make him beneficent and beautiful.

But in this highest kind of man, in whom soul—that is, faith, hope, love, courage, intellect—is supreme, we Americans, who are on the crest of the topmost waves of the stream of tendency, are not rich. We have our popular heroes; but so has every petty people, every tribe its heroes. The dithyrambic prose in which it is the fashion to celebrate our conspicuous men has a hollow sound, very like cant. A marvelous development of wealth and numbers has taken place in America; but what American—poet, philosopher, scientist, warrior, ruler, saint—is there who can take his place with the foremost men of all this world? The American people seem still to be somewhat in the position of our new millionaires: their fortune is above them, overshadows and oppresses them. They live in fine houses, and have common thoughts; they have costly libraries, and cheap culture; and their rich clothing poorly hides their coarse feeling. Nor does the tendency seem to be towards a nobler type of manhood.

The leaders of the Revolution, the framers of the Federal Constitution, the men

who contended for State-rights, and still more those who led in the great struggle for human rights, were of stronger and nobler mould than the politicians who now crowd the halls of Congress. Were it not for the Pension Office, one might cherish the belief that in our civilization the soldier is doomed to extinction, and that the military hero will be known only to those who study the remains of a past geologic era. Even as things are, what a blessed country is not this, where generals, not to be idle, are reduced to the necessity of fighting their battles in the pages of sensational magazines—powder magazines being no longer needed, except for purposes of blasting! The promise of a literature which a generation ago budded forth in New England was, it appears, delusive. What a sad book is not that recently issued from the press on the poets of America! It is the chapter on snakes in Ireland, which we have all read—there are none. And are not our literary men whom it is possible to admire and love either dead, or old enough to die?

All this, however, need not be cause for discouragement, if in the generations which are springing up around us, and which are soon to enter upon the scene of active life, we could discover the boundless confidence, the high courage, the noble sentiments, which make the faults of youth more attractive than the formal virtues of a maturer age. But youth seems about to disappear from human life, to leave only children and men. For a true youth the age of chivalry has not passed, nor has the age of faith, nor the age of poetry, nor the age of aught that is godlike and ideal. To our young men, however, high thoughts and heroic sentiments are what they are to a railroad president or a bank cashier—mere nonsense. Life for them is wholly prosaic, and without illusions. They transform ideas into interests, faith into a speculation, and love into a financial transaction. They have no vague yearnings for what can not be; hardly have they any passions. They are cold and calculating. They deny

themselves, and do not believe in self-denial; they are active, and do not love labor; they are energetic, and have no enthusiasm; they approach life with the hard, mechanical thoughts with which a scientist studies matter. Their one idea is success, and success for them is money. Money means power, it means leisure, it means self-indulgence, it means display; it means, in a word, the thousand comforts and luxuries which, in their opinion, constitute the good of life.

In aristocratic societies, the young have had a passion for distinction. They have held it to be an excellent thing to belong to a noble family, to occupy an elevated position, to wear the glittering badges of birth and of office. In ages of religious faith they have been smitten with the love of divine ideals; they have yearned for God, and given all the strength of their hearts to make His will prevail. But to our youth, distinction of birth is fictitious, and God is problematic; and so they are left face to face with material aims and ends; and of such aims and ends money is the universal equivalent.

Now, it could not ever occur to me to think of denying that the basis of human life, individual and social, is material. Matter is part of our nature; we are bedded in it, and by it are nourished. It is the instrument we must use even when we think and love, when we hope and pray. Upon this foundation our spiritual being is built: upon this foundation our social welfare rests. Concern for material interests is one of the chief causes of human progress, since nothing else so stimulates to effort, and effort is the law of growth. The savage, who has no conception of money, but is satisfied with what nature provides, remains forever a savage. Habits of industry, of order, of punctuality, of economy and thrift, are, to a great extent, the result of our money-getting propensities. Our material wants are more urgent, more irresistible; they press more constantly upon us than any other; and those whom they fail to rouse to exertion are, as a rule, hopelessly given

over to indolence and sloth. In the stimulus of these lower needs, then, is found the providential impulse which drives man to labor, and without labor welfare is not possible.

The poor must work, if they would drink and eat;
The weak must work, if they in strength would grow;

The ignorant must work, if they would know;
The sad must work, if they sweet joy would meet.

The strong must work, if they would shun defeat;
The rich must work, if they would flee from woe;
The proud must work, if they would upward go;
The brave must work, if they would not retreat.

So on all men this law of work is lain:

It gives them food, strength, knowledge, vict'ry,
peace;

It makes joy possible, and lessens pain;

From passion's lawless power it wins release,
Confirms the heart, and widens reason's reign;

Makes men like God, whose work can never
cease.

Whatever enables man to overcome his inborn love of ease is, in so far, the source of good. Now, money represents what more than anything else has this stimulating power. It is the equivalent of what we eat and drink, of the homes we live in, of the comforts with which we surround ourselves; of the independence which makes us free to go here or there, to do this or that—to spend the Winter where orange blossoms perfume the soft air, and the Summer where ocean breezes quicken the pulse of life. It unlocks for us the treasury of the world, opens to our gaze whatever is sublime or beautiful; introduces us to the master-minds, who live in their works; it leads us where orators declaim, and singers thrill the soul with ecstasy. Nay, more, with it we build churches, endow schools, and provide hospitals and asylums for the weak and helpless. It is, indeed, like a god of this nether world, holding dominion over many spheres of life, and receiving the heart-worship of millions.

And yet if we make money and its equivalents a life-purpose—the aim and end of our earthly hopes—our service becomes idolatry, and a blight falls upon our nobler self. Money is the equivalent of what is

venal—of all that may be bought or sold; but the best, the godlike, the distinctively human, can not be bought or sold. A rich man can buy a wife, but not a woman's love; he can buy books, but not an appreciative mind; he can buy a pew, but not a pure conscience; he can buy men's votes and flattery, but not their respect. The money-world is visible, material, mechanical, external; the world of the soul, of the better self, is invisible, spiritual, vital. God's kingdom is within. What we have is not what we are; and the all-important thing is to be, and not to have. Our possessions belong to us only in a mechanical way. The poet's soul owns the stars and the moonlit heavens, the mountains and rivers, the flowers and the birds, more truly than a millionaire owns his bonds. What I know is mine, and what I love is mine; and as my knowledge widens and my love deepens, my life is enlarged and intensified. But, since all human knowledge is imperfect and narrow, the soul stretches forth the tendrils of faith and hope. Looking upon shadows, we believe in realities; possessing what is vain and empty, we trust to the future to bring what is full and complete.

All noble literature and life has its origin in regions where the mind sees but darkly; where faith is more potent than knowledge; where hope is larger than possession, and love mightier than sensation. The soul is dwarfed whenever it clings to what is palpable and plain, fixed and bounded. Its home is in worlds which can not be measured and weighed. It has infinite hopes, and longings, and fears; lives in the conflux of immensities; bathes on shores where waves of boundless yearning break. Borne on the wings of time, it still feels that only what is eternal is real—that what death can destroy is even now but a shadow. To it all outward things are formal, and what is less than God is hardly anything. In this mysterious, supersensible world all true ideals originate, and such ideals are to human life as rain and sunshine to the corn by which it is nourished.

What hope for the future is there, then, when the young have no enthusiasm, no heavenly illusions, no divine aspirations, no faith that man may become godlike, more than poets have ever imagined, or philosophers dreamed?—when money, and what money buys, is the highest they know, and therefore the highest they are able to love?—when even the ambitious among them set out with the deliberate purpose of becoming the beggars of men's votes; of winning an office, the chief worth of which, in their eyes, lies in its emoluments?—when even the glorious and far-sounding voice of fame for them means only the gabble and cackle of notoriety?

The only example which I can call to mind of a historic people, whose ideals are altogether material and mechanical, is that of China. Are we, then, destined to become a sort of Chinese Empire, with three hundred millions of human beings, and not a divine man or woman?

Is what Carlyle says is hitherto our sole achievement—the bringing into existence of an almost incredible number of bores—is this to be the final outcome of our national life? Is the commonest man the only type which in a democratic society will in the end survive? Does universal equality mean universal inferiority? Are republican institutions fatal to noble personality? Are the people as little friendly to men of moral and intellectual superiority as they are to men of great wealth? Is their dislike of the millionaires but a symptom of their aversion to all who in any way are distinguished from the crowd? And is this the explanation of the blight which falls upon the imagination and the hearts of the young?

Ah! surely, we, who have faith in human nature, who believe in freedom and in popular government, can never doubt what answer must be given to all these questions. A society which inevitably represses what is highest in the best sort of men is an evil society. A civilization which destroys faith in genius, in heroism, in sanctity, is the forerunner of barbarism. Individuality is man's

noblest triumph over fate, his most heavenly assertion of the freedom of the soul; and a world in which individuality is made impossible is a slavish world. There man dwindles, becomes one of a multitude, the impersonal product of a general law, and all his godlike strength and beauty are lost. Is not one true poet more precious than a whole generation of millionaires; one philosopher of more worth than ten thousand members of Congress; one man who sees and loves God dearer than an army of able editors?

The greater our control of nature becomes—the more its treasures are explored and utilized, the greater the need of strong personality to counteract the fatal force of matter. Just as men in tropical countries are overwhelmed and dwarfed by nature's rich profusion, so in this age, in which industry and science have produced resources far beyond the power of unassisted nature, only strong characters, marked individualities, can resist the influence of wealth and machinery, which tend to make man of less importance than what he eats and wears—to make him subordinate to the tools he uses.

From many sides personality, which is the fountain-head of worth, genius, and power, is menaced. The spirit of the time would deny that God is a Person, and holds man's personality in slight esteem, as not rooted in the soul, but in aggregated atoms. And the whole social network, in whose meshes we are all caught, cripples and paralyzes individuality. We must belong to a party, to a society, to a ring, to a clique, and deliver up our living thought to these soulless entities. Or, if we remain aloof from such affiliation, we must have no honest convictions, no fixed principles, but fit our words to business and professional interests, and conform to the exigencies of the prevailing whim. The minister is hired to preach not what he believes, but what the people wish to hear; the congressman is elected to vote not in the light of his own mind, but in obedience to the dictates of those who send him; the newspa-

per circulates not because it is filled with words of truth and wisdom, but because it panders to the prurency and prejudice of its patrons; and a book is popular in inverse ratio to its individuality and worth. Our National Library is filled with books which have copyright, but no other right, human or divine, to exist at all. And when one of us does succeed in asserting his personality, he usually only makes himself odd and ridiculous. He rushes into polygamous Mormonism, or buffoon revivalism, or shallow-minded atheism; nay, he will even become an anarchist, because a few men have too much money and too little soul. What we need is neither the absence of individuality nor a morbid individuality, but high and strong personalities.

If our country is to be great, and forever memorable, something quite other than wealth and numbers will make it so. Were there but question of countless millions of dollars and people, then indeed the victory would already have been gained. If we are to serve the highest interests of mankind, and to mark an advance in human history, we must do more than establish universal suffrage, and teach every child to read and write. As true criticism deals only with men of genius or of the best talent, and takes no serious notice of mechanical writers and book-makers, so true history loses sight of nations whose only distinction lies in their riches and populousness. The noblest and most gifted men and women are alone supremely interesting and abidingly memorable. We have already reached a point where we perceive the unreality of the importance which the chronicles have sought to give to mere kings and captains. If the king was a hero, we love him; but if he was a sot or a coward, his jewelled crown and purple robes leave him as unconsidered by us as the beggar in his rags. Whatever influence, favorable or unfavorable, democracy may exert to make easy or difficult the advent of the noblest kind of man, an age in which the people think and rule will strip from

all sham greatness its trappings and tinsel. The parade hero and windy orator will be gazed at and applauded, but they are all the while transparent and contemptible. The scientific spirit, too, which now prevails is the foe of all pretence: it looks at things in their naked reality, is concerned to get a view of the fact as it is in itself, without a care whether it be a beautiful or an ugly, a sweet or a bitter truth. The fact is what it is, and nothing can be gained by believing it to be what it is not.

This is a most wise and human way of looking at things, if men will only not forget that the mind sees farther than the eye, that the heart feels deeper than the hand; and that where knowledge fails, faith is left; where possession is denied, hope remains. The young must enter upon their life-work with the conviction that only what is real is true, good and beautiful; and that the unreal is altogether futile and vain.

Now, the most real thing for every man, if he is a man, is his own soul. His thought, his love, his faith, his hope are but his soul thinking, loving, believing, hoping. His joy and misery are but his soul glad or sad. Hence, so far as we are able to see or argue, the essence of reality is spiritual; and, since the soul is conscious that it is not the supreme reality, but is dependent, illumined by a truth higher than itself, nourished by a love larger than its own, it has a dim vision of the Infinite Being as essentially real and essentially spiritual. A living faith in this infinite spiritual reality is the fountain-head not only of religion, but of noble life. All wavering here is a symptom of psychic paralysis. When the infinite reality becomes questionable, then all things become material and vile. The world becomes a world of sight and sound, of taste and touch. The soul is poured through the senses and dissipated; the current of life stagnates, and grows fetid in sloughs and marshes. Minds for whom God is the Unknowable have no faith in knowledge at all, except as the equivalent of weight and measure, of taste and touch and smell.

Now, if all that may be known and desired is reduced to this material expression, how dull and beggarly does not life become—mere atomic integration and disintegration, the poor human pneumatic machine puffing along the dusty road of matter, bound and helpless and soulless as a clanking engine! No high life, in individuals or nations, is to be hoped for, unless it is enrooted in the infinite spiritual reality—in God. It is forever indubitable that the highest is not material, and no argument is therefore needed to show that when spiritual ideals lose their power of attraction, life sinks to lower beds.

Sight is the noblest sense, and the starlit sky is the most sublime object we can behold. But what do we in reality see there? Only a kind of large tent dimly lighted with gas jets. This is the noblest thing the noblest sense reveals. But let the soul appear, and the tent flies into invisible shreds: the heavens break open from abyss to abyss, still widening into limitless expanse, until imagination reels. The gas jets grow into suns, blazing since innumerable ages with unendurable light, and binding whole planetary systems into harmony and life. So infinitely does the soul transcend the senses! The world it lives in is boundless, eternal, sublime. This is its home; this the sphere in which it grows and awakens to consciousness of kinship with God. This is the fathomless, shoreless abyss of being wherein it is plunged, from which it draws its life, its yearning for the absolute, its undying hope, its love of the best, its craving for immortality, its instinct for eternal things. To condemn it to work merely for money, for position, for applause, for pleasure, is to degrade it to the condition of a slave. It is as though we should take some supreme poet or hero and bid him break stones or grind corn,—he who has the faculty to give to truth its divinest form, and to lift the hearts of nations to the love of heavenly things.

Whatever our lot on earth may be—whether we toil with the hand, with the brain, or with the heart—we may not bind

the soul to any slavish service. Let us do our work like men,—till the soil, build homes, refine brute matter, be learned in law, in medicine, in theology; but let us never chain our souls to what they work in. No earthly work can lay claim to the whole life of man; for every man is born for God, for the Universe, and may not narrow his mind. We must have some practical thing to do in the world—some way of living which will place us in harmony with the requirements and needs of earthly life; and what this daily business of ours shall be, each one, in view of his endowments and surroundings, must decide for himself.

And it is well to bear in mind that every kind of life has its advantages, except an immoral life. Whatever we make of ourselves, then—whether farmers, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, or priests—let us above all things first have a care that we are men; and if we are to be men, our special business work must form only a part of our life-work. The aim—at least in this way alone can I look at human life—is not to make rich and successful bankers, merchants, farmers, lawyers, and doctors, but to make noble and enlightened men. Hence the final thought in all work is that we work not to have more, but to be more; not for higher place, but for greater worth; not for fame, but for knowledge. In a word, the final thought is that we labor to up-build the being which we are, and not merely to build round our real self with marble and gold and precious stones. This is but the Christian teaching which has transformed the world; which declares that it is the business of slaves even, of beggars and outcasts, to work first of all for God and the soul. The end is infinite, the aim must be the highest. Not to know this, not to hear the heavenly invitation, is to be shut out from communion with the best; is to be cut off from the source of growth; is to be given over to modes of thought which fatally lead to mediocrity and vulgarity of life.

To live for common ends is to be common:

The highest faith makes still the highest man;

For we grow like the things our souls believe,
 And rise or sink as we aim high or low.
 No mirror shows such likeness of the face
 As faith we live by of the heart and mind.
 We are in very truth that which we love;
 And love, like noblest deeds, is born of faith.
 The lover and the hero reason not,
 But they believe in what they love and do.
 All else is accident—this is the soul
 Of life, and lifts the whole man to itself,
 Like a key-note, which, running through all
 sounds,
 Upbears them all in perfect harmony.

We can not set a limit to the knowledge and love of man, because they spring from God, and move forever towards Him who is without limit. That we have been made capable of this ceaseless approach to an infinite ideal is the radical fact in our nature. Through this we are human, through this we are immortal; through this we are lifted above matter, look through the rippling stream of time on the calm ocean of eternity, and, beyond the utmost bounds of space, see simple being, life and thought and love, deathless, imageless, absolute. This ideal creates the law of duty, for it makes the distinction between right and wrong. Hence the first duty of man is to make himself like God, through knowledge ever-widening, through love ever-deepening, through life ever-growing.

So only can we serve God, so only can we love Him. To be content with ignorance is infidelity to His infinite truth. To rest in a lesser love is to deny the boundless charity which holds the heavens together, and makes them beautiful; which to every creature gives its fellow; which for the young bird makes the nest; for the child, the mother's breast; and in the heart of man sows the seed of faith and hope and heavenly pity.

Ceaseless growth towards God—this is the ideal, this is the law of human life, proposed and sanctioned alike by Religion, Philosophy, and Poetry. *Dulcissima vita sentire in dies se fieri meliorem.*

Upward to move along a Godward way,
 Where love and knowledge still increase,
 And clouds and darkness yield to growing day,
 Is more than wealth or fame or peace.

No other blessing shall I ever ask:
 This is the best that life can give;
 This only is the soul's immortal task,
 For which 'tis worth the pain to live.

It is man's chief blessedness that there lie in his nature infinite possibilities of growth. The growth of animals comes quickly to an end, and when they cease to grow they cease to be joyful; but man, whose bodily development even is slow, is capable of rising to wider knowledge and purer love through unending ages. Hence even when he is old, if he has lived for what is great and exalted, his mind is clear, his heart is tender, and his soul is glad. Only those races are noble, only those individuals are worthy, who yield without reserve to the power of this impulse to ceaseless progress. Behold how the race from which we have sprung—the Aryan—breaks forth into ever new developments of strength and beauty in Greece, in Italy, in France, in England, in Germany, in America; creating literature, philosophy, science, art; receiving Christian truth, and through its aid rising to diviner heights of wisdom, power, freedom, love, and knowledge.

And so there are individuals—and they are born to teach and to rule—for whom to live is to grow; who, forgetting what they have been, and what they are, think ever only of becoming more and more. Their education is never finished, their development is never complete, their work is never done. From victories won they look to other battle-fields; from every height of knowledge they peer into the widening nescience; from all achievements and possessions they turn away towards the unapproachable Infinite, to whom they are drawn. Walking in the shadow of the too great light of God, they are illumined and they are darkened. This makes Newton think his knowledge ignorance; this makes St. Paul think his heroic virtue naught. O blessed men! who make us feel that we are of the race of God; who measure and weigh the heavens; who love with boundless love; who toil and are patient; who teach us that workers can wait. They are in love with

life, they yearn for fuller life. Life is good, and the highest life is God; and wherever man grows in knowledge, wisdom and strength, in faith, hope and love, he walks in the way of Heaven.

And to you, young gentlemen, who are about to quit these halls, to continue amid other surroundings the work of education which here has but begun, what words shall I more directly speak? If hitherto you have wrought to any purpose, you will go forth into the world filled with resolute will and noble enthusiasm to labor even unto the end in building up the being which is yourself, that you may unceasingly approach the type of perfect manhood. This deep-glowing fervor of enthusiasm for what is highest and best is worth more to you, and to any man, than all that may be learned in colleges. If ambition is akin to pride, and therefore to folly, it is none the less a mighty spur to noble action; and where it is not found in youth, budding and blossoming like the leaves and flowers in Spring, what promise is there of the ripe fruit which nourishes life? The love of excellence bears us up on the swift wing and plumes of high desire:

"Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave."

Do not place before your eyes the standard of vulgar success. Do not say: I will study, labor, exercise myself that I may become able to get wealth or office; for to this kind of work the necessities of life and the tendency of the age will drive you; whereas, if you hope to be true and high, it is your business to hold yourself above the spirit of the age. It is our worst misfortune that we have no ideals. Our very religion, it would seem, is not able to give us a living faith in the reality of ideals; for we are no longer wholly convinced that souls live in the atmosphere of God as truly as lungs breathe the air of earth. And we find it difficult even to think of striving for what is eternal, all-holy and perfect, so unreal, so delusive do such thoughts seem.

Who will understand that to be is better than to have, and that in truth a man is worth only what he is? Who will believe that the kingdom of this world, not less than the kingdom of Heaven, lies within? Who, even in thinking of the worth of a pious and righteous life, is not swayed by some sort of honesty-best-policy principle? We love knowledge because we think it is power; and virtue, because we are told, as a rule, it succeeds. Ah! do you love knowledge for itself—for it is good, it is godlike to know? Do you love virtue for its own sake—for it is eternally and absolutely right to be virtuous? Instead of giving your thoughts and desires to wealth and position, learn to know how little of such things a true and wise man needs; for the secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature. Ask God to inspire you with some noble thought, some abiding love of what is excellent, which may fill you with gladness and courage, and in the midst of the labors, the trials, and the disappointments of life, keep you still strong and serene.

The Feast of Gladness.

BY MARION MUIR.

I HAVE been sad, but I am sad no more;
I have been blind, and now, with open eyes,
I can look upward at the wide, blue skies.
The world I fancied evil to the core
Hath room upon it for the royal store
Of love and trust, and splendid hope that lies
In youthful dreams, or noble enterprise
That builds success from sorrows gone before.
I have shed tears, but now I leave regret
Under the green that fitly clothes a grave.
There is no lasting gloom for those who set
Their faith on ideals lifted up to save
Immortal natures from the strife and pain
Of seeking guidance on the pathless plain.

PENTECOST, 1886.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

A LARGE brown-stone house, of elaborate architecture, set in the midst of spacious grounds, where every art of the landscape-gardener had been called into service, and where the result was as perfect as taste and wealth could make it, was the home of Mr. James Thornton, one of the most noted millionaires of the city of Riverport. Not that millionaires were uncommon in Riverport, which, being on the border of the prosperous Southwest and West, had a fair proportion of these fortunate persons among its inhabitants; but, beside the fact that Mr. Thornton was reputed to be one of the wealthiest, there were certain incidents in his career which gave a picturesque interest to it in the popular mind. For one thing, he had amassed his wealth in a very short time; and this is something which is always interesting to those who wish to do likewise, yet lack the necessary opportunity or ability. Not very many years had elapsed since he was only an ordinarily prosperous business man. Suddenly property had fallen into his hands, which almost immediately appreciated enormously in value. He at once entered largely into speculative investments, and, owing to good luck or good judgment, everything which he touched doubled his fortune, until in a few years he reached the apex of prosperity.

The admiration of the average American mind is deeply stirred by such a career, and Mr. Thornton tasted in full measure the respect and adulation which are paid to financial success in a country that has not indeed a monopoly of the *cultus* of the golden calf, but where it exists to a greater degree than in any other. He enjoyed the nineteenth century equivalents of those salutations in the market-place which the Pharisees loved, and was not mistaken in feeling himself an object of mingled admi-

ration and envy to almost all his fellow-citizens.

Almost, but not quite all. In Riverport, as elsewhere, a small minority did not bow the knee to the modern Baal, and among them were a few who knew how much this man had altered for the worse since the tide of his prosperity had set in. In that day, which now seemed to him the day of small things, yet when he had possessed all that was necessary for comfort and independence of life, he had been liberal according to his means, and kindly and genial in disposition. As wealth increased his liberality decreased, while his character changed and hardened. The hands which were put out so eagerly to grasp every promising investment, lost their hold on the charities of life; and the eyes which were turned intently on the interests of earth, forgot to look toward Heaven.

Such forgetfulness is common with men so absorbed, but it was aggravated in this man's case by the fact that he had been educated a Catholic. It was true that he had early fallen into habits of indifference to religion; but, although this indifference led him to marry a Protestant, it did not lead him to deny his faith until after the era of his remarkable prosperity began. It was then that he turned his back upon the religion of his fathers, that he was seen no more in Catholic churches, and that finally his old friends heard with sorrow that he appeared now and then with his wife in the fashionable temple of "High" Episcopalianism, where she worshipped.

For he had married rather late in life, into a family of great social prominence, and his wife was as much a type of a fine lady as the conditions of American life can readily produce. With inherited refinement she possessed a grace of manner and charm of disposition which went far to atone for the fact that she did not possess a great deal of intellect. It would have been impossible, however, for the heart of a millionaire to desire a better show-piece for wealth, or a woman who understood better all its uses—in a worldly way. She had the

personal appearance of a duchess—an ideal duchess—and such fine taste, that the appointments of her household and the style of her entertainments formed a standard which others eagerly imitated.

These people had no children of their own, but circumstances had made it possible for them to adopt two, whose presence gave that life and animation of youth which would else have been lacking in their luxurious home. One of these was an orphan niece of Mrs. Thornton; the other, a nephew of Mr. Thornton. The latter was also an orphan, but his father had been wise enough to guard him from a great danger by his dying act. He had inserted in his will a special provision stating how and where the boy should be educated. "For I can't trust James in this matter," he had said in explanation. "If he has not absolutely denied his faith, he is so indifferent to it that he would as soon send Philip to a Protestant college as not. But I am determined that he shall have a Catholic education. After that, if he loses his religion it will be his own fault, not mine."

It was to this wise forethought that Philip Thornton owed the years which he spent in a Catholic university. His uncle made no objection to carrying out the provision of the will; but there could be no doubt that, left to himself, he would have preferred one of the Protestant centres of learning. The only allusion which he ever made to the matter was to say, when the young fellow was on the point of leaving home: "It is a pity to handicap you for the race of life in this way, Phil; but it was your father's wish. And, after all, it will not matter—for *you*. It would matter if you had your way to make in the world; but the way has been made for you. There will be no difficulties in your case; you can indulge yourself in believing what you please."

It was not until long afterward that the significance of these words occurred to the young man. But by that time he had learned that religion was a subject which it was not possible to discuss with his uncle. The most avowed materialist could not

have ignored the spiritual side of life more completely than Mr. Thornton. Immersed in worldly interests, he seemed never to give it a thought; and if the subject was, by any chance, presented to his consideration, he did not hesitate to indicate his distaste for it.

When Philip first returned from the religious associations that had surrounded his college life, this indifference of his uncle—an indifference amounting to hostility—seemed to him terrible. But such is the effect of habit and example, that he soon grew accustomed to the atmosphere into which he had fallen, and before very long it ceased to excite any surprise in his mind. He, too, began to say to himself that religion was very well—in its place. But that place grew smaller and smaller to his apprehension as the pleasures and interests of the world opened before him. It was indeed difficult to think of any other existence when everything contributed to make his present one so delightful. Youth, wealth, leisure were all his, together with a nature eminently susceptible of enjoyment, and formed to give and receive pleasure. He did not cease to practise his religion, only it fell more and more into the background of his life, while the foreground was filled with those amusements which are so charming to the young and gay of heart.

It was soon apparent that his social tastes were very pleasing to his uncle. Like many men who have had no social success of their own, he placed an exaggerated value on such success, and preferred to see Philip a man of fashion rather than a man of business. The matter might have been different had the young man showed any qualities of a spendthrift; but he was so scrupulous not to exceed the means placed at his disposal, that Mr. Thornton was forced to urge him now and then to greater expenditure.

"Don't hesitate," he said, "to do things handsomely—as handsomely as possible. Money can not be spent to better advantage than in securing your social position. There is no reason why you should not be at the

head of everything, with your appearance, your qualities, and your means."

"*Your* means, rather," said the young man, laughing a little. "I sometimes think that it is time I began to see about making something for myself."

"Nonsense!" said his uncle. "Don't you come into the office and write a few letters now and then? I look upon you as my son, and I have other ends in view for you than money-making. At present I desire that you spend money freely, and make yourself popular. After a while we shall see."

It was agreeable advice to a young man with the world already at his feet, to spend money freely, and make himself popular. It might have been dangerous advice to many, but Mr. Thornton, who was a shrewd judge of human nature, would not have offered it had he not been sure of his nephew's character—had he not observed him closely, and tested him well. Gay, ardent, pleasure-loving though he might be, there was a depth and strength of character in Philip which prevented him from being inclined to vicious excesses. Mr. Thornton recognized this, even while he refused to acknowledge to himself where this strength had been gained.

It was certainly a pleasant household of which the young man found himself a part when he finally settled at home. His aunt had always been kind to him, as she was by nature kind to everyone; and he had always admired her exceedingly. Her grace and refinement had fascinated his eyes even when he was a boy, and they were not likely to fascinate him less now, that he had learned the value of such gifts. And there was another gracious presence also in this household—a girl who was like a white rose in delicate loveliness, with the same aroma of refinement that Mrs. Thornton possessed, and a slight haughtiness which was foreign to the elder woman, yet did not misbecome the younger. Constance Irving was indeed a product of the same conditions which had produced her aunt; but, as a strain of different blood must result in

different characteristics, there were some essential differences between them. The foundation of the girl's character was firmer and harder than that of the woman; her disposition was less gentle, and her intellect keener. These things, however, were as yet in abeyance, waiting for circumstances to develop them. To everyone, including those of her own household, Miss Irving seemed a model of all that was most charming in young ladyhood.

When or how it became clear to Philip that his uncle and aunt desired him to marry this very attractive girl, he could not tell; but there was no doubt it had been made sufficiently plain, although no direct word had been spoken. He had not the least objection. Let him look where he would, he saw no one so lovely, so refined, so charming as Constance; and, though he had known her too long and too intimately to fall in love with her, he felt sure that he could not admire her more if he were ever so much in love. Whether the wishes of their elders had been made as plain to her as to him, and, if so, how she regarded these wishes, he could not tell. She treated him exactly as she had always done; and he knew that if any change in their relations took place, the initiative must come from him.

But there seemed no reason for haste in making such a change. All their youth was before them to enjoy, and why should they lay a fetter upon it? Philip knew instinctively that Constance would feel, with himself, that there was no reason, and that she would probably decline to be fettered. Just as he wanted to enjoy, without any sense of bondage, the pleasures which the world spread before him, so, no doubt, did she; the more that the incense of homage and admiration offered her on all sides would very sensibly diminish were she once known to be "engaged."

So no word that could be construed to such meaning was uttered by any one concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton were silent, through the influence of the latter rather than by the desire of the former. "Do not

urge the matter," she said, "or you might provoke opposition: Let them alone. When they have enjoyed themselves sufficiently they will see the wisdom of what we desire."

"Why should they not settle this, and then enjoy themselves as much as they like?" asked Mr. Thornton, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh! that would be different," said Mrs. Thornton. "They would feel—bound, you know. And, of course, a girl who is known to be engaged is socially at a disadvantage. Constance ought to have some good of her beauty and attractiveness before she gives up her reign. She will be as great a belle as I was, I hope."

"And what good will it do her?" demanded Mr. Thornton.

The delicate, faded cheek of the woman, whose sweetest recollection was of that past bellehood, flushed.

"It is a great pleasure to her now, and it will be a great gratification to her to remember hereafter," she said, with dignity. "I can not consent that she should be deprived of such a—distinction."

"It will be a dearly-bought distinction if she takes a fancy to marry some one of the men who are dangling around her all the time," said Mr. Thornton.

"There are so many of them that she is not likely to think of any one in particular," answered his wife. "And you must see that there are few who have Philip's advantages."

Mr. Thornton did see that, and it consoled him a little, even while he muttered something not very complimentary to feminine vanity. But he knew that on this point his wife would be immovable, so he wisely gave up the discussion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral with divinely-pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor possibly can imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—*Hawthorne.*

My Father's Promise.

BY E. P. RYDER.

MY Father promised unto those who trust
That for their earthly needs He would
provide;

So, as I fear Him, knowing He is just,
Securely in that promise I abide.

And when my needs demand His aid divine,
And I make known my wants in humble
prayer,

I feel His powerful assistance mine,
And strength the burden of my life to bear.

Never before were skies so dark o'erhead,
Never the way so hard; yet, day by day,
Through the dense darkness I am safely led,
Secure from all the perils of the way.

So I can say, whatever ills beset,
"My Father's promise never failed me yet."

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV.—NEMESIUS MEETS POPE
STEPHEN. VALERIAN'S DIABOLICAL
INGENUITY, AND HOW HE WAS
BAFFLED.

AT the appointed hour, Nemeseius, clad in armor, his sword at his belt, and a dark toga thrown around him, passed out of the bronze gates, and, walking rapidly, soon reached the spot where he expected to meet Admetus and found him waiting his arrival.

"We have far to go," whispered the boy.

"Lead on," was the quiet answer.

So much mystery might naturally have awakened distrust, but, strange to say, Nemeseius felt none, his mind being occupied solely with the object he had in view. Together they walked down the steep road, through many turns and windings of the city, past guards, whose challenge the officer met by the countersign, until they were safely outside the walls, on the wide, shadowy *Agro Romano*, which looked vaster under the pale starlight.

Nemeseius and his guide had walked

some distance in an apparently aimless way, when Admetus turned to the left, disturbing several flocks of sheep that were slumbering in the grass around the poor huts of their shepherds, and at last stopped before a small, dilapidated building, so far gone to ruin as to be able to hold itself together only by numerous props. A bush of grape-vines hung ostentatiously over the doorway, indicating that wine could be here obtained by thirsty travellers. Three quick raps on the door were answered by a woman, who opened it cautiously, and peered out. The boy Admetus whispered a single word; she threw open the door, and invited them to enter the poor place, which was dimly illuminated by the flickering rays of a lamp suspended by an iron chain from a rafter. There were one or two shelves, which held a few *amphoræ*, drinking-cups, and flagons; a rickety table, some rude seats, and a water-cask,—all in keeping with the poverty-stricken exterior.

"Follow me," said the low, sweet voice of Admetus, as he led the way down a steep, dilapidated staircase into a cellar, that gave out an odor of rotten wood and mouldy straw.

Nemesius cast a quick glance around the vault, whose gloom was only intensified by the dull torch borne by his guide, and for the first time his instincts as a soldier suggested that it was just possible he was being led into a trap. But he did not hesitate; peril or no peril, he would risk everything to secure the object of his hope; and, following the light, he descended another steep, narrow stairway, cut in the rock of some older foundation than that on which the tumble-down wine-shop had been built. At the bottom, Admetus turned into a narrow passage, then entered another that ran across the one they were in; and, after proceeding a short distance stopped, and, pushing aside some rubbish, picked up a stone and rapped sharply against what appeared to be a solid wall of travertine. Suddenly an aperture opened, caused by the turning of a block of stone, which revolved on a pivot fixed into it at the top and bottom.

"Enter. I will await thee here," said his guide.

Nemesius saw a long gallery stretching away into the darkness, and two soldiers with a light advancing towards him. They were unarmed, and gave him the military salute, saying, "*Deo gratias.*" He entered; the stone door closed, then they courteously but briefly told him that they were sent to conduct him to the presence of the holy Bishop Stephen.

"Lead on," was all he said; but what were his thoughts as, following his unknown guides, he beheld stretching away in interminable lines, as far as the torch cast its light, tier above tier of square blocks of stone, carved in devices unknown to him, which sealed the graves of the Christian martyrs? None might know, nor could he define the strange awe that sat upon his soul as he moved through these ranks of the holy dead. He knew now that he was in the Catacombs; and, although his hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his sword, the faith and hope—devoid of superstition—which had brought him hither, to ask the intervention of a mysterious and divine power, unknown to him, to give sight to his blind child, did not permit him to falter a moment in his purpose, or ask a single question of his companions. His step was firm and steady, his splendid eyes clear and untroubled, his helmeted head erect, while the faint ring of his armor kept time as he moved.

After many sinuous turns along these silent corridors, filled with the *columbaria*, where, like "doves in the clefts of the rocks," the martyred dead reposed, a sweet, solemn sound swept along, growing more distinct as they advanced; and presently, through an arch near which they were passing, a soft halo of light was shed, and Nemesius heard the words chaunted:

"O ye holy and just ones, rejoice in the Lord!
God hath chosen ye unto Himself for an inheritance. Alleluia!
Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of His saints. Alleluia!" *

* Vespers for Martyrs.

The sweet, restful strains died away; only a faint echo sounded along the dim galleries of the dead, like the whispered response of angels, as another martyr was laid to rest. Nemesius did not then know the significance of the light he had seen and the words he had heard.

At length—it seemed as if miles had been traversed—the soldiers stopped before an opening, across which a leather curtain was suspended. One of them passed behind the screen, and, quickly returning, invited Nemesius to enter. He did so, and found himself in a lamp-lighted apartment, its only occupant a man past middle-age, clothed in a white woollen robe, whose aspect was majestic but mild; whose countenance, shining with sweetness and compassion, was full of power; and whose eyes, penetrating yet kind, inspired him with emotions such as he had never before experienced in the presence of any human being.

He knew that this was the Christian Pope, Stephen, and involuntarily knelt before him; while the holy man, impressed by his appearance, and the spontaneity of his homage, laid his hand upon his head and gave him a benediction; then invited him to be seated near the chair from which he had risen to greet him; and, in tones that inspired confidence, asked the object of his visit, and expressed his readiness to serve him.

"I thank thee for granting me audience. I am here as a suppliant, but I will not deceive thee. Know, then, that I worship the Genius of Rome and the gods, and that I have taken part in the persecution of Christians," said Nemesius, with dignity, his voice subdued, yet firm, as he made his frank avowal, not knowing but that it might bring defeat to his hopes; but, as an honorable gentleman and a brave soldier, he could not act otherwise.

"I have heard of thee," was the mild answer; "but know that it is a fundamental law of the Christian life to forgive our enemies, and do good to them who spitefully use us; otherwise we are not true disciples of Jesus Christ. Speak, then, for it

must be no light cause that leads thee to seek me in the Catacombs."

"Thou shalt judge," answered Nemesius, refusing by a gesture the seat offered him. "It is for one most dear to me—my only child—for whom I solicit a share in those favors which I am credibly informed thou bestowest on the miserable and unfortunate."

"I but do the holy will of Him whose servant I am," was the gentle response.

Then Nemesius, in brief words, unveiled the story of his grief; the most eloquent language could not have increased the pathos of its facts; tears rose unbidden to his eyes, and fell unheeded; the very depths of his strong heart were broken up, and he asked, as a boon more precious than any life could give, that sight might be given to his blind child. Nor—pagan as he was—did he spare lavish offers of treasures and countless gold to the Christian Pontiff; for had he not, from time to time, poured out his riches to the priests of his false gods for the same object? and he did not yet know the difference.

"The gifts of God can not be bought with silver and gold; they are gratuitous, and of His divine mercy," quickly responded the Pontiff, whose heart was moved with Christlike pity towards the noble pagan. He saw in his simple faith a glorious possibility, and a swift, divine inspiration dictated the words: "With our God all things are possible; take comfort, therefore, for thy desire will be granted."

"Do I hear aright? Oh! sir—"

Nemesius was overwhelmed by this calm assurance that his long-delayed hope would be at last confirmed; he could scarcely believe, after all his bitter disappointments, that this was not some illusion of his overwrought senses; his face paled, and for a few moments his thoughts were confused.

"On the morrow the blind eyes of the innocent one will be opened," continued the Pontiff. "Bring her to me in the morning early—not here, but to the old, walled villa west of the second milestone on the Via Latina."

"I would thank thee, could I find words adequate to express my gratitude; but language fails. I can only say that all I have —aye, my very life would I lay down, and still think the price too small for that which thou hast promised," said Nemesis, with profound emotion; then, with generous after-thought, quickly added: "but may I not bring my Claudia here? It may be unsafe for thee outside."

The holy Pontiff knew that the time had not yet come for his crowning and replied: "There will be no danger. The villa belongs to an officer of the Prætorian Guard, whose wife is a lady of the imperial household; both of them are Christians, but not yet openly. Now we must part. May He whom I serve enlighten thee! Farewell!" And so saying he passed out beyond the leather curtain that covered the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Incident in the Life of Bishop Hendricken.

From the Pilot.

A STORY of the late Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, R. I., has been revealed, through a brief sentence uttered by Bishop O'Reilly at the funeral service, last week, to the effect that the Bishop was once nearly made a martyr at sea for persisting in performing a Christian act; and that there lives a man in Providence who was instrumental in saving the Bishop from being foully murdered. The gentleman alluded to is the Rev. Samuel Davies, a Protestant clergyman, who says that the affair occurred on the Black Ball Line ship, *Columbia*, which sailed from Liverpool to New York on May 25, 1852.

The captain of the vessel and all his officers and crew were members of the Know-nothing party, the captain being a notorious leader, and president of a lodge of Knownothings in Maine. There were 700 steerage passengers, of whom 500 (Irish and German) were Catholics. Fathers Hendricken and Walsh, newly-ordained priests, were among the cabin passengers. When thirteen days at sea, a Catholic woman in the steerage was taken mortally ill, and Mr. Davies notified Father Hendricken.

"The young man," says Mr. Davies, "hurried into his cabin, donned his vestments, and was passing out with the Eucharist in his hand, when he was confronted by the captain, who damned him for a papist, and seized him by the throat, declaring that aboard his ship people would have to die without — Catholic mummary. Drawing a pistol, he threatened to shoot if a step was taken towards the spot where the poor woman lay dying. Claspings his crucifix, young Hendricken replied that he must go to the relief of that departing soul, even though his life be sacrificed. Livid with rage, the captain would have felled him to the earth but for the other priest and myself. We got the young Father away, and persuaded him to refrain from open defiance of the captain until supper-time, when he could slip down, while we would endeavor to engage the captain in conversation at table. The ruse succeeded; and while the captain, with coarse gibes and ribald jokes, was declaring that no Catholic rite should ever be administered aboard his boat, Father Hendricken was at the dying woman's side, hearing her confession, and administering the Sacrament. She died while he was repeating the final prayer.

"Just before supper was over, a sailor burst into the room, and informed the captain that 'that — priest had got down, and was attending that Irish woman.' Snatching up a pistol, the captain sprang from the table, followed by the mate and purser, bent on destroying Father Hendricken. We ran out after them, and were in time to see the captain strike the priest a fearful blow as he came up the hatchway, hurling him down, where he lay stunned and bleeding. 'Drag the cuss up here,' commanded the captain, and his sailors, seizing the prostrate priest by the feet, dragged him up, and flung him moaning on the deck. We tried to interpose, but were driven back by the crew, all of whom were ripe for any order from the captain. 'The — papist shall never see New York alive!' exclaimed he, and he led off by planting a fearful kick on Father Hendricken's head. The blood gushed from a ghastly wound, dyeing the white vestments crimson.

"I rushed down below, and acquainted the German Catholics of the tragedy being enacted on deck. Fifty veteran soldiers followed me, and we reached the scene in time to hear

the captain tell the crew to throw the — carcass overboard. The men were in the act of pushing the inanimate body over the side, when the Germans fell upon them, felling them right and left, and wrestling the body from them. 'Mutiny, by —!' exclaimed the captain; but I bade him beware; that these Germans were but preventing the murder of a priest, and that, if goaded to desperation by his wickedness, summary vengeance might be resorted to.

"At this moment a great commotion was heard in the quarter where the Irish emigrants were penned up. The captain's deed had been made known to them, and they were furious and frantic to get out to save or avenge the heroic priest. Father Walsh went down and implored them, in the name of God, to restrain their fury; and but for his influence they would have forced the hatches, and the decks of the good ship *Columbia* would have been deluged in blood.

"Taking in the situation, the captain sullenly ordered Father Hendricken to be ironed and locked up, but this the Germans would not allow. They carried him to their own quarters and nursed him back to life. When he was removed to his cabin they fed him from their own scant provisions, fearing poison; and night and day, until the ship reached New York, three emigrants stood sentinels at his cabin door to protect him from secret violence.

"The captain refused to allow a burial service over the dead woman, or to let the body be sewed up in a hammock. He ordered it to be dragged up, and in the presence of the bereaved husband and children he had the still warm body tossed into the sea. Three years later he was murdered by one of his own crew, and found the watery grave that he wished to give Bishop Hendricken."

The Late Madame Hardey.

MOTHER MARY ALOYSIA HARDEY, Assistant-General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, who died in Paris on the 17th ult., was a native of Maryland. She was educated at the Academy of the Sacré Cœur, Grand Coteau, La., and took the veil in that convent, then under the government of the accomplished and saintly Mère Eugène

Andé. Mme. Hardey received the religious habit at the age of sixteen, having displayed unusual maturity of mind, and facility in acquiring the knowledge suited to her sex. Her capacity and the needs of the mission led her superiors to confide important charges to her even during the second year of novitiate; and when the establishment known as St. Michael's was opened, she was sent thither as one of its most efficient foundresses, and finally, as superioress, laid the foundations of the existing convent and academy. She had governed that establishment with great success, when Mme. Gallitzin was appointed by the Venerable Mère Barat to visit all the houses of the community then existing in North America. That wise superioress, perceiving the promising qualifications of Mme. Aloysia, conducted her to the Maison-Mère at Paris, to form the acquaintance of the Mother-General of the Order, and thence to Rome, to receive the blessing of his Holiness Gregory XVI.

In 1841 Mme. Hardey was sent to a mission lately opened in New York, in a very unimposing building on Houston Street. Bishop Hughes was anxious to secure a better home for the religious, and thus until the estate of the Lorillards was purchased at Manhattanville (1847) the community occupied a spacious residence at Astoria in Long Island. As many prelates wished to have Mme. Barat's daughters in their dioceses, houses of the Order were opened by Mme. Hardey (as the Vicar of the Mother-General) in several parts of the United States, in Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the West Indies. From 1841 to 1870, that indefatigable superioress founded nearly twenty convents, with their academies and parochial schools.

Those who know the small human resources of every kind with which Mme. Hardey accomplished her great work, can only look upon the results as bordering on the marvelous. She seemed destined to success in government by her calm dignity, and firmness mingled with rare sweetness. Esteemed by the clergy and the patrons of her schools, she was loved and deeply venerated by her religious daughters and her pupils.

In 1870 the beloved superioress was called from her sorrowing communities to reside at Paris, as her knowledge of American affairs rendered her particularly fitted to give counsel

about matters in the Order which had relation to this country. At that period her vicariate reckoned 700 religious, and the young persons whose education she controlled numbered many thousands.

About a year ago the venerable Mother Hardey was attacked by congestion of the brain, and her health remained feeble, alternating between hopes of improvement and dread of illness on the part of her devoted daughters, until a cablegram on the 17th ult. announced that their sacrifice was consummated. *R. I. P.*

Catholic Notes.

The magnificently wrought Golden Rose which the Pope solemnly blesses every year on the fourth Sunday of Lent, for bestowal on some Catholic personage of royal blood as a mark of his personal affection, or as a token of his recognition of some good quality or special merit in the recipient, has been sent to Queen Christina, of Spain.

We know nothing more touching than the piety of the Irish poor for their dead, and their traditionary clinging to the sacred places of rest of their ancestors. It may be true that in their wakes there have been abuses, which the zeal of the clergy has now pretty well extirpated; there may have been, occasionally, tumultuous scenes of party conflicts at burials, which afford good materials for writers of Irish romances, fonder of men's frailties than of their virtues. But the long and silent train that will for miles follow the bier, and join in carrying it—despite of modern churchyard and cemetery tempting on the way—to the ruins of some abbey church, or the green mound on the site of an old chapel; the respectful demeanor of every passer-by; the carelessness about manner compared with the solicitude about place; the true Catholic simplicity of the tombstone inscriptions (still ever running in the old form, "Pray for the soul of —"); the care for a full office, and a "month's mind," and an anniversary on the part of the survivors,—these are evidences of a Catholic land, edifying and consoling.

Everyone has heard the vulgar Protestant calumny that there are enough relics of the

True Cross to build a ship; the calumny is as ignorant as it is spiteful. The Cross, as Our Blessed Lord bore it, probably contained about 10,800 cubic inches, whereas all existing relics put together do not amount to 250 cubic inches. Hence not one-fortieth part of the wood of the Cross survives.

The simple tombstone placed over the grave of America's great orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, who lies buried in the little town of Marshfield, Mass., bears the following suggestive inscription:

"Daniel Webster. Born Jan. 18, 1782; died Oct. 24, 1852. 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.' 'Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount can not be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.' *Daniel Webster.*"

This epitaph is an extract from Webster's own works, and, though it sadly reveals the want of that true faith which enlightens and assists reason, yet, at the same time, it manifests that sense of religion by which every sincere seeker after truth will suffer himself to be influenced, and in all the difficulties that may beset his weak reason give expression to the cry of the soul: "Lord, help Thou my unbelief!"—a prayer which, in God's mercy, will bring in answer the blessed gift of Faith.

The Rev. Thomas Nolan, P. P., of Abbey-leix, Ireland, who passed away on the 9th ult., was perhaps the oldest priest in the world. He was born in 1794, and descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in Co. Carlow. "Father Tom," as he was called, was a warm patriot and a zealous missionary. He left many monuments to his priestly devotedness, among which may be mentioned the beautiful spire of Tullow, the first erected to any Catholic church from the days of the so-called Reformation. One of the most notable events in the life of this venerable and beloved clergyman was his interview with Mr. Gladstone some years ago, when the great Premier asked the old priest's blessing. *R. I. P.*

The sixteenth annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will be held in the University of Notre Dame, Ind., on Wednesday and Thursday, August 4 and 5. The Board of Government will meet on Tuesday evening, August 3, in Washington Hall, Notre Dame. On the morning of the 4th, Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated in the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Societies will be present from Chicago, Ill.; Logansport, Goshen, and South Bend, Ind., and other places. They will escort the delegates. On Wednesday evening a public temperance meeting will be held in Washington Hall. On Thursday evening the drama of "Drink" will be presented by the Columbian Dramatic Association of Valparaiso, Ind.

The President of the Indiana Union, the Rev. F. C. Weichman, writes: "Other places may present many attractions, but Notre Dame will surprise everyone." All delegates will be entertained during the Convention at the commodious and elegant University buildings, free of charge. The Rev. Thomas Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, will invite personally all the bishops of the country, and it is expected that a goodly number will honor the Convention with their presence.

The bishops of the Provincial Council of Milwaukee say well that "during the Middle Ages the Church organized workingmen into guilds, and before the 16th century the misery they now endure was unknown." We have repeatedly asserted that the root of all labor troubles is to be found in Protestantism. A religion which magnifies the present and minimizes the hereafter must necessarily prove a nursing mother of communism.—*Western Watchman*.

The history of Father Adam Schall, an apostolic Jesuit missionary of the 17th century, has been again brought into prominence through the recent publications of a Prussian literary society. Like his brother missionary, Robert de Nobili, he followed literally the words of St. Paul—the type of all zealous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord—and made himself all to all, that he might gain souls to God. When he entered upon his mission among the Chinese, he learned that the Emperor Chun Tse had a mania for astronomical calculations. Father Adam at once ap-

plied himself to the study of all the extant works on abstract and concrete mathematics, which he mastered in less than three years, in which time he also gained a very fair knowledge of the Chinese language. He then began to supplement his sermons with an occasional lecture on mathematical subjects, which had the intended effect of attracting imperial notice. And it is said that before the end of a year he was almost forced to remove to a luxurious lodging in the imperial palace, and to accept the insignia of a mandarin. The Emperor often visited him in his study, and, after dismissing his attendants, would proceed to discuss his favorite subjects with such enthusiasm and persistence that Father Adam almost repented his stratagem. However, the grand end was gained: not only was permission granted the learned and devoted Jesuit to preach throughout the Empire, but an imperial edict was published proclaiming this.

The title-page and contents of volume twenty-second are now printed, and will be sent, on application, to those who wish to bind their magazines.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Daniel Magorien, a venerable priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, formerly pastor of Port Carbon, Pa.

The Rev. John Stephany, the beloved rector of St. Aloysius' Church, Covington, Ky. His death occurred on the Feast of St. Aloysius.

The Rev. Father Timothy (Reilly), C. P., deceased at St. Michael's Retreat, Hoboken, N. J., June 17.

Mrs. Nicholas Hussey, of Albany, N. Y., whose well-spent life closed with a peaceful death on the 22d of May.

Mrs. Mary Anne Lonergan, who departed this life in Dublin, Ireland, on the 1st ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Marie Forgeot, of Boston, an old and esteemed friend of THE "AVE MARIA," whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 8th ult.

Mr. Edward Lanigan, of Applegarth, Australia; Miss Alice Mary O'Rourke, San José, Cal.; Philip Fitzpatrick, and James H. Toner, Boston, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



A Woodland Carol.

(Air: German Hunting Song.)

I.

COME, ye children bright, with
your happy voices ringing,
Sound our queenly Lady's fame!
With the angels pure, who on golden harps
are hymning,
Wake the woodland with her name.

CHORUS.

All hail, Our Lady fair!
All hail, our Queen most rare!
All hail, God's Mother sweet!
We have roamed thro' Nature's bowers,
We have gathered fresh wild flowers,
And we'll lay them at her feet.

II.

When temptation comes, then our hearts, all
sad and weary,
On our Mother's name will call;
And her hand so kind, tho' the way be dark
and dreary,
Will protect and guide us all.

CHORUS.—All hail, etc.

III.

Oh! most lovely Queen, hear our youthful
voices blending;
Bless thy children ere we go;
With a mother's care every heart from sin de-
fending,
Teach us all our God to know.

CHORUS.—All hail, etc.

MERCEDES.

WHEN one has not worked in one's youth,
one knows nothing, is nothing, and can do
nothing.—*Lacordaire.*

EVERYTHING lives by exertion, every-
thing dies by idleness.—*St. John Chrysos-
tom.*

From Tipperary to Texas.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIBBY BUTLER.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

I.

It was a clear morning in February, as the *Oceanic*, after a blustering voyage from Liverpool, steamed up the lower bay of New York. The steerage passengers were gathered on the forward deck, and peered out upon the land they had chosen for their new home. There were Hans and his *frau* and the *kinder*—a good many of Hans and his *frau*, and still more of the *kinder*; and there was John Bull, with his rabbit-skin cap, and his wife done up in a long water-proof coat, and the little John Calves clustering about papa and mamma; and there were Pat and Bridget, and the bright-eyed little Paudeens and Brideens, "axin'" their daddy and mammy all sorts of unanswerable questions about this America, which seemed to be moving out to meet them, so smooth and steady was now the course of the great ship.

Leaning over the gunwale, staring hard at the snow-covered heights of Long Island, was a stout boy of medium size, dressed in plain but becoming grey clothes. He was about fifteen, with a serious cast of features, yet with a countenance that frankly expressed his real feelings at all times.

"Look out, Tibby!" shouted some sailors, as they rushed along close to him, dragging a heavy cable. Everyone aboard who came near him regarded him in a friendly manner; and it was plain that in the short nine or ten days of the voyage, he had made a good impression on those with whom he had come into contact.

But he was somewhat melancholy now; and no wonder. Families stood together in groups, and friends in knots arranged plans for the future; but Tibby leaned over the side of the ship, and for the time was almost as much alone as if he were Robinson Crusoe on his little island. Some of the other passengers were travelling alone, it is true; but they expected to recognize watchful faces ashore, waiting with welcome and advice. There was no one in America whom Tibby knew; none who knew him.

Tibby's real name was Theobald Walter Butler, but he had scarcely ever been called anything else since his babyhood than "Tibby," which is a pet name for *Tiobal*, the Irish for Theobald. He was an orphan. His parents had both died when he was a mere infant, and, as is often the case in Ireland, had left their only child scarcely anything else than—what is highly prized in that country by those that have it—an ancient pedigree. And now he was coming to a country where every man must be his own ancestor—where no one is allowed to boast of any achievements but his own.

However, one glance at Tibby, upright and straightforward as he was, showed that he was one who would always do to the best of his ability whatever fell to him to do. An uncle, with a large and expensive family of his own, had been almost a father to the little orphan. But the boy, foreseeing that in the end he would have to make his own way in the world, and rather than be longer a burden to his excellent relatives, turned his thoughts to the great nation beyond the sea.

It was a bold undertaking for a boy of fifteen. It cost Tibby many a sigh before he could make up his mind finally to leave Carrick-on-Suir, where he had been born; sweet, old Tipperary, where his family had lived for centuries,—where he used often to feel a comfort, in his poverty, in strolling among the tombstones of the old churchyard, gazing over the curiously carved escutcheons of the Butlers. But he had a strong will, and, taking the few pounds left by his father, and bidding adieu to relatives,

and friends, and schoolmates, he started on his journey. And here he was now.

The melancholy could not last long, however; for Tibby was a boy, and there was too much now to occupy his eyes. As he looked, the Stars and Stripes fluttered on the mast of Fort Hamilton to his right, and Tibby thought it a most beautiful flag. To the left, Staten Island rose up from the water; and now, on gazing straight to the front through the Narrows, he had a view that would delight any boy. Far ahead, the circular fort on Governor's Island made Tibby's grey eyes moisten; for it reminded him of the grim, dingy old castle at Carrick; but beyond that the beautiful picture so widened out, that, turn his head as rapidly as he might, he could not see as much of it as he would have liked.

In the centre was New York itself, with the clump of trees at the Battery glistening in the snow that bent down the branches; and, rising beyond and above the Battery, the Produce Exchange, and the many other stately edifices of the great metropolis. Off to the right, Brooklyn stretched away far out of sight up the East River; and Tibby thought he had never before seen anything so strange as the great suspension bridge hanging from its massive piers between these two cities.

On went the steamship. The water was fairly churned into foam by the hundreds of craft, of all sizes, shapes, and colors, that were moving in and out, around and across, in constant seeming danger of collision with one another: sloops, schooners, great sailing ships, steamboats, ferryboats; and, everywhere flying about, active, powerful little tugs continually whistling, and sending up puffs of steam, that turned as white as chalk in the clear, cold air.

The course lay more to the left now, and there was Communipaw to the west; beyond, the Kill von Kull; and then Jersey City, and then—Tibby took off his cap, and said a prayer of praise to God and thanksgiving; for there, conspicuous above the heights on the Jersey shore, glittered the gilded cross of the Passionist monastery.

It was late in the afternoon when Tibby found himself standing in line within the great hall of Castle Garden, with the other steerage passengers of the *Oceanic*, moving step by step forward, through a little gate, as fast as the clerk could register the immigrants' names.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

"Theobald Walter Butler, sir," answered Tibby.

"Whew! but that's high-toned!" remarked the clerk. "What's your age?" he continued.

"Fifteen next St. Patrick's Day, sir," was Tibby's answer.

The clerk, who was an Irish-American, smiled approvingly at this. And then the full entry was made, declaring that this interesting arrival from Carrick-on-Suir, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, intended to remain in the United States, and that his final destination was "California" or "Columbia," the said immigrant not at present being settled in his mind which of these two regions he would finally honor with his presence.

II.

Tibby removed himself and his neat little valise from Castle Garden to an emigrant boarding-house in Greenwich Street, not far from the Battery. The place was called the "Harp of Erin," and it was the big sign stretched across the front of the house—bearing, besides the above title, an artistically painted golden harp in the middle, surrounded by a wreath of green little shamrocks—that had attracted Tibby's attention and custom.

Thought Tibby to himself: "It must be a good man keeps this inn, and he will surely be kindly-spoken to a boy from Tipperary." And he went in and asked for "the landlord."

"Dot's me," said a fat, jolly, red-faced man behind the counter, leaning forward, and resting his chin in his hands. "Come right up here once, my poy. Chon!" (this to a man who was polishing a mirror on the wall) "dake de chentleman's peckage."

The valise, which Tibby had set down

until he could make terms for lodging, was whisked out of his sight before he could realize what had happened.

Tibby stared hard at the landlord, and wondered what part of Ireland he could have come from. Not from Tipperary, of course; nor from Kilkenny, or Cork, or Limerick, or Clare. Perhaps he was from the North, where, as Tibby had often heard, the people spoke with a queer accent.

"You come by de *Oceanic*?" the landlord asked.

"Oh! yes," said Tibby; "and I am from Carrick-on-Suir. That's in Tipperary, you know. May I be asking what part of Ireland yourself's from? You're not from Sligo?"

"Now, ton't you do it, young feller," said the landlord. "Yust you wait alretty a leetle vile yet, as you beest by de gountry, und den mebbe you tell me I'm not a 'shly go' once."

Tibby's amazement at the strange accent was equal to his amusement at the pleased way in which his host looked at him. The landlord, in fact, was astonished at what he took to be the coolness and the wit of this boy, all alone and friendless in a new country. But Tibby's curiosity was too much excited to delay satisfying himself as to the landlord.

"You have my belongings, that's plain," he said; "though I don't know where your man has put them. But I suppose they are all right. Anyway, I think I'll be after stopping here, if your terms are moderate; for it's not so much I have that I can be spending it about very freely. But you haven't told me what part of Ireland you're from."

"Vell, young feller," replied the landlord, whose name was Fritz Schnupfer, "vot difference make it anyhow if I peen from Shly-go—ish dot de place?—or No-go? Yust you make yourselluf at home by me once, und dot's all right. I treat you vell if you treat me vell."

"Oh! to be sure," said Tibby, who was the opposite of narrow-minded, and was ready to tolerate a man from any part of

Ireland, even from Sligo, which he now felt certain was the country of the landlord's birth; though he couldn't clearly understand why that individual should be so delicate about owning it as he seemed to be. "I must be asking your pardon," he went on, "for taking so much liberty; but a good friend of mine and my family at home, Father Prendergast, bade me mind what strangers I dealt with in America. I like your looks, though; and if you will tell me the terms, and they are what they ought to be, I'll go to my apartment, and change my dress for tea."

The landlord had walked around from behind his counter in order to have a better view of this young man from Ireland, who was totally unlike any that had previously come within his experience.

It must be observed that Tibby, who was a really modest boy, was not likely to be guilty of an intentional impertinence. He was frank by nature, however, though usually rather silent; and whenever he did become communicative he was very apt to say whatever was passing through his mind.

The terms for boarding and lodging were arranged, and Tibby was conducted to his "apartment"—a little room up under the roof of the hotel. He intended to rise early next morning, so as to go to confession and be ready to receive Holy Communion at Mass in the nearest church, and thus make a worthy beginning of his life in the New World. In the meantime, as the afternoon was not yet more than half spent, he was aching to see at once what he could of that world, and he concluded to take a stroll up into the great city, and return in time for the evening meal at the "Harp of Erin"—for "tea," as he called it.

He changed his clothes, and now appeared in the office with a collar so high and stiff, that it was a wonder his ears were not sawed off. "Landlord," he said, "what street have you that is as fine as Patrick Street in Cork?"

"Petrick Sthreet?" Schnupfer replied. "Oh, ya! Vell, dere's Proteway; dot's

mebbe all so goot as dot Petrick Sthreet. My poy, it's petter as you sthay by de house yust now, und in de morning, ven you by St. Peter's Church peen, den you take a promenahd in dot sthreet."

Tibby was evidently not pleased with this, for he could not restrain his impatience to be off for a stroll.

"Vell," said Schnupfer, "ef you *must* go, I gif you one piece of adwise, und dot is you leaf me your money, und I put it in dot safe." And he pointed to a small safe inside the counter.

Now, Tibby Butlér had always entertained a sort of good-natured contempt for country people. In Carrick he had heard much sport made of the peasants who used to crowd into town in fair-time; and he was hurt in his feelings to have this man, whom he supposed to be from remote Sligo indeed, bidding him take care of himself if he went out, just as if he had never seen a lamp-post before, or two roofs touching; worst of all, to be as good as told he had not sense enough within the four walls of his head to know how to carry his own money! Still, the landlord, though stupid no doubt, as the Carrick people said all the "Far-Downs" were, evidently meant well. He suppressed his indignation, therefore, and merely declined the friendly offer with cold dignity.

"I am beholden to you, sir," he said; "but I can mind what I have very well. I shall be back for tea." And then he strode out into Greenwich Street, and turned towards Broadway, to have a look at "the main street of the town."

It was after dark, and a few of the boarders of the "Harp of Erin"—some of them newly-arrived immigrants, others laborers—were sitting about in the office, and in the parlor opening off the office, when Tibby appeared at the door.

What a change there was in his expression! He was a small picture of tumbled pride. He walked in not so briskly and lightly as he had walked out two hours before. But if his manner was humble, it

was frankly so—without any effort at concealment.

Schnupfer was stooping down behind the counter, examining the contents of the safe preparatory to shutting it up securely for the night.

"I did wrong, landlord, not to hearken to you," said Tibby. The landlord rose up and, turning around, faced his interesting boarder. "You bade me not go out; or, if I did, to leave my money with you, and to take care of the sharpers. I did neither; but the sharpers looked out for me, and they have all my money now, except a few bits of silver I have in my trousers pocket. My bank-notes they took—every one of them."

Fritz was all attention, and was really distressed at Tibby's misfortune. He made him describe the rascals who had robbed him of his money, and the trick they had played to accomplish it. There were two of them, it seemed; and they had, one after the other, inveigled Tibby into a conversation, learned all about his plans, his money, and so forth; and had then advised him to let them see if the bills were good that had been given him at Castle Garden that day in exchange for his British money. Then they had snatched the bills away from him, and had disappeared in opposite directions.

Had Tibby been older than he was, Fritz would have laughed at his simplicity, and all the more readily for the disdain with which Tibby had treated his advice. But the good-natured German, who had conducted the "Harp of Erin" ever since its founder and first landlord retired from the hotel business to go into politics, had already taken a sincere liking to the straightforward, though strong-willed, little fellow.

"Py chiminy Chackson!" he exclaimed, "dis outrayche is fearful! Now, my poy, ven you peen a Cherman poy, der peen some kind of societiy vat see dot you ton't go aount all by yourselluf like a leetle chackass in a sdranche gountry. Now vat you goun't to do?"

"It is to work I must go to-morrow, and

put off seeing the country until I have earned some money in place of what I have lost," Tibby replied. "But I was going to say, landlord, that I have a stock of good clothes in my portmanteau, and I wish you to take them in pledge for my board and lodging until my first wages are paid."

Schnupfer chuckled quietly to himself at the undaunted courage with which Tibby talked of wages before he had taken even a step towards finding employment. But he made the boy go into the dining-room and eat his fill, and then sent him off to bed.

When Tibby knelt down that night to say his prayers, he promised that, if God would pardon him, he would try to overcome his self-conceit. He slept soundly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Order of the Garter.

It should not be forgotten that the Order of the Garter had for its patron not only St. George, but, in the first place, the ever-blessed Virgin Mary. In the statutes of the Order, drawn up by Edward IV. in the beginning of his reign, it is expressly declared that his ancestor, Edward III. (who instituted the Order, as it is thought, about 1349), had done so to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, and that out of his singular affection for her he had wished her to be honored by his knights. Therefore, by an unanimous vote they had resolved that on each of the five festivals of Our Lady, and on all Saturdays, as well as on the Feast of St. George, the knights should wear during the divine offices a peculiar habit, having a golden figure of the Mother of God on the right shoulder; and that on each of these days they should recite five times the "Our Father" and five times the "Hail Mary." From the same motive of devotion, Edward III. had inaugurated the Order on the octave-day of Our Lady's Purification.

What, I may ask, would the illustrious founder have thought of the knights of his Order who scoff at the idea of invoking the Mother of their Redeemer, or who are perhaps declared enemies of the Christian faith?—*Father Bridgett, C.SS.R.*



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 10, 1886.

No. 2.

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Hostages.

BY M. E. M.

THE glory of Mammon I have not desired,
The favors of Fortune I have not desired,
The friendship of worldlings I have not desired,

For these white hostages, lent by Thee—
(Lord, Thou knowest, who knowest me!)

Faith and holiness I have desired,
Truth and charity I have desired,
Honor and chastity I have desired,
That I might bring them, unstained, to Thee—
(Lord, Thou knowest, who knowest me!)

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

T often chances that events which seem to us very trivial at the time of their occurrence, are regarded afterwards, with clearer sight, as turning-points in our lives. Such an event occurred one evening to Philip Thornton, when his aunt asked him if he did not intend to accompany Constance and herself to a ball, which was to be one of the chief events of the fashionable season.

"I can not have the pleasure of accompanying you," he answered; "but I shall see you there."

"Why can you not accompany us?" asked Mrs. Thornton.

"Because I have another engagement for the evening," was the reply. "It will not keep me from the ball, but will make me later than you will probably wish to be in arriving. I did not imagine that you would care for my escort," he added, after a moment.

"It is always desirable to have an escort, especially at such a ball as this," said Mrs. Thornton.

Philip raised his eyebrows. They were in the drawing-room alone together, after dinner, and he looked at his aunt in surprise. Her tone seemed to indicate that, for some reason, she *did* care for his attendance.

"Really," he said, "there are always so many of Constance's admirers on hand that it did not occur to me—"

He paused; for Mrs. Thornton looked at him, and something in her glance stopped his words.

"It might occur to you," she said, "that there are reasons why Constance should not be left too much to her admirers."

Philip understood her, but it was the clearest speech that had ever passed between them on this subject; and before he could decide what to answer, a peal at the door-bell cut the conversation short.

Here entered a gentleman who, as a distant connexion of Mrs. Thornton, was very intimate in the house, and who was also one of the most devoted of Constance's many

attendants. Jack Bellamy, as he was familiarly known, was a social favorite, an authority on social points, and a leader in all social matters. A handsome, graceful man, he had also fair talents, which might have enabled him to do something in the world if he had not loved pleasure inordinately, and devoted himself to making a purely social reputation.

"Ah!" said Philip as he entered, "here is an attendant that leaves nothing to be desired. I was just saying to my aunt," he added, turning to Bellamy, "that I can not have the pleasure of accompanying her to the ball to-night; but I am sure you will see her safely there."

"I shall be delighted," Bellamy answered. "But why should you debar yourself from the pleasure also? What are you going to do?"

"Oh! I have another engagement, that will occupy me for a few hours," said Philip. "But I shall appear in time to claim two or three dances—remember that, Constance, and keep them for me."

The young lady whom he addressed entered at the moment, and advanced up the long room toward them, its rich colors throwing into relief her graceful figure. She was dressed in silvery blue, with a crystal trimming that made a beautiful effect. Diamonds shone on her fair neck and arms, and a diamond arrow caught the soft masses of her brown hair. Never had she looked lovelier—more like some delicate creation of finest porcelain—than as she paused and stood under the chandelier, that showered its radiance down on her, and made her seem flashing with light, while she looked at Philip.

"What is that?" she asked. "Why should I keep dances for you? You must take your chances like everyone else."

"I am not going to the ball with you," he answered. "I shall make my appearance later, and of course by that time your ball-book will be filled if you don't keep some dances for me. You will, however, I am sure."

"Don't be too sure," she answered.

"Why should you not go with us? That is the proper thing for you to do."

"It did not occur to me in that light," he answered, smiling; "and I have made another engagement, which I—do not like to break. I know that you never have any lack of attendants."

"Certainly not," she answered, a little haughtily, and then she turned and held out her hand to Bellamy. "One can always depend on *you*," she said.

Involuntarily as it seemed, Mrs. Thornton looked again at Philip. He understood the inference, and knew that she expected him to yield and declare himself at their service; but the thing appeared to him at once so trivial and so unreasonable, that he would not yield. "They have really not the least need of me, and I have told them that I have an engagement," he said to himself. "I will not give it up for nothing."

So after a little while he took his departure, promising to see them later, and walked into the city. As he went, he had rather an uncomfortable sense of dissatisfaction with himself. It irritated him a little to remember how thoroughly at home and at ease Bellamy had looked as he sat by Constance, watching her draw on and button her long gloves. After all, perhaps he ought to have gone with them, or else have plainly stated the nature of his engagement. Why had he not done the latter? Not even to himself would he acknowledge that it was because he knew it would have excited a smile of amusement, with perhaps a tinge of scorn. For he had promised to attend a Church fair, of which this was the last night. Only that day he had met one of his college friends, who had urged him to go. "Don't you know that they are straining every nerve to pay the church debt?" he said. "A fellow like you, made of money—what do you mean by not helping them?"

"I—really I never thought of it," answered Philip. "But I'll go to-night, I promise you."

"If nothing more attractive turns up, I suppose," said the other, who had not much faith in him.

"Whatever turns up, I'll go," said Philip. "If you doubt my word, perhaps you'll be kind enough to take me in charge. I will call for you about nine o'clock."

"Very well," responded the other, with a laugh; "though I can tell you my pockets are nearly empty."

So it was that, having reached the heart of the city, Philip presently turned into a street sacred to the legal profession, and made his unceremonious entrance into an office which bore the name of F. X. Graham. The bearer of the name looked up from an imposing leather-bound volume as he entered, showing a strong but rugged face.

"So you have come!" he said. "I did not expect you."

"Apparently you have not much respect for my assertions," answered Philip. "Did I not tell you I was coming?"

"Oh! yes," said Graham, closing his book; "but I remembered afterwards the grand ball to-night, and I supposed of course you would be there."

"So I shall be there, but I can attend to this matter first, I suppose."

"Certainly. There will not be much to detain you. You have only to make up your mind how much money you will spend, and to spend it—that is all."

Philip put his hand in his pocket. "I wonder I did not think," he said, "that it would have been easier just to give you a cheque. I believe I will do it yet."

"It would be easier," said Graham; "but, on the whole, I think you had better go and spend the money at the fair. It shows interest, you know, and that is something you are not overburdened with."

Philip flushed. "Perhaps you are not the best judge of that," he said. But the next moment his sense of honesty made him add: "You are right enough, though; I *don't* take much interest in religious matters. But I am willing to give, to the extent of my means, whatever is needed."

"That is better than nothing," said Graham, rising and putting his book carefully aside. "But, if you will pardon the liberty, I am bound to add that you are

ready to give because it costs you nothing. A little interest would be better for the health of your soul. Without it you will be likely to go some day as—others have gone."

He stopped himself before saying "as your uncle has gone," but Philip knew very well that it had been on the end of his tongue, and it seemed to make reply impossible on his own part. That *was* the end to which indifference and worldliness led. He knew it well; and, knowing it, he seemed to see before him the end to which he would also come.

"You are always a cheerful prophet," he said, after a minute. "But if I am to show interest in the buying and selling of useless articles for the health of my soul, come let us go. I have not much time to spare."

They went out together, and walked a few blocks to the hall where the fair was taking place. They found it crowded when they entered, and, although it was the last night, the tables had not lost their attractive appearance, and traffic was very brisk. Philip had not many acquaintances—for his social lines did not lie much in Catholic circles—but he was himself sufficiently well known; and it was so impossible to him not to enter with spirit into whatever he undertook, that he was soon engrossed not only in buying, but in assisting to sell all that he could.

Graham watched him for a while with amusement, then he seemed to drift away, and when Philip presently looked around he had some difficulty in finding him. But after an interval he perceived him talking to a young lady who was sitting behind one of the tables, but who did not appear to be taking much trouble to dispose of her wares. This, however, was not because she was engrossed by Graham's conversation. Philip rather doubted whether she heard half of it, there was so much indifference in her air, and now and then her eyes wandered wearily over the noisy crowd.

It was these eyes which first attracted the young man's attention, they were so large, so dark, so lustrous,—such eyes as are sel-

dom seen except in an Italian or a Spanish face. Noticing this, he also noticed that there was the nobleness of outline, the statue-like grace of the Latin races, in the head and features. Her profile, as she turned it, might have been cut on an antique cameo, with the dark hair drawn back just as it was, in a low knot. It was a face of the loftiest type—fine, clear, sensitive—and Philip caught his breath as he looked at it.

"Who on earth can she be?" he said to himself; and then he walked directly up to Graham.

"I have been wondering what had become of you," he said, addressing him suddenly.

Graham turned, looking a little embarrassed. "Oh—is it you?" he asked. "I thought I left you very well employed."

"So I was," Philip answered. "But I think it only right to bestow my attentions impartially. I have come to see what I can find to buy here."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Graham, glancing around. He moved away from the lady to whom he had been talking, and addressed a young girl who shared the duty of presiding over the table. "What have you that a gentleman anxious to spend money can buy, Miss Julia?" he inquired.

"Oh! a great deal," replied the girl, eagerly. "Here is a lovely hand-painted screen. Perhaps he will take that?"

Philip took the screen in his hand, as if he were critically examining the conventionalized flowers that adorned it; but in truth he hardly saw them, for he was thinking that Graham's conduct was churlish in the highest degree. "I would not have believed the fellow could have been so selfish and rude," he reflected—rather unreasonably; for, on the face of the matter, Graham was certainly not called upon to interrupt his conversation in order that Philip might make some purchases. But an instinct assured the latter that his friend was perfectly aware of his motive for approaching him, and so he resented the coolness which had handed him over to Miss Julia.

This young lady discovered nothing amiss in her new customer, however. He bought the screen and various other trifles, paid for them liberally, and then carelessly gave the most of them back. When he had finished he turned, to find Graham at his elbow. Involuntarily he glanced around for the dark-eyed girl whose appearance had so much attracted him. She had moved to some distance, and was engaged with some one else; but again her air of distinction, and the noble beauty of her classic head, struck his eye. He stood still, looking at her.

"Well," said Graham, after waiting a moment, "are you ready to go?"

"No," Philip answered, with quiet decision. "I want you to introduce me to that young lady yonder."

There was a short pause, during which the two men regarded each other—Philip with an air of expectation, Graham with a reluctance which must have been apparent to the dullest observation. At length he said:

"This is not a suitable place for introductions, and she is—engaged."

"Whether or not it is a suitable place for introductions, you have introduced me to at least a dozen other people," said Philip. "But no matter; I only wanted to see if you would do it. I am satisfied now."

He turned quickly on his heel; but as he walked away, Graham was by his side.

"I know you think me churlish," he said, as they passed down the hall.

"Yes," Philip answered, "if you care to know it, I do; but, as I have already remarked, it is not a matter of the least importance."

"You don't understand," said Graham, in a low tone. "I could not act otherwise: I could not introduce you to *her* without asking her permission—"

"And what prevented you from asking her permission?" demanded Philip, coldly, as he paused.

"The fact that she would not have given it," replied the other; "and that would have been awkward for both of you."

Philip was so much astonished at this most unexpected reply, that he stopped short—they were now outside the hall—and stood looking at his companion by the light of the lamps flaring over the door.

"I can not imagine," he said at length, "that you are in earnest. What possible reason could there be for this young lady refusing to know *me*?"

"It does seem extraordinary, no doubt, since young ladies are not in the habit of refusing to know you," said Graham, with a slight smile. "But perhaps when you know who this young lady is, the mystery will not be so great. She is Miss Percival."

"And who is Miss Percival? I never heard of her before."

It was Graham's turn to stare somewhat. "You have never heard of her father—of Robert Percival?" he said.

"Certainly not," answered Philip, decidedly. "I never, to my recollection, heard the name before."

"Ah!" said Graham. He made no other comment, but, turning, proceeded to walk on so silently that Philip presently asked, impatiently:

"What is the meaning of this? Who are the Percivals?"

"Who are the Percivals?" repeated Graham. He was silent still a minute before he answered: "Ask your uncle that question."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Madonna del Sasso.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

FROM woodlands of scarlet pomegranate and pale chrysoprasus-hued olive and aloe, among which cream-white magnolia blooms breathe their perfume on the air, far above the waters of Lake Maggiore rises the rock-wall Del Sasso, crowned with the old church and convent of Our Lady of the Rock.

It was the eve of the Festival of SS. Peter and Paul, and the quaint old town of

Locarno, cool and tranquil as the lovely lake upon which it rests its crescent shore, was musical with the peal of bells, and the patter of many feet ascending its narrow, cobble-paved streets to the parish Church of San Antonio. Among them might be seen the veiled forms of the Maggiathale women, their heads covered with white cloth, leaving but half of the face exposed; and peasant girls from the valleys of Ticino, bringing to the altars of *Madonna Maria* their customary offerings—grapes, chestnuts, potatoes, and Indian corn.

We joined the hurrying throng, and with them entered the old basilica-formed church, which in daylight seems filled with brilliant fresco, and *renaissance* scrolls of gold and crimson. All was dark, save for the lamps which twinkled before the altar, and a few pale candles burning beside the dark confessionals near the entrance vestibule beyond the baptistery. So shadowy, silent, and ghostly, the passing forms moved as figures seen in dreams; it seemed the very threshold of the Silent Land. At last the sacristan ascended the pulpit stairs, and placed a tall wax-candle beside the pulpit desk; a few minutes later a young priest appeared, and in the soft Italian tongue told us legends from the lives of SS. Peter and Paul.

The moon had risen before this story-sermon ended, and never was there night more lovely. The lake was gleaming silver; the tall white houses,* over which acacias threw their lofty shadows, seemed veiled in lace of aërial looms. Far out on the water a voice was singing the "Santa Lucia" *barcarolle*; and far above the moon-lighted, crescent-shaped town, the gray rocks, upon which Our Blessed Lady appeared to the holy Minorite Father, glowed like foundations of silver to the convent church of the Madonna del Sasso.

Four hundred years ago, on just such a night as this, as the good Fra Bartolomeo von Ivrea was praying in the old Minorite

* Of gray and white-veined marble, or stone of neutral tints. Wooden houses are rare in Italy, for wood of all kinds is very scarce.

Convent beside the lake, he raised his eyes to this rock-wall, and there, surrounded by angels, stood the Queen of Heaven. Three times the vision appeared, and then Fra Bartolomeo took it as a sign that Our Lady desired a chapel built there. The ground belonged to the Massini family, but they gave it to the good Father, and in 1484 he left his convent cell for a cave on the rocky height, where he lived as a hermit, and with his own hands built a small wayside chapel, to which the villagers ascended to offer prayers of thanksgiving, and bring votive offerings to Our Lady of the Rock.

A hundred years later a church was completed there, but not until 1587—long after Fra Bartolomeo had been laid in his tomb in the wayside Chapel of l'Annunziata—was the edifice consecrated, and the solemn Sacrifice of the Mass offered there. St. Charles Borromeo twice visited the spot—once in 1567, and three years later, when the Franciscans, who had dwelt at the foot of the mountain, completed their convent beside the church.

At dawning on the festival the bells again rang out their joyous music, and from magnolia and jasmine hedge-rows the birds flew upward to the cool woodlands around Del Sasso. The sun beat fiercely down upon the vineyards and locust woods which lead up the steep mountain-side to the old convent church. But the pathway is shadowed by acacias, olives, and cedars; and so much shorter than the long, dusty drive up the serpentine mountain road, that we again followed the peasants, in their holiday dress,* and with them ascended the steep hill-side, past the ruins of the old Franciscan cloister, past the Governess Seminary, and the lovely garden of the Franzoni family, filled with great Italian magnolia trees and pomegranates; over the foaming mountain brook Romagna and then we rested in the little Church of l'Annunziata, where Fra Bartolomeo lies buried.

The church is full of pictures—frightful daubs, viewed with artistic eyes; but hal-
lowed by saint-like nimbus, when we remember the loving hearts and holy faith of the poor Brothers who placed them here.

The stations and stone staircases become more and more steep and intricate as we near the precipitous rock-wall upon which the church is built; but nothing more exquisite can be imagined than the woodland pathway which leads up to the rock. The perpendicular wall sinking down two hundred feet, covered with ivy, moss, and ferns, ends in a forest of magnolias, olives, and laurel. Above us are cedars, olives, and great, fan-like ferns, a few fig-trees, and limes of emerald hue. The mountain brook comes dashing and foaming from unseen cliffs above; and as we sit on the old stone bench, looking down on the town five hundred feet below us, and over the lake "girt round with rugged mountains," the sunshine broken by leafy shadows from the dark cedars of the convent garden, comes the trilling of nightingale, above the broken *arpeggios* of the leaping brook. No other sounds disturb the delicious solitude.

We reach the church at last, and kneel within its portal. Like all the votive shrines in the smaller towns of Italy, this one, raised in honor of Our Blessed Lady, is crowded with rude pictures of the sick and dying—deformities of every kind and of both sexes. Silver hearts, chains, and rings hang on the walls, and the whole church is gaudy in blue, red, and gold decorations. This lack of taste is painful to behold; heart sympathy alone can aid us to endure the glaring glitter of color which meets our sight on every side. One picture alone holds the artist tourist spellbound; it is the *Entombment of Christ*, by Antonio Ciseri.* The face of Our Blessed Lady is one of the most exquisite ever painted. Heavenly patience, holy love, and earthly anguish combine in rendering this representation of the Mother Immaculate one of most remarkable

* Of dark blue print or lawn, with mantle veils of white cloth over the head and shoulders, strikingly like old pictures of the women of Judea.

* Professor of Painting in the Academy of Florence.

beauty. The tones of the picture are golden brown, and the sadder leaden hues from the mantles of the women who follow the dead Christ.

In a chapel to the right of the entrance is a very lovely picture, the *Flight into Egypt*, painted by Bramantino. The figure and attitude of St. Joseph are especially fine; there is a manly strength in the face, and a sense of full protection in the strong arm as he stands beside the pale young Mother, with her Holy Child clasped to her breast. An angel before them points out the road.

From the church we went to the *loggia*, an open arcade balcony running along the southern wall of the church, above the rock foundation, and overhanging the magnolia-embowered Locarno and Lago Maggiore, mirroring the encircling mountains. The terraces of the convent garden to our right are full of flowers and vines. On the ledges of the rocks the good Brothers have placed their beehives. Locarno honey is renowned. Distilled magnolia and jasmine perfume are not more deliciously fragrant.

We protracted our visit to Del Sasso until late in the afternoon, contenting ourselves with the cherries and cookies which poor old women and a few children carried about for sale among the peasant lads and maidens. Many had brought their frugal breakfast, and retired to the woodlands above the rocks, or sat on the church steps to eat, crossing themselves at every mouthful. There is something so childlike, so innocent about these people, that one can not but feel rested and happy when surrounded by them; life is very peaceful and content in these thoroughly Catholic communities.

On our homeward way we took the carriage highroad, and stopped at the Church of Trinita del Monti, under the lovely lindens of the "Platz." The Order of the Holy Trinity was founded for the freeing of Christians from Saracenic slavery. On the anniversary of the foundation of the Order, the Brotherhood march in procession to this old chapel, bearing the banner of the community, upon which appear two slaves with chained wrists. Gifts of money

and jewels are still brought by the faithful, but, as there are no more slaves to be set free, the treasure reverts to the Brotherhood.

Evening had fallen over land and lake, and the mountain heights were purpling in the Tyrian crimson of the Alpen glow as we reached our hotel. Far above us, from the rocky heights of Madonna del Sasso, the *Angelus* was ringing. The campanile tower of San Antonio sent back the sweet message of the bells; and, far over the ruby, sunset waters of the lake, the tall white campanile of Ascona, like maiden voice replying sweet and low, "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord!" echoed the angel-greeting sounding from the convent towers of Our Lady of the Rock.

All We Need to Know is Plain.

BY SAMUEL H. DERBEY.

HOW good God is! How good God is!
The words go ringing thro' my brain.
Why should we dwell on mysteries,
When all we need to know is plain?

The time has been when wealth and fame
Were mine to share in goodly store;
But now forgotten is my name,
And wealth's delights I know no more.
Day after day, wasted and worn,
I lie upon a couch of pain;
Yet all my ills are calmly borne,
For all I need to know is plain.

The time has been when woman's love
Sustained me with its blessed cheer;
But mother's home is now above,
And wife and child no more are here.
Yet still my heart does not repine;
How could my spirit dare complain?
The wondrous peace of Christ is mine,
And all I need to know is plain.

The time has been—but why recall
That which has vanished from my side?
Nay! let my heart rejoice for all
The glorious joys that still abide.

Lord, help me prove Thy sacrifice
 For me has not been made in vain;
 Then shall I find Thy grace suffice—
 Find all I need to know is plain.

Yes, God is good—is more than good!
 The words ring thro' my heart and brain;
 Not all His ways are understood,
 But all we *need* to know is plain.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

THE Pontiff had scarcely gone, when the two soldiers who had guided Nemesius hither came to conduct him back to the place where the boy Admetus awaited him.

While traversing these dim, silent streets of the dead, he was too deeply absorbed in thought to observe them as at first, when but one idea dominated his faculties; for now, radiating from that, many others occupied his mind. He thought of the old, walled villa out near the Via Latina, which had long been deserted as a permanent residence by its owners, who only came there occasionally in the Summer, accompanied by numerous friends, to enjoy open-air festivities in the beautiful grounds. Nemesius knew it well, having visited there with Fabian; but he found it difficult to think of the brave, dashing Tertullus, and his gay, pretty wife Camilla, as Christians. Truly did it appear to him that the nets of the *Christus* were spread far and near, snaring in their meshes not only the ignorant rabble, always ready to follow novelties, but those whom Rome could ill spare from her patrician ranks.

Nemesius wondered if Tertullus and his wife were at the villa, and whether they were alone, or surrounded as usual by visitors. Their being alone would ensure greater safety for the Christian Pontiff; in either case, his own way would be smoothed for the approaching interview, when, as if for the purpose of an early drive, accompanied

by Claudia, he sought admittance at the old iron-ribbed gates; a sunrise visit to the near country-place of a friend in warm weather being too usual an occurrence to attract attention.

Not the least surprising incident of the night's experience, he thought, was the confidence reposed in him by the Pontiff, who had virtually placed his life in his hands, were he base enough to betray him; it appealed to Nemesius' best instincts, and, without the least admixture of that shallow gratitude derived from the expectation of favors to come, but moved solely by the magnanimous chivalry of a true, noble heart, he vowed that should any danger, from whatever quarter it might come, assail the holy man in their approaching interview, he would defend him with his very life.

How strange it was that he should, all at once, be mixed up in this secret way with individuals of that despised class which he, loyal to his own traditions and convictions, had persecuted, did not for a moment disturb him; love for his child had led him, as it would have led him into the fires of Tartarus, could he have hoped to find there some potent elixir that would open her blind eyes,—love which, although he did not then understand it, was as a pillar of cloud to his feet, and a voice to his darkened conscience, that was like the far-off echo of a cry in the wilderness to make straight the path of Him who was drawing near.

Nemesius did not question the mysterious influences that were silently operating on his inner life; had he paused to do so, he would have ascribed them to the singular impressions he had received, and the profound joy he felt at the certain prospect that the long-hoped for time—nay, almost the hour (for it was past midnight)—was at hand when the eyes of his beautiful one would be opened. It did not enter into his mind to doubt it—he a worshipper of the gods! And, what is more singular, he believed with simple faith that the wonder would be wrought by the power of the God of the Christians, and not by the exercise

of goetic and other occult sorceries, to which the heathen mind ascribed the miracles by which the divine power was manifested in those days.

Broad and white lay the radiant moonlight, and black, grotesque shadows over the Agro Romano, when Nemeseius and his youthful guide emerged from the dilapidated wine-shop, which concealed one of the many entrances to the Catacombs; soft winds from the sea, bearing sweetest odors from the numberless flowers over which they swept, filled the air with refreshment; here towered the mountains, draped in purple shadows; far away stretched the aqueducts; and there superb Rome, her marble splendors flooded with silver, as she sat like a queen upon her seven hills, with the opulence of the world she had conquered at her feet; while silence, like a sacred balm, brooded over all.

Nemeseius did not pause to note the entrancing loveliness of the scene; the cool, sweet air, after the close atmosphere of the Catacombs, refreshed him; but his mind was too full of his approaching happiness to be diverted by exterior objects, however attractive. Followed by Admetus, and never halting in his progress, the ground seemed to fly from under his feet, and he reached the great bronze gates of the villa without having realized the distance he had traversed.

Here this Roman gentleman remembered his faithful guide, thanked him for his attendance, and told him that he wished to retain him in his service. There was no one to listen; the porter, who had taken one draught of wine too much, was in a profound sleep; and, not caring to rouse him, Nemeseius entered by a narrow, private postern a little farther on, to which he alone had the key; but when he turned to bid his guide follow him, he had disappeared.

Hastening up the broad avenue, Nemeseius reached the house; but, before passing in, he stood looking up with yearning heart to the windows of the room where his blind darling reposed in peaceful slumbers, undreaming of the happiness so near at hand—

But no! Could that white figure waiting there in the moonlight be hers? She detected the footsteps for which her ears had been on the alert, although he had walked lightly, fearing to disturb her; and her glad cry answered his thought. A minute later she was in his arms.

"I was waiting, *padre mio*, just for this, and began to think thou wouldst never come," she murmured, in loving tones.

"But here I am, *dulce mia*! only to kiss thee good-night, and bid thee go to thy couch and sleep; for we are to take an early drive together. And, *O bella mia*! something awaits thee, full of happiness for both thee and me," he said, the glad news hovering on his lips; but he refrained, fearing that the excitement would keep her awake, and he wanted her to be all fresh and rested when they started on the morning's quest; he would tell her then, on the way to the villa of Tertullus.

After the interchange of a few more fond words, she lay her golden head upon her pillow, satisfied that he had come, that he had kissed her good-night; while the thought of the promised early drive with him was so entirely delightful that, like a pleasant song, it lulled her to sleep.

When in the silence of his own apartment, Nemeseius stood at his casement gazing out at the far distance, and wishing for the dawn, the sunrise, the beautiful day, which the eyes now sealed in darkness would behold; and he thought and thought, until a mysterious awe fell upon him, which presently assuming distinct purpose and form, he exclaimed: "If by the power of the Christians' God my child receives her sight, Him alone will I worship, and none other."

His vow was registered in Heaven. It was no longer a pillar of cloud, but one of fire, that was leading him out of the darkness; "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" was no longer an indistinct echo, and the way was being made straight for Him whose footsteps were already heard.

Nemeseius dismissed the two drowsy servants whom he found nodding in the

anteroom, and passed into his apartments. His impatience for morning and all that it would bring banished even the thought of sleep, and he determined to keep vigil until it dawned.

How slowly the moments seemed to drag as he stood at the casement straining his eyes towards the dark, distant mountains, to catch the first pale glimmer that would illumine their summits! But what human heart-longing ever quickened the march of Time? It was hard to wait, but how futile to stand idle when things were to be attended to which, if deferred later, would cause delay!

He remembered that no orders had been sent to the stables, and, stealing noiselessly out, he reached them in a few minutes, roused the sleepy and astonished guardian of the stalls, and, in those firm, quiet tones of command that always ensured obedience, directed him to have the low two-seated chariot in readiness and at the door by sunrise. Then, refreshing himself with a thermal bath, he went back to his apartment, lit a lamp, and began preparations to apparel himself as befitted the approaching momentous event. His child had never seen him, and he would appear well in her sight; he would don rich garments, and his superb armor of Damascus steel inlaid with arabesques of gold; his jewel-hilted sword, made with such cunning art that it was as keen and flexible as lightning; and wear across his breast the splendid silken scarf of his military grade. He scanned his dark, noble face in a mirror, holding the lamp so that its rays shone full upon his countenance, and wondered if at first sight its strangeness would repel her.

Never before, even in the days of his early love, had this man, self-poised and indifferent to externals, given so much thought to his appearance; for it was not alone the impression he would make on his little daughter, should she receive her sight—that which he had not the smallest doubt—that occupied his mind, but he wished to show due respect to that Power by which the wonder would be wrought, by appearing in

all the insignia of his military rank, as before an Emperor.

His preparations at length completed, a more noble figure could scarcely be imagined; he looked the ideal of one of his own gods. He extinguished his lamp, and renewed his vigil at the casement, his gaze turned towards the mountains. At last! at last! a filmy, luminous whiteness faintly outlined their grim crests; the moon was bending low over the sea; tints of palest saffron veiled the morning-star, and the shadows began to be transfigured with flashes of gold and veins of crimson as they drifted away.

Nemesius went to the shrine that stood in a corner of the apartment, and, mixing wine and frankincense together in a gold cup, he offered the morning libation in honor of the gods. Having performed this act of heathen piety, he went out into the corridor, walked softly towards Claudia's apartments, and met Zilla, who had just left them, her countenance wearing an anxious and perplexed expression, which vanished in surprise at his appearance. Folding her hands on her bosom, she bowed her head, and waited for him to speak. He asked if the child was still asleep.

"She is awake, and wishes to rise and be dressed for a drive which, she insists, she is to take with thee. She must have dreamed it, sir, as she was asleep before I sought my own couch last night."

"It was no dream; I saw her for a few moments after I came in; she was at the window listening for me. I promised the early drive. We start at sunrise, and shall pay a visit before we get back. Make her take a biscuit and a little wine before we go. And, Zilla! be ready with thy gladdest smiles to receive her when she returns; for, if I am not mistaken, she will bring thee cause for rejoicing," he answered, scarcely able to hold back his secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ROAD with a prickly, thorny hedge on either side is often the safest, and so is the road of sorrow.

A Mission in Mid-Ocean.

[For the following interesting account of Easter Island, and of a recent visit there, we are indebted to the Rev. Father Albert, of the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. This apostolic man has been, for more than thirty years, a missionary in the islands of the Pacific. Our readers will remember him as the coadjutor of Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers at Kalawao, Molokai.]

EASTER Island, situated in the Pacific Ocean, about half-way between Tahiti and the coast of Chili, is so called because it was discovered (by a Dutch squadron) on Easter Sunday, 1722. Although visited from time to time by whalers and ships of war, it remained comparatively unknown till quite recently. In 1863 it was almost depopulated by the incursions of Peruvian pirates, who carried off great numbers of the inhabitants, as well as by the small-pox, which created fearful havoc among them.

The missionaries at Tahiti had long had in view the evangelization of this island. Being at Valparaiso that same year, in search of health, I obtained the consent of Bishop Janssen to proceed thither and instruct the inhabitants. Providence, however, had allotted the work to other and abler hands; still I had the great happiness of opening the doors, as it were, of the mission, and of establishing there a devoted laborer, Mr. Eugene Eyrould, who had some time before joined the community of our Order at Valparaiso. This gentleman accompanied me to Tahiti, where at his own expense he chartered a vessel, and freighted it with dry-goods, clothing, and agricultural implements, to distribute among the natives, in order the better to dispose them to receive the missionaries.

Alternately protected and plundered by the different chiefs, who are continually at war with one another, he deemed himself happy, after nine months of privations and indescribable sufferings, to escape, half naked, in a vessel which the Rev. Father Barnabé had brought from Valparaiso to rescue him. The two missionaries saw no

immediate prospect of making any further progress, and thought it best to return to Chili.

On his arrival at our house in Valparaiso, Mr. Eyrould made his vows. He then began with renewed energy to prepare for a second voyage to Easter Island, and was allowed to purchase enough building material for several houses. He also procured another large stock of dry-goods and wearing apparel, besides a complete assortment of domestic animals. This time he was accompanied by a priest. Two years passed—years of benediction. On the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption Mr. Eyrould calmly rendered up his soul, gladdened by the news that the last of the natives had just been baptized.

We can not but believe that God, who has promised a reward exceedingly great for even a cup of cold water given in His name, has long since recompensed the sufferings and sacrifices of His faithful servant. Mr. Eyrould deserves to be called the Apostle of Easter Island. No sooner did he learn of my intended visit to the isle, than he came and offered himself, with no insignificant fortune—the result of years of honorable labor and of wise economy—in order to be a sharer in the good work.

Only a few years after the death of this holy religious, all his labors, as well as those of the two missionaries, were rendered profitless by the scandals of a certain European, whose name and nationality I refrain from mentioning. After having squandered his fortune, at Papaete, in gambling and debauchery, he turned brigand, and endeavored to retrieve his losses at the expense of the missionaries and the natives of the isle. During several years the missionaries labored, with many trials and sufferings, to bring him back to a sense of duty, but, finding their efforts ineffectual, they finally, acting on the advice of the Bishop, abandoned the mission. The majority of the natives quitted it at the same time, emigrating to Gambiers and Tahiti.

The missionaries had neither the time nor means during their sojourn to have any

works printed in the language of the country; as a consequence, they were obliged to retire without having been able to teach the converts either to read or write. Last February, when I visited the isle, I found those who had remained on it as ignorant as if a ray of civilization had never shone upon them. Happily, however, a Catholic gentleman from Europe had been among them for about a year, as agent of a commercial firm, and imparted to them some slight knowledge of the Tahitian dialect. With the zeal, devotedness, and patience of a true Christian, he consecrated his leisure moments to the instruction of the inhabitants in Catechism and in the singing of pious hymns. No doubt they did not understand half of what they recited and sang, but the accuracy with which they had committed to memory and retained all that had been taught them both surprised and charmed me. Individually or collectively, they answered with correctness and promptitude many of the most difficult questions of the Catechism. But this good gentleman did not content himself with teaching the natives the mere theory of Christian doctrine: he also taught them the practice of it, and that by his example.

When we arrived at the wharf, on my first visit, I was very much impressed with the modest and reserved demeanor of the feminine portion of the population. All the natives had turned out in their best apparel to receive me. Having formed in procession, they began to sing hymns, and led me to the church and school. Years of absence had not in the least diminished their love and respect for the missionaries.

I had only ten days to remain among them, and these I tried to spend to the best advantage. From early morning till late at night I was engaged in instructing, baptizing, marrying, and hearing confessions. All made their Easter duty in the most edifying manner. I even began to teach them the elements of reading and arithmetic, and distributed among them some books with which to instruct themselves until such time as I can send them a teacher from

Tahiti. I was obliged to interrupt my labors now and then, owing to a soreness of lungs and loss of voice; in the meantime I employed myself at manual labor—painting the church, school, etc.

During my stay I visited an extinct volcano in the neighborhood; descending into the crater, I found a pool of clear water. Close to the volcano were several caves, which had formerly served as places of concealment for the inhabitants of the isle. I also went to see some colossal statues of which I had heard a great deal. A journey of half the circuit of the island brought me to them. I counted twenty standing on pedestals, all looking towards the sea, while many more lay scattered about on the ground. Not far from where I stood were several only half finished. Each statue was from 40 to 45 feet in length. They are sculptured by means of a kind of rock harder than themselves. To raise them when finished is the most difficult part of the work; for the natives know nothing about mechanics. Near where the statue is to be placed they raise a mound, up to the summit of which they contrive to roll the unhewn stone. After chiselling it, they attach ropes to the upper part, and dig away the ground at the base.

I also sought out the unhonored grave of Mr. Eyrould. I had the weeds cut away and a mound raised. The neophytes have surrounded it with a picket fence, inside which is a circular ridge of rich soil planted with flowers. I blessed the grave, and erected over it a wooden cross. A cast-iron cross and railing have been ordered from San Francisco by Bishop Verdier, our new Vicar-Apostolic; and when these arrive the wooden ones will be removed.

The ship which brought me having received its cargo, I began to prepare for my departure. When the neophytes heard that I was going, they were so affected that they could neither sing the little hymns that evening nor respond to the prayers. Next morning, after the usual exercises of devotion, I exhorted them to persevere in the practice of what they had been taught; and

then, having shaken hands with each one, I embarked, amid cries of, "Come soon again! come soon again!" This I hope to do, particularly as there is danger that some cattle raisers—non-Catholics—may destroy the good already effected. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which I solemnly consecrated the isle, deign to guard it against so great a misfortune!

A Saintly Convict.

A ZEALOUS priest of a religious order, who has served as chaplain in the penitentiaries of La Rochelle, Brest, and Toulon (France), gives the following account of one of the convicts:

I once conversed with a man whom I shall never forget, whom I honor—venerate more than any one else I know; and this man is a convict! One evening he came to my confessional, and after his confession I asked him some questions regarding his past life, as was my custom in dealing with those unfortunates. On this occasion a special motive impelled me to put my questions, as I was struck by the peaceful look on the man's face. He answered me without affectation, concisely, and to the point.

"What is your age?"

"Forty-five, Father."

"How long have you been here?"

"Ten years."

"How much longer must you stay?"

"I am here for life."

"What was your offence?"

"Incendiarism."

"You certainly have much cause to regret having committed such a crime."

"I have greatly offended God, but not by the crime for which I was sentenced. Still, I am justly condemned: it is God who has condemned me."

"What do you mean?"

"I have greatly offended God, Father; I have been very guilty, but I have committed no crime against society. After having repeatedly fallen into sin, God touched my heart; and I returned to Him. But I

was uneasy—a heavy weight was upon my soul: I could not persuade myself that my sins were blotted out. I did not know how to make reparation, and felt the necessity of atoning for the crimes of my youth. In the meanwhile a very destructive fire broke out near my house. I was arrested on suspicion, found guilty, and condemned to the penitentiary for life. When my sentence was pronounced a delicious peace filled my soul, and has remained with me ever since. No one knows me here, and all believe that I am justly condemned; and so I am. Pray for me, I beseech you, that I may do the will of God unto the end."

I could not help reflecting: If we were all to accept the sufferings of this life in view of the satisfaction we owe the divine Justice, how it would sweeten the trials from which even the most favored are not exempt, and what treasures we should lay up for ourselves in the next world!

Leaves from Our Portfolio.

THE REV. R. S. HAWKER ON THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH.

TO MR. S. J——, Merchant, Plymouth.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—You ask me "to put into a nutshell" the pith and marrow of the controversy which at this time pervades the English mind as to the claims of Science and Faith. Let me try. The material universe, so the sages allege, is a vast assemblage of atoms, or molecules—"motes in the sun-beam" of Science—which has existed for myriads of ages under a perpetual system of evolution, restructure, and change. This mighty mass is traversed by the forces electrical, or magnetic, or with other kindred names; and these, by their incessant and indomitable action, are adequate to account for all the phenomena of the world of matter and of man. The upheaval of a continent, the drainage of a sea, the creation of a metal; nay, the origin of life, and the development of a species in plant or animal or man—these are the achievements of fixed and natural laws among the atomic materials, under the vibration of the forces alone.

Thus far the vaunted discoveries of science are said to have arrived. Let us indulge them with the theory that these results—for they are nothing more—are accurate and real. But, still, a thoughtful mind will venture to demand whence did these atoms derive their existence, and from what and from whom do they inherit the propensities wherewithal they are imbued? And tell me, most potent seigniors, what is the origin of these forces, action and the guidance of their control. and with whom reside the impulse of their “Nothing so difficult as a beginning.” Your philosopher is mute! He has reached the horizon of his domain, and to him all beyond is doubt, and uncertainty, and guess. We must lift the veil; we must pass into the border-land between two worlds, and there inquire at the oracles of Revelation touching the unseen and spiritual powers which thrill through the mighty sacrament of the visible creation. Being inspired, we perceive the realms of surrounding space peopled by immortal creatures of air—

“Myriads of spiritual things that walk unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep.”

These are the existences, in aspect as “young men in white garments,” who inhabit the void between the worlds and their Maker and their God. Behold the battalions of the Lord of Hosts, the workers of the sky, the faithful and intelligent vassals of God the Trinity! In our poor, meagre language we have named them “the Angels,” but this title merely denotes one of their subordinate offices—messengers from on high. The Gentiles called them “gods,” but we ought to honor them by a name that should embrace and interpret their lofty dignity as an intermediate army between the kingdom and the throne; the centurions of the stars and of men; the commanders of the forces and their guides. These are they that, each with a delegated office, fulfil what their “King invisible” decrees; not with the dull, inert mechanism of fixed and natural law, but with the unslumbering energy and the rational obedience of spiritual life. They mould the atom, they wield the force, and, as Newton rightly guessed, they rule the world of matter beneath the silent Omnipotence of God.

“And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascend-

ing and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it.” (Genesis.)

Your affectionate uncle,

R. S. HAWKER.

MORWENSTOW VICARAGE, Cornwall.

The Genealogy of Mary.

The Indo-European Correspondence.

A LEARNED Belgian priest, l'Abbé Jamar, has succeeded in elucidating the genealogy of Mary in a complete and satisfactory manner. The names of her parents are not found in the Bible, but they have been preserved for us by the tradition of the Levantine Fathers; so much so that the Church had no hesitation in consecrating the pious belief by admitting the feasts of St. Joachim and St. Anne into the calendar of her liturgy.

According to the same sources, Joachim was the son of Mathan, and the brother of Jacob, who was St. Joseph's father, so that Mary and Joseph were first cousins; and the Church again seems to endorse that opinion by causing the genealogy of Joseph through Jacob and Mathan to be sung on the feast both of St. Joachim and of the Nativity of Mary.

St. Anne was likewise of the race of David but through Nathan, and she was the granddaughter of Mathat, the father of Heli, in the genealogy of St. Joseph as given by St. Luke. Your readers are probably aware that the difficulty of St. Joseph's being called the son of Jacob in St. Matthew and the son of Heli in St. Luke has been explained in the clearest way by St. Augustine and St. Jerome. Heli having died without issue, Jacob, his next of kin, married his widow, according to Deuteronomy (xxv.), and the issue of the marriage was held the legal issue of Heli, at the same time that it was the natural issue of Jacob.

Mary must have been an only child, and as such must have inherited the property of her parents, as tradition also relates it; for it was only in that capacity that she had to accompany Joseph to Bethlehem, in spite of her delicate state, and to get herself registered according to the edict of Emperor Augustus.

It is true that St. John speaks of a sister of Jesus' Mother: viz., Mary of Cleophas (St. John, xix., 25); but it was a custom among the Jews, and it is yet retained among Orientals, that near relatives call themselves brothers

and sisters. Cleophas and Joseph being really brothers, their wives would still, with greater probability and with better right, salute each other as sisters.

Joachim and Anna resided in Galilee, and possessed that little house of Nazareth (now Loreto) which was to become soon the most august spot on the earth. Probably the family had withdrawn thither from Judea at the time of the persecution of King Antiochus, which drove many Jews to seek refuge in the North, and led to heroic resistance, and the exploits of the Maccabees.

I subjoin the Blessed Virgin's pedigree according to the work of M. l'Abbé Jamar:

1. Adam—2. Seth—3. Enos—4. Cainan—5. Malaleel—6. Jared—7. Henoch—8. Mathusalem—9. Lamech—10. Noe—11. Sem—12. Arphaxad—13. Cainan—14. Sale—15. Heber—16. Phaleg—17. Reu, or Ragan—18. Sarug—19. Nachor—20. Thara—21. Abraham—22. Isaac—23. Jacob—24. Juda—25. Phares—26. Esron—27. Aram—28. Aminadab—29. Naasson—30. Salmon—31. Booz—32. Obed—33. Jesse—

34. DAVID.

35. Solomon—36. Roboam—37. Abia—38. Asa—39. Josaphat—40. Joram—[41. Ochozias—42. Joas—43. Amasias]—44. Ozias—45. Jonathan—46. Achaz—47. Ezechias—48. Manasses—49. Amon—50. Josias—[51. Joachaz]—52. Jechonias—53. Salathiel—54. Zorobabel—55. Abiud—56. Eleazar—57. Azor—58. Sadoc—59. Achim—60. Eliud—61. Eleazar—62. Mathan.

62. Mathan, who married Estha, widow of Mathat.

63. Joachim, Anna's husband. 63. Jacob, who married Heli's widow.

64. Mary, Mother of Jesus. 64. Joseph, husband of Mary. 64. Cleophas.

65. James, the Less. 65. Joseph, (Thaddæus.) 65. Judas, Simon.

35. Nathan—36. Mathathia—37. Menna—38. Melea—39. Eliakim—40. Jona—41. Joseph—42. Juda—43. Simon—44. Lin—45. Mathat—46. Jorim—47. Eliezer—48. John—49. Her—50. Helmadan—51. Cosan—52. Addi—53. Melchi—54. Neri—55. Salathiel—56. Zorobabel—57. Reza—58. Joanna—59. Juda—60. Joseph—61. Semei—62. Mathatia—63. Mathath—64. Nagge—65. Heshi—66. Nahum—67. Amos—68. Mathathias—69. Joseph—70. Janne—71. Melchi—72. Levi—73. Mathat.

73. Mathat, Estha's 1st husband.

74. Heli, who died childless. 74. Mary, the wife of Mathan, a priest of Bethlehem.

75. Mary. 75. Sober. 75. Anna, Joachim's wife.

76. Salomee, Zebæde's wife. 76. Elizabeth, Zachary's wife. 76. Mary, Mother of Jesus.

77. James, the Greater. 77. John the Ev. 77. John the Baptist.

Letter from Paris.

THE EXPULSION OF THE PRINCES; THE COMTE DE PARIS; A ROYAL BRIDE.—THE JEWS; A BATTLE OF BOOKS.—PIETY AND IRRELIGION.—A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN; ETC.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Paris has always some exciting question to discuss—something that keeps the press on the *qui vive*; then public curiosity, hope, or alarm, on tip-toe. Just now the subject that is setting all the tongues in the country—and out of the country—wagging is the expulsion of the princes, who are supposed to be pretenders to the crown of France. They have many a time served as a scapegoat to one set of politicians or another, and have periodically got notice to pack up, and be ready to decamp at a moment's warning. The Radicals were not to be done out of the sport of hunting a family of royal blood, and are now enjoying the fun of their discomfiture, and that of their friends; but after a while the laugh may be on the other side.

The Comte de Paris is so little of a pretender, that his adversaries have no worse charge to bring against him than that he has never shown the pluck of a mouse in trying for the crown he is heir to, and his partisans have long been loud in their complaints that he "does nothing." The Prince lately, however, did something: he married his eldest daughter to the heir of a reigning sovereign, and the event was celebrated with becoming ceremony and jubilation at Eu and in Paris.

The Comte de Paris, who is a good Catholic, and a highly-respectable gentleman, was very much astonished to see the cordiality with which people of all classes responded to the opportunity of testifying their loyalty to him. Thousands crowded to the castle at Eu, with congratulations and presents. One working-man made the young *fiancée* a graceful offering that deserves to be commemorated. He came to the castle and asked leave to present a gold piece of forty francs—a double Louis, as it used to be called—to the princess. When he was a little boy, her grandmother, good Queen Amélie, had given it to him (I forget on what occasion), and he resolved never to part with it. "I have kept it as a relic through many hard years," he said; "though many a time I have felt the pinch of want. I bore up, how-

ever, and never parted with my treasure. Now I give it to your Royal Highness, that it may bring you good luck, as it has done to me; for, after a long fight with poverty, I am now above want." The young princess was quite overcome with emotion on taking the beautiful gold piece from the honest fellow; he had kept it as bright as the day it came from the mint.

The *trousseau* of the royal bride was a very grand affair, and circulated a good deal of money amongst the discontented Paris tradespeople; the sum of two millions of francs having been spent, it is alleged, on the bridal finery and festivities. But all these gay doings and rejoicings frightened the Government, and they declared the princes were going to upset the Republic, and must be sent out of the country. It is all very silly and spiteful, and very poor policy in the rulers of a great nation.

Next to the princes, the Jews are the lions of the hour. Two books have been written about them, one fiercely abusive, the other passionately apologetical. The first is called "*La France Juive*," by Monsieur Drumont, a writer of the Catholic journal *Le Monde*. Monsieur Drumont is a Catholic, a good man, and an able writer, but he dipped his pen in gall when he began to write about the poor Jews; he attacks them on all sides, calls them usurers and thieves; he whips them, he spits at them, he knocks them down from their gold bags, where they sit enthroned, and he literally dances on them in his rage and scorn. He gives a long list of names of Jews and Jewesses holding high places in the world, and he lashes them fiercely. He is proportionally hard on the Christians who receive the despised race in their ranks, and gives no quarter to the French dukes and princes who have sold their coronets to Rothschild for money-bags. There is a kernel of justice and truth and sound morality in all this invective, but the kernel disappears in the immense husk of abusive language.

The opposition book is by a converted Jew, the Abbé Lemann. He stands up for his race, and recounts all the persecutions and cruel humiliations that Jews were subjected to through the Middle Ages, and up to the time of the Revolution, when they were civilly emancipated. He foresees the great event, the conversion of Israel, and the glory that

would come of the union of Jews and Christians under the banner of the Church. A grand, wise, and very pathetic book, likely to do as much good as Monsieur Drumont's will, I fear, do mischief. It will draw hearts to the Jewish cause, and perhaps win many of them to Christianity; whereas the other will only create bitter enmity, and desires of being revenged for such an unprovoked attack.

The devotions of the Month of Mary were well attended in Paris, and, I hear, all through France, in the great centres. Nevertheless, some towns witnessed scenes of painful impiety, and Mary's worship by the faithful was frequently interrupted by violent outrages from the roughs of advanced democracy. At Troyes, for instance, bands of idle workmen went to the various churches, and hissed and made unseemly noises, to hinder the preacher from being heard. In one church several hundred scattered themselves through the congregation, and grew openly aggressive, and created such an uproar that the preacher had to hurry out of the pulpit, and take refuge in the presbytery, where the mob followed, throwing stones, threatening to set fire to the house, and behaving like madmen. The faithful showed good fight on the occasion, and made a solemn reparation to Our Lady for these insults; and the roughs were afraid to go further. All their misconduct may be put down to the impulse given by the authorities.

The town council ordered all the crucifixes to be taken down in all public places, and the order was everywhere obeyed until it reached—the slaughter-house! Here the butchers—more power to their hatchets!—flatly refused to let the order be carried out. One stalwart fellow vowed that whoever laid a finger on the cross should answer to him for it. "That cross was here before I came, and it shall be here while I stay, and I mean to leave it after me. So come on!" Nobody "came on," and the sign of Redemption, which the sacrilegious hirelings were allowed to tear down from the town-hall, the courts, the hospital, the schools—in fact, all the respectable places, remains untouched in the slaughter-house!

We are having some threats of Summer at last, in the shape of bursts of heat, with rain, east-winds, thunder-storms, and every variety of bad weather.

Catholic Notes.

On Wednesday, the 30th ult., the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore received, at the hands of the venerable Archbishop of St. Louis, the Apostolic Delegate *ad hoc*, the red beretta, the official mark of the new dignity to which he has been elevated. The ceremonies attending the investiture, which took place in the Cathedral, were very solemn and impressive, and were witnessed by an immense throng of the clergy and laity, who filled every available spot in the sacred edifice. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Williams, of Boston, during which a sermon was delivered by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. There were also present in the sanctuary, besides the prelates named, Archbishops Corrigan of New York, Feehan of Chicago, Heiss of Milwaukee, and bishops and clergy to the number of five hundred, together with Mgr. Straniero, the Papal Alegate, attended by Count Muccioli, the Noble Guard. After Mass Mgr. Straniero presented the beretta to the Apostolic Delegate, who placed it on the head of the Cardinal, who, with the attending clergymen, knelt before him. After addresses by the Cardinal and Archbishop Kenrick, the *Te Deum* was sung, and Cardinal Gibbons gave his blessing to all present.

The annual pilgrimage of the students of the University of Louvain to the shrine of Our Lady at Montaigu took place June 3d. The pilgrims this year numbered 450, and went on foot fasting, although the road is a bad one, and the distance fifteen miles. Arriving at Montaigu, the pious students assisted at Mass, received Holy Communion, and listened to an appropriate sermon.

Well might the *Angelus* bell have inscribed upon it, *Vespere, et mane, et meridie clamabo et annuntiabo* (Ps., liv., 18),—"Atevening, morn, and noon I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation." For this is truly the order of the ecclesiastical day, and, in Southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere, of the civil. With first Vespers comes in the festival, and the sweet *Ave Maria*, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it. We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in, "like a thief in the

night," upon our unconscious being, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death. We like the day to die even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hue as its close approaches; with golden visions and loved shapes, however fantastically, floating in clouds around; with whispered prayer, and a cheering passing bell, and the comfort that, when gloom has overspread all, a new though unseen day has risen to the spirit; that the vigil only has expired, that so the festival-day may break. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that Mystery which alone has made the day worth living; and greet, with the natural, the spiritual Sun—the Dayspring from on high, that rose on benighted man, and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat. Who does not see and feel the clear analogy? And who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the ample measure of this grace, against "the arrow flying in the day," in its sharp and well-aimed temptations? The which, when they have reached their height, and when all the holy dew of morning devotion seems to have well-nigh evaporated, we need new succor, and refuge *ab incursu et demonio meridiano*. At these eventful periods will the *Angelus* bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful Annunciation, speaking in angel's words and angel's tone, to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart—gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve. Truly it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well with the first of those feelings and its season as the glorious news that "the Lord's angel" hath brought to earth such tidings as his? What can suit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words, 'Behold Thy servant, or handmaid,'—*Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*? What can refresh the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night, more than the thought that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever amongst us, our Comforter and Help?

The conversion, last month, of Mgr. Savarese, the chief of the Schismatic National

Church of Italy, has caused great rejoicing in Rome. It is anticipated that the so-called Church will now totally collapse. Mgr. Savarese has made humble submission for his past errors, and is disposed to do all that is possible to atone for the scandal given.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have presented to Father Lacombe, O. M. I., an oil-painting of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus, as a token of their appreciation of his services in inducing the Blackfeet Indians to take no part in the Louis Riel uprising. They recognize the fact that priests are the safeguards of law and order, the promoters of peace, the friends of humanity.—*The Monitor.*

The members of the Tabernacle Society, of Washington, have been invited to unite with the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, in Rome and in Belgium, in offering to our Holy Father Leo XIII. testimonials of loyalty and filial piety on the occasion of his approaching sacerdotal jubilee. These testimonials, in accordance with the objects of the associations named, and as being most pleasing to the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff, will take the form of gifts of sacred vessels, priestly vestments, and general outfits for missionary work. The faithful in the United States are invited to co operate with the Society at Washington in this praiseworthy undertaking, by which they may, at one and the same time, give expression to their filial devotedness to the Vicar of Christ, and aid in serving the needs of Catholic missions.

The Society of Foreign Missions, of Paris, includes 751 French missionaries, of whom 28 are bishops, 424 native Chinese priests, and 1,800 catechists; and possesses 2,292 churches and chapels. Under the care of these are 829,000 Catholics, and around and making the field of labor are 203 millions of pagans.

Bernhard Reiburg, who is both a sculptor and the sacristan of the Church of Our Lady at Spandau, on occasion of the passing of the new Ecclesiastical Law, sent to Prince Bismarck a bust of Leo XIII. made by himself, and expressed his gratitude that "sweet May breezes blow once more"—an allusion to the now reformed or abolished May Laws. In

reply, the Chancellor sent the following autograph letter:

FRIEDRICHSRUHE, May 21.

SIR:—You have given me great pleasure by the gift of the bust of his Holiness the Pope, which I believe to be a very good likeness. I beg you accept my most sincere thanks for your very kind attention.

VON BISMARCK.

While this region round about is being seriously agitated on the temperance question, it may not be inappropriate to briefly relate how one man became a total abstainer. He told me his story thus: "I was possessed by the demon of drink, and no persuasion of friends or reflections of my own had any effect in reforming me. One day I went to New York, bent upon a tremendous carouse, and I had it. In four days I spent \$350 for liquors of all kinds, and at the expiration of that period my besotment may be better imagined than described. Suddenly, on the fifth day, while still laboring under madness caused by alcohol, I experienced the strangest sensations of remorse, and a spirit was born in me to lead a different life. As if supernaturally inspired, I rose, trembling and yet determined, from my bed, seized upon the cut-glass decanters and bottles containing the fiery fluid, and smashed them. Amid that uncanny wreck I raised my hand and eyes to Heaven, swearing that, by God's grace, I would never touch another drop of any intoxicating fluid, even if my life depended upon it. I grew so ill that a doctor called upon me and prescribed brandy. I would not take it. He said I would die. I answered that at least my death should be a sober one. After him, in a providential way, a Californian entered my chamber, and, divining the situation, took instant steps to remedy it. He had me put in a Turkish bath, and then gave me to eat some dried herb of his region, that filled me with extraordinary warmth, and worked internally like electric shocks. I rapidly regained my health and right senses. I have not taken a drop of liquor from that hour, and, though at this moment I am in pecuniary difficulties, I would not touch it if any one were to offer me all this property round about, which is valued at millions of dollars. I learned afterward that my relatives, having exhausted all known human means for my conversion, had had recourse to divine aid. Three of my family are Sisters of Mercy.

Appeal was made to their prayers. They offered up for me what is known in the Catholic Church as a 'Novena'—that is, an act of devotion lasting nine days. It was on the ninth day, at the very moment the last petition was presented beseechingly to the Almighty by these holy women, that, hundreds of miles distant, in the very midst of my revel, I was by some supernatural power led to the destruction of my idols and to permanent sobriety, which, with Heaven's help, will never be violated. When I see other men drinking, or when a temptation is set before me, I behold the pale, angelic faces of three religious women, clad in the black and white habiliments of their order, with one hand on their rosaries and the other raised in gentle admonition. Some people call this superstition, but what a saving superstition it was for me!"—*Washington Cor. Augusta Chronicle.*

The stipends of ecclesiastics suspended by the Prussian Government in virtue of the May Laws amount to a total of \$4,000,000. This immense sum remains in the hands of the Prussian Government, which, it is said, is in communication with the Vatican with the view of devoting it to some useful purpose. If report be true, the money will be divided proportionately between the various dioceses, and invested for the benefit of aged and infirm clergymen.

The Holy Father is doing all in his power to succor the destitute and homeless in China, and to rebuild the churches and schools destroyed there during the late catastrophe. It was for these purposes that he recently sold all the valuable presents received during his pontificate.

It is stated as a singular thing that the converts to Mormonism come entirely from the Protestant population; not a Catholic, so far as known, having joined them. It is indeed to be wondered at that not a single Catholic has joined the Mormons; for there are many uninstructed and nominal Catholics, who might, seemingly, be as easily led away as Protestants. But we should as soon expect a thorough college graduate to be converted to Brother Jasper's doctrine that "the sun do move," as to see a person educated in the Catholic faith converted to Mormonism.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

New Publications.

THE CHRISTIAN STATE OF LIFE; or, Sermons on the Principal Duties of Christians in General, and of Different States in Particular. By the Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated from the Original German Edition of Cologne, 1740, by the Rev. J. Allen, D. D. Two Volumes. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1886.

The title of this work sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. It presents a series of very practical and instructive sermons upon the duties which one must fulfil in order to live in a manner becoming the dignity and vocation of a Christian. The work is complete in two volumes, containing a total number of seventy-six sermons, which, in the extent and variety of their treatment, deal with the obligations of persons in the world, of every age, rank, and condition—in their relations to God, their neighbor, and themselves. Though the original discourses, of which the present publication is a translation, were delivered at a period dating almost two centuries back, yet the simplicity of style and plainness of language employed in imparting the knowledge of truth, which is ever the same, make them suitable to peoples of all times and places. The great popularity of these discourses, so long and favorably known in Europe, is a proof of this. Father Hunolt's sermons, as the translator well says, "are sound in doctrine, powerful in appealing to every motive that could lead men to virtue or to repentance, and they display a knowledge of human nature which can be acquired only by long experience united with rare learning." As may be well understood, the work is of especial value to the members of the clergy whose time is taken up with the cares and occupations of the mission; but, at the same time, to the lay Christian in general it will be found to possess a great practical usefulness, and prove the source of much spiritual profit. We can heartily commend the work to all classes of readers. The translation has been well made; the simple style of the original has been preserved, and expressed in pure, idiomatic English. The publishers have done their part fairly well: the volumes are printed in good, clear type, and are well bound, making them both presentable in appearance and

very acceptable as offerings. We must say, however, that the title-page is marred by crowding into it matter that could find its proper place only in an index; for what we have given at the head of this notice is but the barest outline of what will be found on the title-page of the book itself.

CONEWAGO. A Collection of Catholic Local History, Gathered from the Fields of Catholic Missionary Labor within Our Reach. A Humble Effort to Preserve Some Remembrance of those who have Gone Before, and, by their Lives, their Labors, and their Sacrifices, Secured for Succeeding Generations the Enjoyment of Happy Homes, and all the Blessings of Our Holy Catholic Religion. By John T. Reily. *Herald* Print: Martinsburg, W. Va.

All persons who are interested in the history of the Church in the United States should secure a copy of this entertaining work. Would that in every State, county, and parish, a Lambing, a Webb, an Aldering, a Griffin, or a Reily could be found to "gather up the fragments," and place them in a form to be preserved! Photographs of the interior of Conewago Chapel, with exterior views of the old cupola and new steeple, and portraits of the Jesuit Fathers Enders, Deneckere, Villiger, and Emig, enhance the value of this excellent though unpretending volume. We hope it will have many readers among the subscribers of *Our Lady's* magazine in the district where these apostolic men labored.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. F. X. Obermuller, the venerable chaplain of St. Rose's Convent, La Crosse, Wis., deceased on the 12th ult.

Sister Vincent (Margaret McDonough), lay-Sister of the Ursulines, who died suddenly on the 22d ult., at Valle Crucis (near Columbia), S. C.

Mrs. Catharine Sullivan, of Fall River, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 27th ult.

Mrs. Anne Bell, who breathed her last in New Orleans, on the 12th of May.

Mrs. John M. Crumlish, of Wilmington, Del.; William Geekie and Miss Ellen Maloney, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Susan Murray, Gallitzin, Pa.; Miss Emma Connor, and Patrick W. Meagher, Marysburg, Minn.

May they rest in peace!



From Tipperary to Texas.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIBBY BUTLER.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

III.

The snow was falling in great flakes on the morning after Tibby's arrival in America. It had been falling since midnight, and travel in the streets of New York was consequently very much impeded. On many of the lines no horse-cars were running, only that now and again an immense snow-plough moved slowly along the tracks, piling up the white mass on both sides as it went. The foot-walks themselves were nearly impassable in all but the most important thoroughfares.

Tibby made his way with difficulty through the narrow avenue which the householders and storekeepers were already making on the sidewalks of Greenwich Street, until he came, as Schnupfer had directed him, to the massive granite structure of St. Peter's Church, at the corner of Barclay Street. Although it was not yet quite six o'clock, and barely daylight, hundreds of persons were coming to Mass from different directions, through the deep snow.

Tibby mounted the steps, entered the vestibule, and blessed himself; and as he passed through into the nave of the church he felt himself, for the first time in many days, at home once more. Though he was an orphan, and all alone in America, so far as mankind went, he knew that in the Tabernacle there, where the lights were twinkling on the altar, far up at the other end of the aisle, was his Friend, his God. He knelt and adored.

Over in that quiet corner, behind the curtained door of the confessional, God's

minister was sitting, and when Tibby's turn came, he went in and made his confession, in time to receive Holy Communion at the Mass that was just about to begin.

It was bright day when, after having made his thanksgiving, he came out of the church into the street. It was breakfast time, too, he recognized by the voice in his stomach, which was speaking pleadingly to him. And yet before returning to the boarding-house he was determined to give a half hour or so to examining the town, in order to find out what were the chances of employment.

He was astonished at the throngs that already came hurrying down Broadway and the streets leading into it; but he was especially interested in observing the army of newsboys, some of them of about his own age and size, but most of them very much younger and smaller—pale-complexioned, sharp-faced little fellows; many of them inclined to poke fun at Tibby's slow walk and amazed expression, and at the unmistakably foreign cut of his clothes.

"Say! what are yer a-starin' at, Micky?" said one insolent chap. "This ain't no show. This is business, this is. Ye'd better wake up and go to work."

"That's true for you," answered Tibby; but before he could continue to declare his agreement with what the newsboy had said, that young worthy had darted like a shot through the snow, and across the street to where a man stood beckoning for a paper. As Tibby went on, up past the Post-Office and along Park Row, he was bewildered at the excited, hasty manner of all he met. He was sure he had never seen such bustle in Carrick-on-Suir, and even in Cork, as he recollected; everything was as quiet as a graveyard compared with this breathless hurry-scurry of the people in New York before eight o'clock in the morning.

A horse-car was moving past him at this moment, and the words "Central Park" above its windows attracted his attention. Central Park, he thought, must be in the centre of the town, and it was to the very

centre that he wanted to go first of all. He had about two dollars in silver in his pocket—all that remained of his funds. He hailed the car, and would have fallen under and been run over in attempting to step upon the platform, had not the conductor caught him in time.

"I suppose the horses couldn't stop?" he politely asked the conductor.

"Yes, they could stop," was the answer; "but they haven't time."

Tibby took a seat, but he wished he were back again in Carrick, even if for but a day, so as to tell the "Tips" what a queer people the Americans are; even the work-horses are in a hurry. While Tibby was amusing himself with these critical reflections, the conductor approached him, and, in a guttural tone, said "Fare!" at the same time thrusting out towards him what looked like a silver-mounted revolver.

For an instant Tibby felt himself to be growing pale, and his heart almost stopped beating. "What have I done," said he, "that you should shoot me? Do you call that *fair*?"

"Now, look here, you young sprig of shillelah," said the conductor, impatiently, "I haven't got time to be funny. I want your fare."

"Sure I'll give it to you, if you give me time," said Tibby, putting his hand down into his trousers pocket in search of his money; "but," he remarked softly, though the rising indignation was bringing a flush to his cheeks again, "I don't see why you should shoot me because I'm not in as much haste as all you Yankees seem to be in."

"That young Mick is a keen one," said the conductor, a few moments afterwards, pointing out Tibby to one of the crowd on the rear platform. "He looks as if he was only just landed, and yet he has been making fun of my bell-punch."

But Central Park was evidently a long way off; for, although the car had been rattling on for half an hour, there was still no sign of a park, and Tibby was now very hungry. He determined, therefore, to leave

the car, and eat his breakfast before proceeding in his search for employment. He told the conductor to "let" him "down at once," but the car did not stop fully, and Tibby went headlong into a snow-bank. He picked himself up, however, and, beating the snow from his clothes, and brushing it out from his hair, he shouted after the conductor: "You are an uncivil fellow, sir!"

The sidewalks on either hand in this neighborhood were almost impassable with the snow. Here and there a poor man or boy was at work clearing the way. From all directions came the scraping sound of shovels; but the shabby creatures, whose backs were bent nearly double as they tossed the snow from the walks in front of the long rows of comfortable-looking brown-stone houses, had a heavy task before them.

On the far corner of the block, Tibby espied an ugly brick structure, with a cross on its plain gable—evidently a Catholic church; and towards this he began to struggle on. But when, by dint of hopping, skipping, and jumping through the snow, he had nearly reached that corner, he found himself so weak from hunger, and so much out of breath from the exertion, that he could go no farther. He sat down for rest and deliberation on the lower step of the high flight leading to the hall-door of the house next to the church.

Poor Tibby! He was not easily discouraged, but he felt really despondent now, in spite of his stout heart. He thought if he could drag himself a little farther on through the snow to the corner, he might find the church door open, and there he could warm himself, while he said his prayers and made up his mind which way to turn.

"Is it a job you want?" said a sharp voice just at his elbow. As Tibby glanced quickly to see who had spoken, a thin-faced, middle-aged Irish woman—a servant in the house—stood within the area railing, peering at him over the side of the steps.

"Indeed and I do so," answered Tibby, in a weak and rather indistinct tone; for

his jaws were rattling his teeth together, and his whole frame was shivering with cold. "But, first of all, it's famished I am with the cold; and I was wondering is there a cook-shop or a coffee-house convenient, where I might get my breakfast."

The hard countenance of the woman relaxed as she gazed in pity at the little fellow.

"Yerra, b'y, come in here at wanst, and have your breckquist!" she said; and she opened the gate, and led Tibby down the steps with her into the basement of the house. "Faith it's a coffee-house you want, is it? It's aisy to see you're not long over. Sit down there by the fire," she went on, placing a seat for him near the raging kitchen stove. "I'll have something hot and nourishing for you in three skips of a lamb's tail."

Within a few minutes the woman, who was from a county in Ireland neighboring to the one whence Tibby hailed, knew all about the youngster's recent adventures.

Tibby ate a hearty breakfast, and then went out with shovel and snow-scraper, and before an hour's time had earned a half-dollar, and had a clean pavement to show as a result of his work. Such thoroughness! There was not as much soft snow left on the high stoop and the sidewalk as would have filled his hat.

That was the thought which passed through the mind of the gentleman who was standing at one of the parlor windows of the house, looking out through the slats of the closed shutters.

"Do you know that boy, Nora?" the gentleman inquired of the servant, who was just then flourishing through the hall on her usual morning walk.

"I do not, your reverence," she answered; "except that he's just over. Tibby Butler is his name, he does be saying, and he's from Tipperary."

The gentleman thus addressed was Father Fitzgerald, the rector of the church at the corner. He had only a little before finished his own breakfast after celebrating Mass, and was now in conversation with

another gentleman, a friend of his whom he was entertaining for a few days as a guest—Colonel Joe Lynch, of Texas.

"Bring that boy up here, Nora, before you let him go," said the priest to the servant. "Colonel," he said, addressing his guest, who was sitting curled up in a comfortably-cushioned arm-chair before the cheerful blaze in the open grate, and puffing away at a fragrant cigar; "if you can leave the fire for a moment, come here to the window. I want to show you a young countryman of ours, who has just arrived from the 'old Sod,' and is not afraid to work."

Colonel Lynch arose reluctantly, and approached the window, with a great shiver.

"Phew!" he groaned. "Down in Texas we think a Norther is bad enough, but it's a wonder, Father Fitzgerald, you all don't freeze to death up here."

"That's the result of your twenty years' life in the enervating Southern climate," was the priest's reply. "But what do you think of that young 'Tip' there, doing his first day's labor in America? Doesn't the sight of such industry and such cleanness of work warm your heart?"

By this time the Irish-Texan—a lean, dark-complexioned, sinewy man, with heavy black eyebrows and steel-blue eyes—had partly overcome his unwillingness to admit anything good in connection with a Northern winter, and was staring in astonishment at Tibby, who had raised a great bank of snow along the curb-stone, and was putting on the finishing touches by scrupulously shovelling away any little hummocks of snow that still remained on the walk.

"Ah! here he comes now," said Father Fitzgerald a minute later, as the servant brought Tibby to the parlor door.

Tibby was all in a glow from his work, and, though the servant carefully brushed the snow from his clothes, he hesitated to enter. "My feet are wet," he said, "and I'm afraid it's soiling the carpet I'll be if I come in."

But Father Fitzgerald took him gently by the shoulder, and led him to a low chair

at the fireplace, where he made him sit down. "Let me see your feet," said the priest. "Oh! it's your boots, you mean; not your feet," he slyly remarked, as he cast a glance at the Texan, whose admiration for a boy that could face snow as Tibby had done was unbounded.

The two gentlemen soon learned from Tibby what was his past, and what were his designs for the future. It was evident to both that Tibby was ambitious, as most healthy boys are; but they perceived that along with ambition he had industry and courage; and, what pleased them even far more, that he was transparently honest as well as pious. His religious devotion was set off by a straightforward manner of going about whatever he had to do. It was plain that he was one of those who do to the best of their ability whatever they have to do, not because they are watched, or expect a reward, but because they are honest. Tibby seemed to be almost incapable of trick or deceit; or, if capable, to have a good-natured contempt for deception in any form.

He was such a boy as, if he lived to grow up into manhood and old age, would always retain the freshness of mind and the sentiment of youth. If he was what some would call an "old-fashioned," he was of the sort that would in after-years still be young in mind and body, when the trickier or more boisterous companions of his boyhood had become prematurely old.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bridget.—A Prison Story.*

One day the matron of a great prison came to Father Nugent, and said to him:

"Father, there is a young woman in the dark cell whom we can do nothing with. She is as strong as three men, and is so violent that no one can master her. I have tried everything to tame her, but in vain. She is screaming and shouting now like a wild beast. Do come and see if you can calm her."

* Selected. Adapted from "True Wayside Tales," by Lady Herbert.

The Father went straight into the dark cell, and the moment there was a pause in the torrent of bad words which fell from the girl's lips, he said, in a very gentle voice:

"Hush, my child! You must whisper."

This checked her at once: she became quite still and silent; and then he began talking to her in the kindest way, promising to get her taken out of punishment if she would only behave differently. The poor girl after a time burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"Father, these are the first kind words that have been spoken to me in my whole life."

He found in this way the key to her heart, and then she told him her whole history. Her mother had died in giving her birth, so that she never knew a mother's care. Her father, who was a bad and worthless man, and angry at having a baby left on his hands, deserted her, and went off to America. She was found in the empty house by the police, and was going to be taken to the workhouse, when a woman came forward, saying she had no children of her own, and would adopt her. This woman in reality only wanted to have her to beg; and when she became a little older, poor Bridget was forced in all weathers to go out barefooted to sell flowers or matches, and if she were unsuccessful, was cruelly whipped on coming back to her wretched home. She was always half starved, and lived besides in perpetual terror of this hard-hearted woman; so that very often, she said, she thought of putting an end to her miserable little life.

At last she got acquainted with some bad girls, who laughed at her for her cowardice in not running away from this cruel taskmistress, and persuaded her at last to come and live with them. There she became acquainted with all the vice of the streets, and finally was induced to take part in a jewel robbery, which ended in her capture and imprisonment.

Father Nugent got the matron to take her out of the dark cell, and then had a little further conversation with her. He found she was only too anxious to learn, and was really good at heart, though so utterly untrained, or rather trained in nothing but evil. He persuaded the matron to employ her in other works about the house; and very soon, to the matron's astonishment, she was found to be

the best and most industrious of the prisoners.

When the term of her imprisonment was nearly at an end, poor Bridget became very sad and downcast.

"What will become of me," she exclaimed one day to Father Nugent, "when I leave this place? I have no friends and no character, and yet I would rather die than go back to my old life!"

"Did I not tell you," replied Father Nugent, "that if you would only become a good girl, I would never forsake you?"

She thanked him with tears, and he was as good as his word. Before her term of imprisonment had expired he had begged her passage-money, and the very day she left the prison he put her in a Home, where she remained until he was able to start for Canada, which he did a week or two later, taking her with him. When he arrived there he placed her with the "Grey Sisters," who employed her in their infirmary. They found her not only most handy and willing, but entirely devoted to the sick.

After a time they procured her an excellent situation. She had grown a fine, handsome woman, though the events of her early life had left an expression of great sadness on her face. She was, however, thoroughly good and steady, modest in her ways, and quiet and handy in her work.

A few years later Father Nugent returned to Canada, and went to see her. He was delighted at the high character he received of her from her employers, and when he was leaving her she slipped a handful of dollars into his hand.

"What is this for?" he exclaimed, trying to return it to her. But she replied:

"Oh, Father! do take it, and spend it on some poor neglected child, such as I was; for no one knows better than I what *they* have to go through."

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.
 And with childlike, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection—
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

—*Longfellow.*



VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 17, 1886.

No. 3.

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The Madonna of Landen.

BY THE REV. F. BICKERSTAFFE DREW.

I.

PERHAPS you have never been to Landen? You may have seen the glories of the sunset on Himalayan peaks, whose white teeth are reddened with the day's death-blood; or the sun which never sets at all, all Summer long, at Hammerfest; and yet the chances are that you have never set foot in the narrow valley of Landen.

It is not over easy to reach, and yet it is not so very far away. The best plan is to walk from Baden-Baden over the Hornisgründe, and so to Allerheiligen, where you can procure lodging at the once great Premonstratensian Abbey, whence long since the White Canons have been driven out. For Landen was a dependency of Allerheiligen, and a few hours' walk up into the forest will bring you to it.

The small nameless river that flows along the valley, and will ultimately find its way to the great Rhine somewhere out on the plain of Strasburg, is surrounded by pleasant pastures and cool thickets, white with *spiræa*; and these fields are bordered by the advanced guards of the actual forest. Close by the left bank of the river the road winds, with now and then a great painted post beside it, like a huge sugar-stick, to mark the boundaries of the Grand Duchy

and the Kingdom of Würtemberg; and now and then also an elaborate Calvary of painted wood, with Judas and his money-bag, St. Peter and his keys, and the local saint with proper emblem.

About half-way up the valley is a little detached hill, or mound, crowned with what was once the Monastery of Our Lady of the Wood, and is now the Hôtel du Roi de Würtemberg. Long ago its last exiled monk was laid to rest under the shadow of trees all unlike the odorous pines of his own valleys; and now weedy Alsatian waiters, chronically evening-dressed, lounge and chatter in the cloisters where he held a meditative silence. In the prior's cell the thrifty hostess augments her reckonings, and in the great, cool refectory sit blowzy baronesses and impecunious princes.

The chapel alone is undesecrated, for the merciful storms of a century have reduced it to less incongruous ruin; and one can see how beautiful it was once, though it must always have been of plain exterior, and perhaps of no great merit architecturally. The green grass is its only pavement now, and the blue floor of God's heaven its sole roofing; but a few patches of fresco on the walls suggest past beauties, and some of the empty windows show still a little rude tracery. Over the high altar is a large, smooth space, where formerly was to be seen the miraculous picture of Landen.

Many of the peasants in the valleys round about have brightly colored prints, which they claim to be copies of the original

painting. These prints show a grave-eyed Teutonic Maiden, with smooth flaxen hair, and fair, sweet face, holding two children in her arms, neither of whom bears any likeness to the typical Christ-Child, who lies smiling at her feet. Behind is a rude representation of the forest on a wild, wintry night—the driving snow standing out against the blackness of the pine-trees, and almost obscuring the light of a pale, cold moon. The following is, in brief, the history of the Madonna of Landen:

There was at Allerheiligen, in the very height of its prosperity, a certain monk called Rudolph, who had been Count of Ottenhöfen, but who, hearing read the Gospel wherein Christ said to the young man, 'One thing thou lackest,' had left all to his brother, and put on the habit of religion. The young monk made rapid progress in perfection, and was noted for his tender charity, which led him to see in all men but the counterpart and representatives of his divine Master. The poor and wretched for miles around were wont to come to him in all their miseries, and he was frequently to be found in their huts, dressing loathsome wounds, making savory messes with his own hands, and performing the most menial and toilsome labors for the old and helpless, who were unable to do anything for themselves.

One Winter a great famine came upon the Schwarzwald, and many of the forest people died; but in the valleys round Allerheiligen the poor were well cared for. The Lord Abbot daily gave large alms of bread to all who appeared at the gate; while the good monks carried provisions and fuel to the sick and aged, who were not able to leave their homes.

But about this time a great sorrow fell upon the monks themselves; their beloved abbot, who had governed the monastery for almost half a century, was called to his reward, and the loss was deeply felt by his bereaved children. However, when the precious remains had been laid to rest under the chancel floor, and a chapter had been held in order to appoint a successor, all the

monks were filled with joy to find Rudolph chosen to replace the saintly abbot, although the good Brother was still young, and had never before held an office in the house.

Of all the community, only one monk was grieved at the choice, and that was Rudolph. Nevertheless, he obeyed, and bent his shoulder in meek submission to the burden that had been laid upon him, although he was very sad at heart. "Not for a jewelled mitre did I lay down my helmet of plain steel," he said within himself; "but rather to be the last soldier in the army of our great Captain, Christ." The keys of the monastery were harder to carry than he had ever found his long sword or spear, and the cross of silver and gold he now bore upon his breast was the heaviest cross that had ever been laid upon him. Yet so well and wisely did he govern the great abbey, that, as a sweet odor draweth bees, even so did the reputation of his sanctity draw many youth to his quiet retreat. So great, indeed, was the increase of postulants, that it was found necessary to build a new house in order to accommodate them.

The remote valley of Landen was chosen as the hive where the new swarm should take up their abode; and, when the building was finished, certain of the brethren from Allerheiligen were sent to found the new house, among whom was Rudolph. "I have borne," he said, "the yoke of government patiently until now; suffer me, then, to go in peace, to bear a little severity and hardship in this our new home; and choose you a better ruler to be over you,—one who has well learned to obey; for only he who has been long in subjection is fit to govern others." So they suffered him to go; and because he had borne rule (for such, humility is more needful) he was set to cook for the brethren, in which capacity he labored diligently, and gave entire satisfaction.

Now, everything at Landen was poor and simple. Even the chapel, though a large, beautiful building, was very plain in its decorations; it contained but two altars,

without any paintings. Over the high altar was a great space, where, in time, some devout artist might be tempted to exercise his skill. Rudolph often looked at this vacant spot, and longed to see it filled with a beautiful representation of some scene from the life of our divine Lord or His Blessed Mother; but for the present there was no hope of seeing his wish realized; he must wait and pray.

However, in the second year of the foundation a young man—a painter of considerable merit—presented himself at the monastery door, and Rudolph looked upon the newcomer as a messenger from Heaven, in answer to his long and earnest prayers. Brother Willibrord was set to paint the great space above the altar. He began by drawing an outline of his subject, and then filled in a little of the coloring, leaving the background all confused. The monks on coming to the chapel always looked curiously to see how he was progressing, and at last he had finished Our Lady with the Divine Child in her arms. There remained to be executed only the scenery behind the figure, and the ground beneath its feet.

"In the background I shall paint Allerheiligen," said the artist; "and make it appear as though the Blessed Virgin were coming thence to Landen, holding the Christ-Child in her arms." But Brother Willibrord never painted thus, as we shall see in the sequel.

II.

One night in midwinter, when the snow lay thick and deep throughout the valleys of the forest, the monk Rudolph went to pray in the chapel, when his kitchen work was done; and, being wearied therewith, he soon fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke the lamps were extinguished, and only that before the high altar was still burning. Its mild radiance fell on the plain altar of rough-hewn stone, on the monks' stalls, and on the unfinished picture on the wall. Rudolph knelt in a dark corner apart, and so it happened that he had not been noticed by those who

had come to put out the lights in the chapel.

He presently arose, and passing before the altar genuflected, and was about to turn away, when his eyes fell once more on the picture behind it. Then he stood still in wonderment. The Christ-Child was there, lying on the ground and smiling, as He raised His tiny hand to bless; but the *Gottes Mutter* was gone, and Rudolph saw only the background rough and confused. He looked long, in doubt of his senses, but the picture remained the same: Our Lady was not there, and the Divine Infant lay smiling on the ground.

While Rudolph stood thus, wondering and astonished, he became aware that a cold draught was blowing on his face, and causing the red lamp of the sanctuary to flicker nervously. He went therefore across the choir towards the sacristy, the low, arched door of which he found ajar, and, passing thence into a narrow cloister running round the eastern portion of the chapel, came to another postern opening into the monks' garden. This also stood ajar, and through it the cold air of the winter night came strong and keen. More and more was the good monk filled with astonishment and fear, for seldom was this postern opened at all, and never left unlocked through the night. It was not snowing now, and the pale, full moon stared down out of a steel-blue sky upon the forest.

Rudolph went out a few paces, and looked around for sight or sound of aught unusual that might explain the strange occurrence; but all lay still as death, wrapped in the white mantle of the winter night. He was slowly going back into the monastery, his head bent in thought, when he noticed that there were other footprints in the snow beside his own; they were small and light, like a woman's, and were turned away from the abbey towards the forest. He followed them some distance, and they did not cease; up the hill-side they led him, off the main cart-road, and into one of the narrow tracks that lead to the thickest

of the wood. Here it was often too dark to see the footprints, but still Rudolph walked on patiently, till he came to a place where the moonlight fell again upon the path, and then he found the small footmarks ever pointing forward into the forest.

For an hour he followed them, and now he was quite in the recesses of the great pine forest. Suddenly the night-silence was broken by a sound that held his heart still, and made his pulses cease to beat. Down the mountain-side from about a mile away there came, on the clear, still air, the bay of many wolves. Where Rudolph stood it was pitch-dark; the pines were thick around, and their black arms were twined together overhead; but a hundred yards in the distance he could see the moonlight on the snow. Should he go backward, or stay here in the darkness, and climb one of the trees, to be in safety from the wolves? or go forward, and see if the footprints still continued? Onward towards the white light and towards the wolves the monk went, making the Sign of the Cross and praying as he approached.

On drawing nearer to the place where the moonlight fell, he saw some one coming to meet him out of the blackness beyond. At first the shadows were about their way, and he could not distinguish whether it were man or woman; but soon the figure came out into the moonlight, and he saw it was a lady, tall and stately, with raiment of glistering white, and a mantle like the blue waters of the summer sea; and in her arms she held two little children, whom she pressed against her shoulders lovingly.

In the shadow of the pines the monk Rudolph stood still in reverent wonderment, his eyes fastened on the vision before him. Full well he knew that dazzling raiment, and that sapphire veil, and those kind, mother-eyes of the Lady coming to meet him. It was the *Gottes Mutter* of the picture Brother Willibrord was painting.

For a few moments, that were to the monk Rudolph as a thousand years, he watched her as she approached; then, falling down upon his knees, he covered his

face with his hands, and did not dare to look. Presently there came upon the night air the noise of far-off bells, as of the chime from all the steeples of a Gothic town, and Rudolph raised his head to hear. Just by him in the snow two small children stood watching him, hand in hand, and waiting for him to uncover his face and speak. But the Lady had left them and was gone.

"Carry us!" the children begged; and, rising from his knees, Rudolph lifted them in his arms, and turned homeward, with the pair nestled against his heart.

The noise of those unearthly bells came no more through the listening air, but soon there was again the cry of the wolves, which grew more distinct as Rudolph hurried on. Still he seemed to keep pace, and it was wonderful how swiftly he sped homeward with the sleeping children in his arms. It was not till he reached the open space between the forest and the monastery that he could hear the trampling of the wolves through the thicket, and knew that now, at all events, they were upon his track. How long those last few hundred paces seemed! He hardly dared to look around, and when he did he saw the black forms of the wolves bounding over the snow.

Onward, onward he pressed, and the children were wakened by his speed. The wolves gained step by step; he could hear their panting now; and still the postern was not reached. Great God, if it should be shut! Perhaps the wind had blown it to; it lay in black darkness, and he could not see. Onward, quicker—the postern was all but reached; he would surely be in time. But, nay! he stumbled, and tripped, and fell headlong forward, and the wolves drew on apace. Something surely lifted him up; how else rose he so swiftly? Again he flew forward, like the wind that whistled in his ears; the wolves were hardly a dozen paces from him now, and the postern door was half a dozen still in front. Oh! God, if it should be shut! For all the heat of his running, an icy sweat burst out upon him at the mere chance of that horror; and his eyes were well-nigh strained from looking

forward into the dark shadow, but he could not see.

On, on, on; his feet were on the lowest step, but, ah! dear God! the oaken door was shut! Its panels filled the arched doorway, and lay against the door-sills all around. In frozen, icy despair, the monk Rudolph almost turned to face the foe. Was not that less terrible than to press against that sullen door, and be overtaken vainly knocking, where there was none to answer? But, by Christ's dear grace, he did not; hoping against dead hope, he stumbled forward, and fell against the door—and, joy! it yielded; it but lay to, and was not shut. Into the cloister he fell forward, and even that fall well-nigh cost him all. Before the door was quite closed, the wolves were leaping at the threshold. The cloister was narrow, and, with his feet thrust against the wall opposite, Rudolph pushed with all his might, and held the door against them; while he sent the two children to ring the great bell in the chapel, and rouse the brethren withal.

Soon through the dim chapel and dimmer cloister the religious came to aid him. The door was pressed to and locked secure; then together they passed into the chapel, and sang the *Te Deum* in the silent night. As their eyes were raised to the picture over the high altar, greatly were the monks astonished; for the Christ-Child lay smiling in the snow, and the *Gottes Mutter* held two children in her arms.

The rescued little ones themselves (who had been lost and benighted in the grim forest) were taken back on the morrow to their home, where they remained until they were of age. Then both of them took the habit of religion in the Monastery of Our Lady of the Wood, at Landen, where, in great observance, they lived to a blessed age.

This is the legend of the miraculous picture of Landen.

PARENTS who are ignorant of their duty will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they should have done.—J. E.

Growing Older.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

"It is part of the gladness of growing older, not only that we are thereby drawing nearer to our first sight of Him [Jesus], but that we feel our dependence upon Him more and more."—*Faber*.

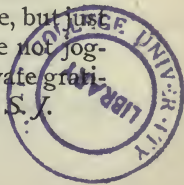
GROWING older!—drawing nearer
To the first entrancing sight
Of the Saviour's matchless beauty,
In His own fair realm of light.
Growing older!—thoughts of gladness
Gild the hours as swift they fly,
Chasing every cloud of sadness
From the Christian's sunset sky.

Growing older!—daily, hourly,
Learning more our need of Him
In the splendor of whose presence
E'en the noonday sun grows dim.
Leaning more in dear dependence
On the sinner's faithful Friend,
Casting every care upon Him
Who has loved us to the end.

Year by year the milestones lessen
As our birthdays come and go,
Ploughing furrows on smooth foreheads,
Flecking raven locks with snow.
Growing older!—Blessed Master!
Lifting trembling hands in prayer,
Come we oftener to Thine Altar,
Sure to find Thee waiting there.

Growing older!—feebly groping
Through that mystic, shadowy vale
Leading unto Death's dark portal,
Where the flesh and spirit fail.
Aching hearts and wearied bodies,
Battle-scarred and travel-worn,
In the sleep of Christ's beloved
Wait the Resurrection morn.

WE should let no day pass without some deliberate act of mortification, interior or exterior—some check to nature, to show the lower part of the soul that it is subject to the higher; as a coachman chucks the reins occasionally, for no special purpose, but just to remind the horses that they are not jogging along the road for their private gratification.—*Father Tracey Clarke, S. J.*



Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

WHO are the Percivals? The question seemed to haunt Philip. He was too proud to ask further information of Graham, after the latter had waived the inquiry and referred him to his uncle; but even at the moment he had felt that it would be impossible for him to go to his uncle with such a question. Why impossible he did not know, except that Graham's tone had been very significant; and deep in Philip's own heart was a consciousness, which he did not acknowledge even to himself, that there might be things in his uncle's life that he would not wish to know.

After parting with Graham he went to the ball; but slight as the occurrence at the fair had been, it left a recollection which marred his pleasure; for, although he had not yet been forced to realize the fact in any keen degree, he was possessed of a nature so sensitively strung that it vibrated to every touch. And this touch had been deeper than he imagined. In the midst of the gay scene in which he found himself, he saw before him constantly the dark eyes and the stately head of the girl who would have declined to know him. Perhaps the interest lay there. It was so extraordinary that any one should not wish to know *him*. Philip had no more than his due share of vanity, but he would have been singularly obtuse if he had not recognized his own popularity, and appreciated the kindness of the glances which many bright eyes bestowed upon him.

It struck him, however, that there was less kindness than usual in the glance of one pair of eyes. Constance received him rather coolly, and announced that her ball-book was quite full. The fact in itself would not have concerned him, but it was a significant indication that she had been offended by his refusal to accompany them. He shrugged his shoulders a little as he

turned away. It was a pity: everything had gone wrong this evening; and that, too, when he had been moved by the best intentions. Evidently, good intentions were not sufficient to insure satisfactoriness of result in a decidedly unsatisfactory world.

This, which is an old story to most people, was rather new to Philip. Things had gone so smoothly with him up to this time—life had contained so few difficulties, complications, or perplexities—that even a slight jar seemed to him a reversal rather than a fulfilment of ordinary conditions.

The Percival question was the first thought in his mind when he waked the next day; but morning brought no light by which to determine how to solve it. He still felt it impossible to ask his uncle, as Graham advised. And indeed what reason was there why he should ask any one? The Percivals, of whom he had never heard before, certainly did not concern him in the least. He recognized that very plainly, and yet he felt that he would like to know why Miss Percival would have declined his acquaintance.

It was, however, with the final determination to put Miss Percival out of his mind that he went down stairs to breakfast. He found Mrs. Thornton in the breakfast-room, and the smile with which she greeted him did not indicate any consciousness of offence on her part. She made a pretty picture as she sat in a morning-dress of quilted violet satin, with a becoming lace trifle of a cap on her soft hair, by the side of the perfectly-appointed table. It occurred to Philip as he entered that twenty years hence Constance would look just like this, and certainly no man could desire a more gracious presence to preside in his household.

"If it is possible," he said, as he sat down, "that your looks are an accurate indication of your feelings, I need hardly ask if you have recovered from the dissipation of last night."

"Oh! yes, I have recovered," she answered. "It was not very severe dissipation. That is the advantage of being merely a chaperon—one is not fatigued much."

"I am glad to hear there is some advantage connected with it," continued Philip. "It seems to me that it would be awfully fatiguing. But I doubt whether Constance looks as fresh as you do this morning."

"Constance has not appeared yet," said Mrs. Thornton, smiling. "I fancy she will look fresh enough when she comes."

"She looked very well last night," replied Philip. "I do not think I ever saw her look better. I was sorry that she would not dance with me."

Mrs. Thornton glanced at him quickly, but the easy quietness of his tone was reflected in his manner. Evidently his regret was of a very composed nature.

"That," she said, "was your own fault."

"If so," he answered, "that is chiefly why I am sorry—because it seems that both yourself and Constance thought I should have accompanied you. Believe me, if I had imagined such a thing for a moment, I would have done so."

"I suggested that it would be well."

"True, but since Bellamy was on hand I did not feel that I was needed, and I had made an engagement which I disliked to break."

"It must have been a very special engagement," said Mrs. Thornton, a little dryly.

"It was," he answered. "I had promised to attend a church fair, of which it was the last night."

"Oh! a church fair!" The smile Philip had anticipated came around her lips—a smile of mingled wonder and amusement. "That was very good of you, indeed," she said; but the wonder was evident in her tone. "I hope it was—a success."

"I don't know," he replied; "but I hope so, too. At least I did my small endeavor to aid in making it so. I bought a number of things—screens and the like—out of which I hoped you might, perhaps, select something you would care to have."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Thornton, looking at him kindly. His affectionate deference had long ago made her very fond of him. "You must tell Constance why you

did not go with us," she added, presently.

"Pray mention it if you think it of sufficient importance," responded Philip. "I could not have conceived that it would matter to Constance, who has always so many attendants."

"Yes, she has a great many," said Mrs. Thornton; "but still—"

She stopped, unwilling to repeat her words of the night before, that Constance should not be left too much to these attendants. If Philip did not see this for himself, Constance's aunt could not make it plainer to him.

Her pause, however, was significant, and Philip looked at her as if expecting her to go on. When she did not, he said, lightly:

"But still she does not like certain things to be disregarded? I understand, and I shall be more careful in future. Yet I could not have thought she would refuse to give me even one dance. I feel aggrieved about that, for there can be no doubt that she was the belle of the ball. There was no one present to compare to her."

"I thought not," said Mrs. Thornton, with delicate pride.

But even as he spoke what perversity of recollection brought before the young man a different face and figure? He looked at the fire, as if he saw it there, and was silent for a moment. Then he said, with an abrupt impulse:

"Do you chance to know any people named Percival?"

"Percival?" repeated Mrs. Thornton. "No—yes—that is, I had a slight acquaintance once with the man who was your uncle's partner. But I believe he is dead now."

"I did not know that my uncle ever had a partner," said Philip, regarding her with surprise. "Are you quite sure?"

"Oh! perfectly sure." She spoke with ease; evidently she knew no reason for shrinking from the subject or the name. "It was long ago. He brought the business, by some bad management, nearly to the verge of ruin. Your uncle had great difficulty in saving it. But Mr. Percival

acted very well. He gave up his property to make good what he had lost, and then he retired."

Philip caught his breath.

"But if he gave up his property, was not *he* ruined?" he asked.

"He was much poorer, of course," answered Mrs. Thornton, composedly; "but that could not be helped. It was his own fault, you know."

"Yes," Philip assented, with a vagueness equal to that of the information he had received. He felt that upon such information as this no judgment was possible. It was entirely probable that his uncle had been in the right; for the sense of injury on the other side proved nothing. He knew—who does not know?—how wrong yet how obstinate people can sometimes be in the animosities which arise out of such transactions.

"I never heard of the man before," he said, after a short silence; "but I saw at the fair last night a very striking-looking girl, who, I was told, was a Miss Percival."

"His daughter most likely," replied Mrs. Thornton. "I remember that he married a very beautiful woman, the daughter of a Spanish consul. But they were never in society much, and of course dropped out altogether after his misfortune."

"Do you know," said Philip, "whether they—that is, he—blamed my uncle for his course in the matter?"

Mrs. Thornton looked surprised. "I don't know at all," she said; "but I can not see how it was possible; for your uncle was certainly in the right. I assure you that Mr. Percival brought him nearly to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Well, naturally 'who breaks pays,'" continued the young man. "But it does seem hard," he added, as if to himself: "one to go on to such prosperity, the other to drop down to ruin. It is easy to fancy some bitterness on the other side."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Thornton, indifferently; "but it was his own fault."

His own fault! The words echoed through Philip's mind after he left her, still sitting

in the pretty, sunshiny room, and went himself into the bright, clear chill of the outer air. *Was* it his own fault? Of course if so, it was right that he should have borne the consequences; or, at least, life was inexorable in demanding such a penalty. But if—if it had been failure, mistake, or anything except deliberate wrong-doing, surely these consequences were hard.

Philip had not been conscious at the time of observing what Miss Percival wore the evening before, but he remembered now that it was a simple black dress, relieved only by some soft lace at throat and hands. It was true that she had looked like a princess even in this; yet what a contrast when he placed her in imagination beside Constance in her exquisite toilette, flashing with diamonds! The two figures seemed to symbolize and emphasize the wide difference in the fortunes of the two men who had once stood on an equal level. And while all things had prospered with one, the other had fallen—by his own fault? Yet why, then, had Graham said with so much significance, "Ask your uncle that question"?

The idea of following this advice was as far from Philip's mind as ever. He wondered a little whether he should ever know the exact truth of the matter, but he could imagine no circumstances in which it would be possible for him to ask an explanation of his uncle. "And, after all, how does it possibly concern me?" he said to himself, with a sense of positive irritation. "I wish I had never gone to the fair—I wish I had never seen that girl! No doubt if I had talked to her I should have found her commonplace enough. And this old story of a broken business connection—what is it to me? I will not give it another thought."

Such resolutions are, as a general rule, more easily made than kept, but Philip managed to keep this with tolerable success. His life was indeed too full of occupation and pleasure to admit of much thought on matters that did not immediately enter into it. In the course of a few days he had almost forgotten the Percival matter; or, at least, it lay in abeyance in his mind, as

so many things do that we fancy forgotten, until some day they startle us by waking to vivid life.

A considerable length of time elapsed, however, before the touch came which was destined to waken this. The gay season was at its height, and Philip was not again guilty of neglecting such degree of attendance as Miss Irving held to be due on his part. It was not very much, but enough to show the world his rightful place. That was all the young lady desired. Anything more might have indicated that she was bound in some degree, whereas she only wished it to be understood that Philip was at her service and disposal.

To this Philip on his part had no objection. He entertained no doubt that he would some day marry Constance, and, if the prospect did not fill him with rapture, it was not in the least disagreeable. If she had wished more devoted attention, he would have felt bound to offer it; but his quickness of apprehension told him exactly what she did want, and he was somewhat relieved that it was no more. It left him free, and he did not wish to be bound just yet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

WHILE Nemesisus and his little daughter are speeding on their way towards the villa out on the Agro Romano, let us, anticipating their arrival, take a glimpse of the ancient structure. Its thick, extensive walls, which are twelve feet high—the bricks showing dark and mouldy where the plaster has dropped off, or where there are spaces clear of wild, clambering vines—would give it the aspect of a prison, were it not for the great trees waving above; and the roses that toss blushing, wanton sprays over them; and the odorous wall-flowers that grow out of the crevices of the crumbling mortar. Evidently these ancient

walls, with their deep-sunken, iron-ribbed gates, were built for protection in lawless times.

The villa itself is a rambling structure, and originally had a tower at the north end, the upper portion of which had yielded to the tooth of Time, and tumbled in a mass of *débris* around it and upon its second floor, the stout timbers of which had withstood the shock, and still upheld the heap. Vines with pendulous scarlet flowers, ivy, wild vetches, and blue wistarias, are in possession, draping the ruin in colors and overlapping folds more gorgeous than the rich tapestries with which the Jews were compelled by the imperial edict to decorate the Arch of Titus on the anniversary of the destruction of their holy city. The grounds, interfered with by art only so far as to prevent their becoming a tangled wilderness; the grass, like violet-starred velvet; the old, mildewed statues looking out here and there from green, shadowy places, and the antique fountains, are all aglow in the golden splendor of the newly-risen sun.

Tertullus and his wife are not here; two or three old slaves move about lazily; and several peacocks, trailing their superb plumes over the grass, are the only signs of life apparent. Suddenly the sound of horses' feet and of wheels is heard outside; the porter springs to his post, draws back the bolts: the great gates creak slowly open, and Nemesisus drives through. Slaves are ready to stand by the horses' heads as he draws up in front of the pillared entrance of the house; and he alights, his toga draped over his armor, and lifts Claudia out of the chariot.

"I will conduct thee," said a low, sweet voice at his side; and, turning, he sees Admetus, the *choragus* of the Aventine!—Was the boy ubiquitous?—He led the way into the vestibule, through the *atrium* into a wide corridor, which stretched through the villa, and ended in an apparently dead wall, panelled in wood that was black with age, where he stopped. One of the dark panels slid slowly upwards, and Nemesisus, obeying the gesture of his guide, passed in,

holding Claudia's hand in the firm, tender clasp of his own. He had told her on the way thither that she was to live no longer in darkness—that her eyes were to be opened in a little while—and her face was radiant. No more darkness and groping and dread, but light! light! Oh! how she would love the power, the hand that gave sight to her blind eyes! She could think of nothing else; her heart was in a tumult of joy.

A short walk through a narrow passage brought them to a door, which Admetus opened, and, having invited them to enter, left them, closing it after him. Looking around, Nemesius saw that he was in an oblong apartment, the windows of which were concealed on the outside by an interwoven mesh of vines. At one end, in the centre, there stood, upon a dais elevated three or four steps above the floor, a large, curiously shaped chest, with two massive iron rings at each end. Three panels formed the front. On the central one, inlaid in gold, was the monogram I. H. S.; on the one to the left was delineated a pelican feeding her young with the blood from her wounded breast; on that to the right, a fish. On the top of the chest stood a narrow, arched cabinet, about two feet high, its doors plated with gold; and a silver lamp, suspended from the ceiling by a fretwork chain of the same metal, burned with clear, steady light before it.

On the top of the cabinet stood a crucifix of such realistic art, that Nemesius, as he gazed upon it, thought with a sudden thrill of what Fabian had told him of the death of the *Christus*, that day in the ilex grove. Frescoed on the wall above the crucifix was the saintly face of a woman, her eyes uplifted, her hands folded in an attitude of supplication, and there was a shadow of sadness and tears on the fair, virginal countenance. Could this mean the Virgin-Mother foretold by sibyls and prophets,—the Virgin-Mother who brought forth Him hanging dead there upon the cross? Yes, the same—*Advocata nostra*, as she was known from the earliest days of Christianity.

There were some rude benches in the apartment, a cross-crowned chair, and about midway a sliding screen, which, when drawn together, concealed the altar—for altar it was; a portable one, as the rings at each end signified; such as were in use in the early Christian churches, which were not edifices built separate and apart to themselves, but the private mansions of rich converts, consecrated to the worship of God, and permitted by some of the heathen tyrants to be so used when the fires of persecution were not abroad.

The Church of St. Clement,* and that of St. Pudens, the friend of St. Peter and St. Paul, are still to be seen and venerated in Rome. And here in the villa of Tertullus was one of the few that had been left unmolested, because unsuspected and undiscovered; for who among the heathen, be his zeal ever so argus-eyed, would suspect such an abomination to exist in the dwelling of an officer of the Prætorian Guard? Even had such a suspicion arisen, Valerian Emperor would have thought twice before he ventured anything aggressive, knowing that the Prætorian Guard sometimes, with a word and a blow, made and unmade such as he. Still less was it dreamed that under the ruined, ivy-draped tower there was an opening through one of the old wine-vaults into the Catacombs.

While Nemesius was observing the unfamiliar objects around him, a survey of which required far less time than it has taken to describe them, a door opened, and the Christian Pontiff entered. He wore the same white woollen robe as on the night of their first interview, with the addition of a stole about his neck. Nemesius, who had thrown aside his toga, bared his head with reverent salutation, which was returned by a whispered "*Deo gratias!*" and the holy Sign of the Cross made by the Pontiff's uplifted hand towards him. The anxious father then led Claudia forward. The lovely child was arrayed in soft white garments;

* Under the foundation of the present Church of St. Clement.

her long, golden hair fell in shining curls over her shoulders; her fair face wore the innocence and purity of an angel's; and as the saintly Pontiff gazed upon her, an expression of benign pity illumined his countenance, and laying his hand upon her head he blessed her.

"What wouldst thou have, sweet child?" he asked.

"Oh! sir, I am blind, and would see," was the pathetic answer.

"I will give thee holy Baptism, my child, and He who opens the eyes of the blind will enter thy heart, and teach thee to love and serve Him."

"I will love Him!" she said; then turning to her father, who pressed her hand more closely, she continued: "Oh! *padre mio*, will we not both love Him who gives light to my eyes?"

"And to thy spirit," responded the Pontiff, who had among other supernatural gifts that of being able to discern spirits, and saw by the dispositions of the two before him that they were already numbered with the conquests of Christ.

He went to the altar, and, after kneeling in profound homage for a moment, opened the gold-plated door of the Tabernacle, and from one of its interior compartments—there were two—drew forth a crystal flask. Nemesius attentive to every movement, saw that it was filled with water; he knew not what Baptism meant, but supposed it to be one of the conditions without which his child would not receive her sight, and he silently consented to the Christian rite, whatever it might signify, moved by something deeper than his natural desire for her blindness to be removed.

The little girl stood silent, waiting; the sacred rite began; she felt a strange sign made upon her forehead, and beheld a beautiful One in shining raiment approach, whose presence was invisible to all except herself; and as the Pontiff poured the waters of regeneration upon her head, the Apparition touched her eyes,* and—she was no

longer blind! She looked up, around, and uttered a cry of gladness; the darkness had disappeared, and there was light. It was a moment to be more easily imagined than described. She gazed into the saintly face of the Pontiff Stephen, into her father's, then flew to his embrace, crying: "At last I see thee!"

The miracle opened the way—made straight the path for grace to enter the mind of Nemesius, who received the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ, nothing doubting; and, kneeling at the feet of the Pontiff, he asked for instruction in the Christian faith, and then for Baptism, which, it may be stated here, he received a few days after, in the same place.

The child saw the crucifix, the sweet face of *Advocata nostra*; she knew them not, but both were indelibly impressed upon her mind, and were not strangers to her when, a little later, she heard the wonderful story of Redemption. Glints of sunshine through the ivy that mantled the windows filled her with innocent delight, and the thought of all the beautiful things she was to behold so transported her heart that she ran and knelt at the feet of the Pontiff, exclaiming, with sweet simplicity:

"Oh! sir, wilt thou thank Him for me who has given me sight? But tell me His name, that I too may thank Him in my thoughts every moment of my life."

"I will, my sweet child. Jesus Christ is the name of Him who by His divine power removed thy blindness; keep His name in thy heart, and thank Him and love Him without ceasing. Thou art now His little neophyte; by and by thou wilt know Him, and the Father who sent Him. He has given thee a new name in Baptism, by which He will know thee among His little ones—the name of Lucilla,* meaning light."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* "Little light."

THE most imperfect are usually the most fault-finding.—*Felix*.

* It is so related.

A Saint, Perhaps.

THE humble soul whose virtues are about to be recorded here would have been greatly astonished, even alarmed, to see his name in print, and his conduct proposed as a model to fellow-Christians. But no such consideration need stay our pen; for he has been resting in a quiet grave—his soul, we hope, enjoying the beatific vision of the Master he served so faithfully on earth—many a long year.

Of M. Ricoux's early life nothing is known, except that by his industry and honesty he contrived to lay up a small competency, sufficient for his modest tastes; that a sudden misfortune deprived him of this, and reduced him to a state of want bordering on penury. This trial seemed only to increase his zeal for God's glory and the relief of the poor; he devoted himself entirely to good works. He was an exemplary member of the Third Order of St. Francis and of the Society of St. Francis Xavier; the Communion of Reparation and the Association of Prayers and Penances found in him an untiring propagator; he lent also an active co-operation to the Association of St. Francis de Sales, whose object is to multiply missions throughout France; but above all it was in the Nocturnal Adoration that his burning love of God displayed itself.

In Paris the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed—successively in every church during three days—and each night some members of the Adoration come to pray from sunset till daybreak. M. Ricoux spent nearly every night at the foot of the altar, always ready to replace any absent member. But this was not enough to satisfy his zeal: for several years he fulfilled, with admirable courage, the painful duty of carrying from one church to another the mattresses used by the members in the intervals of rest. Nor rain, nor snow, nor the bitter cold of Winter, nor the scorching heat of Summer could daunt the pious man, whom the soldiers belonging to the Adoration

called in their vigorous language, "*Le saint cheval du Bon Dieu.*"

His house, which he had made a sanctuary of prayer, became the refuge of the destitute. Although poor in the goods of earth, his heart possessed inexhaustible treasures of generous compassion, and often he had the heroic charity to reduce his own scanty food in order to relieve the suffering.

There is a charming anecdote illustrating the measure of his practical charity. For over two years he had been the constant benefactor of an unfortunate family, but all his efforts to better their condition proved vain, owing to the husband's misconduct. However, M. Ricoux determined to make a final attempt to lift them out of their straitened circumstances. The national *fête* of the 15th of August, 1863—it was during the Empire—was at hand; the preparations were actively carried on throughout Paris, and especially on the vast Esplanade des Invalides, where the festivities were to be opened at daybreak by the booming of cannon, an honor much prized by the veterans of Napoleon I. "If that poor family could only obtain license to sell wine in this thoroughfare," thought M. Ricoux, "they could earn enough to pay their rent and procure the necessaries of life."

After some difficulty he obtained the wished-for permission, and immediately set to work to procure everything necessary for an improvised stall; the tables, chairs, glasses, with a barrel of choice wine, were purchased, and on the evening of the 14th all was in readiness to begin business early next morning. M. Ricoux's *protégé* was appointed to watch over the precious barrel, the last hope of the unfortunate family; but, alas! when, before dawn, his wife and daughter came to help him, they found him lying in a state of insensibility, caused by copious libations; the proximity of the temptation had been too much for him. In despair, they rushed to M. Ricoux, and related the sad event. What was to be done?

The good man saw there was no time to be lost; he hurried to the church, heard the first Mass, and received Holy Communion;

then, overcoming human-respect, regardless of his reputation, and sacrificing the consolations his piety would have derived from the solemn offices of the beautiful feast of Our Lady, of whom he was a devoted client, he resolutely took the place of his *protégé*, served the customers the whole day, in the midst of an uncongenial, noisy mob, arriving home late in the night, completely spent after his sublime act of charity and self-denial.

And thus he lived in obscurity, ignored by the world, though most deserving of its admiration and gratitude; but he was great in the eyes of God and of His angels, on account of his wonderful gift of faith and the great number of his good works.

His end was worthy of his noble life. On the eve of his death those about his bed heard him say: "I feel an indescribable joy; I seem to be already in Paradise. I see thousands of angels coming to meet me." Then he added, like one in ecstasy, "Heavens, open to me!" A very rare spectacle was witnessed at his funeral. An immense throng—people of all classes, young and old—followed a coffin conveyed in the hearse of the poor! And when the passers-by wondered, and inquired whose funeral it was, a unanimous voice—the voice of the people—replied: "A saint's!"

Mary.

MAID-MOTHER of humanity divine!

Alone thou art in thy supremacy,
 Since God Himself did reverence to thee,
 And built of flesh a temple one with thine,
 Wherein, through all eternity, to shrine
 His inexpressive glory. Blessed be
 The miracle of thy maternity,
 Of grace the sole immaculate design!
 Lo! earth and heaven—the footstool and the
 throne
 Of Him who bowed obedient to thy sway,
 What time in lowly Nazareth, unknown,
 He led of life the long-secluded way—
 Pause, till their tongues are tutored of thine
 own,

"Magnificat" in wondering love to say.

JOHN B. TABB, IN *The Independent*.

Favors of Our Queen.

A FREE-THINKER'S CONVERSION.

IN one of the principal commercial cities of the south of France lived a physician, whose extensive practice left no doubt as to his learning and professional skill. But he was a man without any faith, and the Grotto of Massabielle (about which he had heard some wonderful things) was to him the source of many a merry joke. A great favorite with the youth of the city, Dr. — was always their chosen leader in social festivities. On one of these occasions he fell sick, very sick—so sick that neither his own skill nor that of any of his medical acquaintances was of the least avail.

Among Dr. —'s friends was a certain priest for whom he had contracted an esteem, and by whom he was often visited. "I believe, Father," he said to him one evening, when suffering very acutely, "that my only resource now is to drink some of the Water of Lourdes." This was said half in jest; however, some of the miraculous water was procured, and the Doctor condescendingly swallowed a few drops, thinking how can people be so foolish! etc., etc. To the surprise of the spectators, the Doctor's face soon assumed an air of unaccustomed gravity, and after a few moments he exclaimed, joyfully: "My pains have ceased!" No more was said in derision of Lourdes, and the patient became very thoughtful.

It was *Mardigras*—Shrove-Tuesday. A carriage was rolling past a crowd of masked revellers; a priest, in sacerdotal vestments, bearing with him the Holy Viaticum, was seated in it. The carriage stopped at the house of Dr. —. Yes: he had resolved that the anniversary of his greatest follies in the past should be consecrated by the reception of the Blessed Eucharist.

The priest, on his arrival, found the sick man surrounded by a large number of friends, whose opinions in matters of religion were as unlike as their faces.

"Kind friends," said the prodigal, "I have

purposely assembled you here, that you may be witnesses of my repentance and of my return to faith. I am now one of those who believe that God can, when He chooses, effect as great spiritual wonders with water in its simple state as He does physical wonders with the same water vaporized. This the water of Massabielle has proved to me. Do not ask me any more if I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Church; I believe in them with all the powers of my soul—as firmly as I will henceforward believe in Our Lady of Lourdes. To make this an indisputable fact is why I wished you all to be here to-day. May God grant you the grace to follow the example which I, in full possession of all my faculties, here give you! Now, in presence of you all, I am going to renew my First Communion.”

The company melted into tears, and the priest was so affected that he could scarcely hold the ciborium.

The Doctor lived for several months afterwards. During his last moments an expression of heavenly peace lit up his countenance. “You are not suffering now, Doctor?” remarked the Sister in attendance. “How could I suffer?” was the reply; “I see Our Lady of Lourdes! Oh, how beautiful she is!” And so saying he calmly expired.

Footprints of St. Dominic.

The Tablet.

THERE will, no doubt, be many amongst the pilgrims to Lourdes who have a special devotion to St. Dominic, and perhaps if they know how near they are to places around which still lingers the fragrance of his sanctity they will be glad to visit them. There is, indeed, little left in the old town of Faujeaux, or at Prouille, but memories; revolutions, spoliations, confiscations, and restorations, have stripped the churches of nearly all that would attract the outside world. But Faujeaux and Prouille are names that seem to awaken the spirits of the two heroes of the Albigensian wars—one a saint, the other a soldier: Dominic de Guzman and Simon de Montfort. As the traveller goes from Villa Savary

across the rolling plain, that has a pastoral prettiness, Faujeaux, perched upon a lofty hill, dominates all the country about, reminding one of the “city set upon a hill, that can not be hid.” The lower terraces are vineyards, and then begin the houses, and windmills with huge, flapping sails; and finally on the very top is the Gothic church, with a lofty spire that is high above all else; and when the sky is red and gold with the light of the dying sun, the *silhouette* of the city is lovely.

The Blessed Jourdain of Saxony tells of St. Dominic's coming to Faujeaux, and of the dispute which he held with the heretics in presence of all the people; and that when no judgment could be formed, it was decided to cast the heretical books and St. Dominic's book into the flames, and that the doctrine which should survive the fire was to be declared the truth. This was done, and St. Dominic triumphed three times over his adversaries. If one goes into the church there in the square, one may see a log from the fire in one of the chapels.

The Saint was convinced that one cause of the spread of the heresy was the skill with which the heretics managed the education of the young women. He resolved, therefore, to found a convent, and by direction of Our Lady, who indicated the fields of Prouille for the site, he built the Convent of Our Lady of Prouille, which he himself opened on St. John's Day, in 1206. And it was thither that he called his companions from Toulouse, in 1216, to deliberate on the choice of a Rule to submit to the Pope.

Prouille is, therefore, the birthplace of the Order of Friars Preachers. It grew in numbers and in wealth; at one time the walls were adorned with fifteen stately towers, in honor of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary. However, the sacrilegious hands of a succession of avaricious revolutionaries and heretics have plundered, scattered, and destroyed everything, so that now the humble convent with its few fields might easily be passed by unnoticed.

It is best to come down from Faujeaux by the footpath and across the fields. This is the short cut which St. Dominic took for his visits to the convent; and at one turn in the way there is a stone cross to mark the spot where he was set upon by murderers, and miraculously delivered. Now in these lovely days

the fields are brilliantly starred with primroses, and all the air is heavy with the smell of violets and almond blossoms, and the droning of bees is restful. The road winds on past Prouille to Montreal, two leagues farther on.

Just after crossing the stone bridge that spans a stream flowing from a holy well is to be seen the hermitage of the holy Prophet. It crowns a slight eminence, and is in the midst of "a vineyard that is laid waste"; the wall is broken down, and weeds have come up, and the vines bring forth no grapes. Father Kenelm Vaughan, who has been in Prouille for some months past, preparing for the work of the Universal Expiation which he is shortly to take in hand in England, has bought it, and repaired the little stone house, dedicating it to the holy Prophet Jeremias, and setting up statues of the seven patrons of the great work in which he is interested; and it is now his retreat and oratory.

It is on record that one Sunday, as St. Dominic was coming through the fields below Montreal, his indignation was stirred by seeing the people at work, and he rebuked them. One of the men standing up to answer him, angrily grasped a handful of wheat, when he felt the warm blood trickling down his hand; and they all looked and saw that the hands of every one of them were in the same condition. The men were—so runs the legend—moved with fear, and followed the Saint into the church, where he preached and converted them.

The church at Montreal is dedicated to St. Vincent, Deacon and Martyr, and was designed to be a splendid building, but it is still unfinished. One of the Gothic portals is very characteristic, and the *ensemble* of the interior, owing particularly to the bold, simple construction of the arches, is very good; but a wave of restoration seems to have swept over the Aude, and a number of scene-painters let loose, so that much of the primitive beauty of the churches is either marred by or buried under their work, though now and then one still finds a bit of good old glass that is satisfactory.

From Montreal there is a charming view of the majestic Pyrenees, that is worth a long tramp. Standing at an elbow of the road, with the well-tilled plain, green with sprouting wheat, and dotted with manors, chateaux,

church spires, and villages, and off in the background the eternal hills, so great, so white, so severe in their grandeur, the scene is one so unique that it can hardly be forgotten. But it is not improbable that many of our readers, whose eyes are turned to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, will see all this for themselves.

Leaves from Our Portfolio.

A MARTYR'S LETTER.*

COREA, Sept. 10, 1857.

REV. AND DEAR CONFRÈRE:—Your kind letter of March 25, 1855, did not reach me till the end of January this year. It must have gone all around the world before I received it; but the pleasure its perusal afforded me easily reconciled me to the delay.

When I read your account of the many journeys which during the last ten years you have made for the glory of God, I am almost tempted to envy you. I understand well the hardships of these voyages, and, consequently, their great merit, when, like yours, they are undertaken for the honor of Our Lord.

I, too, have been travelling during these years. In October, 1854, I was on the point of being consecrated coadjutor of Mantchourie, when the Holy Father appointed me Vicar-Apostolic of Corea. Notwithstanding the pressing nature of his Holiness' orders, I was unable to leave Leoo-Tong before October, 1855. Having recovered my health about that

* This precious letter—a martyr's handwriting—is addressed to the Rev. L. Baroux, formerly a missionary in the East Indies, but now attached to the Diocese of Grand Rapids. The thrilling story of Bishop Berneux's captivity and death is told in a volume translated from the French by Lady Herbert of Lea. Another priest in the United States, who studied under this holy Bishop when a professor in the Seminary at Le Mans, and had the honor of serving his Mass, tells us that he venerated him as a saint even then. One who accompanied him on his voyages writes: "Never have I known a man with a nobler soul, with a more generous heart, or more passionately devoted to the glory of God and the salvation of his fellow-creatures."

It was an oversight not to have stated that the remarkable letter on the "Claims of Science and

time, I went to Shanghai, and thence to Hong-long. I remained there a month, and then returned to Shanghai, whence I sailed for my new mission, arriving on the 27th of March, 1856.

If it cost me an effort to separate myself from the flock whom I had been instructing for twelve years at Leoo-Tong, the good God has made me ample recompense. I have found great fervor among the faithful of my new charge, and among the pagans every disposition to embrace the faith, although their doing so entails great sacrifices, on account of persecution. We have had five hundred baptisms of adults this year, and, if it please the Lord still to bless our work, we shall have a much larger harvest next year. I have with me five missionaries of our Congregation, besides a native priest. We all labor as we never did before, and yet it is only with great difficulty that we can answer all demands.

I feel deeply thankful for the kind remembrance that you retain of me, and for the pious prayers that you offer up to God every year in my behalf. I have always stood in need of them, but never more than at present. Continue your prayers, then, I beg of you, that God may enable me faithfully to accomplish the duties given to my charge; so that, after having preached to others, I myself may not become a castaway. As to yourself, kind friend, may the good God preserve and increase the zeal and charity with which He has inspired you—may He bless all your works!

With sentiments of deep affection and respect, I am

Your most humble servant,

✠ S. BERNEUX,

Bp. of Copse, Vic.-Ap. of Corea.

Faith," published under the above caption last week, was from the pen of a famous English divine and poet. Mr. Hawker's works are comparatively unknown in the United States, none that we think of having ever been reprinted here. He died at Plymouth, on the Feast of the Assumption; 1875. The day before his death he was received into the Church. He had always manifested great affection for the Blessed Virgin; some of his sweetest poems were written in praise of her. For an interesting sketch of Mr. Hawker see Vol. XVIII. of THE "AVE MARIA," page 401—"The Poet of the Cornish Coast." The letter above referred to had probably never before been printed on this side of the Atlantic.

Catholic Notes.

The Rev. Father Sommervogel, a German Jesuit, has published an octavo volume, which is nothing more than a catalogue—but a most interesting and edifying catalogue—of the works written in honor of the Blessed Virgin by members of the Society of Jesus since its foundation. The list does not include the various treatises, panegyrics, and meditations found in the course of works on theology, collections of sermons, etc.; it is confined to those works specially consecrated to establish or to propagate devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin. They amount to the respectable number of 2,207:—93 on the life of the Blessed Virgin and the words which she has spoken; 206 on the grandeurs and privileges of Mary; 98 on the liturgy of Mary; 36 on her mysteries and feasts in general; 344 on the Immaculate Conception; 274 on the other feasts; 252 on devotion to the Blessed Virgin in general; 28 on examples of devotion to Our Lady; 117 on particular devotions—the month of May, the Rosary, Scapulars, etc.; 226 on the congregations and confraternities of the Blessed Virgin; 451 on pilgrimages, relics, and miracles; finally, 82 on music and the arts in the service of the Mother of God. Many of these works are still in manuscript; they are in all the languages of Europe—one might almost say in all the languages spoken upon the earth. The sons of St. Ignatius have given incontestable proof that they are faithful servants of Mary, and worthy of saluting her with the title they are in the habit of adding to her litanies: *Regina Societatis Jesu*,—"Queen of the Society of Jesus."

Many of our readers may be pleased to know that the principal lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament in the Lourdes Basilica comes from Ireland. There are, perhaps, a score of lamps before the high altar, but the Irish one is conspicuous by its size and its central position.

A marble bust of Father de Smet, the famous missionary among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains, has been presented to the Chicago Historical Society. It is from the chisel of Mr. Howard Kretschman, of that city, and is highly praised as a work of art.

Baron von Hübner, a distinguished German Protestant, famed for his extensive travels, writing of his stay in Oceanica, pays a deserved tribute to the saintly Prefect-Apostolic of the Fijian Archipelago:

"Father Bréhéret, of the Congregation of Marists, is a Vendéan by birth. He has been carrying on his ministry here for forty years, never once visiting Europe. He is the type of an ascetic; his venerable features beam with gentleness and love. His garb, like the little church, the priest's house, and the school, bears the stamp of apostolic poverty. 'He is a saint,' said a Wesleyan missionary to me, and this testimony is confirmed by the unanimous verdict of the white population."

The Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany is now in Valencia, Spain, where he is crowning a life of good works in re-establishing the Dominican Order in that country. The venerable Bishop recently wrote to an esteemed friend in New York, and, as all that relates to the personality of this zealous and amiable prelate has intense interest to many of our readers, we are glad to know that he is in good health and full of energy. "I may," he wrote, "have to purchase some little property adjoining our grand and large Dominican church, called *El Pilar*, where I practise my old trade every day—that of hearing confessions. Several young men have called, asking to be received; but, although I have a novice-master with me, we can not receive until the General sends me two or three more. The people of this city of St. Vincent Ferrer are very glad to see our habit, and when the time comes they will doubtless help us."

There are a good many people here, and even more on the Pacific coast, who would be glad to see the habit of the venerable and venerated Titular Archbishop of Pelusium. Spain planted the Cross in America, and now America makes return by sending her an adopted American to strengthen faith in the country of his birth. The task of receiving young Spaniards into the Order which he has so loved throughout his life, is a blessing well deserved in his old age, and one of the sweetest he has ever performed.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

The Church of the Franciscan Fathers at Clonmel, Ireland, is one of those grand historic monuments to religion with which the "Isle of Saints" abounds. It was built about

the year 1269, and long ranked amongst the noblest ecclesiastical edifices in the land. It was the pride and glory of the town, and the adjoining monastery was the home of many a saint and scholar, who shed lustre on their native land, and who labored zealously to preserve the faith taught by St. Patrick. In the days of persecution, the Clonmel Abbey shared to the full in the calamitous fate of the other monastic institutions of the kingdom. Suppressed and plundered by Henry VIII.; rifled and unroofed by Cromwell; later on used as a stable by the troopers of King William, its history has been an eventful one. At the beginning of the present century the tower and choir were the only portions that remained of the original church; but in 1827 the Franciscan Fathers gained, by lease, a right to return to the place where their brethren had ministered before. Since then, the "Abbey" (though not affording anything like decent accommodation) has been a favorite place of worship for the Catholics of Clonmel and the surrounding parishes.

For years past, however, signs of decay have been very apparent in the building, and in order that something may be done to restore it, and make it more suitable for its sacred purpose, the Friars appeal to the generosity of the faithful everywhere. The Holy Father has granted his Apostolic Benediction to all who aid in the good work.

The Rev. Father Rigby, of Ugthorpe, Yorkshire, now in his ninetieth year, is the oldest priest in England. He has been attached to the Ugthorpe Mission for sixty years.

Mgr. Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, in an address delivered on the occasion of his recent elevation to the cardinalate, recalls the glorious history of the metropolitan See over which he presides. Since its apostolical erection, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, Rheims has been a seat of learning and piety; and its long line of prelates have rendered signal services to their faith and their fatherland. Out of the hundred Archbishops of Rheims, thirteen are revered as saints, and eighteen have been raised to the dignity of cardinals. Four churchmen from the Archdiocese have occupied the See of Peter. With it is also associated the memory of the great Cardinal Gousset and the gifted Archbishop Landriot.

But the new Cardinal, with a humility by which he proves himself truly great, makes all this glory serve as the reason of his own elevation; and attributes to the merits of his illustrious predecessors, and the brilliant records of the See of Rheims, the "exception" which has been made in his favor.

Although the head of the Universal Church has no army to enforce his commands, these obtain more ready assent than the most imperative orders of any temporal sovereign. He has no iron-clad fleet to thunder forth his decrees, but his authoritative word, conveyed around the globe by the silent electric spark, secures the willing adherence of his countless flock to the teachings of their Supreme Pastor. As the mind of man is far above his material part, so is the spiritual power of Peter's successor above the weak authority of mere human force.—*Catholic Herald*.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has forwarded to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Ripoll, now under restoration in the diocese of Vich, in Spain, a magnificent painting of the Blessed Virgin.

A special dispatch from Paris last week announced the death of the venerable and illustrious Cardinal Guibert. He was born at Aix, December 13, 1802, and early distinguished himself in his theological studies, which he completed at Rome. Subsequently he became Vicar-General of Ajaccio and Bishop of Viviers (Ardeche). He succeeded Mgr. Morlot as Archbishop of Tours, February 4, 1859, on the promotion of that prelate to the See of Paris, to which See he was himself promoted on the nomination of M. Thiers, President of the Republic, succeeding the martyred Mgr. Darboy. Pius IX. created him cardinal in December, 1873. He was nominated an Officer of the Legion of Honor, August 11, 1859. *R. I. P.*

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The *Inquirer* of that city says: "This is the first time in the history of the University of Pennsylvania that an honorary degree has been conferred by that institution upon a Roman Catholic. The act of conferring this degree of honor on

Archbishop Ryan was not only a just and graceful recognition of his eminent learning and piety, but a wholesome indication of the broader and nobler spirit with which the University has in these later days clothed itself withal. It is a spirit gracious, generous, and beautiful; and the act which this spirit inspired conferred more honor upon this ancient seat of learning than upon the pious and learned Archbishop."

Cardinal Gibbons is said to have been the youngest prelate at the Ecumenical Council in 1870, when the entire Catholic hierarchy of the world—over 900 bishops—assembled in the Vatican to vote on the question of Papal Infallibility, and his youthful but intelligent and benign face attracted much attention.

It has often struck us that the events—deplorable from so many points of view—that brought about the despoiling of monasteries and the dispersion of religious orders in Rome and elsewhere, in our day, were permitted by God for the wise end of scattering the sowers and reapers of His harvest: so that they might go forth, weeping, if you will, but spreading the Gospel seed over the earth, to return one day carrying their sheaves of salvation.

It may not be generally known that the maps of 300 or 400 years ago crudely recorded the chief geographical features of Africa as they have recently been found to exist. These old maps, unlike any modern maps previous to Stanley's journey in 1877, make the Congo issue from a lake in the centre of the continent. A Spanish globe of the 16th century, now in Paris, reproduces in a remarkable manner the course of the river as laid down by Stanley. It shows the river issuing from a lake, flowing north, describing a large curve north of the equator, and then turning west-southwest to the Atlantic. There is no doubt that all this information was obtained by the early Portuguese traders and travellers, who, perhaps, crossed the continent, and certainly reached the great lakes in the 16th and 17th centuries. All they added to the map of Africa was wiped out by the doubting Thomases of a later age; but "old things have become new," and some great things they discovered are now back again on the latest maps.—*New York Sun*.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Camillus Imoda, S. J., formerly an Indian missionary, but for three years past attached to the Cathedral, Helena, M. T., whose sudden death occurred on the 18th ult. Father Imoda was much beloved in Helena, and his unexpected death cast a gloom over the whole community.

The Rev. Thomas Nolan, P. P., Abbeyleix, Ireland, who departed this life on the 9th of May.

The Rev. W. Revis, of the Archdiocese of Chicago, rector of St. Mary's Church, Maple Park, Ill.

The Rev. Francis J. Finn, a worthy young priest of the Diocese of Portland, who breathed his last on the 29th ult., the second anniversary of his ordination.

The Rev. Father Niederkorn, a venerable priest of the Society of Jesus, well known in many parts of the West, who died at Florissant, Mo., on the 6th inst.

Sister Mary of St. Genevieve, a religious of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, Ohio, who yielded her soul to God on the 3d inst. She was in the forty-fourth year of her age and the seventeenth of her religious profession.

Mr. Richard Courtney, of Baltimore, whose good life was crowned with a holy death on the 17th ult. He was a generous friend of the poor, and did all in his power for the maintenance of charitable institutions.

Miss Cecilia Oliver, a daughter of the late lamented Marquis Oliver, who passed away on the 27th of June. Her death, which was most edifying to all who witnessed it, has caused universal regret in San Francisco.

Mr. Louis W. Mitchell, who was drowned in Lake Washington, Minn., on the 12th ult. He was an excellent young man, very devout to the Blessed Virgin.

Mrs. Alice Lyons and Miss Mary E. Carroll, both of New York. They suffered long and patiently, and died happy deaths.

Mr. Patrick H. Cummins and Miss Nellie Agnes Cummins, his daughter, both of whom were called from this life during the month of June. Mr. Cummins came to this country in 1819, and was one of the most respected Irishmen in Boston.

Katie F. Kelly, of Lewiston, Me., deceased on the 23d ult. She was a fervent Child of Mary, and her precious death will long be remembered by friends and relatives.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sheridan and Miss Elizabeth McGrath, of Elizabeth, N. J.

May they rest in peace!



The Feast of la Sainte Enfance.

On a sunny morning in the beautiful month of June the pious parish of St. Lambert was all astir, especially the juvenile portion of it, who were anxiously waiting for the first stroke of the church bell that was to summon them to Mass, sermon, procession, and Benediction—all for themselves; for it was the Feast of *la Sainte Enfance*, which falls regularly on the octave-day of the Ascension.

Soon the sacred edifice was filled with hundreds of little children, boys and girls, from two years old to twelve. They were as good as they were pretty, and quietly seated themselves in the places assigned to them by the kind priests and devoted nuns, who smilingly directed the little flock. The children were very recollected, and prayed most fervently, their eyes riveted on the exquisite shrine of the Holy Infant erected before the high altar; it was all a mass of choice flowers and lights, tastefully arranged, and surmounted by a statue of the Child Jesus blessing the little ones.

Suddenly the sound of drums was heard in the distance, gradually drawing nearer and nearer. It might be too much to assert that some little heads did not turn round, but the Child Jesus is indulgent; besides, the sight was proved irresistible even for old people.

Two little drummers, about six years old, dressed as soldiers, followed by two officers decorated with gold embroidery, and wearing swords, led the march; then came two little Chinese men and women, elegantly attired in the costume of the Celestial Empire. Whether they had come all the way from Pekin we had better not consider; but they pleased the audience quite as much as if this had been the case; at all events, the cues were genuine.

These privileged personages, the heroes of the feast, reverently entered the sanctuary, and after a short prayer repeated by hundreds of baby voices, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated by the curé, in the grandest vestments, during which hymns were sung. The drums were heard again at the Elevation, as in a real military Mass. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice a missionary preached a most touching sermon on the excellent Work of the Holy Childhood, explaining how much good might be accomplished even with pennies, and what a happiness it was to be the instrument of salvation to the poor little Chinese, with whom he had lived so long, and whom he loved so well.

After the sermon, the little French-Chinese, preceded by the *suisse* or beadle, went through the congregation, begging for their poor little heathen brethren. Then a procession formed, in which all the children took part; it began with little tots, dressed in white, with wreaths of white roses on their golden locks,—each carrying a small pink or blue banner, ornamented with gold designs, and bearing a pious motto or invocation—"Notre-Dame de Lourdes, priez pour nous," "Notre-Dame du Rosaire, priez pour nous," etc. Three girls, about ten years old, carried the beautiful banner of the *Sainte Enfance*; then came the four Chinese, bearing on their shoulders the statue of the Child Jesus—a real *Bambino vestito*; for it was enveloped in a very effective red satin robe. These latter were escorted by the drummers and officers, followed by the little boys from three years to twelve, accompanied by the Christian Brothers. The clergy and the parish priest closed the march; last of all walked the holy missionary, whose ascetic face and deep recollection made those present whisper to each other: "A saint!"

The ceremony ended with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and after a few words by the zealous parish priest, who complimented the children on their good behavior, the youthful crowd, quite delighted with their *fête*, left the church in

graceful ranks, the inevitable drumming keeping time with their measured step.

Should any old folks who read these lines perchance find traces of levity and irreverence in this *naïve* and childish ceremony, we can only wish they had been present, and witnessed the innocent delight and piety of the sweet little ones, of whom Our Blessed Saviour said: "Suffer little children to come to Me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

A FRIEND OF THE "AVE MARIA" IN PARIS.

A Victory of the Cross.

BY ELIZABETH KING, AUTHOR OF "MARIE CLEVELAND," ETC.

"You must make the Sign of the Cross first, papa," said a little girl, as she made the sacred sign before touching her frugal dinner.

"Must I, dear?" replied the man, smiling, and patting his little daughter on the head.

"You learned that at school, Mary, I think," said her mother. "Alas! I sometimes forget it, and many other pious practices, since I left my native land."

"Ah! well, we have had a great deal to attend to," replied her husband, with a sigh. "We have had a hard struggle to feed ourselves, and it was a bitter trial to part with the little ones that are gone."

"True, George; but perhaps the darlings would have been left to us if we had kept stricter to our religion," returned his wife.

"So I often think; but I fear it is too late to begin now; isn't it, Mary?" added the father, as he saw his child's blue eyes fixed upon him, with a wistful, searching look.

The child did not quite understand what her father meant when he said, "It is too late to begin now," but she had a vague idea that his words had some reference to God, about whom she had learned a good deal lately at the Sisters' school; so she repeated: "Papa, you must make the Sign of

the Cross first. Sister Agnes says we should bless ourselves before prayers and lessons, and other actions."

"Yes, Mary," said her mother, "you are quite right. I learned that at home, when I was a little child. But now, dear, run and play a while in the garden, before you go to school."

Mrs. Weston felt ashamed of her gradual neglect of the exterior forms of our holy religion, without which the interior life soon grows cold. As her husband rose to go to his work, she said: "George, our child is right; I at least must make the Sign of the Cross, and begin to live a different life; and then perhaps you will do so too."

George Weston had begun life as a mason, with every prospect of getting on in the world; and in Kate Donovan he had found a worthy companion—virtuous, industrious, and frugal—who would aid him through the trials and difficulties before him. The young girl was a Catholic, and in her childhood had been well instructed in the faith. But her parents were very poor, and during an unusually severe Winter they were forced to leave the cabin in which all their children had been born, and go to Australia, to work for their daily bread. Kate, the youngest, was left behind in care of a widow lady, who had taken a fancy to her, and offered to adopt her.

The child received a better education than would have been given her had she gone with her parents, but still she was not happy. Her new mother had adopted the little girl from selfish motives. She made a plaything of her for a few years, and then procured a situation for her in a family about to leave for England. Shortly after arriving there, Kate became acquainted with George Weston, and married him. He was sober, steady, and industrious, but a Protestant, so that they had not a thought in common on the one great subject which alone can bind hearts together in perfect union. George gradually left off going to church on Sundays; Kate often missed Mass; friends dropped in, or the couple went out visiting. Then trade was dull; for

two Winters George had been out of work, and he had to look for employment in a distant country town. The children grew sickly, and died one after another. The expenses of removal, the doctor's fees, etc., incurred heavy debts.

This was the state of things when little Mary first saw the light. She came in the hour of sorrow. This was probably the reason why she was graver than most children of her age. Her mother's tears often fell on her infant head; the sad tones of her father's voice sounded in her ear like the solemn music of a *requiem*. But still Mary was not a melancholy child. There was a natural element of joy and a vein of humor running through her blood, which she inherited from her Irish mother. She would sing merrily at times; then, at the sight of her mother's tears, she would suddenly cease, and steal softly to her side.

Mary had been baptized a Catholic, and was named after a baby sister that had died in its infancy. But soon after the child's birth Mr. Weston lost his situation, and the family again removed to a distant town, where there was no Catholic church. Fortunately, when Mary was five years old a mission was opened, and a school established by the Sisters of Mercy in the little market town, and Mrs. Weston easily persuaded her husband to place their little daughter under the care of the good religious.

When Mr. Weston came home in the evening of the day on which his child had so impressed him by her remark about the Sign of the Cross, he found her carefully studying the Catechism. He took the book out of her hand, and read some pages, then gave it to her again, with a sigh. He had learned one great truth, at least—that he was created to love and serve God here on earth, and to be happy with Him forever in heaven. But the man felt that he did not love God, and for some years he had ceased to serve Him.

He sat musing over his evening meal, as was his custom; but how changed was the current of his thoughts! When he went

to rest that night, it was not to sleep, tired as he was. How sweet is the sleep, after a day of toil, which the good Catholic enjoys, however poor he may be! His last act is the Sign of the Cross, his last words to commend his soul into the hands of his Creator.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

From Tipperary to Texas.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIBBY BUTLER.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

IV.

The night was intensely cold, but the moon shone brilliantly through the clear, frosty air, as Colonel Lynch and Tibby Butler, well wrapped, walked together up and down the platform in the railroad depot at Jersey City. Alongside of them was the train for the West, waiting for the signal of departure.

It was now but a week since Tibby's arrival in America, and here he was waiting to begin a journey that would carry him three-quarters of the distance across the Continent.

As we have seen, he had most favorably impressed the Colonel on the morning when he cleared the snow from Father Fitzgerald's sidewalk; so favorably indeed, that the Colonel told his friend the priest, there and then, that he would like to take the boy with him to his ranch in South-western Texas, where he would be a companion for his own son Philip. With Father Fitzgerald's approval, he offered Tibby a home and opportunities for advancement if he would come.

Colonel Lynch was such a man as a boy like Tibby would naturally take to,—a man, a gentleman, and a good Christian in every word and action, yet perfectly simple and unaffected.

Tibby's chief difficulty, however, was his want of experience with horses; for, though he came from a "horsy" neighborhood,

owing to his circumstances, he had never yet sat on a horse. And now he was told that in Texas he would spend half the day in the saddle.

"Why, Tibby," said Father Fitzgerald, "you are too innocent for a horse to play tricks with, but you are no fool. A horse is a very intelligent animal, and it is seldom it runs away with any rider who is not afraid of it, and does not think himself to be a very sharp fellow, who knows everything."

"Then it's more intelligent," said Tibby, "than the pair of animals that ran away with my money."

The matter had been speedily arranged, and Tibby's little portmanteau had been brought from Fritz Schnupfer's "Harp of Erin," and now, along with the Colonel's effects, was hidden amid a pile of trunks in the baggage-car of the "Western Express."

When Father Fitzgerald bade the Colonel and Tibby good-bye on the steps of his house, he gave them his blessing, and returned indoors, with a feeling of relief that so promising a lad as Tibby was on his way to a region where the surroundings would be more suitable than those of a great city like New York. Tibby had given him his word that he would never neglect his religious duties, and that he would always endeavor to be courageous in one form particularly—in doing his whole duty well at all times, and in refraining from evil of all sorts, no matter what others might say or do or think.

Bang! goes the gong. "All aboard!" calls out the conductor; and as Colonel Lynch and Tibby climb the steps and enter the door of the Pullman, the train moves slowly and smoothly out of the long shed, and begins its winding course through and across Jersey City.

As Tibby, following the Colonel on the way to their seats, was going through the narrow alley at the end of the car, he saw the porter in an excited discussion with a passenger as to the location of a berth. The passenger was a sour-looking individ-

ual, and was talking to the porter with a snarl in his voice, and using language that was both unnecessary and offensive.

"Dey ain't no sorter use fer to abuse me, boss," said the porter, in reply. "Ef dey done didn't gib yer a ticket fer a middle berth, 'tain't my fault, nohow. Go and talk to de cornductor; he's de man to fix things ef dey ain't right." The porter was evidently wrought up to a high pitch of passion by the passenger's insulting manner, and so thought Tibby, who was staring at him aghast.

He tapped the porter on the back, saying, gently and sympathizingly: "It's harm you'll be doing yourself if you give way to your temper like that. Don't mind the man at all. Sure you're black in the face already!" And he followed up this speech by begging the passenger to look at the porter's face, and desist from provoking him any further.

In the mean time the Colonel, who had been busy stowing away the various valises, travelling shawls, umbrellas, etc., missed Tibby, and went back in search of him. But not a moment too soon; for both the porter and the passenger, forgetting their own quarrel for the instant, had turned upon the boy, annoyed by the apparent impertinence of his remarks.

"What is all this disturbance about, Sam?" the Colonel asked the porter, whom he knew from having repeatedly ridden in his car.

"Well, Cunnul," said the porter, "dis yer gemman and myself we jes talkin' 'bout some business, w'en dis yer young Irisher comes up, an' right away begin to gib me sass."

"How is this, Tibby?" the Colonel asked.

Tibby was dreadfully perplexed, and looked inquiringly from one to the other of the three. "Sure, then," said he, "the guard must be out of his mind entirely! And don't you see how black he has turned?" he insisted, trying to interest the Colonel.

But his horror at the porter's color was no greater than his astonishment at the indif-

ference—the cruel indifference, it seemed to him—which both Colonel Lynch and the passenger displayed in the presence of this dire misfortune to the porter.

Colonel Lynch was mystified at first, but only for a second. He raised his face towards the ceiling, and emitted a shout of laughter that drew the attention of everybody in the car. Grasping Tibby, he led him forward to their seats.

"What in the world," said he, "do you think is the matter with the porter, or the 'guard,' as you call him? Have you never seen a darky before?"

"Oh, that's it! It's an Ethiopian he is, is it?"

"Yes, Tibby," said the Colonel, whose frame still quivered with merriment. "But we don't call them Ethiopians in this country. Where we are going they are as thick as blackberries on a blackberry bush, and some of them as black. And so you thought the fellow was turning black from anger? Oh! Tibby, Tibby! you must learn to observe without too quickly making up your mind; and, above all, you must not be too ready to volunteer your opinion or your advice."

"But if I have hurt the man's feelings through my ignorance, I ought to go and make an explanation to him," said Tibby.

"Leave that to me," answered the Colonel; "I will attend to the explanation myself."

Tibby submitted gracefully; for he obeyed readily those who had authority over him.

The Colonel had probably made the "explanation"; for he seemed to be enjoying himself immensely in the smoking compartment, with a little knot of fellow-travellers, when the porter approached Tibby's seat to make up the berth.

"Is it the roof of the car you're pulling down?" Tibby asked the porter, in surprise, when he saw that functionary lowering the panel which sustains the upper berth.

"Yes," the negro answered. "Da's whar de Cunnul says yer to sleep—up on de roof. An' w'en yer done tunned in, I'm

gwine to shut yer da fer de night, so's none ob dese yer sharp Yankees doan carry yer off for to show yer roun' de country."

"I hope I'm not such a curiosity as that, indeed," said Tibby, without the least resentment. "But, now, if *you* went to Ireland you'd make a fortune, I've no doubt, after a while. May I be asking what is your name?"

"Samuel Johnson O'Sullivan," answered the negro, spreading out a mattress across the lower berth.

"O'Sullivan!" exclaimed Tibby. "That's a queer name for you. Sure I thought you were from Ethiopia. The O'Sullivans are thick in Cork, and I believe there are many of them in Kerry."

The negro, who was now holding the edge of a pillow between his teeth in order to slip the pillow-cover over it, turned his back to Tibby, so as to hide his amusement, and mumbled: "I reckon my folks done come f'om de Lakes ob Killahny, in de fus' place."

Tibby was finally stowed away in his "upper," and, after saying his prayers, slept fairly enough, considering that it was his first night on a railroad. He awoke several times, however, and at each awakening listened with some awe to the melancholy music which the car-wheels played on the track as the train spun along, around the many curves on the way through the Alleghany Mountains. Sometimes, on the steep grades and sudden bends of the road, he almost fancied himself at sea again, in the steerage of the *Oceanic*, as his heels went up and his head went down, or the reverse; and as his body was tossed from right to left, and from left to right. More than once he opened his eyes wide, and sat bolt upright, when the locomotive, entering a tunnel or approaching a turnpike, gave out a particularly piercing shriek. But his eyes would close again, and the monotonous tippety-tuppety-tum-tum-tum of the jolting rails, and the occasional shoo!—bangity-bangity-shoo! of a bridge rapidly passed, lulled him into deep slumber once more, from which he finally awoke early in the morning.

Sam was pulling at his foot. "Boss, ye'd better be gittin' up. De Cunnul's dressed and waitin' fer yer."

"I'll come as soon as I've said my prayers. And is this Texas?"

"Texas!" said the porter. "Sho', now, boy, I ain't got time to stan' yer larkin'. Dis yer's Pittsburg w'at we're comin' nigh. Texas! W'y, we ain't come to Cincinnati yet, let alone Texas!"

"Sin-sin naughty, eh? Well, you're a strange man indeed! I don't know what you mean. But I suppose your heart is whiter than your face." And as, amid the general confusion of taking apart and closing the berths, he finished his little morning prayer, he said, "It's getting up I am now!" and he dropped lightly to the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Faithful Guide.

What a strange thing it is, that "still, small voice" which speaks so continually to our hearts, approving when we do good, and reproaching when we commit evil! This quiet monitor has no articulate language, and its admonitions come to us without sign or sound; but we are cognizant of all it tells us just as well as though it spoke in sonorous tones, audible to everybody around.

Conscience, dear children, is the personal and particular director which God has given every soul. It points ever to the path of right, as the compass-needle points to the pole of its attraction. A degraded reason or diseased imagination sometimes embarrasses and interferes with the holy guide's freedom of action; but through all it faithfully maintains its natural tendency—the character of divine mentor is never wholly lost.

Listen, then, young friends, to the zealous promptings of this voice of virtue's guardian pleading with your hearts. Never neglect to do that which it urges, or avoid what it condemns. In obeying it you not only please God, and merit reward hereafter, but you secure for yourselves here that exceeding happiness, "the joy of a good conscience," with which no other earthly delight can in any wise compare.—*Catholic Weekly*.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 24, 1886.

No. 4.

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The Influence of the Church on Art.

CERTAIN critics of our day, inspired by the spirit of the modern Revolution, have attempted to obscure the glories of the Church in her relations to art. Taine, Renan, Michelet, Viardot, and others, try to prove that the fine arts never spread the wings of their inspiration, and consequently never soared to the regions of the beautiful, until they freed themselves from the trammels of Catholic dogma; then, free and emancipated, they explored all the fields of human knowledge, in search of that enthusiastic inspiration to which we owe the great works of art. "When people begin to understand the words free examination, civil liberty, and human dignity," said Viardot, "then it is that the independence and the personality of the artist begin to show themselves."

Fortunately, these false judgments of impious critics have not been as generally accepted as their authors imagined when they conceived and began to propagate them; and the chief reason of this is because it would be necessary to close one's eyes to the light of evidence before one could fail to recognize the great benefits bestowed on the arts by Catholicity, whilst the world is full of marvellous productions which are the admiration of artists. Nevertheless, when assertions of this kind continue to be repeated in books, magazines, and newspapers, they can not but have

some influence, particularly in a country like ours.

Although the idea that during the Middle Ages the arts were enslaved under the oppressive yoke of the Church has not been fully accepted—because it could not be,—and the absurd doctrine of free and emancipated art has not become naturalized amongst artists, yet the spirit of these errors has been imbibed, and modern painters have sought to widen the horizon of their inspirations by extending it to all known ages and nations, and to all the religions and civilizations that have existed on the earth. "Do not confine your fertile genius within the beautiful but narrow limits of positive religions," was said to artists; "do not submit your inspiration to the yoke of Christian dogmas, nor to the precepts of Christian morality; your horizon is the universe, your wings the human spirit free from all oppressive shackles; from the infinite and the eternal, of which you catch a glimpse in the shadows of doubt, to the limited and the transitory, which you see with your eyes, all belongs to you, because the world of art has no boundaries."

There has been much talk about the emancipation of art, and this is the surest way to bring discredit or ruin on it. But rationalistic criticism needed to support its assertions by facts, and, in the absence of real facts, it had to resort to inventions. Hence those absurd judgments pronounced on the great works of art, and especially on Italian painting, which we meet with

in the writings of certain anti-Catholic authors. Looking on the beautiful paintings of the 16th century, it is evident that, through the prejudices of the rationalistic school, they have lost the marvellous colors that were spread upon them by the pencil of Christian artists.

Renan will tell you that in the spiritualized pictures of Giotto and Fra Angelico you may see "the awakening of the profane life, liberty expanding under the full light of the sun, humanity coming forth from the *hypogea*." Taine discovers in the massive forms and compact muscles of Michael Angelo's figures the energetic but repressed expression of genius of the artist held under subjection by the intolerant dogmas of the Church. Another makes of Raphael an enemy of the Popes, and of Domenichino a pagan painter, because he painted *Diana Hunting*. A volume would be required to enumerate the errors concerning the lives of the great artists, and especially in regard to the character and merit of their works, that have been propagated by rationalistic critics in their efforts to adulterate the history of art, for the purpose of depriving the Church of the glory of having inspired its masterpieces.

A great Catholic Spanish writer, the learned Rio, has vindicated Christian art against these accusations, and in his work entitled "*Arte Cristiano*" he has rendered to Italian painting, and to art in general, a most important service. Following this distinguished guide, modern artists must learn to judge for themselves those *dicta* of false criticism—errors that are most fatal to their genius as well as to the public taste. They must form their own opinions of the great works of Christian art; because when they see how incomparably beautiful these productions are, they can not but feel the powerful attraction of the beauty that shines forth in them. A journey through Italy can hardly fail to remove their prejudices, if they have contracted any, and will make them understand the salutary influence always exercised by the Church over artists and over the progress of art.

Who have done more than the Popes to disinter the works of ancient art buried beneath the ruins made by barbarians, and to encourage the progress of modern art, by throwing open to artists their churches and palaces wherein to deposit the admirable productions of their genius? Who have raised more monuments to learning and virtue, and gathered around them a more brilliant and numerous galaxy of painters, sculptors, architects, and poets to embellish those monuments with the graces of all the arts united, and to hold up to the world's admiring gaze the beauty which Christianity brought down to the earth, to elevate the hearts of men to the lofty and pure regions of heaven, where the fountain of all arts, the principle, centre, and end of the universe of the Beautiful is to be found?

Inseparably joined to the names of Raphael and Michael Angelo appear in the history of art those of Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., Paul III., Julius III., Paul IV., and Pius IV., Pontiffs of the Church, and great promoters of the culture of their days. It was Paul III. who, being inspired by God Himself (in the strong language of Vasari), named Michael Angelo architect of St. Peter's, that he might raise aloft in the air the pantheon of Agrippa. Julius II. charged the same artist to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, already enriched with works of Signorelli, Boticelli, Rosselli, and Perugino; and to this same Pontiff we are indebted for the marvellous pictures with which the *stanzas* of the Vatican are adorned—the most remarkable works of Raphael, the intimate friend of Popes and Cardinals, from intercourse with whom he derived that profound biblical knowledge so apparent in his best paintings.

But how shall we attempt to enumerate the benefits bestowed by the Popes on the great artists of all times, since to do so would require us to go through the entire history of the Church, from Leo III., who saved the monuments of ancient Rome from being destroyed by Attila, to Leo XIII., the last restorer of the arts in modern Rome?

To be fully convinced of the salutary influence exerted by the Church on art, it is only necessary to visit the rich museums of Italy. There we shall see to what class belong the most notable works of the artists educated in her schools, from the Byzantine painters, who created the first school of Pisa, such as Giunta, Ventura, Orcagna, Berlinghieri, and Margaritone—who filled the churches with their Madonnas and religious pictures, in which, notwithstanding the rigidity of the forms and the dryness of the tones, shine forth a candor and purity without equal—to the restorers of ancient taste in modern times; amongst them Overbeck and Vogel, Müller and Cornelius, who have rendered to Catholicity the testimony of their love, first accepting her dogmas, and then dedicating to her their marvellous productions.

Suppose for a moment that European art desired to institute a contest for the purpose of rewarding her most brilliant geniuses, where would the judge's stand be erected but in the *loggias* and *stanzas* of the Vatican, covered with the Christian productions of Raphael d'Urbino? At this contest would appear Fra Angelico, with his *Descent from the Cross*; Masaccio, with his *Martyrdom of St. Peter*; Perugino, with his *Burial of Christ*; Andrea del Sarto, with his *Dispute on the Holy Trinity*; Leonardo, with his *Last Supper*; Titian, with his *Death of St. Peter, Martyr*; Tintoretto, with his *Miracle of St. Mark's*; Paul Veronese, with his *Martyrdom of St. Justina*; Correggio, with his *Ascension*; Mantegna, with his *St. Euphemia*; Bellini, with his *Glorious Virgins*; Caravaggio, with his *Descent from the Cross*; Giorgione, with his *Mystical Allegory*; and numbers of other painters of the different Italian schools, some eminent for magic of coloring, others for correctness of drawing; one for the effects of *chiaro-oscuro*, another for the grace of composition; but all, without one solitary exception, surpassing themselves in religious subjects,—a horizon of light wherein their pencils blended the most beautiful colors that were ever seen, and their genius

soared aloft to the highest and sublimest inspiration of art.

The princes of Italian painting having assembled for this noble contest, who could fill the judge's seat more acceptably than Julius II., the friend and protector of Raphael, to whom art is indebted for incomparable treasures?

It is thus that Italian art pays homage to the beauty of Catholic dogma, and places on the brow of the Popes the crown of real civilization,—the daughter of the Cross, which has redeemed the world, and poured out upon mankind the light of uncreated beauty,—the mother of art. Let rationalistic criticism strive as it will to blot out from the paintings of the Middle Ages the Cross that shines upon them like the sun in the heavens. Vain attempt! Christian art, by the lustre of its beauty, scatters the clouds with which impiety would darken it, and its immortal works will be handed down from generation to generation, so that all peoples may admire them, and all may sing the glory of God and the triumphs of His Church.

St. Anne.

BY M. A.

DEAR St. Anne! well may we deem
 We little know of thee,
 For thine was such a hidden life
 In far-off Galilee.
 Yet through the clouds that intervene
 To hide thee from our sight,
 Thou shinest like the polar star,
 With soft and steady light;
 And there is not a saint in Heaven,
 Whoe'er that saint may be,
 Whom, as a model for our lives,
 We should prefer to thee;
 Because thou wert the first to love
 Mary, the Virgin blessed,—
 And such a love as thou didst feel
 Few since have e'er possessed.
 Thine was a glorious destiny,
 For God to thee had given
 The sweet and holy motherhood
 Of Mary, Queen of Heaven.

Within thine arms her infant form
 Close to thy heart was pressed;
 Her eyes looked into thine, her head
 Was pillowed on thy breast.
 'Twas thine to guard her infant hours,
 To watch her mind unfold,
 Her more than angel purity,
 Her thousand charms untold.
 Then surely thou dost fill in Heaven
 A fair and radiant throne,
 Near hers who is so dear to thee,
 Who was on earth thine own.
 And she must love thee still, for all
 Thy tenderness and care;
 Love surely can not die in Heaven—
 Its native home is there.
 If Jesus loves His Mother blest,
 And yields her honor due,
 Will not His imitator best
 Love her own mother too?

O dear St. Anne! my Patroness,
 Wilt thou not plead for me?
 Thy daughter is the Queen of Heaven,
 And she will list to thee.

Alberto il Beato.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

UNDER the magnolia blooms of Isola Bella, that loveliest of the Borromean Islands, we sat one summer evening, watching the waves of Lago Maggiore break in silver foam on the stone copings of the garden wall. The rose light of the Alpen glow rested on the snow peaks of the Simplon; Pallanza, its soil once dedicated to Pallas Athene, lay like a silver bow on the western shore; to the southeast, the graceful curves of that glorious mountain Sasso del Ferro rose in their dark green splendor from the purpling crimson of the waters of the lake; and farther to the southeast gleamed like gates of pearl the convent walls of Santa Catrina.

Five centuries ago the foundations of those walls were placed there by one whose repentance for sin, renunciation of worldly wealth, and devotion to Our Blessed Lady, won for him the name of Albert the Saint.

It is the old, old story, common enough in days of martyrdom and Holy Faith triumphant.

Alberto Besozzo, a young nobleman, reared in luxury and affluence, while still very young came into possession of great wealth. A period of dissipation, followed by years of avarice and cruelty to the poor on his estate, made him the terror of all the country around. One day, while crossing the lake on an errand of extortion and greed, he was overtaken by a fearful hurricane near the base of the rocks upon which the convent now stands.* One moment his boat floated in the awful calm, then the black tempest burst upon it with furious force. The frail skiff was dashed in pieces, and the crew, engulfed by the waves, were swept far out into the lake. Alberto heard their cries of horror and despair, as a huge wave, dashing landward, raised him on its crest. The selfishness and sin of his past life flashed upon his memory. In agony and terror of the cruel rocks against which the waves bore him, he called upon Our Blessed Lady to save him. Even as he prayed the stormy waters rose high in air, and flung him ashore in a cave of the rocks.

His resolution to repent, and live a life wholly consecrated to God, was instantly formed. He never left the cave to return to the world. For thirty-four years his austerities and his prayers proved his penitence. All his subsistence came from passing boats, to which he used to let down a rush basket for a dole of bread. His reputation for sanctity spread, and faith grew in the efficacy of his prayers for the sick and afflicted.

About this time (1348) the terrible pestilence called the "Black Death" spread over Europe from Asia. Commerce ceased, agriculture was suspended; all social bonds, all human ties were dissolved. Huge pits were insufficient for the dead. "A dense and awful fog was seen in the heavens, rising in the East, and descending upon Italy,"

* Storms on Lago Maggiore are appalling in their severity and suddenness, especially near Pallanza and Sasso del Ferro.

chronicles a writer of the 14th century. Multitudes sought the Hermit of the Rock, and implored his prayers for their deliverance. The survivors of that dreadful plague attributed their safety to his intercession, and spoke of him as "Alberto il Beato."

After his death pious pilgrims erected a small chapel over his remains, which were placed in a stone coffin; and later the outer church and convent dedicated to St. Catharine were built, and first occupied by the Augustine Brotherhood. The Carmelite Order succeeded them, but they have met the fate of all the religious in Northern Italy—dissolution by authority of Government. A single priest is the only representative of the Order. He says Mass daily, and performs the duties of parish priest in the surrounding district.

An excursion to the old convent is delightful. The sail over the lake in the morning is like gliding over rainbows and through crystal seas. Opaline cloud-shadows dimple the waves, and emerald lights from Sasso del Ferro gleam through the sunshine sparkling over the sapphire waters. It is indescribable: no pencil can paint the exquisite colors of the distant haze, and the ever-changing surface of Lago Maggiore.

Beneath the cliff from which the convent rises, the immense depth of the water* renders its surface as smooth as a mirror, and in it are perfectly reflected the convent and its surroundings. Beneath the cliff are seen two or three upright rifts; one communicates with the cave in which the hermit lived, and farther on is the landing-place, and staircase to the convent. The ascent occupies but a few moments. We pass a curious old wine-press, and the outlying buildings and offices of a well-ordered old convent, in which the Brotherhood made all and cultivated all that they needed.

Each delicately vine-traced arch of the winding arcade that leads upward to the convent is filled with sublimely beautiful

views of lake, island, and mountain. Externally the church is ornamented with frescos illustrating the martyrdom of St. Catharine, and in the arcade leading to it are remains of a series of paintings showing the *Dance of Death*, terribly significant of the deadly plague of 1348. The church, very simple internally, encloses an inner chapel—the nucleus of the convent.

In this chapel a wonderful phenomenon presents itself. An immense rock, apparently unsupported, hangs downward from the roof. One is afraid to touch it for fear of dislodging its huge bulk. Overhead, other massive rocks are seen pressing down upon it. These crags, which fell three hundred feet from the hill-top above, crashed through the roof, and then, as if all laws of gravity had been suddenly suspended, remained in their present position.

Three hundred years ago, when the body of the hermit Alberto was temporarily occupying the recess in the wall behind the high altar that stood beneath the now pendant rock, and while a priest was in the act of giving Benediction, masses of rock came hurling down the hill-side, and crashed through the roof of the chapel; but their fall was suspended miraculously by the interposition of Our Blessed Lady, upon whom the kneeling Brotherhood called.

The body of the hermit now lies exposed to view in a gilt shrine near the altar. The entrance to his cave is beside it, in the floor of the chapel. For several yards we were compelled to crawl on hands and knees through a dark opening in the rock, and then let ourselves down by ropes to a shelving floor in a narrow crevice. Looking through a rift, we see the lake laving the base of the rock-wall beneath us; in the distance the lovely Piedmontese shores are gleaming in misty sunlight, and far above and beyond them towers the Monte Rosa range.

Ten feet farther down is the cave in which the hermit lived for thirty-four years, and on its sloping, shelving floor he died. The descent is too dangerous to be attempted by tourists in these days; but a

* At this point the deepest lake in Europe—2,615 feet.

lighted torch in the hand of our guide clearly revealed to us the desolate, dreary abode of the Hermit of the Rock, whose high resolve and firm, unflinching faith, and saintly self-sacrifice, gained for him the noblest title on earth—"Il Beato."

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

SO the weeks rolled by; the season drew near its end as Lent approached, and Philip would have said that he had forgotten the Percivals, when a slight incident occurred which had a very direct influence in reviving the recollection. It chanced one evening, at a social gathering, that he was asked to sing, and complied with the request. The song selected was "*Les Rameneaux*," and he sang it in a clear, mellow voice, which left little to be desired in the way of natural quality, and was fairly well cultivated. When he turned from the piano a lady of great musical taste, whom he knew very well, and who chanced to be also a Catholic, beckoned him to her.

"You have an excellent voice," she said, as he sat down beside her. "What do you mean by making no use of it?"

Philip raised his eyebrows. "What use should I make of it?" he inquired. "Do you think I ought to join an opera troop? I am afraid it is not good enough for that."

"Hardly, perhaps," she said; "though I have heard voices on the stage that were no better. But I was thinking of something else. Do you know that we need good voices very much in the Cathedral choir?"

"Well, yes," he answered, smiling; "I may say that I am aware of it. I generally go there on Sunday."

"And you have never thought of helping us to better things—you with such a voice?"

"No," he said, honestly, "I never thought of it; but if I had, what then? You would not expect me to go to the director and say,

'Your choir is very bad: I offer my voice to improve it.'"

"The director would have been much obliged if you had done so. He bewails in touching terms his inability to render good music as it should be rendered. He will welcome you—I think he will embrace you—when he hears you sing. You must go to him."

"My dear Mrs. King!"—Philip was a little dismayed—"I should like very much, of course, to assist, but I have really no time; and to be bound to attendance in a choir—I fear that it is quite impossible."

"Why impossible?" asked Mrs. King, looking at him with bright, keen eyes. "What have you to do that should make attendance in a choir difficult to you? Oh, how indifferent people are!" she added, as if thinking aloud. "What a great privilege it is to take part in offering the solemn worship of the Church to God! Yet here is a young man, with nothing in the world to do, who says he has not time for it."

Philip flushed. "Are you quite sure I have nothing in the world to do?" he asked.

She made a little gesture of indifference. "You have a few things, I presume," she said; "but nothing that could interfere with this. Oh! I know your life, and that of others like you. You have time for every amusement, every demand of pleasure and business, but none for anything relating to the service of God. Well, it is an old story; but I thought you might be willing to give such a little thing as your voice now and then. It seems I was mistaken, so we will say no more about it."

"No," said Philip—who had a conscience which sometimes stung him a little—"you were not mistaken. When you put it in that light, I can only say that my voice is at your service. But you really must not expect me to go and offer it to the director, especially since there is danger of his embracing me."

"Oh!" she said, smiling, "I will see him, and arrange the matter. He and I work and groan over the music together. But we have secured a fine soprano lately, and now

with your voice I feel encouraged. Come to my house the first evening that you are disengaged, and we will try some music. I do not think you will regret your decision."

It is generally rash to indulge in prophecy, but Mrs. King proved to be right in saying that Philip would not regret his decision. He had a real love for music, and was soon deeply interested in the great harmonies placed before him. The director of the Cathedral choir chanced to be not only an accomplished musician, but one whose taste and knowledge had been formed in the best schools. Words were hardly strong enough to express his contempt and disgust for the operatic order of music, which is unfortunately so common in Catholic churches. And yet he did not go to the other extreme, and demand only Gregorian tones. He recognized that between these two lies the world of majestic harmony, that has taken its inspiration from the solemn tone of the Church's chant, yet lends to it the grace and variety of figured music, and of which Palestrina is the supreme master.

But a surprise that was altogether apart from the music, awaited Philip on the first Sunday that he made his appearance in the choir-loft of the Cathedral. Among the eyes turned curiously toward him was one pair, that sent something between a thrill and a shock through him,—a pair of forgotten dark, lustrous, Spanish eyes. "Ah!" he said to himself, "Miss Percival!" He did not know whether he was glad or sorry to see her again, to have the question which he could not solve reopened, and to ask himself vainly once more whose had been the fault in that past transaction. He found now that he had not forgotten it at all; his interest had only been laid aside, as it were; and one glance from the eyes, which did not wander toward him again, had been sufficient to revive it.

He had some thoughts to spare for the present, however. He wondered a little if Miss Percival, like himself, was a newcomer in the choir, and felt tolerably certain that she must be. Surely none of the indifferent voices to which he was accustomed to listen

had been hers. "She does not look like a person who would undertake to do a thing unless she could do it well," he said, mentally, with a glance at the face, which was not less noble in its lines than he remembered it to be.

He felt justified in the accuracy of his judgment when the music began. Never before had the clear soprano, which rose above all the other tones, sounded through the arches of the roof that now echoed its cadences. Philip, who had not much to sing on this his first appearance, held his breath to listen to those soaring notes, so thrilling in their sweetness, so crystalline in their purity. "She sings like a seraph!" was his thought; for what power was there in the tones that seemed to carry the soul upward in adoration? It is a power which the finest voices more often lack than possess, since the possessors of fine voices are usually thinking rather of themselves than of what they sing; but one hears it now and then, especially among religious. And hearing it once, it is easy to realize how music may become truly the handmaid of religion, lifting the soul on wings of divine harmony to the very gates of Paradise.

As he listened, Philip found himself looking toward the distant altar with a new sense of devotion; a spark of living fire seemed to touch his tepid feelings, his indifferent heart. When, after the Elevation, this voice rose alone through the hushed silence, in the exquisite solo of the *Benedictus* from Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, it seemed like a call to worship, which no soul could disregard. "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*," sang the silvery tones, and they helped one heart at least to realize with quickening force Who had come in the Name of the Lord on that altar, before which the priest stood so silently, and around which the acolytes with their shining tapers knelt like sculptured figures.

V.

When Mass was over, Philip encountered Mrs. King at the door of the church, and she at once took possession of him. "One did not hear much of *you*," she said; "but

is not the new soprano a great success? I had no idea how beautiful her voice was until I heard it to-day."

"It is very beautiful," said Philip. "And there is a quality in it that I never heard before—a silver purity that makes one fancy what the voices of angels may be. One did not think that one was listening to an opera to-day."

"No," said Mrs. King, with a smile. "There is no operatic suggestion in Alice Percival's voice or style. She sings like one of the boy *soprani* who have been trained to the service of the Sanctuary—so devoutly, so simply, and with such an utter lack of self-consciousness."

"She brought to my mind," said Philip, "the description of a voice which I saw the other day in a French novel, '*les sons donnaient la sensation d'une musique trop idéale pour être humaine; on eût dit une âme qui chantait.*'" *

"That is very pretty," said Mrs. King. "And the secret of the whole thing is that it *was* a soul that sang. With most people it is only a voice. But her soul has a part in all that Alice Percival does."

"You know her, then—personally?"

"Oh! yes, very well. She is as charming as her voice, and quite original too—together a girl in a thousand."

"And yet one never meets her in society," said Philip, half interrogatively.

"They are poor, you know," replied Mrs. King; "and society—*your* order of society—is not partial to poor people. Besides, she has no time for it."

"What does she do?"

"She teaches music—you can judge how well—and takes care of her mother, who is an almost helpless invalid."

"Does the family consist only of the mother and daughter?"

"That is all. The father is dead."

Philip was aware of the latter fact, but he had thought that there might be a son—half a dozen sons, perhaps, for that matter

—and it was with something of a shock that he heard of two women left alone to face the world. His countenance settled into grave lines as he walked on silently. The question that had tormented him before returned, and he asked himself again whose had been the fault. Granting that it was entirely that of the dead Percival, surely, for the sake of old association, his uncle might have done something for the widow and daughter whom he had left.

After parting with Mrs. King, these thoughts haunted him, as he walked along the fashionable avenue, lined with handsome houses, which led to his home. Well-dressed throngs from the different churches filled the sidewalks, but, as he acknowledged salutation after salutation, his mind was far away. He was asking himself if it was not possible that his uncle might yet do something—if he knew. Even if it were true that Percival had once brought him to the verge of ruin, he had so successfully surmounted that danger, his fortune was now so secure and so large, that he could well afford to forget the danger, and think only of the need of those who were the innocent victims of past wrong-doing.

"And I surely believe that he will!" the young man said, hopefully, to himself. "Who has such good reason as I to know how liberal he is? And if, as may readily be, they will not accept aid directly from him, there are ways and means of helping people without their own knowledge."

It was an attractive castle in the air—a castle in which Alice Percival no longer needed to give music-lessons, and her invalid mother had every comfort—that he had erected by the time he reached the stately house, set in spacious, well-ordered grounds, on the outskirts of the city, where life moved on such easy wheels of luxury and wealth. As he approached he looked at it as a stranger might have looked, and perhaps for the first time there occurred to him an idea of what life would be without the great lubricator, money. A stern, a narrow, a repulsive thing, he felt, shuddering a little; and the thought only quickened

* The sounds were those of music too ideal to be human; it might be said it was the soul that sang.

his desire to relieve those who had fallen into the hopeless slough of poverty.

When he entered the house, voices and soft laughter issuing from the drawing-room seemed to invite him to enter; and turning in under the rich curtains that draped the open door, he found that Miss Irving and Bellamy were the occupants of the room. The young lady was still in her out-door costume—a becoming toilette of dark-blue velvet, that enhanced all the delicate fairness of her tints—and Bellamy, in attire equally suggestive of fashionable dress-parade, sat near her, holding his hat on his cane while he talked. Evidently they had both just come in. As Philip entered, his foot-fall on the soft, thick carpet did not attract their attention for a moment; then Constance turned her head, saw him and said:

"Oh, here is Philip!"

Mr. Bellamy looked up and nodded easily. "I hope you possess as much consciousness of virtue as we do," he said. "We have heard two sermons this morning."

"Have you?" replied Philip. "No: that is a point in virtue beyond me. How did you manage it?"

"We have heard one sermon and the conclusion of another," corrected Constance. "Some of the churches have services half an hour later than the others, you know; and as we were coming from St. Athanasius', we thought we would just drop in at Emmanuel, hoping to hear the choir. The preacher was concluding his sermon when we went in, but I did not hear much of it."

"I did," said Bellamy; "and he seemed to be pitching into the very doctrines that we had just been informed at St. Athanasius' were the right ones to believe."

"I am sure you did not hear a word!" said Constance, coloring and casting a glance of rebuke at him—for, while they have no hesitation in acknowledging their differences among themselves, there are few Protestants who do not endeavor to ignore them in the presence of a Catholic.—"But the choir sang an anthem, and it was very good," she went on. "They have several fine

voices. One was very like yours, Philip."

"Thanks for the implied compliment."

"Oh! I did not mean merely to imply it; of course you know that your voice is good. I only wish you would consent to sing in our choir at St. Athanasius'."

"My dear Constance," answered Philip, gravely, "I am an indifferent Catholic, it is true, but still a Catholic; so it is quite impossible for me to oblige you. If you wish to hear me sing, you must come to the Cathedral. I have made my *début* in the choir there to-day."

"Have you indeed?" she asked, with interest. "We must go to hear you some day."

"I used to drop into the Cathedral occasionally to hear the music," said Bellamy; "but it has fallen off so much of late that I have discontinued the habit. I hope there is to be a change for the better."

"I think so," replied Philip. "The choir has a new director, and several new voices have been added lately,—one divine soprano," he continued, without reflection.

"Who?" asked Constance. "Any one that I know?"

"No," said Philip, a little vexed with himself; "you are hardly likely to know her. She is—a—Miss Percival."

"Miss Percival!" repeated Constance. She shook her head. "I never heard of her before."

"But I have," said Bellamy, so suddenly that Philip started, and looked at him apprehensively. "A very handsome, dark-eyed girl, with a divine voice, as Thornton says. Oh! yes, I know who she is, and I have heard her sing at one or two musical houses. She ought to go on the stage."

"I disagree with you," said Philip. "Her voice is not suited to the stage; but it is perfectly in place where it is."

"No doubt," replied Bellamy. "You are in luck to have secured her. I shall resume my visits to the Cathedral after this information."

"But who is she?" asked Constance. "Surely a professional person, since I have never met her?"

Philip left Bellamy to answer, but he was

distinctly conscious that the latter avoided his eye in doing so.

"Well, no—not exactly professional," he replied; "though I believe she teaches music or singing. It is a case of reduced circumstances, you see."

"How sad! I am always so sorry for people who have been rich and become poor," said Miss Irving, with the composure of one to whom the idea suggested was like thinking of a cannibal feast on the other side of the globe—something quite dreadful, but too far off to excite very lively emotion. "You are not going?" she said, as Bellamy rose to his feet. "Why not stay to luncheon?"

"Because I have a conscience, and that conscience suggests that I should not become a regular institution of your Sunday," the young man replied. "But suppose we make an appointment to go to the Cathedral for Vespers this afternoon, and hear Thornton and Miss Percival sing?"

"You will not hear me," said Philip, shrugging his shoulders; "but I am unable to answer for Miss Percival."

"I will go on the chance of hearing her," said Constance. "You" (to the last speaker) "shall take me, so *you*" (to Bellamy) "need not feel bound to go."

"I shall be there, nevertheless," he said, and bowed himself out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

THE words of the holy Pontiff impressed themselves indelibly upon the little girl, especially the Holy Name of Jesus, which became as a glowing spark in the very centre of her innocent heart. It seemed altogether fitting that with the new life so wonderfully opened upon her she should have a new name, and that it should signify light,—the light that had dispelled her darkness.

Claudia wondered what had become of the One in shining raiment who had touched her eyes as the baptismal water was poured on her head, at the moment she received her sight; but she did not ask; she could comprehend nothing yet, except that she had been blind all her life and could now see, and that her heart was glowing with love towards Him whose name was enshrined therein. Raising her eyes, sparkling with joy, she gazed on the Pontiff's saintly face, and said, with simple trust:

"Oh! sir, I would thank thee for opening my blind eyes if I knew how; but tell me who thou art, and thy name, that I may keep it in my heart with the Holy Name thou hast taught me."

"I am Stephen, a priest of the Living God, my child," he replied, laying his hand on her head; "and I now bless thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Go in peace; faith has been given thee: knowledge will presently follow, with the fulness of heavenly gifts."

Obedying a swift impulse, she knelt at his feet, kissed his hand, and laid her cheek for an instant upon it; he raised her gently, and she stood, happy to wait, near him.

"Thou wilt soon," he said to Nemesius, as he touched his gleaming corselet, "put on the armor of Christ for the overthrow of idolatry, and the establishment of His kingdom upon earth."—The Pontiff spoke with emotion, for the winning of this noble soul to God filled him with unspeakable joy.—"I would not delay thy Baptism. On the morrow, when the *clepsydra* shows the hour of noon, seek me here, and we will confer together before the rite. The wife of Tertullus will guide this little lamb into the green pastures of the one true Fold, of which Christ is the Shepherd. Now go in peace, giving thanks to the Almighty Father of all for the grace of faith."

On their way home, the blue skies, the golden sunlight, the green, flowery stretches of the Campagna, over which cloud-shadows were skimming; the beautiful mountains, trees, flowers, butterflies, men and animals—all seen now for the first time—

filled the child's mind with wonder and inexpressible delight.

"Oh! but for Him whose name is in my heart I had never seen all this or thee, *padre mio!*" she said, her voice tremulous with excess of happiness. "Oh! how I love Him!—but tell me who is God?"

"He is the Creator of all things—the heavens, the earth, and all who live; and beside Him there is none other. He is the one, holy, Supreme Being, while the gods we have worshipped are false deities, who delude men to their destruction. Henceforth, my child, we will adore and love and serve the one Supreme God, by whose power thy blindness has been removed, and the darkness of my understanding enlightened," he answered, she listening, with her eyes fixed on the far-off sunlit spaces, believing yet not comprehending what his words conveyed.

When they reached the villa, and Nemesis drew rein in front of the portico, Zilla was waiting under the trees to receive her blind charge, to lead her in, watchful of every step, and to perform for her all those services of affection which her faithful heart was ever ready to bestow—to be eyes and hands for her at every turn, and anticipate every want. But when she saw her spring unaided from the chariot, and come running to meet her, the woman stopped as if spellbound; while the child, radiant with happiness, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, threw herself into her arms, exclaiming:

"Oh! Zilla—*madre bella mia!* I can see! I can see! Let me look into thy dear face!"

"See? Have the gods at last opened thy eyes, my child?" said Zilla, who grew instantly white, and was almost unable to speak, the suddenness of the news was so overwhelming.

"The gods? No! Listen, Zilla *mia!* There are no gods. Hast thou ever heard of Him called the *Christus*? He gave me my sight in an instant; my blindness is gone, and, oh! I can see! Is it not good news?" cried the child, her voice ringing with gladness.

But Zilla could not reply; she staggered from Claudia's embrace, and stood as if turned to stone, her countenance wearing an expression of pain and horror. All that she had longed and prayed for had come at last; the blind eyes of the only being she loved in the world had sight given them—but how? Rather had she remained blind all her days than to have her sight on such conditions! To be a Christian—that was what it all meant! And now—*now*—when it was death to deny the gods!

Zilla wished to go away, and be alone to look this terrible misfortune in the face; she tried to move, but her trembling limbs refused to bear her, and she would have fallen to the earth, had not one of the female slaves, who was passing at the moment on some domestic errand, sprang forward, and caught her in her strong arms. She was not unconscious, but dazed, prostrated, and bewildered, like one in a nightmare.

Frightened, Claudia ran in, through the *atrium*—she did not know where—in search of some one who would get her wine for Zilla, and, in a well-lighted corridor, she almost ran against Symphronius; startled, she stopped and gazed steadily in his face. It was an old, wrinkled face, with a fringe of white hair and beard around it; his great black eyes protruded, his nose was so large that it gave a grotesque character to his countenance, and his complexion was like parchment. He stood a moment aghast.

"What has happened, and how is it that thou art running about all alone, *donzellina mia?*"* he gasped.

"Now I know thee by thy voice," she said, not yet recovered from her astonishment at so strange-looking an apparition: "thou art Symphronius, the steward. I am not blind, and I was looking for thee to get some wine for Zilla, who is ill."

"Not blind? When—thou wert blind a few hours ago, *donzellina mia!*" he ejaculated.

"I was, but now I see," she sweetly answered.

* My little lady.

The old steward felt as if a leathern pipe from one of the aqueducts had been suddenly turned down his back; for the news, although so joyful, gave him a shock that staggered him; and, not knowing what to say, he leaned against the wall, and made the Sign of the Cross.

The child had seen the Pontiff Stephen make that sign when he pronounced the Holy Names; he had made it on her forehead, and again when he blessed her; and she was conscious it was the sign of Him whom her heart knew and loved.

"It was He who made me see—the *Christus*," she said, sweetly. "Oh! it is good to find some one here who knows Him!"

"I am His unworthy servant, *donzellina mia*," said the old man, with quavering voice; "but I can not speak for joy; I can only lift up my heart, and give thanks to Him who has brought salvation to this house. Rest here, *cara donzellina*, while I get wine for Zilla."

"I will come with thee," she said, taking his trembling hand as he turned to go to the wine-closet; "and presently, when Zilla is better, other good tidings await thee. Give me the wine; I will run back with it."

He gave her a flask of rich red wine and a crystal cup, then stood watching her in speechless emotion as she ran swiftly down the corridor. "Truly, truly," he at last whispered, bowing his head and crossing his hands reverently upon his breast, "the Lord God is a mighty God, and merciful in His ways."

When Claudia—as we will still call her—reached the *atrium*, she saw her father leading Zilla in, her face as white as a snow-drift, her eyes half closed, and her steps lagging and uncertain; he led her to a couch, and gave her wine; she felt the child's soft lips upon her hands, her caressing arms about her neck, and heard the loving accents of her voice, which had always been as sweetest music to her ears. She opened her eyes and gazed for an instant into those so lately blind, now full of life and intelligence, shadowed by a half-won-

dering look of distress; then the woman whispered: "Leave me a little while, *cara mia*—until I am better."

"It is her voice—but can it be Zilla? I thought she would be glad—so glad when she heard I could see!" she mused, as, obedient to a look from her father, she left them, and wandered out under the trees, where, with wonder sweetened and brightened by faith, she gazed with delight on the beautiful things of nature.

The sweet child felt, without formulating it, how good it was that sight and knowledge should have come together, and how much less complete one would have been without the other. The thought of Zilla troubled her; it was all so different from what she had expected; it was the first drop of bitterness in her brimful cup of happiness, and disturbed her, until she whispered the Holy Name that was enshrined in her heart,—the Name which so uttered is an appeal for help, which brings swift response, in strength to bear if not to heal. The child's Christian life was only a few hours' old; the mysteries of divine grace were yet unknown to her; but, although given in measure proportionate to her littleness, in their effects they were the same in kind as to one further advanced in supernatural knowledge.

When Zilla recovered somewhat, heathen-like, she was ashamed of her weakness, and by a strong effort of her will arose to leave the presence of Nemesius; but he detained her by requesting her to resume her seat; he wished her to learn from his own lips the wonderful things that had taken place that day, and to understand that he and the child were no longer worshippers of the gods, but Christians.

The woman knew him too well to indulge the faintest hope of his faltering in the fatal course he had adopted, and his language was too lucid and coherent to afford a doubt of his sanity. She listened in silence, the iron entering deeper into her soul with every word he uttered, while the consequences of his apostasy gathered in frightful array before her. It was terrible;

but Zilla was a woman whose maternal instincts had been fostered into unusual tenderness by the helplessness of the charge which, under peculiarly sad circumstances, had devolved upon her, and she presently found how indestructible her love was, and how it would at last triumph over herself. And, now that he had told her all, Nemesius added:

"It will be difficult, I fear, for thee to remain longer with us; for thou art still a worshipper of the *dæmons* known as gods; for thy own happiness, then, it may be better for thee to return to Thessalia, before the storm breaks. Thou shalt be provided with ample means and a safe guide—nay, do not decide too hastily. Later, I may not have power to serve thee; for we both know that to become a Christian means death."

"I care not for death; but for her, my child, I would plunge this stiletto into my heart; and, happen what may, I will never leave her."—She had snatched the gleaming, keen-edged thing from her hair, which fell in a dark, waving mass nearly to her feet.—"I know of no other way than the one I was born to—no other belief; but, gods or no gods, I will never be faithless to the promise I made to the dying," she said, in hard, bitter tones.

"If such be thy choice, thy idolatrous belief must be kept in thine own heart, nor ever referred to in her hearing. It would be better to part, unless thou wilt open thy mind to receive the Truth—which is the highest good I can wish for thee," replied Nemesius, in his firm, even voice.

"O Nemesius! thou who didst worship the gods, and with loyal mind didst punish their enemies with fire and sword! It seems too incredible for belief that thou shouldst all at once abandon the religion of thy virtuous and pious ancestors for a delusion!" she exclaimed.

"I have abandoned a delusion, by the grace of God, for the eternal Truth. My child's blind eyes and the blind eyes of my spirit were opened at the same moment, by the grace and power of God; henceforth

we are Christians!" answered the noble soldier.

"But, alas! hast thou considered her?" she wailed; "thy delicate, lovely one, on whom no rough wind of fate has ever blown, who has been sheltered on my breast and in my arms from every ill my watchful care could avert! Ah, pity her! Is her tender flesh fit for the rack or the teeth of panthers? Ah, gods! what madness! And art thou ready to give up fortune, fame, life?"

"All—everything!" was his firm, low-voiced reply, as he turned away and walked out of the *atrium*, his nature stung in the tenderest spot, but his resolve and faith unshaken.

The woman felt as if the crowning woe of her life had come. She would as soon have expected the sky to fall as for that to happen which had happened this day. With her head bowed down, her face covered with her hands, her hair fallen like a sombre veil around her she sat there benumbed, without the power or wish to move, until soft arms stole around her, and the voice most dear to her said, in tones of tender entreaty:

"Wilt thou not raise up thy head, Zilla, and let me look into thy face? Hast thou forgotten that I can now see, and does it not make thee glad?"

Zilla's hands fell; she raised her wan face, and tried to smile into the bright, beautiful eyes that scrutinized her countenance, and beheld in its grief-stricken lines, its stern white aspect, a first glimpse of human sorrow; frightened, the child drew back, saying: "Speak, that I may know if thou art Zilla!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

By cutting off the sprouting leaves constantly, the root of the plant is gradually killed; for nature is unequal to this incessant reproduction of foliage. So with our faults and the particular examen. Nip off the first tender shoots—the little outward ebullitions of pride, etc.—and the root of the evil—the passion within—in the end dies out.

To B. I. Durward.*

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

BARD of the wild rose! never verse like
thine

Hath sung this fairest blossom of the dell;
No poet's eye hath ever caught so well
The artless marvel of its chaste outline,
Each blushing petal's mystical design,
The virgin freshness of its breath, the swell
Of anthered coronal, of honeyed cell,
Wherein such precious symbols flush and
shine.

Plead for him, wilding rose, unto that Heart,
Heart of our hearts, in which we move and
live,

That of Its treasures It may freely give;
Replenishing his soul with sacred fire,
Attuning still for God his sweet-voiced lyre,
To bear in seraph choirs a poet's blissful
part.

The Relics of St. Anne.

AS one descends the tortuous course of
the Little Rhone, or Rhône de Saint-
Gilles, the horizon gradually expands; the
mountains disappear from view; végétation
becomes scant, and when the sea is ap-
proached the country is a veritable desert.
Soon the current of the Rhone is no longer
discernible; the waters of the river, the
pools which spread out on both sides, the sea
itself—all seem blended in one far-reach-
ing plane. Nothing more desolate can be
imagined, nothing more sterile than the vast
expanse, whose sickly flora consists only
of a few clusters of rushes and tamarisks.

One day—it was more than 1800 years
ago—some poor fishers who were watching
their nets on the coast of this dreary sea,
saw approaching them a strange bark con-
taining persons with whose customs and
language they were wholly unfamiliar.
These strangers were the principal mem-
bers of that blessed family of Bethany with
whom our divine Saviour had been for

three years the guest and friend. Driven
from Judea by the persecution, in which St.
James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem, had
fallen a martyr, they confided themselves
to the mercy of the waves, and, wafted by
the breath of God, they reached the hos-
pitable shores of Provence.

This little colony of saints and apostles
spread "the glad tidings" throughout all
Provence. Before separating they took care
to divide the relics—the last and cherished
mementos of their native land—which they
had been able to save from the profanation
of the Jews. These were particles of earth
from Calvary impregnated with the Blood
of the Redeemer, some articles of clothing
worn by the Blessed Virgin, several bodies
of the Holy Innocents, and the mortal re-
mains of St. Anne, mother of Mary, and
near of kin to some of the fugitives. Ac-
cording to tradition, the body of our Saint
fell to the lot of St. Lazarus, who carried it
to Marseilles. But one of his successors in
that episcopal see, fearing that the precious
relic was not safe enough in a city so ex-
posed to persecution, entrusted it to St.
Auspicius, who became first Bishop of Apt.

This Saint, a patrician by birth, was
formed to the ministry of the Gospel by
Pope St. Clement, and consecrated by him.
Fired with zeal for the conquest of souls,
he quitted Rome travelled through Tus-
cany and Liguria, crossed the Alps, passed
over to Marseilles, and, towards A. D. 97,
under the empire of Nerva, arrived and
established himself at Apt.

The preaching of St. Auspicius, aided
by the grace of God, won over innumerable
souls to the faith. Very soon the house of
Corilus in which he had taken up his abode,
no longer sufficed to contain the crowds that
flocked around him: the public squares be-
came his places of reunion; a milestone at
the cross-roads served him for a pulpit, until,
having converted nearly the whole city, he
laid the foundation of a magnificent basilica
on the ruins of the amphitheatre.

Persecution, alas! soon arose to arrest the
work of conversion, and nip in the bud
this yet scarcely-blown flower of salvation.

* Author of "Wild Flowers of Wisconsin."

Auspicius, then fearing that the relics of St. Anne might be profaned by the pagans, concealed them in the walls of the rising church, and prepared himself for martyrdom, which he shortly afterwards suffered under Trajan. (August 2, 102.)

From this period up to the middle of the 8th century no further mention is made of the relics of our Saint. If, as many think, they were again exposed to the veneration of the faithful when the persecution was over, the frequent and terrible invasions, first of the Lombards, then of the Saracens, would have obliged the possessors to hide them anew.

When Charlemagne was gloriously reigning in France, it pleased God to reward his faith and zeal by their discovery. Being at Apt, on his return from one of his brilliant victories, this Prince was assisting at the celebration of the divine mysteries, surrounded by the vassals of his court and an immense concourse of people. A boy named John, about fourteen years of age, blind, deaf, and dumb from his birth, whose father was a Baron of Caseneuve, suddenly made signs with his hands and feet to those about him that they should look under the place on which he stood. The people began to be excited; the Emperor, anticipating something unusual, ordered them to act in accordance with the boy's directions.

The investigation began as soon as the Holy Sacrifice was concluded. At the first stroke of the pick a subterranean noise resounded under the flags. The workmen redoubled their efforts, and ere long came upon a chapel, in which St. Auspicius was accustomed during the persecutions to celebrate Mass, and preach the word of God to the people.

The blind deaf-mute was the first to enter the sanctuary. By supernatural inspiration he went directly to the spot where the relics had been concealed, and made a sign to dig again. He was obeyed, and soon a luminous ray proceeded from a cleft made by the pick. Guided by this light, they penetrated into a lower crypt, where all saw with astonishment a lighted lamp

standing before a depression in the wall. At the same moment the Emperor, the clergy, and the nobles hurried forward to the vault. The boy instantaneously and miraculously received the use of his eyes, ears, and tongue, and in transports of joy cried out: "Here repose the remains of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God!"

A slab of marble fixed in the depression was then removed, and a cypress case containing the relics was revealed. They were enveloped in a cloth, on which were written the words: *Corpus Beatæ Annæ, matris Virginis Mariæ*,—"The body of Blessed Anna, mother of the Virgin Mary." The moment the cypress box was opened a most agreeable perfume issued from it, filling the whole church. Then, being no longer able to control his joy, the Bishop intoned the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by all present.

Devotion to St. Anne was thus revived throughout all that country; thence it crossed the seas, and to-day it is practised in every part of Christendom.

Favors of Our Queen.

ROSEY O'TOOLE'S MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

MANY persons wear the miraculous medal who never heard of its origin. If to the countless instances of its wonderful power we add the story of two, personally known to ourselves, it is with the hope that they may increase the piety of those who already wear it, and induce others to do the same.

But first a word about its history. In the year 1830, at Châtillon, Zoé Labouré, in religion Sister Catharine, a Daughter of Charity, was twice favored by apparitions of the Blessed Virgin. On the second occasion (November 17) Our Lady appeared, standing as it were upon a globe, with rays of glory streaming from her hands; tokens, she said, of the graces she gives to those who ask them. "Then," to quote the words of Sister Catharine, "there formed round the Blessed Virgin a glory, somewhat oval in shape, from which shone out in golden letters the words, 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!'" Our Lady then bade the

Sister have a medal struck according to the appearance of the vision, and promised abundant graces to those who should wear it with confidence in her. Hence the medal with which all Catholic eyes are so familiar.

About twenty years ago a zealous Redemptorist Father, when giving a mission in the south of Ireland, was the guest of a pious and excellent Catholic family of the name of O'Toole. As was his custom on taking leave of his hosts, he presented each member of the household with a medal of the Immaculate Conception. The little Rose, then six years old, received the gift with eager delight. The good priest told her its history, and she promised always to wear it, and not to forget, every night before going to bed, to say three times, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!" Rosey not only promised, but faithfully kept her word.

When about fourteen years old, she went with the rest of the home party to spend the Summer in a village by the sea-side. One sunny afternoon, Rosey and one of her sisters rambled far along the lonely beach, collecting shells and sea-weeds. When at a considerable distance from any habitation, they resolved to bathe, and were soon gaily disporting themselves in the calm and sparkling water, never dreaming that the firm, smooth sands beneath their feet were of unequal depth, swept into deep hollows by recent storms. Terror-stricken, they suddenly found themselves without a footing, and, neither of them being able to swim, struggled for the dear life in water beyond their depth.

Death seemed inevitable. They were almost exhausted, when Rose, clasping the medal fastened round her neck, cried out, "O Mary, conceived without sin, do not let us be lost! Pray for us who have recourse to thee."

Strange, but true! At that moment a tall, strong woman, in the garb of a fish-wife, plunged into the water, and, firmly grasping the two girls, brought them senseless to the shore. They were taken to a hut among the neighboring sand-hills, where the woman tended them until animation was restored, and a few hours later they were at home, kneeling in thanksgiving before the image of their Immaculate Mother.

Not far from Rose's home lived a Protestant family, with whom her parents were intimate.

They professed the latest form of "High Church" principles produced by the Anglican Establishment, and sincerely lived up to such light as they had. Their eldest son, George, a University man, whose college career had done him credit, was a frequent visitor at the O'Tooles'. Rosey herself, who was an intelligent child, became an especial favorite of his. It was at the time of the Redemptorist's visit that George, having obtained a commission in the army, called to tell his friends the news. Rose, hearing him enter, flew down stairs to meet him. "See," she exclaimed, "what Father Paul has given me—a lovely medal of the Blessed Virgin! And if I wear it, and say the words it has upon it, she will save me in every danger. I wish you had one too."

George, however, had no faith in the medal, and was half amused at the fervor and conviction of his little friend.

Rosey rather resented the smile, which she felt implied doubt, and perhaps a gentle derision.

Shortly afterwards George left to join his regiment, and remained abroad for six or seven years. He then married a good and charming English lady, sold his commission, and settled in Australia. One day, when the morning mail came in, as he and his wife were at breakfast in their pleasant Queensland home, George exclaimed, glancing through the letters: "Here is a sign of life once more from my old friend Rosey. The child must be fourteen or fifteen by this time. How time flies!" he moralized, as he opened and began to read her letter. Presently he laughed.

"Well?" said his wife, looking up from her share of the morning's budget.

"Do you remember, Mary, my telling you about some miraculous medal a priest had given Rose, and how she would have hung it round my neck, as a preservative in all dangers, present or to come? And now here she is still harping on the same string!"

After reading the letter to the end, he added, more gravely: "By Jove! but she and Nora have had a narrow escape!—hailed in, in the very nick of time, to save them from drowning; and this, she declares, all because of the medal. See, she encloses one of these wonder-working amulets, and begs again that I will wear it—it would make her so happy!"

"Upon my word, George, I shall begin to pout if this young lady threatens to encroach

on my prerogative," said his wife, smiling, as she took the offered letter to read for herself. "You are pretty well looked after already, I should say!"

After reading Rosey's story to the end, "It is certainly remarkable," she added; "and, believing as the girl does, I am not surprised at her attributing a miraculous power to the medal. Do you mean to wear it?"

"No: I could not bring myself to do anything I should consider so irrational. If it were simply a brass coin, I should not mind wearing it to please her; but with this religious element attached to it, I should feel as if I were abetting or pretending to superstition. What's *your* view of the case?"

"I should say wear it as you would a coin, and forget the religious element. It can't do you harm, if it does you no good; and you will please your little friend."

"You are a wise woman, wifey. I'll tell her for her sake, and for auld lang-syne, I will wear it as she requests; but that if I ever feel a scruple about doing so, she must leave me free to take it off, and put it carefully by as a keepsake."

On hearing of this arrangement, Rosey accepted the compromise; and George acted accordingly, wearing the medal for a time, and then consigning it to his dressing-case.

After some peaceful and happy years this loving couple were visited by sickness and sorrow. The young wife fell ill of malignant fever, and her husband, after a few weeks of intense anxiety and anguish, was left—distracted and despairing—alone.

His ceaseless watching day and night by his dying wife, loss of rest, and distaste for food, told heavily, not only on his bodily health, but for a time endangered his reason. Kneeling for hours in silent agony by the bed on which she had died, he could neither weep nor pray. When he tried to bow before the inscrutable will of God, he was beset by the frightful suggestions of the tempter, that his Maker was cruel and unjust in depriving him of his dearest treasure. Being religiously disposed, these thoughts distressed and alarmed him, and he would sometimes cry out, bitterly, "O God! if I could only pray!" or he would pace the room like a man beside himself, calling on his darling to come back, or take him whither she was gone.

One day, opening an inner drawer of his

dressing-case, he came upon Rosey's long-forgotten medal. He took it up, and exclaimed, as he looked intently on the figure of Our Lady, "O Mary! Mother of God, if you can hear the cry of a broken heart, hear me now! Obtain for me the grace of prayer, and I will no longer doubt your power."

Strange but true! we must say again. At that moment the poor mourner felt his soul flooded, as it were, with a comfort and consolation he had never known before. A calmness strange and sweet came over him, and his misery was soothed to rest. Tears—the first he had shed since his bereavement—now streamed from his eyes, while, with thankful reverence, he knelt down and prayed with fervor and in peace. Once more he placed the medal round his neck, never to be removed. The light of faith, which that day dawned on his mind, was fanned by study and instruction into a bright and lasting flame, and, after due preparation, he was received into the Church. He has since joined a religious order, in which at this moment he holds a high and responsible position, and is unwearied in his labors to bring others to know and have confidence in the power of the Immaculate Mother of God.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Catholic Notes.

A decree of the Congregation of Rites, approved by his Holiness Leo XIII., and solemnly published on the Feast of St. Camillus of Lellis (July 15th) proclaims that Saint, with St. John of God, protector of all hospitals and of the sick in general. The names of these two heroes of charity will be added to the Litany of the Dying. They were especially remarkable for their tender devotion to the sick and suffering.

The churching of Queen Christina of Spain took place in the Church of Our Lady of Antocha, in Madrid,—the sanctuary which Spanish sovereigns are accustomed to visit every Saturday to invoke the intercession of the Mother of God. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Toledo. At the same time the young King was solemnly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. The altar was ablaze with light, and by the Queen stood the members of the royal family, the Cardinal Primate, the bishops, and the leading clergy of

the Cathedral and realm. Around were the grandees of Spain, the diplomatic corps, the ministers, the great officers of the throne, the representatives of the Army and Navy in brilliant uniforms, the principal authorities of the capital and the provinces, with deputations of the Cortes and the great cities.

The following extract from a letter written recently by a devoted religious, who has been privileged to visit the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes, will be read with particular interest by those of our readers familiar with the narratives of "The Miracle of the Assumption" and "The Cabinet-Maker of Lavour," so graphically told by M. Henri Lasserre in "The Miraculous Episodes of Lourdes":

"The first thing that attracted our attention at the Grotto was the marble slab in front of the altar, near the place of the Apparition; it is thus inscribed:

"SURGE ET AMBULA (LUC., v., 23).
VICTOR-MARIE DE MUSY, PRÊTRE
DU DIOCÈSE D'AUTUN,
GUÉRI LE 15 AOUT, 1873.

Little did we dream, when reading the touching narrative in Our Lady's Journal, that we should ever see this testimonial of his gratitude, among myriads of others. In the Basilica, too, observing the beautiful stained-glass windows showing the eighteen apparitions of our dear Lady, we saw the one representing Francis Macary, the cabinet-maker, taking off his heavy bandage with a proud smile (which must have been a pretty loud laugh, for one can count every tooth in his head), his wife appearing in the half-open door, lost in astonishment at what she beheld. We saw the house of Bernadette, the bed used by her, read some of the letters (in her own handwriting) to her brother and sister, both of whom we met also. We were fortunate enough to secure some little relics of the favored child of Mary. We visited the tomb of Mgr. Peyramale, the Blessed Virgin's priest, and obtained a few flowers placed over his marble tomb by loving hands."

On Sunday, the 11th inst., the Rev. Augustus Tolton, the first colored priest that America has given to the Church, sang High Mass and preached his first sermon in the Church of St. Benedict, the Moor, Bleecker Street, New York. Father Tolton was born in Missouri, in 1854. His parents were slaves, and he himself was born in slavery. The outbreak of the war released them from their condition, and their home was made in Quincy, Ill. From an early age he showed great tal-

ents and industry, teaching Catechism in Sunday-school, and studying at the college of the Franciscan Fathers. In 1880 he was sent by Bishop Baltes to the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he studied Philosophy two years, and Theology four years. On Ember Saturday, June 19th, he was ordained priest by Cardinal Parocchi, and the following day celebrated his first Mass in St. Peter's, at the altar over the tomb of the Chief of the Apostles. A few days afterwards he left the Eternal City for the scene of his missionary labors in America. A letter from England to the *Pilot* states that Father Tolton stopped at Southampton, having a letter to a leading Catholic Irishman of that city, named Dunne. Mr. Dunne took the black priest to his house, "thinking it a great blessing that he might say he had kept the first colored priest of America at his home." Father Tolton arrived in New York on the 6th inst., and passed some days with the Rev. Father Corrigan, rector of St. Mary's Church, Hoboken, who had known him as a child. There he said his first Mass in America, but declined an invitation to preach, saying that Cardinal Parocchi had advised him to preach his first sermon to those of his own race. This he did, as above stated, in St. Benedict's Church for colored people, in New York, where his bearing and address commanded attention and respect. Father Tolton has been appointed to the charge of the parish of St. Joseph's Church at Quincy, the congregation of which is wholly made up of colored people.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has granted, on the ordinary conditions, a plenary indulgence to priests on the occasion of their first Mass, as well as to their relatives, to the third degree inclusively, who are present thereat. To all others who assist at the Mass is granted an indulgence of seven years and two hundred and eighty days.

Although there is not much to be found in Nevada that is of interest to the antiquarian, still there are to be seen in Lincoln County, at no great distance from the Colorado River, some interesting traces of an extinct civilization. One of the most remarkable of these relics is in the Kingston range, near the summit of Clarke Mountain. On the eastern face of this mountain stands a perpendicular cliff of limestone 250 feet in height. On

the face of this cliff, about 100 feet above its base, is engraved the following inscription: "† I I, D." The cross and letters are of mammoth proportions, being not less than sixty feet in height. The characters are cut into the rock to a depth of over two feet, and are to be seen at a great distance. The letters must have been cut for a guiding sign of some kind, yet the amount of work required for their engraving seems disproportionate for utility for such a purpose. The Indians have no tradition in regard to this curious relic, but the fact of the inscription being made in Roman letters, and preceded by the figure of the cross, indicates that the work was done by white men and Christians. At Ash Valley and on Indian Creek are to be seen traces of the walls of adobe buildings, and about Pah Tuck Springs are found blocks of hewn granite. It is known that there were Jesuit missions about the mouth of the Gila River, some of which are indicated on a map dated 1757, but there is no account of the missionaries having pushed so far North. The Indians in this region how signs of having once been subjected to the influences of civilization: they do not rove about, but live in permanent villages.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi, in the mother house of her Order at Namur, Sister Mary of St. Francis (in the world the Honorable Mrs. E. Petre) went to her reward. For the last thirty-five years this good religious watched over the establishments of the Sisters of Notre Dame in England, and proved herself a great benefactress to the cause of Catholic education. In 1850, in the prime of life, though possessed of an ample fortune, she renounced every attraction that the world could offer, and sought a retreat in which she could spend her life and all she had for God and for His poor. There was then one Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame in England; now, through her zeal and devotion, there are twenty, in which thousands of poor children are instructed in their religion by the Sisters of her Congregation. In particular the Training College for school-mistresses, which she founded at Liverpool in 1856, will be a lasting monument of her zeal for Catholic education. Her funds provided land and buildings, and she spared neither money nor pains to create an institution as perfect and complete of its kind as she could make it. In the interval of

thirty years this one institution has sent forth 1,275 students as Catholic teachers. The loss of Sister Mary Francis will be keenly felt in all the convents of her Order, but the beneficent fruits of her active and devoted life will long remain. *R. I. P.*

It is but three years since the Maori mission at Wanganui, New Zealand, was established by the Rev. Father Soulas, and already its success has surpassed all hope. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Redwood lately visited Wanganui and the neighboring Maori missions of Keremite, Jerusalem, and Ranama. At the first-named place he blessed a new church, and gave the veil to three religious, who are devoting their lives to the welfare of the Maori children. A banquet was prepared for the Bishop, at which the venerable Maori chief, Pontini, made the following address: "Father, good-day to you, —good-day to you surrounded by your new children! Had you been here at a feast in the days of my youth, you would have been offered human flesh. You would have found yourself in the midst of intractable and savage men. Here, three years ago we were infidels, full of vice; to-day, thanks to Divine Providence, and the labors of the good priests sent to us by you, we are a Christian people. True, we are but of yesterday, but our desire is to persevere. Behold the church: it has cost us great sacrifices; it stands there as a witness to our faith, and a promise of its endurance; we shall never abandon prayer. Let the priest, then, remain in our midst, to guide and enlighten us. Good-day, Father! Great is our happiness at seeing you.—*The Pilot.*

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

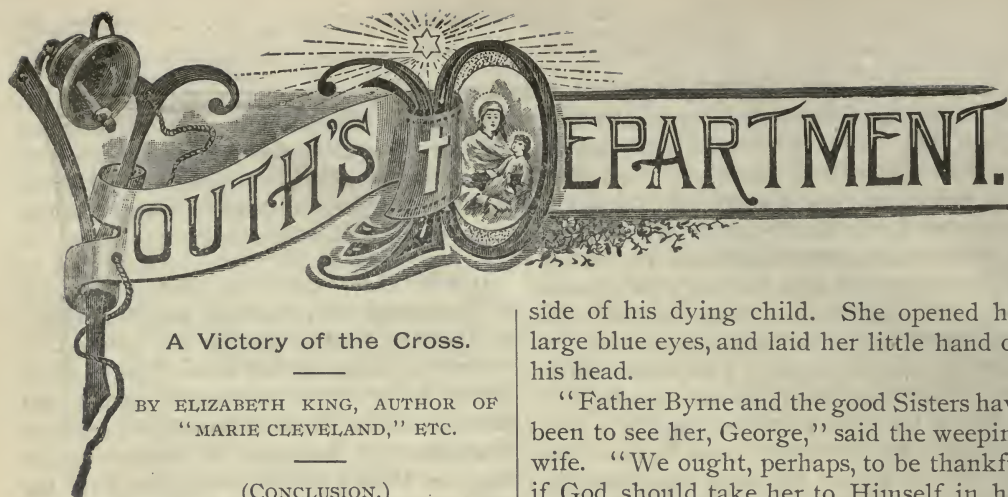
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

Sister Mary Joseph, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who departed this life at the House of Providence, Dundee. She was in the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-fourth of her religious life.

Mr. John Maher, brother of the Rev. Richard Maher, C. S. C., whose happy death took place on the 23d ult., at Anamult, Parish of Danesfert, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland.

Mr. Joseph Mullen, of San Francisco; Mrs. J. Silver, and Mrs. Anna Scully, Santa Clara, Cal. May they rest in peace!



A Victory of the Cross.

BY ELIZABETH KING, AUTHOR OF
"MARIE CLEVELAND," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

Next morning little Mary Weston was very feverish, and too ill to go to school that day; in the evening she became worse. The poor family could not afford to pay for medical advice, but after a while the state of the little patient grew alarming, and a doctor was called in. He said the child was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, and was too weak to rally. Mr. Weston fairly broke down. "I can not bear it, Kate," he said, when the doctor had taken leave; "I shall lose my mind!"

"Oh! do not talk so, George; have courage, and try to keep up, for my sake, at least," answered the afflicted wife, hiding her tears.

Mr. Weston then arose and left the house. He could not eat the dainty meal his wife had prepared for him. He was sad and dejected, and, alas! sought, as many do in the hour of trial, to drown his grief in the fatal cup, that is ever in the poor man's way at the corner of almost every street in every town in England.

Oh! you well-to-do people, who can procure so many alleviations in the hour of sickness and sorrow, do not judge the poor man too harshly when he yields to the temptation that is ever haunting him. When you see an inebriate, pray for him, and do your utmost to destroy the snares that lie in his path.

When Mr. Weston returned home in the evening his poor wife saw at a glance how he had passed the day. But he was sober now, and sank down on his knees by the

side of his dying child. She opened her large blue eyes, and laid her little hand on his head.

"Father Byrne and the good Sisters have been to see her, George," said the weeping wife. "We ought, perhaps, to be thankful if God should take her to Himself in her baptismal innocence. Still, it is hard to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

The poor, heart-broken father groaned.

"Papa, pray," gasped the sinking child.

"You must pray for me, my little angel; I can not pray."

"You must make the Sign of the Cross first, papa."

These were her last words. Oh! how they haunted the fond parent for days and weeks after this last and choicest gift from Heaven had been laid in her little turf-clad grave! It seemed like a dream that this delicate flower had been cut off, so suddenly did she droop and die.

Father Byrne and the Sisters of Mercy were very kind to the bereaved family. They sought out a better situation for Mr. Weston, and procured needlework for his wife. They visited them occasionally, and offered the consolation and encouragement which only Christians who love God can give. Gradually the poor father and mother became resigned, feeling assured that their little darling was praying for them in Paradise.

Mr. Weston did not enter the tavern again. Whenever the temptation came—and come it would—the words of his dying child rang in his ear—"You must make the Sign of the Cross first, papa." And although, strange to say, he had not yet succeeded in making that sacred sign, he was always trying to do so. The human heart is ever deceitful and perverse. Mr. Weston was a proud man, and there was something

humiliating, he thought, in the very sight of a cross. Truly did holy Simeon prophesy that the divine Child was a sign that should be contradicted, and the symbol of the Cross is a terror to those who fear to follow the Crucified One.

One night Mr. Weston had a singular dream. He thought he was sitting on the bank of a stream, bordered on the opposite side by a beautiful garden; lovely flowers, such as he had never seen before, grew there in luxuriant profusion, diffusing their delicate perfume through the soft, summer air. "How sweet," he sighed, "it would be to remain here forever, with Kate and the little ones!" Presently his angel-child appeared on the opposite bank, and held out her hands, as if beseeching him to come to her. He arose to swim across, but was held back by some invisible power. He tried to tell Mary he wished to come but could not. In a voice of unearthly sweetness the child said: "You must make the Sign of the Cross first, papa."

Then he awoke, and—lo! it was only a dream; but, like Jacob's dream, it impressed him. Three times in her life his precious child had said those same words to him. Now it seemed as if she really spoke from the spirit world.

Mrs. Weston was grieved to see how obstinately her husband refused to make the sacred but simple sign of our holy Faith. She knew not the cunning devices Satan makes use of to hinder souls from entering the port of salvation. Pride and self-will held the poor man captive.

One morning Mr. Weston did not come home at eight o'clock to his breakfast, as usual. A quarter of an hour passed, another quarter, and he did not appear. Mrs. Weston grew very uneasy, and was just preparing to go to the place where her husband worked, when he came up to the door.

"I fear I have alarmed you, dear, but you'll be glad to hear that I have been to Mass. When passing the church I could not resist going in; and as Father Byrne, at the end of the service, turned to the people with upraised hand and made the Sign of

the Cross, I dropped on my knees and made it too."

The poor wife burst into tears. "Our angel-child has been praying for us. Father Byrne and the Sisters said she would not fail to do so."

Mr. Weston carried Mary's Catechism in his pocket, studying it in his leisure moments, until he finally received the Sign of the Cross on his brow in conditional Baptism, and was made a child of the Church.

When, after a time they rose to better circumstances, the good couple adopted the little daughter of two emigrants from the Green Isle, who had died of fever within a week of each other, and with their latest breath had requested Mr. and Mrs. Weston to take care of their little girl. Faithfully the childless parents fulfilled the trust, and they loved the gentle orphan for the sake of Him who said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In that day when the Sign of the Son of Man shall appear in the heavens, little Mary may welcome her parents in the land where the Cross will be exchanged for a beautiful and unfading crown.

From Tipperary to Texas.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIBBY BUTLER.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

V.

Colonel Lynch and Tibby were standing on the "Texas" of the *Marquette*, as that steamer cleared from the levee at St. Louis. Such an expanse of river Tibby had never seen before; and, as the steamer's head was turned fully down stream, the mighty bridge uniting the States of Missouri and Illinois, making the great measure of that expanse all the more apparent, came in for a share of his admiration.

"Now, my boy," said the Colonel, swelling with Southwestern pride, "here is a river for you! There is nothing like it in the Old Country, nor in the East either, for

the matter of that. This is the Great West—the land of great things!”

“It’s little land I see here,” said Tibby, musingly, “but a deal of water certainly. I saw the Shannon once, but it’s nothing to this; and as for Thomond Bridge at Limerick, I’m thinking it wouldn’t make a span of that bridge.”

“That church off to the left,” the Colonel said, pointing to a little cross-tipped spire projecting above the fringe of woods on the low-lying Illinois shore, “is in Cahokia, a settlement made by Catholics about two hundred years ago.”

Tibby respectfully raised his hat as he caught a glimpse of the ancient fane. “Are they all Catholics in this Great West?” he asked.

“No, indeed,” the Colonel replied; “but Catholics are numerous here. It was Catholics who discovered, explored, and first settled all this vast region. The first white men to see this great river and to navigate it were the chivalrous Spaniard De Soto, and those noble Christian heroes, Father Marquette, a Jesuit priest; Father Hennepin, a Franciscan friar of the branch called ‘Recollets’; and that adventurous and high-minded Norman, Robert Cavelier de la Salle. In fact, there is scarcely a river, lake, mountain chain, valley, prairie, forest, or desert of importance in North America, that was not visited, mapped, and described by Catholics before even a Protestant settler appeared.”

And thus on the course down the Mississippi River, the Colonel from day to day gave Tibby much interesting and valuable information regarding the geography, history, and present condition of the States they passed on their way. Tibby meanwhile was exercising his powers of observation to the utmost.

The “Ethiopians,” as he still continued to call the colored folk, were a never-ending delight and amusement to the boy. At some of the plantations the levee would swarm with them, on the approach of the steamer, like flies in a sugar-barrel. Such black faces as some of the pickaninnies had,

and such immense black eyes as they turned on Tibby! And when they opened their mouths to laugh at his wondering expression, his wonder increased at the size of their mouths, the whiteness of their teeth, and the redness of the yawning caverns beyond, of which their mouths seemed to be merely the orifices.

After a few days at New Orleans, the journey was resumed by railroad. Instead of the wintry skies which Tibby had watched a week before in the North, all here was in the season of early Summer. The land in most places teemed with richness, yet no one seemed to be at work. Great mobs of people, white and black, crowded the platforms at almost every station they passed, just as if they had never seen a railroad train before.

Colonel Lynch slept in his seat a great part of the day, but Tibby could never have been induced to close his eyes for an instant. There was too much that was strange to be seen. But the gray moss hanging from the cypress trees in the gloomy swamps, through which the road runs in Southwestern Louisiana, saddened him, and caused him to think of death and funerals.

“Oh! the Lord between us and harm!” he muttered, excitedly; “what’s that? Is it a frog? And is that the sort of beast they say St. Patrick drove out of Ireland? Oh! but I am glad there are no frogs at home! And are all the frogs here black, like so many of the people?”

The Colonel had opened his eyes from a nap the moment before, and he looked out the car window in the direction indicated by Tibby’s finger, at something that was moving slowly out of the water upon a little island tufted with coarse grass. “That is an alligator,” he said, laughing; “and if you keep a good lookout—as I have no doubt you will—you will see more of them before the day is over. These swamps and bayous in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Mexico are full of them.”

For the next two days, after crossing the Sabine River into Texas, the way lay through a generally flat country. Grassy

plains stretched out, and over these innumerable herds of cattle roamed without seeming let or hindrance.

"What queer bullocks they are, to be sure!" remarked Tibby once, as these animals scampered off on the approach of the flying railroad train. "See the little bodies of them, and the great horns! Between the horns and the hoofs I am thinking there is little room for beef. They are not like the cattle we have at home."

"You mean the cattle the landlords in Ireland have!" said Colonel Lynch, dryly. "The cattle in Ireland are fat, and the people lean. But in this great New World of ours, though our cattle run to horns and hoofs, the people seldom want for beef."

Occasionally the Colonel directed Tibby's attention to wide, enclosed fields, where negroes were cultivating cotton or sugar; but the boy's interest was chiefly centred in the cattle, and in the fine horsemanship of the *vaqueros*, or cowboys, who now and then reined up their little horses to take a look at the passing train, or dashed in among their herds.

"I'll never be able to ride at all, I am afraid; and certainly not like that," said Tibby, in a discouraged way, as he observed how these cowboys sat their horses. "At home, when a man rides he has the knees bent, and he can rise from his stirrups as he likes. But these might as well have no stirrups at all, though their stirrups are big enough and gay enough with all that leather, I'll be bound!"

"There is a great difference," the Colonel replied, "between the American style of riding and that you have been accustomed to see in the Old Country. But if you were to attempt the Old Country style with one of these little *broncos*, or ponies, the beast would have you over its head in an instant. Then the American sits down on his saddle, and steers with his legs, and thus gives the horse's mouth some mercy; and the American who knows how to ride at all looks like a horseman. But your Old Country rider squats on his stirrups, and bobs up and down like a 'Jack-in-the-box.'

Oh! I've no fear, Tibby, but you'll ride like a Texan before next Christmas; and I think Texans and Mexicans the finest horse-men in the world for general service."

The sun was setting behind the rugged foot-hills as Colonel Lynch and Tibby alighted from the stage, which had carried them a day's journey from the railroad. A dozen horses or more formed the background of a welcoming group, which included Mrs. Lynch, a pleasant-faced lady; Philip Lynch, the Colonel's oldest child; and two little ones, besides a baby carried in the arms of a fat negress, its nurse. The rest of the party were Dan Carroll, originally from Kentucky, who was the foreman of Colonel Lynch's ranch, and a half-dozen *vaqueros*, some of them "Mexicans"—that is to say, Texans of mixed Spanish and Indian blood—and the others Americans.

There were many congratulations, and amid them it was evident that curiosity as to Tibby was mingled with gladness at his safe arrival; for the Colonel had written on in advance to prepare them for this recruit for the establishment. Even the thin-nosed, colly dogs, that were running in and out among the excited party, after taking a sniff or two at Tibby's legs, appeared to be satisfied that he was made of the right material.

When the first hearty greetings were over, Colonel Lynch led Tibby forward, and said: "In order to save time, allow me to introduce to you all Master Theobald Walter Butler, late of Tipperary, but now of Texas. He is to be one of my family, and I have no doubt you all will be as much pleased with the young gentleman as I am. Now prepare to mount!"

Within a few minutes Tibby and Phil Lynch were as thick as two peas in a pod.

"That's a long halter you have on your saddle," said Tibby to Phil, pointing to the coil of smooth rawhide line that hung on the saddle which Phil was carrying, as the two boys went to take their horses.

"Now, Tibby," Phil answered, "pop has written to us that you are what we

call down here an 'ainusin' cuss,' but I reckon you'd better not begin to make sport of me, because I have not travelled as much as you have. I am to go to college next year, pop says. That is a lasso, if you please, not a halter."

The entire party began to mount. The Colonel assisted Mrs. Lynch to her saddle, and placed the baby on the great horn of the saddle in front of her. One of the toddlers he placed behind the black nurse on another horse, the other he took with himself on his own horse. Tibby, after some little trouble, having been adjusted Texan-fashion to his seat on a little sorrel nag, the Colonel gave the word, and all heads were turned towards the foot-hills, where the buildings of Connemara Ranch were just visible through the clear atmosphere of the semi-tropical twilight. What a race it was! How the men hurraed and the dogs yelped in the helter-skelter run for home!

"Sure, I'll split on this saddle, Phil!" Tibby shouted.

"I reckon you'd better not split," shouted back Phil, who was several lengths in advance. "There would be two of you then, and that would be more of fun and of Tipperary than the ranch could stand. It is a good thing you haven't spurs on, or you'd drive that *bronco* wild," he added, as he reined up, and critically examined the manner in which Tibby managed his legs and feet. "Lower your heels, and turn out your toes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Father's Course.

"If more fathers would take a course with their sons similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think it hard at the time, but they'd thank them in after life."

"What course was it?" asked a bystander.

"Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college, and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish no-

tions of having a good time. Later on I expected father to start me in business—after I'd 'swelled' round a while. Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved, if possible, to prevent my self-destruction.

"If the boy's got the right stuff in him, let him show it," I heard father say to mother one day. 'I worked hard for my money, and I don't intend to let Ned squander it, and ruin himself besides.'

"That very day father handed me fifty dollars, remarking, 'Ned, take this; spend it as you choose, but understand this much: It's the last dollar of my money you can have till you prove yourself capable of earning money, and taking care of it.'

"I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out: 'I—why—I—I want to go into business.'

"Business!" exclaimed father, contemptuously; 'what do you know about business? Get a clerkship, and learn the A, B, and C, before you talk to me of business.'

"And father left me to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money he ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property. I felt hard and bitter then—felt that my father was a stingy old fogey, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my energy—just what he intended, I suppose. I looked about for a situation, and finally accepted a clerkship in a large retail store, at four hundred dollars a year.

"Another bit of my father's 'stinginess' at this time was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year. At the end of my first year I had laid aside two hundred dollars, and the next year, my salary being raised a hundred, I had five hundred laid by. At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with fifteen hundred dollars of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money—\$2,000, at 6 per cent. interest. To-day I am called a successful business man. Those lessons in self-denial and industry which he gave me put manhood into me.

"Years afterwards, father told me it was the severest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy; but he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we laughed over that two-dollar board bill."



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 31, 1886.

No. 5.

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Vivam in Dies.

BY E. P. RYDER.

WHAT shall befall me on my onward way
I know not, and am glad I do not know.
Enough that I may clearly see each day
The measure of the journey I must go.
Did not the dear Lord kindly veil our eyes,
Forthcoming ills would seem too great to
bear;
And we should lose the sense of glad surprise
That comes as we His generous blessings
share.

"This day our daily bread!" 'Tis thus we
pray;
The morrow with the present hath no part;
So, if I plainly see my path to-day,
What need have I to further vex my heart?
So, Lord, with simple faith I rest in Thee,
Content to go where'er Thou leadest me.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Ireland.

BY JAMES KEEGAN.

THE world at large is learning a
good deal worth knowing about
the "Isle of saints and sages," yet
there is still much to be told, not less use-
ful or interesting. The thought that most
naturally arises to one's mind who has
carefully read Irish history is, How there
can be an Irish nation at all—how the peo-

ple could have remained Catholic through
such terrible slaughter, famine, social deg-
radation, and enforced ignorance; above
all, how it is possible that they have made
such an impress on the civilization of other
countries. Causes in plenty are assigned for
all this. Macaulay thought the Irish re-
mained Catholic out of hatred for England
—a very foolish opinion for a wise man.
Their enemies always seem rather annoyed
at their survival, but, when pressed for a
reason, fairly give it up for a puzzle that
passes comprehension. The great Father
Burke came nearer to the real solution of
this question than any writer that I have
met with. He ascribed the survival of the
Faith in Ireland, and consequently of the
Irish people, to the saying of the Beads.

Of all outside the Church of God I know
none, except Mr. Ruskin, who any longer
seem able to see the hand of God working
out His will through the actions and de-
signs of men. In the case of Ireland, a
man must admit, if he have any perception
of the spiritual, that to Irish faith Irish
nationality owes its existence. The strug-
gle of Ireland is, and ever has been, that
of the Faith against heresy, of law against
rebellion, of Catholic loyalty against sec-
tarian selfishness, and at last it has resolved
itself into that of religion against irreligion.
The Irish religious influence is among the
greatest active forces in the world to-day.
Ireland is a fountain-head of faith unde-
filed, and of fervor glowing like the sun.
That all this should be owing to her de-

votion to Our Blessed Lady is not a little encouraging and consoling to her children all over the world.

Once more—and it may be for the hundredth time—it becomes necessary to refer to the English persecution of the Irish Faith. Under Elizabeth this became for the first time perfectly and completely organized. Elizabeth was not a religious woman; neither were her ministers, courtiers, nor Protestant clergymen at all God-fearing or pious men. The ablest English Protestant writers of this century have called these Elizabethan “reformers” a party of the greatest hypocrites and scoundrels that the world has seen; they cared little about the souls of the Irish, but they cared a great deal about their lands. They knew very well the Irish would not apostatize, and so they made their adhesion to the Faith treasonable, and punishable by fine, confiscation, and death. The Elizabethan wars were the most barbarous and brutal carried on in Europe since the time of the Huns and Vandals. They destroyed one-third, or, as some say, one-half of the population of Ireland. The total number of human victims from the sword, or famine caused by the deliberate contrivance of the English leaders, has been reckoned from one-half to over three-quarters of a million.

Poor S. Hubert Burke, in one of his admirable books, tells how the English slaughtered eight hundred women and children sent to one of the north-coast islands for safety. The husbands and fathers saw this diabolical deed from the main-land, and went nearly mad with grief and rage; but when Elizabeth heard it she was especially pleased. This stony-hearted woman was a terrible scourge to Ireland. Under her, priests, monks, nuns, teachers, and bards were put to death, and in every way exterminated, so that there would be none to teach, encourage, or exhort the people. Eight hundred bloodhounds were trained by Essex to hunt down these malignants. Books were destroyed wherever found; learning was as much as possible stamped out; and the native noblemen who sheltered

and encouraged teachers and writers were all killed, beggared, or exiled. Then such of the poor people as survived were left as sheep without a shepherd.

This was the first terrible blow. After the “*Cailleach ruah*” had gone to her account, the Scotch pedant, James II., came on the scene, to confiscate Ulster, and persecute all Ireland during the remainder of his infamous life. Then reigned and raged Charles I. and his minion, the rascally, black Tom Wentworth, who suffered for his misdeeds at the hands of far greater tyrants and more villainous misdoers. After him came the “Curse of Cromwell.” Cromwell died, but Ireland’s woe lived on. Under the vile and ungrateful Charles II., new penal laws were enacted against the Irish Catholics. William of Orange broke the Treaty of Limerick, and confiscated Ireland once more, and Anne renewed the penal laws. So it has gone on even until our days.

It is very consoling to think that our fathers withstood all dangers and underwent all persecutions for their Faith; and it is our glory that they preserved it. All this is grand and glorious, encouraging and consoling; but may God in His mercy grant that, until the end of the world, no other people shall have to suffer what they suffered! I have read much about these persecutions in books, and I have heard still more that never was written or printed; and, during a residence of more than twenty years on the border of one of Ulster’s Orange manors, I have witnessed somewhat of the evil spirit that animated these persecutors. In my childhood my ears were familiar with tales of underground caves, of long knives and bloody blankets, of murdered priests and burned monasteries; of the vain vow of the Englishman who swore he would not leave a crucifix, beads, or drop of holy water in Ireland; of the proposal of that other, who suggested that the right hand should be cut off every male child in the island, to prevent him from making the Sign of the Cross. What wonder, then, is my wonder that an Irish Catholic survives in Ireland?

In those years so great was the desolation of the Catholics, and so many the difficulties of practising their religious duties, that whole parishes were months without seeing a priest, and all this time there were loose among them the emissaries of a creedless faith and an altarless Church. Moreover, they were "forbid to read," and when master and pupils met, it was on the wild mountain-side "feloniously to learn." All the old Irish books that told of saints and heroes were ruthlessly destroyed, and in their stead were scattered over the land those Protestant tracts, that reeked with filth and blasphemy.

How, then, did the Irish keep the Faith—without teachers, without books, without churches, almost without priests—on occasions when it was treason to love and death to defend the Cross? And yet they did keep it. *Keep* it! There is faith and fervor enough in Ireland to-day to convert the whole world. When I consider this precious treasure, that no persecution could take from my people, and its vigor and vitality, and look abroad, I raise my hands and thank God for all our sufferings; for the prize was worth the pain.

When the prelates and nobles were almost all banished and slain, and the few priests who remained had to live and celebrate the Divine Mysteries in pits, caves, and quarries; when the books were all destroyed, and learning stifled or banished; when there was no church standing in the island, but a price set on the head of priest and Catholic schoolmaster; when all earth had deserted Erin, one hope and help and stay remained—the glorious Queen of Heaven.

He who has knelt at an Irish farmer's fireside, and joined in the Rosary offered up in Gaelic, will understand how that favorite devotion was able to supply the place of church, priest, book and sermon, when and where these were not to be had. I have heard prayers said piously in many languages, but never anything like these Gaelic Rosaries. The prayers and responses were recited in a chanting tone, which very

much resembled the tone in which our college choir used to sing the Lamentations of Jeremias during Holy Week. The poor people put all the hope and trust and sorrow of their hearts into these prayers. You felt that they knew they were not praying to a Father who was far away from them, or to a Mother who took little care of them. They realized the presence of God as we do that of a tangible, visible human friend. Their love for the Mother of God was something that can be appreciated by sympathetic hearts, but can not be described in words. In those terrible times they had neither picture nor statue of the sweet Madonna, but they seemed to need none.

This veneration for the Blessed Virgin is as old as the Faith in Erin. I have met in very old poems Our Lord's title as "Son of the Virgin Mary." There is a famous Old Irish Litany of Clonsost, composed about A. D. 725, that in beauty, fervor, and piety, surpasses all others except that of Loreto. One of its petitions runs: *A bhantigherna chumachtach nimhe acas talmhan dilegh ar cinta acas ar peccadai!*—"O powerful Queen of Heaven and Earth, wash off our crimes and sins!" Here, again, is a stanza from a beautiful poem by Aengus O'Daly, Abbot of Boyle, that was written about the time Henry VIII. was driving out of England the veneration of Mary:

"Ni maith thuillim teagh nimhe
D'fhaghail, acht le a h-impidhe;
Righ an tighe nar threigidh me
'Snar threigidh, Muire mese!"*

From the following passage of the "Annals of Loch Ce" we learn that before the so-called Reformation Ireland abounded with representations of the Blessed Virgin: "The most miraculous image of Mary—which was at *Baile Atha Truim*, and which the Irish people all honored for a long time before,—which used to heal the blind, the deaf, the lame, and every disease in

* I do not well deserve to obtain the home of heaven; but, through Her intercession, may the King of the household abandon me not, and may Mary not forsake me!

like manner—was burned by the Saxons. And not only that, but there was not a holy cross, nor an image of Mary, nor other celebrated image in Erin, over which their power reached, that they did not burn." So the Irish had images of Mary held in high honor before the "civilization" of the burning Saxons! The Saxons destroyed all the material representations, but they could not burn the image deeply graved on the people's hearts.

It was once charged against O'Ruark, Lord of Breffni, that he who so highly revered the image of Mary, Mother of God, and of the saints, dragged Queen Elizabeth's picture at his horse's tail; whereon the doomed hero replied: "Ah! but there is a great difference between our saints and your Queen!"

The persecutions of the Irish for conscience' sake brought those dangers to faith and morals that always follow in the wake of barbarous and long-continued wars. The Irish were not the men to stand quietly by while themselves and all they loved, revered, and hoped for on earth and in heaven were being destroyed and blasphemed. They fought like brave men in the field, as long as there was a chance, and when the open war was over, and the work of Saxon "legal" spoliation commenced, seeing themselves hunted down like wild beasts, they prepared schemes of resistance and vengeance. Were it not for religious influences, they would have slaughtered the English planters—men, women, and children—on highway and byway, as the planters slaughtered them. But, as an American gentleman once said to me, "Irishmen have too much conscience to become dagger revolutionists." In those terrible times of passion and cruelty, well might every Irishman say, in the lines of the lamented John Keegan:

"The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
And more than I ask for or wish for is there;
But I must not taste the good things that I see:
There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me.

O mild Virgin Mary!

O sweet Mother Mary!

Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee?"

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

IT would have been difficult to imagine a more unimportant conversation, Philip would have said, had his opinion respecting it been asked. But this opinion would only have proved how little he, in common with many others, was able to judge of what was truly important; for this trivial conversation became the means by which the subject of the Percivals was opened to his uncle.

It was Constance who began to talk at luncheon about Miss Percival and her voice. "Philip and Jack Bellamy say that it is quite wonderful," she observed to her aunt. "I wonder we have never heard of her." "We have not come in the way of it," Mrs. Thornton answered, composedly; but Philip observed that she gave a quick glance at her husband.

"Well, I am quite determined to come in the way of it," continued Constance. "Philip says that she sings in the Cathedral choir, and I am going there to hear her."

"I did not know that you were so much interested in fine voices," said her aunt.

"I am just now—for a purpose," the young lady answered. "We are going to get up an operetta after Easter for—really I forget what, but some charity. So of course we want all the good voices we can find. We shall count on yours," she added, with a glance at Philip.

"Who are 'we'?" he asked.

Constance ran over half a dozen names of ladies who were conspicuous in fashionable society, and in the discussion which ensued nothing more was said of Miss Percival and her voice. Mr. Thornton, with an impassive countenance, had altogether ignored the conversation, but Philip felt that it made an opening for the suggestion he wished to offer.

Still, even with this opening, it was not

an easy task that he proposed to himself, and his heart was beating a little more quickly than usual when he followed his uncle into the library, where the latter usually retreated on Sunday afternoon. He was sitting by one of the windows in a large chair, a paper open on his knee, and a cigar in his fingers, when Philip entered. His ruddy face, with its whitening hair and beard stood out in relief against the dark back of the chair, and he looked up with a smile as his nephew entered.

"Well, Phil," he said, "have you come to join me in a quiet smoke?"

"With your permission, sir," the young man answered. "And also, if you do not object, to speak to you on a particular subject."

"By all means," said Mr. Thornton, looking interested. "What is the subject?"

Philip hesitated an instant, but he felt that it was better to make a bold plunge at once.

"It is about—the Percivals," he answered.

If Philip had ever doubted whether the subject of the Percivals would be displeasing to his uncle, those doubts were settled by the change that came over Mr. Thornton's face as soon as he heard the name. His smile vanished instantly, his brows drew down in a frown, and there was anger as well as astonishment in the eyes that looked sharply at his nephew.

"And pray what do you know of the Percivals?" he asked.

"Very little," the young man answered, quietly. "Only that you had at one time a business connection with the head of the family, who is now dead, and that the wife and daughter whom he left are in very reduced circumstances."

"Well?" said Mr. Thornton, dryly, as he paused.

"Well," Philip went on, though his courage sank; "I thought perhaps—if you know this—you might like to—aid them. Even if the man deserved nothing from you, these are helpless women, and I know how generous you are—"

He paused, for there was little encouragement to proceed in the hardening face before him. What a stern face it might be the young man realized at this moment for the first time. No offender looking at it but must have felt the uselessness of any appeal for mercy. Philip understood, even before the close-set lips opened, that his suggestion had been made in vain.

"It strikes me," said Mr. Thornton, very coldly, "that, granting my generosity, I might be allowed to select the objects on whom to exercise it. If these Percivals, in whom you take a very singular interest, are in reduced circumstances, that is altogether the fault of the man who ruined himself, and very nearly ruined me, by unprincipled speculation. I am not in the least bound to aid or to provide for them."

"Bound—no," replied Philip; "I only thought that you might wish to do so. The man who ruined himself did *not* ruin you," he said, involuntarily glancing around the luxurious room.

"Because I was able to take care of myself," answered Mr. Thornton. "You do not feel it necessary to support the thief who attempted to rob you of your purse because he failed in doing so? The case is parallel. Percival did not ruin me, because I looked in time after my own interest. But he jeopardized my whole fortune, and gave me so much anxiety and trouble that I never wish to hear his name mentioned."

"You must pardon me for mentioning it," said Philip. "I could not know that you regarded the matter in such a light. I only knew that the man had been associated with you once, and that he had failed in life, while you—succeeded."

The florid color left Mr. Thornton's face, and there was a sudden light of something almost like defiance in his eyes as he lifted them.

"That he failed was his own fault," he repeated. "But I have reason to ask an explanation of your interest in these people. How is it that you have come to know them?"

"I do not know them," Philip answered.

"I have only seen the daughter, and heard of their circumstances. It occurred to me that you might like to aid them, and so I spoke. Pardon me if I have taken too great a liberty."

"You have made a mistake, which I hope you are not likely to repeat," said the other, coldly. "I allow no interference in my private affairs, and suggestions are of the nature of interference. What I think best that I do, without regard to the opinions of people around me. I dealt with Percival in a manner which some meddlers condemned, but I paid not the least heed to them. What he owed me I exacted. How he fared afterwards was no concern of mine; and if his wife and daughter are destitute, they have no claim on my compassion or my purse. Now I trust that you are satisfied, and I must request that the subject shall not be opened again."

"I can not possibly have any desire to open it again," answered Philip, in a low tone.

He said nothing more, but, turning, walked across the room and stood for a minute or two before the fireplace, looking down at the red brands on the hearth. He was strangely unnerved by the revelation which had just been made to him,—a revelation that seemed to destroy all his former conception of his uncle, and put in its stead a hard, cruel nature, immovably set toward self-interest. Every generous impulse of the young man's soul revolted, even while he strove to subdue the feeling that overmastered him. He knew that an instinct had always warned him of this side of his uncle's character; and yet it was no less a shock when fully revealed. Speak of the Percivals again! How had he ever been so foolish as to speak of them at all, he wondered, as he gazed absently downward, where his fancies of the morning seemed lying among the dead ashes of the fire.

Mr. Thornton glanced at him once or twice with the frown still on his face, but it was some time before he spoke. At last he asked, abruptly: "Did I understand you to say that you have no acquaintance whatever with these people?"

"Not the least," Philip answered, looking up with a start.

"You are very quixotic, then," said the other, grimly. "It is a fault of youth. But the sooner you begin to cure it the better. The man who wishes to succeed in life can not afford to indulge in sentiment of one kind or another. It will be well to remember that."

He opened his newspaper, and Philip left the room, with those last words echoing in his ears. They seemed a fitting close for the brief interview. And were they not a warning as well as an admonition? He felt that it was likely; and he also felt, with a force which was fairly overwhelming, that if ever he was driven to contest with his uncle any point of that high sentiment which derives its force from conscience, he would find him as immovable as granite, and that he would have to choose between yielding, or seeming to outrage affection and gratitude by resistance.

There are people to whom neither horn of the dilemma would have been very terrible—natures which find compromise easy, or that are strong and hard enough to disregard the feelings of others. But Philip was cast in a mould that rendered him as sensitive to those feelings as to the higher claims of conscience; and he knew that should the two ever be arrayed against each other, the struggle within him would be hard, the suffering keen.

It was a relief to put away such thoughts, to hope that an issue so fraught with pain might never come to pass, and to go out into the bright afternoon with Constance, who persevered in her desire to go to the Cathedral for Vespers. On their way she began to speak of Miss Percival.

"It seems that I made a mistake in talking of her at luncheon," she said. "Aunt Lucia told me afterwards that Uncle James does not like to hear of the family. The father acted very badly to him once. Did you know of it?"

"I have heard something of it," Philip answered. "But it is hard to learn the exact truth of old stories, and until to-day I

was not any more aware than yourself that my uncle would not like to hear the name."

"And how did you find it out to-day?—did he speak to you about it?"

"Yes—or, rather, I spoke, and he—answered me. There is no doubt of his dislike to the Percivals; and, on the whole, it will be well to avoid discussing them before him in future."

"One can not easily discuss a subject of which one knows nothing," said Constance.

"You forget that I never heard of them before, and all that I know now is that Miss Percival has a voice. How much more do you know?"

"Not anything at all," Philip answered, with a laugh, which was somewhat directed against himself. For surely it *was* quixotic to have concerned himself so much about people of whom he knew so little, and with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance.

"Well, I am interested in her voice," pursued Constance. "I hope it will prove to be fine, and that she will agree to sing for us."

Philip's instinct told him that Miss Percival would not agree to do anything of the kind; but, since an instinct is not authority, he made no reply, and they presently reached the Cathedral.

As he had anticipated, and warned Constance was probable, the voice which the latter, at least, had come to hear was not heard in Vespers or Benediction. As the beautiful hymns of the latter service began, Philip found himself listening for the silver tones which he thought would have expressed so well the deep devotion of the *O Salutaris* and the *Tantum Ergo*; but he listened in vain. Miss Percival was plainly not in the choir.

They met Bellamy as they came out, and Philip resigned Miss Irving to him, pleading an engagement on his own part. It may have occurred to him, as with a sense of relief he saw them walk away together, that his sentiments were very far from being those of a lover; but he reminded himself that it was impossible he could feel any lover-like eagerness to monopolize Con-

stance's society, when he could enjoy as much of that society every day as he liked.

Certainly the engagement by plea of which he had escaped was not a very important one. Mrs. King had told him when they parted in the morning that she had some music for him. "Come soon and get it," she had said. It seemed to him that this afternoon was a very good time to go. Accordingly he ascended the steps of a house in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, rang the door-bell, and was ushered into a drawing-room filled—rather too much filled—with artistic furniture, and bric-à-brac that Mrs. King had collected in many quarters of the world. He made his way through it with the ease of an accustomed visitor, and found his hostess in her favorite seat near the fire. She held out her hand to him with a smile.

"You have just come in time," she said. "I am glad to have the pleasure of presenting you to Miss Percival. Alice my dear, this is Mr. Thornton, who paid your voice such a pretty compliment this morning that I must ask him to repeat it to you."

Philip turned with an absolute shock of surprise toward the figure, which he had perceived without identifying it, on the other side of the fireplace. Was it possible!—yes, it was Alice Percival herself, who looked at him with her dark eyes, and bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction. If she disliked his acquaintance to be thus forced upon her, there was no sign of such a feeling in her manner, only a courtesy that might be perhaps a little more grave than usual. For himself, Philip felt like an awkward school-boy, utterly bereft of the power of speech. He thought of Graham, and the conviction that his name was an odious sound in her ears seemed to make everything impossible except the deep bow with which he bent before her. Happily for him, Mrs. King went on:

"I tried to remember your compliment, but the words eluded me, and I think it is always a pity to spoil a well-turned phrase by quoting it clumsily. What was it exactly?"

"Not a compliment at all, if you will pardon me," answered Philip, addressing her, but including Miss Percival in his glance; "only a description which struck me when I read it, and which was forcibly recalled to my mind this morning."

He repeated the French sentence a little hurriedly, for he would have preferred another opening to his acquaintance with Miss Percival.

Mrs. King nodded toward the latter. "That," she said, "is a perfect description of your singing, though it comes from a French novel. Strange how those people have the knack of expressing things!"

"If it is a correct description of my singing," replied Miss Percival—and the low, clear tones of her voice seemed to Philip like spoken music—"I think it needs improvement. *Trop idéale pour être humaine*'—surely, we must be human in order to touch humanity."

"There are countless things to touch us on our human side," said Philip, quickly. "But to find something that enables us to forget it, even for a time, that is to help us in our battle against the evil trinity of which we have all heard."

Miss Percival looked at him, and in the gentle gravity of her glance he could not read any trace of the repugnance which he feared that she must feel for him.

"If one could do that," she answered, "it would certainly be well."

"Your voice does it," said Philip. "*On eût dit une âme qui chantait,*" and while one listens one realizes one's own soul. There are many times, you know, when one forgets it."

The ingenuous candor of his tone made her smile. "Yes," she said, "I know that there are such times; but the forgetfulness is surely not great that can be so easily dissipated." Then she rose and turned to Mrs. King. "I am forgetting how time flies," she said; "and mamma will be looking for me."

"So I must not detain you," replied the elder lady; "but promise me that you will come on my next musical evening."

"I can not promise," Miss Percival answered; "but I will try to come, since you really wish it."

"Of course I really wish it," said Mrs. King. "And so do a great many other people."

"The other people do not matter," replied the young lady, with a gesture of indifference; "but *you* do."

She bent down as she spoke, touched her lips to Mrs. King's cheek, bowed slightly to Philip, and passed—a slender, stately figure—down the long room, and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Hour with St. Anne.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

❖ SAINT beloved! I joy to think of thee,
In motherhood so blest,
With Mary, that sweet bud of chastity,
Unfolding on thy breast;
Within thine arms maternal Heaven's Queen
Is sleeping peacefully,
And angels gaze upon the tranquil scene
In tuneful ecstasy.

For in the compass of those baby hands
Lies Israel's fate to-day;
The Incarnate God shall list to her commands,
Her slightest wish obey;
A few short years, and the Archangel's voice
Shall echo round the earth,
Bidding the Jew and Gentile world rejoice
At the Messiah's birth.

Thy great humility and patience rare
Have won this sweet reward,
And thou hast borne, in answer to thy prayer,
The Mother of thy God;
Hearest thou the rustle of angelic wings,
Their canticles divine?—
Has not thy soul some dim foreshadowings
Of Bethlehem's hallowed shrine?

Our Lady's childhood!—how the theme expands
And gladdens all my soul!
Close to thy knee the royal Maiden stands,
Studying the sacred scroll;

An aureole around her brow appears,
Soft murmurings fill the air,
As unseen visitants from heavenly spheres
Hover around thy chair.

Not thine on earth, sweet Saint, the happiness
To witness Mary's bliss,
Thine Infant God to thy full heart to press,
His Sacred Face to kiss.
Early thy mission ended, and thy child,
Led by the Spirit's power,
Dwelt in the Temple, pure and undefiled,
Waiting Redemption's hour.

But I love best, St. Anne, to think of thee
Dying in Mary's arms,
Thy last fond look, this side eternity,
Fixed on her wondrous charms.
Obtain for me, the while I humbly pray
Before thine earthly shrine,
On Mary's breast to breathe my life away,
In transports like to thine.

FEAST OF ST. ANNE, 1886.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV.—(Concluded.)

CLAUDIA'S movement and her sweet words pierced Zilla's heart; her old passionate love for the child asserted itself, strengthened and intensified by a sense of the deadly perils which would henceforth lurk every instant about her; and roused with it an impulse, as fierce as that of a lioness when danger threatens her young, to save her from the evil consequences of the insane delusion under which, by the arts of the Christians, she and her father had fallen.

Fondly the old nurse looked into the questioning, saddened face; the rigor of her grief softened; tender, familiar words fell from her lips; and when she saw how brightly her darling's eyes beamed upon her, illuminating the child's lovely face with an inexpressible charm, an emotion of joy usurped the tumult of Zilla's grief, and, drawing the golden head to her bosom, she laid her cheek upon it in the old, caressing

way, holding her close to her throbbing heart, as if to shield her from the vengeance of Fate.

"Now, now do I know it is thou, *madre bella mia!*" exclaimed the happy child, releasing herself, but still holding Zilla's hand. "Let us go to the gardens—to the old, beautiful places, which I have not yet seen, where I will tell thee of Him who has given me sight, and whose name is in my heart; for thou lovest me, and wilt also love Him for being so good to me; wilt thou not, *madre bella?*"

Zilla yielded to the sweet constraint of her hand, without speaking; for what could she answer to an appeal so confiding? But Claudia did not notice; her innocent heart was in such a divine glow with the new joy which had that day entered it, and her eyes were so ravished by the beauties of nature, over which it seemed to shed a light "not seen of men," that there was no place left for shadows or anxious thought.

As they crossed the beautiful, level spaces that lay between the villa and the gardens,—spaces checkered by a thousand flickering golden shadows,—Claudia caught sight of her father going in the direction of the stables, and, asking Zilla to wait a moment, she ran towards him; he saw her coming, and stopped, watching her approach, his heart full of an indescribable emotion. Oh! how brightly shone the eyes but a few hours ago blind! What a depth of love beamed from them as they met his! He leaned down and kissed her head.

"O *padre mio!*" she said, "hast thou seen Symphronius? No? Go, then, and make glad his heart by telling him all that is in thine; for he knows and loves Him who opened my blind eyes."

"My old Symphronius too!" exclaimed Nemesius, while tears filled his eyes. "I will go at once"; and, turning he went back, while the child tripped away to her nurse, catching at the butterflies as they fluttered overhead, or pausing an instant to smell and touch with her dainty fingers some glowing flower beside her path, until her hand was once more in the clasp of Zilla's,

and their steps turned towards the cascade.

After his interview with the old steward, Nemesius rode out to his camp, where, after attending to military details, and reviewing certain evolutions in some newly adopted tactics, he returned to the villa, to find a messenger from the Emperor awaiting him, and bearing a letter written in his Majesty's own almost illegible hand, requesting his presence at the palace that evening,—a request which, coming from him, meant a command.

Arriving at the palace, Nemesius found the rich and spacious apartments thronged with such of Rome's distinguished patriars as had not left the city for their summer homes on the Latian coast, or gone to their mountain villas; also military personages, orators, wits, and scholars; for Valerian Imperator affected to be a patron of literature and learning. Among the guests were many beautiful women, whose sparkling eyes and rich garments gave brightness and variety to the scene.

On entering he was met by one of the Emperor's pages, who informed him that his imperial master had retired to his cabinet, and awaited his presence. It had been some weeks since the handsome commander of the Imperial Legion had shown himself at the palace, and he found his progress impeded by many, who, imagining he was there of his own pleasure, thronged around him with friendly greeting and pleasant words.

Gravely courteous, a whispered word of his being on his way to the Emperor released him from their well-intentioned importunities, and, anticipating no further interruptions, he passed on, looking neither to the right nor the left, until when near the draped entrance through which he was to pass into the anteroom of the imperial cabinet, he heard a sweet, low voice, meant for his ear only, saying: "Not a word or a look for a friend?" Turning quickly, he confronted Laodice, who, attired in soft, gold-colored Eastern silk, set off by draperies of scarlet Syrian gauze, spangled with gold, and jewels rare and sparkling, looked daz-

zingly beautiful. As the glance of Nemesius rested for a moment on her, the color deepened in her cheeks, and her eyes shone under their long, black fringes with half-veiled splendor.

"My friends forgive my inattention as soon as they hear that the Emperor has sent for me, and that I am on my way to his presence," he replied, in gravely courteous tones; and the Roman gentleman would have passed on without further parley, but, advancing nearer to him, she said:

"Spare me just a moment! I would hear something of thy lovely child, and news of the dear Princess Vivia."

So near had she come that some of her fringes and gauze drapings had caught and got tangled about the hilt of his sword, which he, intent only on the object for which he was there, did not at first perceive.

"Claudia is well, and happy to be at home among her flowers. Fabian is the correspondent of the Princess; but he is hunting somewhere in Umbria, so that I have really heard nothing from her since her departure," he answered, and would have gone on, but discovered his awkward dilemma, and made an effort to disentangle his sword, but, manlike, only tore the flimsy gauze, which seemed to elude his grasp, and made matters worse.

While thus busied, she full of apologies, his hand came in contact with the lithe, cool fingers of Laodice, who, under pretence of assisting to separate the mischievous tangle, contrived to make it more inextricable. She felt that he started, and drew back from her touch as if an asp had stung him, and said in her most dulcet tones: "Why always cold only to me, Nemesius?" He seemed not to hear her, but, making a step backward, slipped the scabbard from his sword, which was left dangling to her fringes and scarf; then, with a grave bow, he left her with the trophy she had so unfairly won, and a few minutes later entered the Emperor's cabinet, with a shadow of annoyance on his countenance, showing how intolerably the incident had made itself felt.

Valerian, always impatient and irascible, growled and gave him cold greeting; but when the delay was explained, the situation struck his sense of the ridiculous, and a low rumble of laughter, which threatened to end in apoplexy, told that he was appeased.

"By the gods!" he exclaimed, as soon as he recovered breath, "it was a cunning trick Cupid played thee, my grave commander; and, since he has caught thy sword in his net, it is to be supposed thy heart will be the next to surrender."

"My heart, great Emperor, had already made its choice and complete surrender before this awkward accident occurred," answered Nemesius, whose words had a significance of deeper import than his hearer dreamed of.

"By Apollo! that is news I am glad to hear; but it does not surprise me; for it is the cold, silent ones who are not only sly, my Nemesius, but like snow-mantled volcanoes, that burst into flame at unexpected moments, and just when people begin to think they are frozen," said Valerian, in his throaty, rumbling tones, evidently well pleased at his own wit; "but," he continued, "there are matters of more importance of which I desire to inform thee, knowing how zealous thou art for the glory and honor of Rome. Information comes that the army of the Persian monarch has fallen back from his frontier, and that he has dispatched an envoy hither with proposals which will not be known until he arrives. Sapor is a crafty fellow, and, although I have no faith in him, I shall humor his mood to a certain extent, until some expected treasures come into my hands, wherewith I may be enabled to carry on the war with more destructive effect. Thou hast heard—nothing else has been talked of in Rome—about a Christian named Laurence, and his sorceries at the house of Hippolytus, and all that happened?"

Nemesius had, indeed, heard, but simply bowed in the affirmative, and held his peace by a mighty effort, but from no craven impulse, as may be imagined.

"Under dread of torture, this blasphemer of the gods has promised to reveal where the treasures of the Christians are concealed. They are reported to be immense. After I possess myself of them I will reward both him and Hippolytus—yes, by the infernal gods! such reward as will astonish them and delight Rome. Listen! I have been reading some of the Greek classics, and found not only new ideas, but certain novel methods; and I have also some splendid unbroken horses from the plains of Northern Asia, to illustrate an exciting episode. I have thought, too, of a new feast for the gods—a roast undreamed of in the culinary art, the fumes of which will be as incense sweeter than the nard of Assyria, and the cinnamon and spices of Arabia. We will propitiate the divinities with more Christian blood, until the earth smokes with it; then, all being ready, we'll plant the Roman eagles on the hills of Persia, and bring Sapor in chains to Rome to grace our triumph."

And so the tyrant boasted until his face grew purple, and his eyes glared with such diabolical fury that he failed to observe the countenance of Nemesius, which was bent upon him with a stern expression of prophetic warning, whilst his lips could scarcely keep back the words that would declare him a Christian. But the time had not yet come for this, and the Spirit of Love that had led him into the very vestibule of Truth restrained him for a more perfect and glorious testimony.

When at last he was permitted to leave the imperial presence, a slave of Laodice—the Cypriot—was in waiting with Nemesius' sword, which he presented with profound obeisance, and a letter, that he placed in the hand of the commander, then instantly and without a word withdrew, gliding away somewhere in the darkness like a shadow.

That night before he slept Nemesius, assisted by the old steward, removed and destroyed the shrine in his apartment, before which he had for many years offered idolatrous worship to the god whose image in gold stood thereon,—the god to whom

he had daily poured the morning libation of wine mixed with frankincense, and at eventide burnt costly Arabian gums and spices. The image, plate, small brazier, and cup, all of gold, and fine workmanship, he battered together into a shapeless mass, and directed Symphronius—who from henceforth was the confidential agent of his charities—to sell the metal, and give the price to the poor. He commanded further that before the sunset of another day all the images of the *Lares* and *Penales*, and every vestige of idolatry, should be removed to the cellar, and there broken, afterwards cast into a pit to be burnt for lime.

Then, commending his soul to God, and invoking the Holy Name of His divine Son, he retired to rest, after a day into which had been crowded an eternity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What the Contents of a Casket Recalled.

AGAIN and again I contemplated the singular ornaments of Mme. des Obeaux's apartments. There were trophies, panoplies, pictures of men with fierce countenances armed *cap-a-pie*, and officers of fine martial bearing—all keeping company with an aged, infirm woman. The whole called forth, in this peaceful solitude, so many *souvenirs* of tumult and war, of assaults and bloody battles, as to suggest a flourish of military trumpets arousing and agitating the echoes of a hallowed cloister. But my attention was especially attracted by a casket, lined with crimson velvet, and enclosed in a box of ebony, which contained side by side a Cross of the Legion of Honor and a common, insignificant-looking knife. Why was that knife (which, with its handle of box-wood and blade of rusted iron, could not have cost more than fifteen cents when fresh from the hands of the cutler) laid on rich velvet beside that noble decoration?

Mme. des Obeaux, observing my perplexed look, said: "Those are very precious mementos."

"What, Madame!—that old knife, as well as the cross?"

"Yes," she replied, in soft and gentle tones, as she raised her eyes to the portrait of a young *spahi* suspended just opposite her, and which, brightened by the rays of the morning sun, seemed to return her glance of deep affection. "If you like, I will tell you the sad though consoling memories they recall?"

"I shall listen with the greatest pleasure."

"Some ten or twelve years ago, during the Summer, I occupied a pretty cottage in a large village situated between Amiens and Paris. Although the house was pleasant, the walks well shaded, and the surrounding fields remarkably fertile, I could not leave the grounds of the country-seat without experiencing a feeling of profound sadness. Close by was the large Foundling Hospital of St. Nicholas; an institution originated by well-meant charity, but now in the hands of revolutionists. If I walked out, I could hear the infants moaning from the depth of their neglected cradles, like lambkins tethered to stakes. Those that could walk wandered among the hedgerows, stopping at the gates of farm-houses to beg for bread; and such as were still further advanced in years were harshly treated, badly fed, only half clad, and finally disposed of, under the title of *Parisians*, to peasants, farmers, and small traffickers. Ah! how my heart ached for those orphans without guardians, those oppressed innocents with no one to plead their cause! How often, too, I thought of the generous founders of this hospice, and asked myself, 'Could they have ever dreamed that their munificent donations would be squandered by such pitiful, demoralizing methods?'

"One day, while sauntering along the border of a flowery meadow, I was stunned by the whizzing of a pebble, that, just grazing my bonnet, finished its course by falling into a little ditch full of germander. I turned, and beheld the young David who had aimed at me, standing with the flap of his blouse full of similar little stones, which he seemed to be intent upon throwing at

somebody or something through pure spite.

"I walked up to him, and gently inquired: 'Why did you throw that stone?'"

"'Are you going to tell on me at the *Grand Nicolas*?' he asked, trying to get off, for I had taken him firmly by the arm.

"'No: I promise you the *Grand Nicolas* shall know nothing about it.'

"'For sure?'"

"'For sure,' I replied.

"'All right,' said the lad; 'for I would get a sound flogging.'

"'I shall neither whip you nor get you whipped; I will even give you ten cents if you drop those pebbles. See, here's the money.'

"'Never did I witness such a mingled expression of joy, surprise, and even consternation, as came over the boy's countenance when I laid the coin in his thin, callous hand.

"'Is that *mine*?' he asked.

"'Yes; what will you do with it?'"

"He reflected a moment, during which I watched him closely. The little fellow was certainly not handsome; he had large, hard features, tanned skin, sharp, black eyes, a restless physiognomy, with an expression so haggard, so suffering, that my heart felt sick at contemplating him. He had evidently never known either care or caress, but had grown up like a wolf's cub in the untrodden forest, deeming every one he met to be his enemy.

"'Well,' I asked, 'have you made up your mind?'"

"'I will lay it aside,' he answered; 'and when I am very hungry it will buy me some bread.'

"'What is your employment in the hospital—for I suppose that is your home?'"

"'Yes:—I keep the geese. My name is Blaise Joyeux.'

"The droll name made me smile, but the poor boy did not observe this, as he had unceremoniously started after his flock of geese, which were wandering into a neighboring field.

"Next day, the day after, and many succeeding days, I went out to meet Blaise tak-

ing care of his giddy flock. I always greeted him with a cordial 'Good-morning!' which he at first received very bashfully, but as I took care to bring him some fruit or biscuits, he gradually grew more familiar with me. The poor child had not many subjects to talk about; his daily themes consisted of his geese and the turf-pits; his foster-father, who often beat him cruelly; his desire to grow up, so that he could go out to service; and his ardent wish to have a pair of new shoes, for the *sabots* were very uncomfortable to walk with on the newly-ploughed grounds.

"One day I asked him what prayers he knew; for I had succeeded in gaining his confidence. The child did not even know the meaning of the word 'prayer,' so I offered to instruct him a little. Never did a missionary to Polynesia meet a subject in greater ignorance of any sort of religious sentiment, or an intellect more thickly veiled in the obscurity of mere matter. However, the lad was docile, and, although in utter mental darkness, his soul had never grovelled in the mire of deliberate sin. In a short time he was able to say the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary'; and, by diluting the responses in the Catechism to words that he comprehended, I succeeded in instructing him in our holy religion, and after some months the curate of the parish permitted him to make his First Communion. I feel sure that God, who loves to dwell in humble hearts, was more than pleased the day He condescended to enter the lowly soul of my poor, unfortunate Blaise.

"Soon after the boy was placed as valet with a respectable farmer, who could not allow him leisure to visit me; but I often received assurances that his daily conduct was good, and that he never omitted to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays. I was very thankful to God for this, and left my *protégé* in His fatherly care.

"My own son now occupied my exclusive attention; he was about to enter the College of St. Cyr, and it appeared to me that I could not give him sufficient proofs of my affection, or impress him too much with the

thought of the happiness of a pure life, in order to fortify him in that perilous moment, when the combat with the seductions of the world would necessarily begin.

"Amaury entered St. Cyr, and I remained alone. I went less frequently to my country house; life in Paris, and the many opportunities offered of assisting in works of charity, were more agreeable to me than absolute solitude, and consequently I had tidings of poor Blaise only when he wrote to thank me for his annual Christmas-box. However, the curate always took care to inform me that my little charge continued to do well, and behave piously.

"In the Spring of 1833 my son returned, convalescent from a wound received in Africa. He brought me the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the first distinction accorded to his youthful courage—that one in the casket. He accompanied me to my cottage in the country, where I passed some cloudless days—free from all anxiety, happy at beholding the child for whom I had offered so many prayers, and whose absence had caused me such keen regret, showing himself as tender, as confiding as ever.

"One day who should make his appearance at the cottage door but Blaise! On the previous evening he had drawn what conscripts style a 'bad number,' but for him a desirable one; for he was delighted to set out on another kind of career. He was, as formerly, taciturn, shy, almost rough in his manners. As he was leaving I whispered in his ear:

"My child, I hope you will attend to your Christian duties in the regiment."

"Most certainly I will, Madame," he answered; and I blessed God interiorly, while I chided Amaury, who was inclined to amuse himself with the young soldier's awkward ways. 'Be indulgent; under that rough husk there is a delicious kernel; that coarse envelope contains a pure and humble soul. He is an orphan, remember,' I argued.

"If he is an orphan, I pity him from my heart!" cried my son, throwing his arms affectionately around me, and smothering me with kisses.

"The day of departure arrived for the conscripts, and the beating of drums, and the reverberating echoes of farewell songs (meant to be lively and inspiriting), awakened me at early dawn. I went out on the lawn, where I suddenly heard a voice calling behind me: 'Madame, I have come to bid you good-bye. We are off for Marseilles, and it is more than probable I shall never see you again. Keep this in token of my gratitude, and in memory of Blaise,' he continued, as he gave me the knife that you see by the cross in the casket; and he shook my hands so warmly and eagerly that I thought all the bones were broken. He tried once more to say adieu, but tears choked his utterance; the drum-beat called, and soon its deep tones, mingled with the sound of brazen trumpets, summoned the conscripts to Paris.

"A month later my son rejoined his regiment in Africa; it was the period of the great war against the revolted tribes, led on by Abdel-Kader and his chiefs. France paid dearly for her conquests by the blood of her soldiers. Amaury belonged to the expedition directed by General Tietzel against the *Kabyles* dispersed among the mountains. During several consecutive weeks I received exact and regular news from him; a word, a line, written under a tent, informed me that he was still among the living. Then followed a fearful silence; alas! the ominous silence that too surely proclaims death. I dared not speak of my fears; I even dreaded to hear words of consolation, for they would assure me that I had lost my only child. At last a letter came from Africa, written by the general-in-chief, a former friend of our family. My son had been taken prisoner by the *Kabyles*, conducted into the mountainous regions, and there assassinated, with other French soldiers, whose names were duly registered in *Le Moniteur de l'Armée*; and next to Amaury's name was that of Blaise Joyeux. Imagine my grief! But in that dark hour God gave me a ray of heavenly consolation straight from His own Divine Heart."

Here Mine. des Obeaux drew from an-

other carefully locked casket a letter worn in the folds, and yellow with time and frequent handling. She gave it to me, and I read:

"MADAME:—Having been one of the companions of your son when in captivity, I assisted at his death, which has left an indelible impression on my memory; and it seems to me that an account of his last moments will soothe your maternal heart. This consideration emboldens me to address you.

"Lieutenant Amaury des Obeaux was captured by the *Kabyles* while making a military foray in the neighborhood of Bugia. He was dismounted, wounded in the hand by a blow from a yataghan, stripped of his uniform, and led away into the depths of Mt. Atlas, with six of his companions. I will not pain you with the details of our mental and physical sufferings. The Marabouts, after consultation, collected around us, and one of them, in the Sabian tongue, gave us to understand that we were to choose between abjuration and death—Mahomet or Jesus Christ. A profound silence reigned; every sentiment of faith and honor combated against the natural attachment to life. We had no time to reflect. The chief of the *Amins* questioned the prisoner nearest to him—a colonist, the father of a family—and he abjured. The second was a Jew by birth, who readily acknowledged that he did not adore Jesus Christ. The third was Lieutenant des Obeaux. At the question of the *Amin* he was silent—hesitated a moment, when a young soldier next in the row exclaimed: 'Lieutenant, you may do as you like; I am Blaise Joyeux, and I will never forsake the creed your mother taught me!'

"'Alas! my poor mother!' sighed the young officer; 'were she here, she too would say: "Death before apostasy!" *Amin*, I also am a Christian.'

"The soldier signed himself with the Sign of the Cross, the Lieutenant did the same, and a second later both appeared before God, martyrs to their faith. The compassion of a *Kabyle* woman obtained my release—humanly speaking; but it is my sincere belief that God spared me to recount to you the heroic death of those two Christians.

"Deign, Madame, to accept my profound respects.

"JUST HERBIN."

"I see, Madame," said I, "while you taught Blaise to serve God, He was preparing for your son the noblest of recompenses—a martyr's crown."

THE first beginnings of passion are small; but, like a rebel army, it swells as it advances.—*Father Tracey Clarke, S. J.*

Origin of the Indulgence of the Portiuncula.

IT was in the month of October, 1221, that the seraphic St. Francis obtained, from Our Lord Himself, the great Indulgence of the Portiuncula. Having laid the foundations of his Third Order, the Saint had returned to the Convent of Our Lady of the Angels at Assisi, more absorbed in God than ever. His love of souls and zeal for the conversion of sinners knew no bounds. Day and night he prayed and wept for their conversion.

One night while he was praying in the cleft of a rock, which may yet be seen not far from the Church of the Portiuncula, an angel appeared to him, and said: "Francis, hasten to the church; Our Lord and His glorious Mother await you there." St. Francis went in haste to the humble sanctuary, and there he saw a marvellous sight. Upon the altar, at the place of the tabernacle, was the Word made Flesh, the Eternal King of Ages, Christ Jesus, resplendent with glory and beauty, majestically seated upon a throne of light. At His right hand was His ever-blessed Mother, Mary most holy, and surrounding them were a multitude of angels.

Ravished with love and joy, the Saint prostrated himself with his face to the ground, and Our Lord said to him, with great tenderness: "Francis, I have heard your fervent prayers. In return for the zeal with which you and your Brothers have labored for the salvation of souls, ask of Me any favor, and I will grant it; for I have given you to the people to be their light, and to My Church to repair her losses upon the earth." Emboldened by such goodness, the Saint replied, with humble confidence: "My dear Saviour, although I am myself but a miserable sinner, I humbly beseech Thy divine Majesty to mercifully grant to the faithful this signal favor, that all those who, having with contrite hearts confessed their sins, visit this church, may here obtain a plenary indulgence. Most glorious and most Holy Virgin Mary, our powerful

advocate, I beseech you to intercede for me and for all sinners!"

Our Lord then said to the happy Saint, still prostrate at His feet: "Brother Francis, the favor you ask of Me is great, but I grant it. Go to My Vicar, and ask him in My Name to confirm this indulgence."

From their cells, which adjoined the church, many Brothers saw the light and the angels that filled the sanctuary; they also heard what was said, but a holy fear prevented them from approaching.

Soon after St. Francis, with one of the Brothers, was kneeling at the feet of Pope Honorius III. "Holy Father," said the Saint, "I have a little church which some years ago I dedicated to the Queen of Angels. I come to ask your Holiness to enrich it with a precious indulgence."

"And what indulgence do you ask, Brother Francis?" said the good Pope; "an indulgence of one year?"

"O your Holiness!" exclaimed the Saint, "what is one year!"

"An indulgence of three years, six years, seven years?" asked the Pope; but, seeing that the holy man was not yet satisfied, he exclaimed: "What, then, do you want?"

"Most Holy Father," replied St. Francis, "what I ask of your Holiness is not a question of years. I desire that all those who, having with contrite hearts confessed, visit the Church of Our Lady of the Angels, shall there obtain the remission of all the punishment due to the sins they have been so unhappy as to commit from their baptism until the time of their visit."

"Francis," said the Pope, "it is not the practice of the Church to grant such indulgences."

"But," answered the Saint, "I ask it in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who sent me to you."

Then the Pope said, with unwonted solemnity: "I grant the favor you ask." And this he repeated three times. Later on the same privilege was extended to all churches served by the Franciscans. During the pontificate of Pius IX. it was granted to numerous other churches and chapels.

On the Mother of God.

THOUGHTS OF PROTESTANTS.

MARTIN LUTHER (*Comment. super Magnificat*) says: "Since Mary has been made Mother of God, gifts precious and innumerable are given to her, that are superior to the understanding. All the honor and blessing comes from this, that among all mankind her person alone is superior to the rest, as she can have no equal, having a Son in common with the Heavenly Father."

Calvin (*Lib. de Harm. Evang.*) declares: "We can not celebrate to-day the benediction brought to us by Christ without commemorating also how honorably Mary was adorned by God, who wished that she should be Mother of His only-begotten Son."

Bishop Bull, "On the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin," observes: "We think and speak most respectfully of her, and do not ordinarily mention her name without a preface or epithet of honor, as the Holy, Blessed Virgin, and the like. We do, by the appointment of our church, sing or rehearse in our daily service her excellent *Magnificat*, and thereby we testify our assent and complacency on those singular favors that God is therein said to have bestowed on her; and together with her we finally return the praise and glory of all to God alone. We celebrate two annual festivals in her memorial—the Feasts of the Annunciation and Purification; and if we could think of any other honor that we could do to her, without dishonoring God the Father and the Eternal Son, we would most willingly yield it to her."

Dr. Hicks, "On the Due Praise and Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary," remarks: "To be chosen for the Mother of God was the greatest honor and favor that ever God conferred upon any human creature. None of the special honors and favors that He did to any of the saints before or since are equivalent to the honor of being

the Mother of God. He who said, 'Those that honor Me I will honor,' would not have done so great an honor to any daughter of Abraham, but to one who best deserved it; to one of the holiest among the daughters of Israel, to the most heavenly-minded Virgin of the tribe of Judah and the royal house of David, who had no superior for holiness upon earth."

Mrs. Jameson in her work, "Legends of the Madonna as Represented in the Fine Arts," writes: "I can not understand why there should exist among Protestants so strong a disposition to discredit every representation of Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, to which a high antiquity had been assigned by the Roman Catholics. We know that as early as the second century not only symbolical figures of Our Lord, but figures of certain personages of holy life, as St. Peter and St. Paul, Agnes the Roman, and Euphemia the Greek, martyrs, did certainly exist; why, therefore, should there not have existed effigies of the Mother of Christ—of her so highly blessed, the subject of so many prophecies, and naturally the object of a tender and a just veneration among the early Christians? It seems to me that nothing could be more likely than that such representations ought to have a deep interest for all Christians, no matter of what denomination,—for all, in truth, that believe the Saviour of the world had a good Mother, His only earthly parent, who brought Him forth, nurtured and loved Him."

Mr. Proctor on Papal Infallibility.

The Tablet.

AS a rule, Protestants are apparently incapable of grasping the very idea of Papal Infallibility. It is at first sight so impossible to their method of thinking that they can not even be persuaded to consider the evidence; and this is possibly the reason why one of the most self-evident of the doctrines of Christianity continues to be a stumbling-block to many well-meaning men. This infirmity is by no means confined to foolish or narrow-minded people: it is the

case that those who on other matters are well-informed, or even learned—who in all other questions may be regarded as men of common sense, seem to leave behind them all the training of a life and all discipline of thought when once religious questions are to be discussed. For this reason the candid acknowledgment of a sensible Protestant author, who has a world wide reputation as an exact and well-informed writer on matters connected with astronomical science, is well worth notice. Mr. R. A. Proctor has at least delivered his soul, and it will be no fault of his if his words fail to remove stumbling-blocks regarding Papal Infallibility from the path of many an anxious Protestant inquirer. In the current number of *Knowledge* he writes:

"The doctrine of Papal Infallibility, as commonly understood, is, of course, preposterous on the face of it. But the common mistakes about the doctrine are themselves preposterous. One hears an ignorant but most zealous Protestant talk such nonsense as this: 'How *can* the Pope be infallible when such and such a Pope was a notorious unwise, and such another a man of evil life?' It would be just as reasonable to say: 'How *can* we believe David to have been inspired, when we find that he behaved not only villainously but most foolishly in regard to Uriah the Hittite and his wife?' Not quite so absurd, though quite as incorrect, is the idea that Papal Infallibility is disproved by the decision (supposing for the moment it received the Papal sanction) against Galileo; it is fairly matched by the mistake of supposing that a reasonable doctrine as to Bible Inspiration would be shaken by the mistake of Matthew in asserting that all the kingdoms of the earth could be seen from some exceeding high mountain. The fact really is that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, as it is really taught by the Catholic Church, is almost a corollary on the doctrine of Bible Inspiration. According to the latter doctrine, in its only reasonable form, men like Moses, David, Solomon, Ezra, Isaiah, and the like, in no sense to be regarded as perfect either in wisdom or in conduct, were inspired as respects certain matters which they addressed to men in regard to religion.

"The former doctrine, in the only form ever adopted by the Catholic Church, asserts that Popes, though in no sense to be regarded as perfect either in wisdom or in conduct, have always been and always will be so far guided or restrained (as the case may be) that if, or when, they address the whole Church *ex cathedra* on matters relating to morals or doctrine, their teaching will be true. In conduct, a Pope may

be imperfect or even wicked; in regard to science, art, or literature, he may be ignorant or unwise; in theological matters, even dealt with by a priest or a Doctor of the Church, a Pope may make serious mistakes; but no Pope, let his personal qualifications be what they may—let him even be as overbearing as Moses, as unscrupulous as David, as selfish as Solomon, as ignorant as Matthew, as contentious as Paul—will ever address to the whole Church, *ex cathedra*, false teaching as to morals or as to doctrine. . . .

"The Catholic doctrine on the subject is perfectly definite; and it is absolutely certain that the decision in regard to Galileo's teaching, shown now to have been unsound, does not in the slightest degree affect the doctrine of the infallibility either of the Pope or of the Church. The subject matter belonged neither to morals nor to faith; the decision was neither *ex cathedra* nor addressed to the whole Church; in not one single point does the case illustrate this doctrine of Papal Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council, which pronounced that 'The Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*—i. e., when in discharge of his office as pastor and teacher of all Christians, he, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, defines a doctrine of faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church—is, by the divine assistance promised to him in the Blessed Peter, endowed with that infallibility wherewith our divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed in defining doctrines of faith and morals.' "

This is, of course, the teaching of history and the judgment of common sense. But how many Protestant writers can pass by the case of Galileo without a sneer, and how many have troubled themselves to ascertain the facts connected with it before pronouncing judgment on the Church? Mr. Proctor does not accept the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope, but he deals with the facts relating to it as he would deal with other facts; and the result, of course, is that the everlasting Galileo difficulty is disposed of at once. It seems odd that such a treatment of such a subject should be rare, but it is unfortunately the fact that in hardly any case will a Protestant condescend to inform himself as to what Catholics really do believe, or to weigh the facts or test the statements on which he does not hesitate to convict the Catholic Church, not merely of falsehood, but of inconceivable folly.

MEANNESS is a medal the reverse of which is insolence.

Catholic Notes.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has appointed a commission, consisting of Vicar-General Very Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, and Very Rev. Maurice A. Walsh; Very Rev. P. A. Stanton, D. D., O. S. A.; Rev. P. R. O'Reilly and Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, to inquire into the life, character, and works of Mgr. John Nepomucene Neumann, C. S. S. R., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, born 1811 at Budweis in Bohemia, died January 5, 1860, in his episcopal city, "in the odor of sanctity." The testimony thus taken will be forwarded to Rome as the preparatory step in the process of the beatification of this servant of God, who in life was revered as a saint by all who came in contact with him—a belief which since his death has been confirmed by seeming miracles wrought through his intercession. The life of Bishop Neumann was one of extraordinary self-denial and sacrifice. It is recorded that he had the gift of prophecy, and foretold the day of his death; and that upon the thirtieth day after his burial, his body was found incorrupt.

The Danish Catholics have just been celebrating the eighth centenary of their martyrking and patron, St. Canute, who—married to Adela, the daughter of Count Robert of Flanders, and by her the father of Charles the Good—was assassinated at Odensee in Fyen whilst prostrate in prayer in the Church of St. Alban. His good son met the same fate while praying in the Church of Our Lady in Bruges. During the celebration, which lasted three days, there was a daily pilgrimage to Odensee, where Solemn High Mass was sung in a church close to the spot where the Saint was martyred. The Prefect-Apostolic of the North, all the clergy of Denmark, and a large body of Catholics were present. The pilgrims also visited the beautiful Cathedral, once Catholic, now Protestant, but still preserving in the crypt the shrine of the martyr.

We regret to record the death of our valued contributor and friend, Mr. E. P. Ryder, which took place at the Hospital of the Alexian Brothers in St. Louis, on the 18th inst., after a tedious illness, borne with exemplary patience, and childlike trust in the mercy and

goodness of God. It is consoling to think that such long-continued sufferings, so resignedly endured, must have shortened the term of his detention in that place of longing, the exquisite pains of which even the holiest have known. He was a man of such good heart, so forgiving, so childlike in many ways, that the most exacting were always ready to condone his shortcomings,—surely the judgment of God was merciful.

Mr. Ryder was the only son of the late Rev. Almanza S. Ryder, of Hubbardston, Mass., where he was born on the 30th of January, 1856. He became a Catholic some years after his father's death. Since 1870 he had been employed as a journalist in Boston, New York, and St. Louis. His poems, which are much admired, were contributed principally to the *New York Sun* and THE "AVE MARIA." He also wrote occasional sketches for the latter under the pseudonyme of Samuel H. Derby. The sonnet which appears in our present number was received shortly before his death.

In personal appearance Mr. Ryder greatly resembled Edgar Allan Poe, and his career, in some respects, sad to say, was not dissimilar. But the thoughts to which he gave such graceful expression were proof of a noble heart, more sinned against than sinful—God rest his soul!

In an audience granted to the Chapter of the Lateran Basilica, on the completion of important restorations in that ancient Cathedral of Rome, the Holy Father said:

"In these times of apostasy from Christ I do as Constantine did when the Church came forth from the Catacombs, and as Sixtus III. when Nestorius had denied the Divine Maternity. To this Rome, which thought it had a great religion because it had not refused any falsehood, that pious monarch [Constantine], by the hands of St. Sylvester, showed the image of the Saviour. And Rome, recognizing Him for its sole and true God, from being a disciple of error became the mistress of Truth. When Nestorius impugned the Divine Maternity, although his blasphemy was already buried under the anathemas of Cyril and the Council of Ephesus, Sixtus III. desired that in the Liberian Basilica there should be erected a perpetual memory of the Roman Faith; and he caused to be placed there an image in mosaic of the Mother of God. So have I also studied to do. Now that the world is departing from Christ, I have placed in the Lateran apse the image of Him,

which Nicholas IV. had formerly caused to be executed, but restored to its ancient splendor, and more beautiful, more resplendent than before. Let us hope that the world may recognize its Saviour and its God!"

It is announced that the Rev. Alfred Curtis, of the Cathedral at Baltimore, has been appointed to succeed Bishop Becker in the See of Wilmington, Delaware. Father Curtis was born in Somerset County, Maryland, and is now about fifty-three years of age. He is a convert from Episcopalianism, and was for a number of years rector of a Ritualistic congregation in Baltimore. He was received into the Church in April, 1872, by Cardinal Newman when he visited the Oratory near Birmingham, England. For the past twelve years Father Curtis has been stationed at the Cathedral, where he is much beloved by the people of the parish. His love for the poor has always been very great, and he manifests a particular interest in the welfare of the colored race. It is a curious coincidence that his predecessor, Bishop Becker, is also a convert, and at one time was one of the priests connected with the same Cathedral.

In Belgium there is an ancient custom, according to which the King stands godfather for the seventh son born to any couple in the kingdom, and makes the parents valuable presents. It lately happened that a Protestant couple had a seventh son, and the father wrote to the King asking him to be sponsor. The following is the reply sent by the King's secretary:

"In reply to the letter addressed by you to the King, asking his Majesty to consent to be sponsor for your seventh son at the baptismal font, I have the honor to inform you that this favor is granted only to children born of Catholic parents.

"Accept," etc.

Some Catholics, who are over-ready to fraternize with Protestants, and even to join with them in their worship, with the mistaken notion that thereby they show freedom from bigotry, might learn a lesson from this little incident.

Cardinal Manning, in a sermon on the characteristics of the age, preached lately in London, speaks thus of the effect of the spirit of the world upon society:

"There was a time when the Church, its feasts, its customs, its traditions, ruled society. There

was a time when individuals were weak, but society was strong—society was Christian; and if Christian men became weak, society held them up. Now society has put off its Christianity. Individuals retain their faith, but the weight and current of society, which has lost its Christianity, are always bearing men down, and carrying them away. Now the Church has to wait upon the world for its time, its hours, its festivals. Christians and Catholics are carried away by the spirit of the world. The name of God is hardly mentioned in private life. When a number of people sit together, who ventures to mention the name of God? Who ventures to speak of any sacred thing? Once more, what little real charity there is amongst men at the present day! Lastly, there is a worldly piety—a phenomenon which I can not explain. I do not know what to compare it to, except a kaleidoscope, in which sometimes one color predominates, sometimes another; it is a combination of manifold tints. So it is sometimes in the lives of some people. There are scapulars and ball-dresses, novels and books of devotion—I will not go on. Is it not better to have a 'single eye' and a firm spirit, and to choose which master you will serve? The people of the world look to Catholics, and when they find one of us doing the same things that they do, they are not only scandalized, but they are disappointed. They look to us for better things, and they believe better things."

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Hubert Schick, rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia, whose death occurred in Germany. The deceased was an exemplary priest, and was remarkable for his saint-like charity.

The Rev. James W. Kelly, the beloved rector of St. Ignatius' Church, Houghton, Mich.

The Rev. John M. Kremmen, a worthy priest of the Diocese of Springfield, who departed this life on the 17th inst.*

The Rev. Patrick T. Faunt, chaplain of the Orphan Asylum, Louisville, Ky. He had been in ill health for many years. *The Catholic Advocate* mentions that "Father Faunt was the first to organize a pilgrimage to Knock, and the first priest to say Mass there."

Mr. E. P. Ryder, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. — McVeigh, Clandeboye, Ont.; Thomas and Dennis Foley, Hartford, Conn.; Catharine L. Haffron, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. Kelly, Rochester, N.Y.; and Mr. Patrick Keenan, East Boston, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



Little Deeds.

NOT mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below,
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe,
And tell a friend is near;
A word of ready sympathy,
To dry the childish tear.

A glass of water kindly brought;
An offer'd easy-chair;
The turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air.

An early flower, unask'd, bestow'd;
A light and cautious tread;
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head.

Oh! deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose.

Our Heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And if we only serve Him here,
We'll dwell with Him above.

—*The Catholic.*

A Lesson of Charity.

IN one of the poorest parts of the County Kildare lived a widow with two little girls—Lizzie, aged seven, and Mary, five. As long as her health permitted, the good mother worked day and night, and even then could hardly procure for herself and her little ones the bare necessities of life; but soon her strength began to fail. Her constant hard work and scant food had their natural effect on her weak constitution, and

she fell ill, and was confined to bed; but death at last took pity on her, and in a few days released her from her sufferings.

The two little girls were thus left entirely alone, for the neighbors were barely able to provide for their own children, and could not think of feeding two additional mouths. But the good people felt for the orphans, and after the burial of the mother they consulted together as to what might be done. One of the old men of the town said: "If we could only take the poor little creatures to their father's brother, at Kilcullenbridge, I am sure they would be well provided for."

The idea was eagerly seized by the others; for if the children could not be properly cared for by relatives or friends, the parish would have to provide for them. It happened that a countryman was going to Naas, the principal town of the county, and, as his road lay in the vicinity of Kilcullenbridge, he expressed his willingness to take the little orphans to their uncle.

The children, therefore, were placed in the peasant's cart, and began their journey. The clothes they wore were so thin that, although the kind-hearted people wrapped them up carefully, they felt the cold bitterly. The driver of the cart was a silent and sullen man, who took no further notice of his young charges, until towards noon they came to a cross-road which led to Kilcullenbridge, about two miles distant; whereas the road to Naas, whither he was going, kept straight ahead.

The man lifted the children down from the car, showed them their road, telling them to walk on till they came to the town, and then drove off. The little ones, with tears in their eyes, answered the rough good-bye of the heartless fellow, and kept looking after him as long as he was in sight, and when at last he disappeared, they sat down and cried.

The elder child at last dried her tears, took her little sister by the hand, and said: "Come, Mary: we must not stay here; we must try to reach Kilcullenbridge before it gets dark,"

"But I am so hungry!" sobbed the child; for they had taken but a scant meal that morning before leaving home.

Lizzie tried to console her as best she could, although she felt very weak herself, and they continued their journey over the snow-covered road. Before they had walked a mile their strength was nearly gone, and the feeling of hunger was growing more and more painful. In the distance Lizzie saw a large farm-house, which, by a great effort, they succeeded in reaching. They thought to ask the occupants for something to eat. But they stopped near the wall that surrounded the house; for, notwithstanding the extreme poverty which they had suffered at home, they had never begged. Besides, they were very much frightened when they saw the farmer scolding one of his men in a loud, angry voice, and slamming the door after him with such violence as to make the windows rattle.

These were very unfavorable signs; but Mary was nearly fainting from weakness and hunger, and this compelled her sister to lay aside her fear. Holding each other's hand tightly, the little girls walked up the path to the house. Lizzie knocked at the door, and, hearing a rough "Come in," they entered a large room, that served at the same time for kitchen and sitting-room, where the farmer sat in an arm-chair near a bright fire.

"Ha! what do you want?" he cried out harshly to the little strangers, who stood trembling, too frightened to speak a word.

"Now, can you not speak?" he asked again, growing more angry.

Lizzie then took courage, and in simple words begged him, for God's sake, to give them something to eat, and to let them stay near the fire for a while to warm themselves.

"Just as I expected," growled the miser; "I knew that you were coming to beg, for I see that you do not belong to this place. There are beggars enough here already, without having strangers to annoy us. We can hardly get bread enough for ourselves in these hard times; so begone!"

The children began to cry, but the hard-

hearted man exclaimed: "It is no use for you to begin to blubber; let your parents feed you; but of course they are lazy people, who will not work."

"Our father and mother are dead," answered Lizzie.

"Oh! yes," said the farmer, in a sneering tone: "father and mother are always dead when they send out their brats to beg. That story will not do with me. So clear out at once!"

"We have eaten nothing for ever so long!" pleaded the child, raising her hands in supplication; "and we are too weak to go any farther. Oh! please give us only a little piece of bread, for we are so hungry!"

"I told you to leave—that I don't give beggars anything."

At these words the farmer looked so cross that Lizzie ran to the door, dragging her sister after her. But when they were in the yard little Mary pulled her hand away, and moved quickly in the direction of the barn. There was a kennel near the barn door, where a large, fierce-looking dog was fastened by a chain. His dinner was before him in a wooden dish.

The half-starved child knelt down near the dish, and began to eat of the dog's meal. Lizzie ran after her, and wanted to drag her away; but when she saw some pieces of bread and roast potatoes in the dish, she could no longer resist the temptation, but joined her sister, and ate heartily. The big dog looked as if he were taken altogether by surprise at his unexpected company, and lay down quietly beside the dish, and watched the children eat.

At this moment the farmer opened the door to see if the little beggars had disappeared, and was astonished at the strange sight. The dog was known as one of the most savage in all that neighborhood, and was always kept chained; and even the girl that brought him his food had to be very careful when she came near him. At first, therefore, the farmer thought only of the danger that the children were in, and cried out to them: "Come away from that dog, or he will tear you to pieces!"

He then ran quickly forward, but stopped suddenly when he saw the dog standing up and fawning on the children, and wagging his tail, as if he would say to his master: "Do not disturb my guests."

At this sight a great change took place in the heart of the cruel man, and the touching spectacle awoke feelings to which he had long been a stranger.

The little ones had meanwhile jumped up when they saw him coming; they evidently feared to be beaten for having taken a part of the dog's meal. For a few moments the farmer could not speak; then he said, in a voice as soft as he could make it:

"Children, are you really so hungry that you can eat a dog's dinner? Come with me, and I will give you as much as you want."

Hereupon he took them by the hand and led them back into the house, from which he had so cruelly driven them a little while before. The dog had given his master a lesson, and taught him how inhuman his conduct had been. The man called a servant, told her to bring in some food and milk, and invited the astonished children to sit down at the table, he himself sitting beside them, and kindly asking their names.

"My name is Lizzie," answered the elder, "and my sister's name is Mary."

"How long is it since your parents died?"

"Father is dead two years, and mother was buried yesterday."

At the remembrance of their recent loss the orphans began to cry again; but the farmer said to them, encouragingly:

"Do not cry, children; God will take care of you. Tell me now where you came from."

"From Loughrea."

"From Loughrea?" he repeated, in surprise, adding after a little:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin O'Sullivan," answered Lizzie, simply; but she was frightened when she saw the effect this name produced on the farmer, who repeated it after her. His face turned a deep red, tears started to his eyes,

and, taking the children in his arms, he kissed them tenderly.

"Do you know my name?"

"No," answered Lizzie.

"How, then, did you come here?—did any one send you?"

"No," replied Lizzie once more. "We were told to go to Kilcullenbridge, where we have an uncle. The people at home said that he would be glad to take us, and we would have a good time with him; but I do not think so; our mother used to say he was a hard man, and that he did not care about his poor relatives."

"Your mother was right; but what do you intend to do if that hard-hearted man will not keep you?"

"Then we will have to die of hunger," answered Lizzie, with a resignation doubly touching in one so young.

"No, no, children!" said the farmer, pressing them to his bosom once more; "God forbid that this should happen to you! See, He has had compassion on you, and made use of a dumb brute to touch the heart of your uncle, who will never let you want for anything while he lives."

The orphans evidently did not understand what it all meant, and opened their eyes in astonishment; but he went on:

"You wanted to go to Kilcullenbridge to your uncle, Patrick O'Sullivan, and you are now at his house. I am your uncle, and, since you are my poor brother's children, I welcome you with all my heart. This must be your home in future."

It was only little by little that the children began to realize the meaning of their uncle's words; he explained to them, as they continued to eat, that he formerly lived in Kilcullenbridge, but about a year ago he purchased this farm, where they were now to live with him.

It is not difficult to imagine the delight of the poor orphans; it seemed to them like a dream when they learned that their misery was at an end. After their hunger was appeased, little Mary said:

"Uncle Patrick, let us go and see our good friend the dog." And the servants

could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the morose old bachelor taking the two children by the hand, and leading them out to the dog-house. The animal again showed his pleasure by wagging his tail, and licking the pale cheeks of his little friends.

It was assuredly their good angel that had led the children to Patrick O'Sullivan's, and the same kind spirit that had changed the nature of the savage dog. What would have become of the poor orphans were it not for the lesson given their uncle by a dumb brute!

From Tipperary to Texas.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIBBY BUTLER.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

VI.

The days flew by, and Tibby's sturdy manner, along with his readiness to oblige others, and the pains he always took to do well whatever he had to do, made him a general favorite at the ranch. He was becoming a good horseman, and was acquiring a facility with the lasso which pleased even the Mexicans, and he had already shown some skill as a marksman.

But, in spite of the constant round of hard work and boisterous play which prevailed at the ranch, Colonel Lynch did not permit religion to fall into neglect. Every Sunday morning and holyday of obligation he read the service of Mass, except on the occasions when he had a priest come out from El Paso. All who could be spared long enough from the care of the cattle were present. In the afternoon of the same day the young people of the establishment were required to recite a lesson of the Catechism. Whenever the priest from El Paso came, there was more than the usual preparation made and Tibby was gratified on the first of these occasions after his arrival to be chosen for the server of the priest's Mass.

The time for the great spring drive to the

Northern market was at hand. The herds of many ranches were wandering about together on the unfenced plains, in charge of their *vaqueros*, wherever there was good grass and water. Colonel Lynch and the other ranchers of the region having arranged for the "round-up," or separation of the different herds, there was a great hubbub.

The long-looked for day came, and Tibby and Phil were up at dawn and ready. The two boys, of the same age and nearly the same size, were dressed alike. Each wore a stiff *sombrero*, or broad-brimmed hat, having a band consisting of a wide, flat-linked silver chain. Their shirts were of dark blue wool, gayly embroidered on the bosom and the wide collar, and their gray jackets were very jaunty, with large silver buttons; while their buckskin *chapperals*, or trousers, were open at the outsides from the knee down, the whole of the outside seams from waist to ankle being marked with silver buttons the size of a bullet, and as round. On the heels of their boots each sported a pair of spurs with rowels made of silver dollars, and having silver pendants that kept up a constant tinkling. Each carried, suspended from the wrist by a loop, a whip nearly as long as himself, with a heavy butt at one end, and a stinging lash at the other.

"Do you think is my lasso all right for to-day, Phil?" Tibby asked, looking at the coil on his saddle-bow.

"I reckon it must be," was Phil's reply. "There is not much fear of your not being all right. You are so particular about all you do I sometimes feel like calling you 'Miss Nancy,' only I know you never miss anything."

"It's very sly you are, Phil, and droll too, I'm sure. But I hope I'll not miss my share of the day, anyhow," was Tibby's rejoinder.

At this moment a shrill cry—the signal for all to be off to the round-up—stopped the conversation between the two boys, and the next minute they were galloping across the flat with other horsemen, in the direction of Aguas Dulces, a cluster of springs

a few miles to the North. There was to be the rendezvous for the round-up.

Tibby was lost in wonder on reaching Aguas Dulces. The ground thereabout was generally low, but there was a lofty knoll near by, and thither Colonel Lynch, accompanied by his foreman and Tibby and Phil, rode to meet the other ranchers, in order to settle the details of the round-up. As far as Tibby's wide-opened eyes could see, steers and cows with their calves were feeding calmly on the luscious grass, or were cantering in, followed by hooting *vaqueros*. There were fully thirty thousand cattle on that plain, and still more were coming into view over the distant horizon.

Such a noise, and such a variety of sounds! The deep bellowing that rose from the immense herd seemed to Tibby like the thunder that precedes a summer rain, and the tread of the thousands of hoofs was almost appalling. There were human voices also to add to the din. Every one of the hundred and fifty *vaqueros* was exercising his lungs either in frantic hoots at the cattle, or in loud shouts in Spanish or English to his fellow-herdsmen; while the ceaseless snapping at the long whips resembled in sound a Fourth-of-July discharge of fire-crackers. Apart from the great herd, meantime the work of branding went on.

The round-up was finished at last, and then began the long march of the separated herds northward, to the Kansas dead-line, or railroad shipping point. This important annual affair having been successfully accomplished, Colonel Lynch and his party returned to Connemara Ranch, taking with him as guests some of his neighbors. It was a merry evening at the ranch. A fat steer, properly prepared, and decorated with salad greens, was roasted whole in the open air, and there was jollity and good cheer for all comers, and generous accommodations.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

THERE is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or thinks he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half, and forgive the rest."



VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 7, 1886.

No. 6.

[Copyright 1886—Rev. D. E. HURSON, C. S. C.]

Trust.

COMRADE, the doubts were thine! Thy friends had none;

None but thyself saw thine unworthiness;
For thou didst battle bravely, and hast won,
Leaving thy weeping friends thy name to
bless.

The promises of God can never fail,

And Christ has told the welcome that awaits
The faithful souls that 'gainst this world pre-
vail,

When they shall stand before Heaven's jasper
gates.

Loved one! not least of all God's glorious gifts
Is this divine assurance He bestows;
Life's heaviest weight from off the heart it
lifts,

While every spirit with fresh ardor glows,
When thinking that the burdens bravely
borne

Will disappear in Heaven's celestial morn.

Three Days at Lourdes.

BY A BENEDICTINE ABBOT.

Twas midday when we quitted
Tournay, or Dornach (the ancient
centre of Catholic Flanders), with
its magnificent Cathedral, and ruins of St.
Martin's great abbey. The Parisian fast
train next stopped at Lille, and then at
Douneau, not far from Amiens. It was
before the gates of this city, formerly the

capital of Picardy, and so remarkable for the
number of its monasteries, that St. Martin,
the Apostle of France, gave the half of his
cloak to a beggar—an act of benevolence
which won for its doer the blessing of Him
who said: "As long as you did it to one of
these My least brethren, you did it unto
Me." We made no delay at Clermont, and
entered the French Capital at six o'clock,
p. m. Hailing a cab, we were quickly driven
to the Southern depot, through a heteroge-
neous throng of surging humanity, which
continually rolls over the thoroughfares of
the great metropolis.

The city of the Seine!—how the influ-
ence it exercised in the past arose before
my mind! Its saints, its religious institu-
tions, and all that radiated from it as a head-
light of Christianity in the Middle Ages,
—all was present now before me, not ex-
cepting the Reign of Terror and the shades
of its victims, as well as the deadly vapors
which this modern Babylon, cut adrift from
the Church, exhaled over the world. That
most deceived of all its false prophets,
Victor Hugo, emphatically named Paris—
this literary and moral sink: *Ville lumière*,
—"The light-giving city."

The clock struck eight, and the locomo-
tive rushed out into the darkness of the
night. We felt the cold keenly, for we had
thoughtlessly left our warmer clothing be-
hind. The train stopped once, and in the
stillness of the empty depot the voice of the
watchman rang out, "Orleans!" In im-
agination we saw the heroine, Joan of Arc,

with waving banner and prancing steed, entering the gates of the city, amid the joyous huzzas of the inhabitants. Next our fancy rambled around the neighborhood of St. Benoit's, where, say the French, rests the body of their great forefather from Monte Cassino. The train sped through extensive vineyards, and before the clock struck seven we were in Bordeaux. An hour later we mounted the steam-horse again, and away with us over the so-called "Landes." All along the road clouds of dust whirled about the cars, and, entering in through every cranny, crack, and crevice, transformed us, black Benedictines, into white ones. About noon we came in sight of the Pyrenees, through the meandering brooks and smiling vales of which we hastened to our destination. This we finally reached after an almost uninterrupted ride of twenty-six hours. We were in Lourdes!

How our hearts throbbed with joy and expectation! We stood upon that consecrated spot, which in so short a time had risen to such a height in the estimation of the Christian world as scarcely to yield precedence to Jerusalem or Rome; upon the mystical stage of so many wonderful visions; upon the lovely banks of the Gave, which, in itself, appears a vision of beauty; in fine, we stood before that most miraculous and eagerly visited, health-restoring fountain, whose healing waters have produced such marvellous effects on the souls no less than on the bodies of so many hundreds of human beings.

Almost simultaneously with ourselves arrived the great National French Pilgrimage, consisting of about 20,000 persons, with 800 invalids in the van. It was agreed forthwith to seek lodgings. Happily, we succeeded in getting the only unoccupied room in the Hôtel Ste.-Marie (board and lodging 12 francs a day for each). Having arranged matters here, we went up to the mission house, and fixed upon a time and place for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Subsequent events proved this to have been a wise precaution; for not long afterwards there arrived sixteen extra trains

loaded with pilgrims, among whom were more than a thousand priests; so that from midnight till midday the Victim of Propitiation was offered without cessation on upward of forty altars—a sight no less entrancing to pious souls than to the angels.

After visiting the grand Basilica we betook ourselves to the far-famed Grotto. We found it crowded with suppliants, some of whom were strong and healthy, others weak and sickly. The scene it presented is without parallel, and defies description. An atmosphere of heavenly odor seems to pervade the place, and the soul in ecstatic vision soars aloft into the realms of celestial bliss. The pilgrim is seized with a reverential awe of something supernatural, divine, with which the Grotto seems to be surrounded, and his soul is filled with a holy joy. Before the body touches the miraculous water, a stream of grace has bathed the soul.

On the first evening the procession numbered 4,000 persons, each one bearing a lighted taper. But as the pilgrims kept flocking in by thousands during the night, the next morning presented a spectacle the remembrance of which is indelibly impressed on our minds. What an immense, ever-varying concourse of human beings! The city was filled to overflowing; every street, every passage to the Grotto, the banks of the Gave, the magnificent park which lies in front of the Basilica, and which contains the crowned statue of the Madonna,—all surged with a vast, undulating sea of pilgrims, to the murmuring of whose prayers and hymns the tenderest chords of the heart vibrated.

The piety of the multitude, which by turns prayed, wept, rejoiced; the heart-rending supplications, the clear-toned hymns heard from near and far, on right and left and all around; the responsive echo of sloping hill and verdant dale,—all blended into one sublime song of praise in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God, and verified anew her own prophetic words: "Behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

We celebrated Mass in the Basilica, whose

chimes pealed forth every hour the hymn "Inviolata," marking each quarter-hour by playing the melody to the concluding verse, "O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!" After Mass we descended to the Grotto. In the entrance thereto is an altar, whereon the Holy Sacrifice was offered up from midnight till noon. The moderate sized inner room, lighted by innumerable wax-candles, is reserved for prelates and those whose infirmities are slight. The large plot before the grove was occupied by hundreds of sick, who were protected against the weather by a tarpaulin spread overhead. To attend upon these invalids a society composed of priests and laics—the latter mostly of the nobility—has been organized by a Count of Combattes. Among the noblemen we recognized an illustrious count from South Tyrol.

These gentlemen, the flower of the Catholic nobility of France, presented a most admirable and praiseworthy example. Of renowned and ancient lineage, descendants of the chivalric De Bouillon and his princely compeers, they but ennobled themselves the more in thus becoming the voluntary servants of the sick and poor. As badges of their office, they wear scarfs across their shoulders; they serve at the altars, and receive Holy Communion every day; they assist the ladies of rank and the Sisters in the hospitals and at the fountain bath; in a word, they everywhere exhibit a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice, which is equalled only by their solid piety.

The principal and most fatiguing part of the work done by these gentlemen consisted in carrying the invalids on litters from the hospital to the bath or the Grotto, and back again. The unaccustomed exercise caused the perspiration to flow freely down their foreheads. Arrived at the Grotto, they first placed the litters on the ground, and then, with ropes at hand for the purpose, they formed a barrier to keep back the pressing throng of pilgrims. Ladies, lay and religious, continually went about, equipped with jug and cup, supplying the inmates of this temporary hospital with refreshing draughts. Sometimes a priest would step

down from an altar to administer the Holy Eucharist to the sick; again he would take his place beside an ambulance or a sick-bed, to hear the confession of its occupant.

From time to time the gates of the Grotto swung open, and there entered a line of maimed and crippled, whose look of intense anxiety and pain would draw tears from a heart of stone. Yonder totters a living skeleton; he tremblingly presses a foot upon the Rock of the Apparition, sprinkles himself with holy water, and passes on. Here is a nobleman bearing on his back to the source of grace a poor, disabled fellow-creature. There, carried by its aunt, is a child wan as death. The lady deposits her burden on the stone consecrated by the feet of Our Heavenly Queen, prays a moment, takes up her charge, and is lost to view. Here are represented all the evils to which poor humanity is subject. In front of the Grotto is a large cross, and close to it a pulpit, always occupied by a priest to lead in the devotions.

But the centre of attraction, the principal object of our sympathy, our prayers, and our penances, were our dear afflicted ones; for these especially did the priest request our prayers and hymns. With arms extended in the form of a cross, the vast multitude recited the beads, which now and then were interrupted by uncontrollable emotions, taking vent in pious ejaculations. Now every form lies prostrate on the ground; then all arise, and with one accord cry out: *Parce, Domine! parce populo tuo!*—"Spare, O Lord! spare Thy people!" The Psalm is ended, and the air resounds with *Ave Maris Stella*,—"Hail, Star of the Sea!" The ejaculations, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!" "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us!" "Mary, Health of the weak, intercede for us!" uttered in pathetic tones, were heard on all sides throughout the day. The Immaculate Virgin is besieged in the Grotto; a storm of prayers assails her, and a glow of confidence in her goodness shines on every brow.

Now a priest is ascending the pulpit. He announces the first cure, and, like a song

of victory, *Magnificat* reverberates over hill and dale. The crowd surges; it is electrified; it weeps for very joy and gratitude. A young man, asthmatic and in the last stages of consumption, feels new life thrill through his veins. He breathes freely, his lungs are renewed, there is no longer any ailment. Beside himself with joy, he sinks weeping before the tabernacle of the Grotto, and while with outstretched arms he offers up his heartfelt thanks, ten thousand voices pierce the clouds with hymns of praise.

More affecting still was the cure of a poor, unmarried woman from Verdun, thirty-three years of age. She had been paralyzed for four years, and so wasted away by cancer was her neck that both throat and tongue had long refused their service. Lothringian pilgrims heard of her desire to visit Lourdes, and there she lay before the Grotto. Repeated immersions in the pool produced some slight effects, yet no notable change. Suddenly she uttered an inarticulate cry, like "Ma—ma—mamma!" at first, which was soon followed by complete restoration of speech, and later in the day by the use of her limbs. Henry Lasserre, the eminent historian of the Apparitions at Lourdes, wept tears of joy next day while the woman was telling him of the miraculous cure, and, with her permission, he will "write up" the event.

The physicians (whose office in the locality was decorated by a sign-board bearing the inscription, *Constatation des guérisons*,—"Authentication of cures") testified that out of fifteen cures that day, five were indisputable.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

"AND Jesus saw His Mother, and said: Mother, behold thy son; and to the disciple: Son, behold thy Mother." Thus was Mary, not by angel's message, but by the bleeding lips of the Son of God, proclaimed Mother of all mankind. *Vas insigne devotionis, ora pro nobis!*

POLICY is unworthy of a Christian, whose motto should always be sincerity.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

PHILIP felt as if he were in a dream when he quitted Mrs. King's house. It seemed to him incredible that he had really made the acquaintance of Miss Percival, and that in so simple a manner. Evidently, Mrs. King was not aware of any reason why they should not know each other. Recalling this, and Miss Percival's quiet acceptance of the introduction, he began to hope that the latter had no such feeling with regard to his uncle as he had been led to imagine.

It was astonishing how much of a weight this thought lifted from him. It not only opened a vista of possible acquaintance, which he felt would be pleasant, but, more than this, it reinstated his uncle in his respect. He said to himself that Mr. Thornton had been hard, no doubt, on the man who had nearly ruined him; but this hardness, as he had lately learned, was part of his character; and if he had been just, no one had a right to blame him.

These reflections rendered his manner more than usually affectionate and respectful to his uncle when they met. With the impulse of a generous nature, he was eager to make amends for what might have been a harsh and mistaken judgment. But, naturally enough, Mr. Thornton misunderstood him. He thought that Philip feared to have offended him, and that the change of manner was dictated by a desire to propitiate. The error was of importance only as it led him to believe the young man to be of more easily moulded material than he was, and to imagine that his displeasure would be sufficient to influence him in any future emergency.

There did not seem much probability, however, that such an emergency would arise, for up to this time the lives of uncle and nephew had passed without any of those (sometimes unavoidable) frictions which frequently occur in the nearest relation

hips. If there had not always been perfect sympathy, there had at least always been perfect harmony between them, and a deference on the younger man's part, which was graceful because evidently springing from affection. And since he had, in his thoughts at least, accepted the life marked out for him—a life which opened before his eyes like a vista of serene prosperity—there seemed little reason to fear any possible collisions or difficulties in the future.

Meanwhile the present was a smooth and easy path to his feet, though it was not a path which crossed that of Alice Percival soon again. He saw her in the Cathedral choir, and sometimes received a silent bow of recognition; but beyond this point their acquaintance—if it could be called an acquaintance—did not progress; for he never saw her anywhere else. She did not appear on Mrs. King's musical evening, and the ladies who were anxious to secure her voice for their operetta, failed entirely to do so. But the sound of that divine voice Sunday after Sunday kept the thought of her in Philip's mind, mingled with other thoughts which it seemed to suggest—thoughts of higher and holier things than those that filled his life, which was apt to appear to him at such times a mere record of frivolity.

How long this singular kind of influence might have lasted it is impossible to say, for finally an accident occurred which brought the two together again. The Spring was by this time well advanced, and Philip, who had been out of the city for a few days, at the country house of a friend, was returning on an accommodation train, that stopped at all stations, when he perceived seated in front of him a lady, whom he knew, even before she turned her head, to be Miss Percival. She was alone, and he at once felt a great inclination to go to her, and perhaps take the vacant seat by her side; but a fear of seeming to presume on a very slight title to acquaintanceship, and one which had, moreover, been forced upon her, restrained him. The elation which he had felt on that Sunday afternoon when he quitted Mrs. King's—the hope that, after all, there was

no serious reason why Alice Percival should not wish to know him—had faded long before this. There had been something in the very bow with which she acknowledged his acquaintance that made it impossible to press it further.

So he kept his own seat, and contented himself with watching the nobly-outlined head with its classic pose, and the delicate line of profile, which was now and then turned toward him as she glanced out of the window by her side. His thoughts went back to the old question of Percival *vs.* Thornton, of the severed business connection, and of the doubts which he dismissed at one time only to find them return to him at another. He was debating them afresh, when suddenly a shock that unseated every one was felt throughout the train; the car rocked violently for a moment, and seemed about to fall over on its side, but finally recovered its equilibrium, while at the same moment the frightened passengers found their tongues and their feet. "What has happened?" every one asked of every one else; and, since no one could answer, there was an immediate rush for the door. Philip observed that Alice Percival alone quietly resumed her seat, and he stopped beside her. Danger gave him his opportunity to speak to her, though he did not think of it at this moment as an opportunity.

"Can I be of any service to you, Miss Percival?" he asked. "Will you let me assist you out of the car?"

"Mr. Thornton!" she exclaimed, looking up at him with a start; for she had not seen him before. Her face was pale, but she was perfectly self-possessed. "No—I think not," she said in answer to his question. "I will not leave the car, unless there is need to do so."

"In that case I will make some inquiries, and return as quickly as possible, in order to let you know if there is need," said Philip.

He made his way out, and soon discovered what had happened. The engine, tender, and two or three of the foremost cars had been thrown from the track by an obstacle placed upon it, whether through

malice or carelessness it was impossible to say. No one was seriously injured, but several persons were severely bruised, and the damage to the train was great. Philip mastered the whole situation in a short time, and returned to Miss Percival.

"You were quite right," he said, when he had told her what had occurred, "not to yield to panic; for there is nothing worse before you than the prospect of waiting some time for a train, which will, of course, be sent out for the passengers."

"I did not suppose there was any danger after the shock was over," she answered, quietly. "And I knew I should soon learn what had happened. So we must wait here for an indefinite length of time!" She looked out of the window for an instant, and then turned back to him. "Do you know how far we are from the city?" she asked.

"Not more than two or three miles," he replied.

"If you are sure of that," she said, rising and taking up a satchel by her side, "I shall walk in. Two or three miles will be only a pleasant walk this beautiful afternoon."

Philip's eyes brightened. "It is a very good idea," he answered, "if you are not afraid of the fatigue, and"—he hesitated—"if you will allow me to accompany you."

"Why should I do that?" she asked, regarding him with a grave but not unkindly scrutiny. "There is no reason for my troubling you so far."

"So far from troubling me, you will do me a great kindness by permitting me to accompany you," he replied, with evident sincerity. "I do not wish to remain here waiting indefinitely any more than yourself. But I should not for that reason venture to offer my companionship to you," he added, quickly. "I do not think that it would be safe for you to walk into the city alone."

"Why not?"

"You might be annoyed—or worse. If the obstruction which has thrown the train from the track was wilfully placed upon it, there may be more desperate people about than you imagine."

She sat down again—whether to remain or to reflect upon this view of the matter, Philip could not tell. She was silent for a moment before she said:

"I am not at all afraid of any annoyance."

"I can well believe that," answered Philip, seeing how brave the dark eyes were. "But lack of fear is unfortunately not a safeguard."

"Then perhaps I had better remain," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"If you prefer to go," replied the young man, with a sudden impulse of frankness, "why should you refuse me the pleasure of attending you? I promise"—a sudden flush came over his face—"that I will not presume on being allowed to do so. If you desire it, our acquaintance shall be to-morrow exactly what it was an hour ago."

She looked at him with an expression of surprise. "And why," she said, after an instant's pause, "should you imagine that I would desire it? I do not usually ignore a service or a kindness that has been done me."

"I am sure that you do not—usually," he answered. "But I—well, if you will allow me to be candid, Miss Percival, I have been told that you would not wish to know me."

"You have been told—" she repeated. "Who had the right to tell you that?"

"It is very easy to inform you who told me," said Philip; "but whether or not he had the right to speak for you, that is another question. It was Graham. Do you remember the church fair? I saw you there for the first time, and I asked him to introduce me. He declined, saying that he could not do so without asking your permission, and that if he had asked it, you would have—refused."

It was now on Miss Percival's face that a slight flush appeared. "Mr. Graham is very—positive, even when he speaks for another," she said.

"Then it was not true?" asked Philip, eagerly—"you would *not* have refused?"

She hesitated for a moment—only a mo-

ment—before answering, quietly: “If I am too am to speak candidly, I must acknowledge that it is quite true: I should have refused. But not, perhaps, for the reason you imagine. I have not, I hope, any feeling of enmity toward—any one; certainly not toward one who had not the least connection with past matters. But there is a fitness in all things, and I should have felt that there was no fitness in our acquaintance; hence I would have declined to know you. You see, however, that I have had no option in the affair,” she added, with a smile that in its involuntary sweetness made amends for anything in her speech which wounded him.

“It is because you have had no option,” he said, “that I am bound not to presume upon an acquaintance that you would have refused me. I do not understand what you mean by saying that you would have felt that there was no fitness in it, but I understand thoroughly that I am not to have the pleasure of knowing you, as I confess that I should like to do.”

She was silent again for a minute, but he was struck by the absence of any confusion or embarrassment in her manner. She seemed to reflect as she sat with downcast eyes; but when she lifted them the same quiet self-possession and frankness looked out of their dark depths.

“If you do not understand my meaning in saying that I should have felt that there was no fitness in our acquaintance,” she said, “you must be very ignorant of the matters to which I alluded a moment ago.”

“I am very ignorant,” he answered. “You will, perhaps, realize how ignorant if I assure you that when I learned your name from Graham that night at the fair, I heard it for the first time, and it was not until afterwards that I learned of the former connection between your father and my uncle.”

“From whom did you learn it?” she asked, looking down again.

“From my aunt, Mrs. Thornton.”

“Ah!” The exclamation seemed to escape without intention on her part, and for

a moment Philip held his breath, thinking that he was to hear the other side of the story, of which he felt instinctively that there *was* another side. But no further sound issued from the lips which he watched so closely; and presently he said, timidly:

“In that story, as I have heard it, there is surely nothing to prevent our acquaintance.”

“As you have heard it, probably not,” she said. “And, indeed, what have *you* to do with the matter? This is not Corsica; and if it were, I do not think I should care to maintain a vendetta. What I have already said holds good—there is no fitness in our acquaintance. This is not only because your name is Thornton and my name is Percival, but because our lines in life lie far apart. But since we have met, and been made known to each other, I shall not be rude enough to disown your acquaintance; be sure of that.”

Philip would have been sure of anything which she attested by such a glance as accompanied these words.

“You are very good,” he murmured. “I assure you that I feel it. But, as a proof that you will not disown me, will you not reconsider your resolution, and let me walk with you into the city? I really think that you will find it better than waiting here.”

“I really think that I shall,” she said, rising.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Germain at Nanterre.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ST. GENEVIEVE.

ONCE, on a Bréton mission bent, St. Germain of Auxerre,
Together with St. Lupus, paused in the village of Nanterre.

Servants of God! His toil their rest, His holy will their food!

Seeking their blessing, round them drew the village multitude.

One in the crowd sought all in vain the holy men to see,

So dense the surging human throng, so small
and weak was she.

Enlightened by the Holy Ghost, St. Germain
sweetly smiled,
And called from midst the throng to him the
parents and the child.

Long gazed he on the little one, then barely
seven years old,
And to the wondering parents turned and
solemnly foretold

The rare and precious heavenly crown an-
gelic hands would weave,
Through many, many fruitful years, for little
Genevieve.

Then spake the maiden, her young heart with
virgin graces stored:

"Dear Bishop, for my holy Spouse I've chosen
our dear Lord."

"Struggle with earnestness, my child; be of
good heart," said he;

"And in full measure needed grace thy Spouse
will give to thee"

He consecrated her to God: to the church her
footsteps led;

At Vespers prayed, with holy hands upon the
fair young head.

Through his repast he kept the child still very
near to him,
And knew that guileless heart was pure e'en
as the Seraphim.

Rising, thus to the parents spake the prelate
of Auxerre:

"Bring back this little one to me before I
leave Nanterre.

"Daughter," said he, next morn, "dost know
the promise thou didst make

A day ago, when for thy Spouse Our Redeemer
thou didst take?"

"Oh! yes: well I remember all"—joy lit the
pure young face—

"And faithful do I hope to be always, through
God's good grace."

Charmed was the Saint with this reply. "O
spouse of Christ!" said he,

"Worldly adornments thou must put far, far
away from thee.

"Let this remind thee of thy Spouse"—around
her neck he placed
A simple medal with a cross upon its surface
traced:

Years sped; a garland angels wove entwined
each joy and grief;
For sorrows blossomed into flowers, each joy
became a leaf.

O happy day for France, when great St. Ger-
main of Auxerre

Blessed the sweet child Genevieve in the vil-
lage of Nanterre!

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—TARES AND WHEAT
AND FINE GOLD.

NEMESIUS would have retired from the
Emperor's presence at an earlier mo-
ment, but he had an object in remaining
until the fury of the tyrant exhausted itself,
which it presently did, in fitful curses and
hoarse mutterings, like the last growls of
a spent tempest; then, having refreshed
himself with a copious draught of snow-
cooled wine, and dried on a napkin of fine
Egyptian linen his lurid visage, over which
the sweat of his wrath still poured, he
threw himself back against the gold-broid-
ered cushions of his chair, and turned his
bloodshot eyes on the grave, noble counte-
nance of Nemesius, who stood leaning with
easy grace upon the pedestal of a column,
awaiting the opportunity he sought. It had
come at last, and he spoke in his usual
clear, even tones:

"I have a request to prefer, imperial sir,"
he said.

With a gesture Valerian signified his
readiness to give attention, not having yet
sufficiently recovered his breath to speak.

"As there is a prospect that active hos-

ilities will be delayed by this new move of King Sapor," continued Nemesisius, "and as my legionaries are finely equipped, and under perfect discipline, I wish to transfer for a short time my command to the officer second in rank to myself, that I may look into my private affairs, and set them in order."

"A most reasonable request, and one to be expected after thy confession of an hour ago. It is but natural thou shouldst wish to spend a few days in dalliance with thy charmer before encountering the grim chances of war," answered Valerian, with rumbling voice and a coarse leer. "Thy requests are few, Nemesisius; and thou hast always done good service to the Empire, and not seldom risked thy head into the bargain by thy free speech to me—aye, and, by the gods! would have lost it too, but that thy audacious sincerity amused and refreshed me, and because I sometimes have need of one who does not fear to speak the truth, as thou alone hast the courage to do. Thou art no plotter, which can not be said of many, and thy request is granted; but hold thyself in readiness for a sudden move at any hour, as I am convinced that the crafty Sapor is only couching for a deadlier spring. And—hold, Nemesisius!—thou hast free access to the prisons: the order has not been revoked; look into them now and then, to observe whether or no those contumacious Christians get the full measure of their deserts. Gods! how the wretches tire and sicken me!"

"I thank thee for the favor granted, imperial sir, and for thy kind words. I will not fail to visit the prisons," said Nemesisius, as he bowed and turned to leave the cabinet.

"And take this kiss to the beautiful little blind maid at the villa," cried the Emperor, tossing towards him a kiss from his trembling, bloated fingers.

While the blood surged into his face at the bare suggestion, Nemesisius, with an inclination of his head, left the cabinet, saying, mentally: "Yes; I will visit the prisons, but not in accordance with thy cruel

design; and as to thy kiss, let it pass to thy *dæmons*, for whom only it is fit."

As he came out of the palace he met the Cypriot as already related, who gave him his sword and a letter; thrusting the first into its scabbard, without noticing the fragment of spangled Syrian gauze that clung to the handle, and the latter under his sword-belt, he mounted his horse, put him to a gallop, and did not slacken his speed until he got beyond the crowded streets.

In thinking over his interview with Valerian by the light of faith which now illumined his soul, Nemesisius felt as if he had been confronted with the very incarnation of the old, cruel idolatrous belief which he had that day abandoned, and now thought of with the greatest horror, while he experienced a more irresistibly urgent desire to fly from it, to be rid of every vestige of it, that, untrammelled, he might offer the entire homage of his being and life to the One, Supreme God.

He was impatient for the morrow's noon, when by the voluntary act of his own will he would receive Holy Baptism at the hands of the Christian Pontiff, which would be the sign and seal of his high calling as a soldier of Christ. His great heart overflowed with gratitude as he thought of the gratuitous and undeserved favors of which he had been the recipient—he who up to the time his child received her sight had been the enemy of God and His servants, and was worthy only of eternal condemnation. Henceforth whatever he possessed, all that he was—his child, the most precious of all; his fortune, his time, his being, his life—he devoted with all the energy, sincerity, and generosity of his soul to the honor and glory of Him who had opened her blind eyes, and at the same time unsealed his benighted mind to a diviner light.

Nemesisius was a man who never did things by halves; he had all his life held an uncompromising belief in a false and idolatrous religious system, and now seeing his error, he would be as uncompromisingly and as sincerely a Christian.

These thoughts occupied his mind as he

rode homeward through the balmy, star-lighted night, exalting his spirit, and filling him with a strange and wonderful peace; which explained to him the fortitude and constancy of the martyrs, whose sufferings he had sometimes witnessed.

Claudia was at her window watching for him. The first day in Paradise could not have been a greater surprise and joy to Eve than this one had been to her whose eyes for the first time had feasted on the beauties of nature, and whose spirit, purified by the holy water of regeneration, beheld in them the creations of Him of whom she had never heard until this, the day of her new birth.

"O *padre mio!*" she said, after embracing him, "there has been so much to see! At last I watched the sun go down into the sea, and the sky was full of such beautiful lights, until the darkness came; then I was frightened, until I saw the stars like gold blossoms sprinkled over the sky: some of them bright and dancing, some shining far away, others glittering among the tree-tops. O *padre mio!* is not He who made them good to give lamps to the night that there may be no darkness?"

"He is indeed good, *cara mia*—this Creator and Supreme God, and worthy of all love and homage," said Nemesius, tenderly. "Now seek thy couch, my little one, and ask His protection before sleeping."

He kissed her, looked once more into her bright, beaming eyes with a glad uplifting of his heart, then left her with Zilla, and went down the corridor to his own apartments. Throwing his helmet and sword upon a table, his eye was attracted by something white which had fallen to the floor when he unbuckled his sword-belt. He saw, by the rays of the lamp overhead, that it was the letter he had so mysteriously received, and which he had forgotten until this moment. Mechanically he took it up, broke the seal that held the silk cords together, slipped them off and opened it. Glancing over the first lines, a slight start of astonishment, his knitted brows, and the dark flush that mantled his face, indicated something unusual and displeasing.

As it was, indeed; for Laodice, almost hopeless of winning his love, had fallen on this desperate expedient—one that she had sometimes thought of, but which was precipitated by her accidentally meeting him that night. As soon as he had passed on to the Emperor's cabinet, she fled to her own apartments, and, led on by her passionate, audacious nature, which mastered her womanly pride and her very reason, she wrote to him the letter he has just read, laying herself and her love at his feet. How many things were now understood which at the time of their occurrence had caused him only a momentary surprise! Again a dark flush mantled his noble face. "Unhappy woman!" he said, speaking low; "thy confidence shall never be betrayed, but there is only one course open to me."

Opening his cabinet, he selected a fine piece of vellum, and wrote:

"The enclosed is returned, to be thrown into the flames by the same hand that penned it, and forgotten. A heart already bestowed, and engrossed by a supreme love, has nothing left to offer except good wishes."

This he folded with the letter in a wrapper of papyrus, secured it in the usual way with silk cord and his seal, directed it, and, with it in his hand, went to ascertain if Symphronius was still up. The old steward had not gone to bed; he had just risen from his devotions when his master entered. No need had he to grasp and conceal the crucifix before which he had been praying, when he heard footsteps approach his door, or dash away the tears which his contemplation of the sufferings of Christ had caused to flow over his wrinkled face; for his master was, like himself, a Christian; and in those days the new birth made child-like the old as well as the young, and they loved the *Christus* with simple minds, their only aim being to show their devotion to Him, even to the shedding of their blood, in return for all He had done and suffered for them.

"I am glad to find thee awake," said Nemesius, gently; "for I should have been sorry to disturb thy slumbers. I have an

important letter, which I wish to be delivered early to-morrow by a trusty messenger, and thought I might find Admetus here."

"He will be here about midnight. He has been sent to bear the Holy Bread to some who are to suffer at the Temple of Mars to-morrow, among them a priest," answered Symphronius. "One of the prison guards is a Christian, and knows the boy; and, besides, the friends of the condemned are allowed to visit them the day before their fiery trial."

Nemesius knew this to be a fact; he had more than once witnessed these last interviews, and observed that the victims wore serene countenances, irradiated by flashes of divine anticipation; while their friends lamented and wept bitterly, reproaching them for preferring a cruel death to life and safety, which a grain of incense offered to the gods would purchase. But he knew nothing yet of the Holy Bread, which, in times of persecution like the present, the exigencies of the Church allowed to be conveyed to the victims, by approved messengers, to strengthen and refresh them in the conflicts through which they were condemned to pass to their exceeding great triumph and reward; but he would soon know in all its fulness and divine significance that it was the Bread of Eternal Life, the Most Holy Eucharist, the real Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

"When he comes give him the letter, and charge him to deliver it only into the hands of the person to whom it is directed, at the imperial palace, and allow no other eye than his own to see the superscription," said Nemesius, grasping the hand of his faithful old servant. "And to-morrow I have much to say to thee, and many matters to arrange; but now good-night!"

At last, in the solitude of his own apartment, the happy convert was alone with his thoughts. The moon hung gibbous and pale over the distant sea, and a cool, damp wind drifted up from the Tiber, whispering its moan to the shivering leaves. To this noble Roman soldier it had been a wonderful day, from beginning to end, typ-

ical of God's world, in which His marvels, by some secret design of His providence, are woven in with human antagonisms, and stand face to face with evil. After the joy of the morning, how repulsive to his nature and his newly-awakened soul all that the evening had brought! But it was already past, borne away as by a torrent, leaving unobscured the grace of faith which had risen out of the darkness upon him.

He sat there in the shadow, thinking. He knew nothing yet of Christian dogmas, but his entire faith in the existence, supremacy, and eternity of God, in His power and divine attributes, opened the way to their reception and glad acceptance without discussion; for there would be nothing to doubt in whatever proceeded from Him, the everlasting Truth. On the morrow he would receive Holy Baptism, the sign and seal of his covenant with Christ, by which, the Pontiff Stephen had instructed him, he would be made a child of God, and admitted to full participation in the divine mysteries He had provided for His faithful ones. And so he rested content on the rock of Faith, until knowledge should come.

Nemesius had heard the old story oft repeated that the Christians at the celebration of their secret rites worshipped an ass's head,—the old rabbinical legend, which had drifted to Rome centuries before, and had been forgotten and revived over and over again as an invective and reproach to the Jews, and later to the Christians, between whom at first, and even when they might have known better, the ignorant minds of the Roman soldiers could not distinguish. The legend ran that a certain high-priest of the synagogue was in the habit of remaining so long in the Holy of Holies when it was his turn to officiate, that one day, having prolonged his stay to even a greater length than usual, a levite was sent to see if perhaps he was dead, and on opening the curtain beheld him alive, and worshipping a spirit in the form of an ass.*

* Spoken of by Jerome in the 4th century, also by Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis. It was current among the Gnostics.

There had never been lack of intercourse between Rome and Judea, international comities and alliances for aid and defence, especially when the latter was beset and sorely pressed by Syria, Egypt, and Assyria in turn, and assisted by Rome, until such time as she was ready to "lay waste" the land, and number it among her insatiate conquests. Pompey's soldiers brought the legend afresh to Rome with their Hebrew captives, to fling it at them with blows and derision; again the soldiers of Titus used it as a gibe to give emphasis to their insults and blows to the unfortunate people, whose holy city they had razed to the ground. And so, through ignorance of the distinction which separated Jew and Christian, it got fastened on the latter, who celebrated the sacred functions in secret.

And it was not an unusual occurrence that some who had embraced Christianity, but had not yet been advanced to a participation in or even to be present at the holy mysteries of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, when arrested and confronted with the rack, or the lions, or the flames, through mortal terror not only denied Christ, but cursed Him, and corroborated the foolish accusation about the worship of an ass's head. Nor did they deny that the Christians, as was currently reported and believed, sacrificed a young child every day to their Divinity, and afterwards devoured it. Conjecture can only suggest the origin of the last malignant report. It was known through spies and apostates that the Christian priests offered to their Deity a pure, spotless sacrifice of flesh and blood, of which they afterwards partook.

Ignorant of the Divine Eucharist, what could so well answer what they imagined as a young, sinless child? They knew that the most precious sacrifice that could be offered to Moloch was a young child, and that mothers themselves, to propitiate him by offering what they most valued, placed their offspring in his great, brazen hands, which, heated by fires within the statue, scorched their tender flesh, while wild, barbarous music and shouts rent the air to

drown their shrieks, until the little victims dropped into a fiery abyss below. Of course then it was a young child that was daily sacrificed to the *Christus*, and Roman mothers held their babes close lest they should be stolen for this purpose; while to threaten a refractory little one with, "I'll give thee to the Christians!" was sufficient to reduce it to swift obedience and quiet.

Nemesius had heard these rumors, and there were times when, if they had interested him in the least, he might have believed them, but now, having the grace of faith, the golden portal of all others, neither fables nor malignant rumors had power to disturb his mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Sign of Predestination.

THE question of Mary's relation to the Church is not one of mere theory, nor an abstract matter, with which we have no practical concern; which may be accepted or not, indifferently; whose reception will do no good, or whose rejection will not injure. If the whole tenor of Our Lord's life, if the language of prophecy, if the universal and immemorial custom of the Church, if the testimony of enemies, if the pious practice of millions of holy souls,—all coincide in attributing to the Mother of Jesus an uninterrupted fellowship with her Son in His great work of Redemption, and in everything that belongs or tends to its final accomplishment, the establishment of such a fact must impress every mind with the relative importance of availing itself of this divine institution.

A great power is evidently within our reach, placed by the care of God at our disposal, to assist us in our struggles with sin, to raise us when we fall, to carry us on to eminent perfection. It is easy of access; it lies at our door; it is within the instantaneous reach of all, even of children. That power is the influence of Mary, and its employment in the work of our salvation. We may not reject its powerful assistance; noth-

ing can be safely neglected that God has designed to make so perilous a work more sure. We may not throw away the aid thus offered, nor think to fight our way through the ranks of our spiritual foes without obligations to her, nor to speed on our heavenward course without her helping hand.

We are not greater than Jesus, yet He made Himself her debtor; we are not stronger than He, and yet she was appointed to supply for His infantine weakness. Even if we could struggle through without her support, we should be outstripped in our course by many who started later and with many more disadvantages; our passage would be joyless; hope would shine dimly on the future. What knowledge have we of the assaults of our spiritual enemies that may lie before us, perhaps, in the hour of death? what security that the absence of Mary's aid then may not make the difference of our eternal loss?

It is for this reason that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is declared by eminent theologians and saints to be a great sign of predestination, on account of the manifold assistance which is thus secured in its attainment.

Favors of Our Queen.

A RESCUE.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Let me tell your readers a true story, for the honor of Our blessed Lady. There is no doubt about the story's truth; for I know the mother in whose behalf the miracle was wrought, and the child is still living—though no longer a child, but a fine, "strapping" fellow of six-feet-six. Mr. and Mrs. S—, emigrants from Ireland, had not long begun farm life in the "camp."* In front of their house was the usual *quinta*, and garden; and in this *quinta* they had bored well. It is easy to bore wells in the stoneless soil of the Province of Buenos Aires, and

* That is *country*, from the Spanish *campo*. The word is also used for the *land* itself; for instance, they say, "That is good *camp*"; or, "I am buying *camp*."

water is always found at a depth varying from five to forty yards, according to the level of the land. Their well was about seven yards in depth, bricked all the way up, and crowned at the surface with a low wall, and covered with a lid.

Mrs. S— was sitting one afternoon at a window which opened on the garden. She was busy with her needle. Her first-born, a girl of three, was with her in the room; her second child—a boy just able to walk a few steps, and play about by himself—was toddling and crawling outside; and the mother looked up from her work every two or three minutes, thus keeping, as she thought, a sufficiently watchful eye on him.

Suddenly he was missing. She ran to the door, but no baby within sight! She looked at the well with a horrible fear, and noticed that the cover had been partly pushed aside, and was vibrating. With a scream she rushed to the spot, and, sure enough, there was her boy in the water! And the water was eight or nine feet deep.

Another minute and the child would sink. What could the distracted mother do? Her husband was out in the camp, minding sheep, and there was no one near to lend assistance. With the instinct of a Catholic mother's heart, she turned to the Mother of God. "O Blessed Mother!" she cried, "are you going to let my child perish before my eyes?" Then, snatching up a rope, and securing one end to the well-post, she took the other end in her hand, and—jumped down the well!

It was no act of wild despair, but must have been prompted from above. For, instead of killing the child, and plunging herself for a hopeless struggle into the water—both which things must have happened had she let go the rope, or had it been too long—she found herself, at the end of the jump, standing with one foot in the water, and the other resting against the side of the well, the rope being just long enough to allow of her reaching the water. If any one say that the length of the rope was a fortunate circumstance, but nothing very strange, it was certainly a wonderful thing that she *held on* to the rope, particularly having only one hand on it; and, again, that one foot caught the side of the well, so as to prevent her being whirled round and round.

Her child had just sunk for the last time,

but she reached down an arm through the water, and caught the precious body half a yard from the surface. Yet, was it not too late? To all appearance, yes; or, if life remained, how was she to resuscitate it? Well, luckily, the position of the child, as she held him under her arm, was with head hanging downward, and she saw the water running out of the little nose and mouth. So she had presence of mind to lower the head still more, till all the water had run out. Then came upon her heart an "aching time" indeed—only three or four minutes (as she says), but "moments big as years,"* till at last—a gasp! The child lived!

The question now was how to get out of the well. It was only a little after two o'clock yet, and her husband would not be home till evening. But she remembered it was one of the days on which a young man from a neighboring farm was wont to pass by, about four. This young man knew the family intimately, and the little girl was a pet of his; so that here the child could be of great assistance. Accordingly, Mrs. S—— bade her watch for her friend, and, as soon as she should see him coming, run towards him and scream her loudest. Meanwhile, renewing her trust in Our Lady, the brave mother prayed and waited; and this—only think of it!—for two mortal hours, with her child under one arm, the other hand clinging to the rope, and only one foot resting on solid matter! Surely she must have been miraculously supported, or she could never have held out.

Yes, it was close upon two hours (as she afterwards reckoned) from the time of her jump, when the young man aforesaid turned his horse towards the house, attracted by the screams of his little favorite. "Mother's down the well! mother's down the well!" was all the explanation he needed. Another moment and Mrs. S—— beheld the pale, astonished face looking down upon her. Her first thought, of course, was for her child. She told the young man that he would find a rope tied to a tree near by, and with it the usual canvas-bucket—a large bag in which water is hoisted by horsepower. A few minutes more and the bucket was lowered, the child placed within it and drawn up.

And now, too, most opportunely, the husband arrived upon the scene. For, having observed from a distance the young man suddenly gallop towards the house, he naturally suspected some mishap, and made haste after him. So that his noble wife, having achieved the child's rescue, had not long to wait for her own. Her "good man and true" lost no time in adding his strength to that of his younger friend, and together, with the help of the bucket, they enabled our heroine to do what would otherwise have been as difficult as, the Sibyl assured Æneas, was the rescent from Avernus—to retrace her leap, and return to the air of day.*

But one more marvel remains to be told. Instead of requiring extraordinary care for the preservation of his barely rescued life, the boy, after only half an hour's sleep, began to play about again as if nothing had happened!

So the family group were happily reunited, with a remembrance of God's goodness to gladden all their years. To this day Mrs. S—— can not recall the strange adventure but her eyes fill with tears, and her heart with love and gratitude to that sweet Mother, to whom, under God, she justly attributes the salvation of her child's life and her own.

Now, it seems to me that this humble narrative is not utterly unworthy of a place in the "*Glories of Mary*." I send it you, therefore, dear "*AVE MARIA*," with the hope that it will increase in our readers their confidence in Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Your servant in Christ,

EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY,
Passionist.
BUENOS AIRES.

How much books could aid us to employ our existence usefully! They should pass under our eyes, like a moving picture—the history of the world, the birth of sciences and arts, the revolution of empires, the customs of peoples, the recompenses given to good actions, the shame attached to crimes. Knowledge which is varied and solid enriches the mind, forms the heart, and aids us powerfully in the great reformation of ourselves.—*Cardinal Donnet*.

* O aching time! O moments big as years!
—Keats.

* Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
—Æneid VI.

Catholic Notes.

French statistics just published contain alarming information concerning the increase of crime among children of both sexes. It is shown that within the last five years the ratio of crime among offenders under age has considerably more than doubled. During the past year there were 7,582 cases of suicide in France. Of these, six hundred were women; more than three hundred were young persons from sixteen to twenty-one years of age; and, most terrible of all, one hundred were children! This is the first time the statistics of this unhappy country have registered cases of suicide among children. What a frightful commentary upon godless schools and the administration of a professedly infidel Government!

The famous Trondhjem Cathedral of Norway, upon which the work of restoration is now going on, is a monument to the memory of the saintly King Olaf, who died a martyr at Sticklestadt in 1030. He was the patron saint of Norway during the time of faith in that country, and the grand temple, which is the glory of the land, is the result of gifts placed at the shrine of the Saint by pilgrims from all quarters of Europe. The Cathedral was consecrated in 1093. Frequent extensions and embellishments were made to it, until in the year 1300 it had reached its highest stage of development, and had become what, despite the ravages of time, it still is—the most magnificent ecclesiastical edifice in the three Scandinavian Kingdoms. The length of the building from east to west is 325 feet. Its western façade, made rich with the carved figures of saints, is 124 feet wide. It had originally twenty-four altars of precious metals, studded with jewels, and beneath the altar that stood in the precise spot where the body of Olaf had first been buried were deposited the Saint's remains in a silver shrine weighing 6,500 Norwegian ounces, outside of which were three wooden chests, mounted in gold and silver and adorned with jewels. Very early the Cathedral showed signs of decay; then conflagrations—in 1328, 1432, and 1531—swept over it with devouring flames, and the entire western wing became a heap of ruins. The towers, with their splendid decorations, were

removed, and the body of the Saint was deposited in a place to this day unknown.

The Rev. Randolph S. Foster, a bishop of the M. E. Church, pays a generous tribute to the Church in a recent article contributed to the *New York Independent*. And this is not the first time we have had occasion to quote the testimony of "Bishop" Foster:

"It can not be disputed that she descends in direct and unbroken line from the Apostolic time and Church. Within her pale, both recently and anciently, have been many of the most illustrious saints and scholars. That there are still many saints within her pale, there is no reason to doubt.

"She presents the most compact and powerful organization that has ever been set up among men. She has wielded more power over wider spaces of time and place than any other institution, ancient or modern. She is still to-day as powerful as ever in essential respects. Her episcopal throne on the Tiber still moves the world. It is not perfectly clear that she will ever be less powerful than she is to-day.

"Her communion is as large as in her palmiest days, and her children not less loyal. . . . There is no mission field in the world where she has not more converts than all combined Protestantism. . . . Missionary efforts in her own dominion have hitherto been effectual to win a score of thousands of converts, which are an inappreciable loss from her fold, not missed more than a hair from the head."

We read with great interest in *The Congregationalist*, the earnest and most intelligent organ of Calvinistic theology in New England, a feeling and appreciative article upon Prince Dimitri Gallitzin, the devoted Roman Catholic missionary, whose settlements in Western Pennsylvania still preserve his memory even for the thoughtless traveller, ignorant of his religious character and services. When a Calvinist thus does justice to a Roman Catholic saint, we may well hope that the millennium is not far distant.—*The Sun*.

Canon Farrar, one of the ablest divines of the Anglican sect, writes as follows, in his "Life of Christ," of those words of Our Blessed Redeemer addressed to the Blessed Virgin at the marriage-feast of Cana—"Woman, what have I to do with thee?":—

"The words at first sound harsh and almost repellent in their roughness and brevity; but that is the fault partly of our version, partly of our associations. He does not call her 'Mother,' but

the address 'Woman' (*gundi*) was so respectful that it might be and was addressed to the queenliest, and so gentle that it might be and was addressed at the tenderest moments to the most fondly loved. And 'What have I to do with thee?' is a literal version of a common Aramaic phrase (*mah lê velâk*), which, while it sets aside and waives all further discussion of it, is yet perfectly consistent with the most delicate courtesy and the most feeling consideration."

The *Western Watchman* has the following earnest and timely remarks on attendance at the daily Mass:

"There is apparent in all the cities of this country—and we take it the movement is general throughout the world—a growing disposition among our Catholic men to attend the week-day Mass. We have noticed this more in other cities than our own, but we have no doubt the same remark applies to our own people. This is a most consoling augury for the future of the American Church. There are thousands of our Catholic men here in St. Louis who could go to Mass every morning if they were at all disposed to do so. The time of the daily Mass is convenient in most of our parish churches, and their business leaves them free to indulge even most extensive religious practices. Why do not more assist at the daily Mass? They have persuaded themselves that such extreme religiousness is adapted only for saints. Leaving out the question as to the obligation of all to strive after Christian perfection, we would assure them that the attendance at the daily Mass is not generally considered a work of very high sanctity; but, on the contrary, its neglect, where the result of indifference and lukewarmness, is a sign of weak faith and dangerously lax moral conduct. The man who can go to Mass every morning and fails throughout a whole lifetime to do it, will have a terrible judgment before him, and if he succeeds in saving his soul it will be after cycles spent in Purgatory. At this time, when so many are making their Jubilee, we ask them to seriously weigh and consider this question."

The late Cardinal Guibert was the son of poor peasants. In his childhood he took part in the labors of his father's little farm, and, like many other illustrious men, he herded the flocks of the family. That which was most striking in him was the character of austerity, or rather asceticism, which marked his career, whether we behold him in the episcopal purple, or in the humble habit of an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. The greatness he attained altered nothing in him, and amidst the distractions of Paris he continued

the same austere life which he began years before amidst the solitude of the Alps. On the occasion of his reception of the Cardinal's hat, Pius IX., wishing to give him a token of his affectionate esteem, sent him a gold cross of magnificent workmanship—a royal gift, which was received by the monk-archbishop with profound emotion, but which, nevertheless, he gave at once as an offering to the Treasury of Notre Dame.

Catholicism has lost a zealous champion in M. Jules Malou, Minister of State, who has been for many years chief of the Catholic party in Belgium. M. Malou died at his Château of Woluwe, aged seventy-six. He was born at Ypress. After occupying a post in the Ministry of Justice he became Governor of Anvers, and in 1841 entered the Chamber. Five years later he was appointed Minister of Finance in the Liberal Cabinet of M. Van de Weyer. Differences arose between himself and his colleagues, and in 1846 he alone among them was a member of the Cabinet of M. de Theux, which fell in August, 1847. He was one of the most brilliant speakers of the Belgian Chamber, where he was the leader of the Catholic opposition. M. Malou, who was several times appointed Minister of Finance and Premier, retired in 1884. He was subsequently elected a Senator. His moderation and affability rendered him generally popular, and his loss is deeply regretted by his co-religionists. —*Catholic Times*.

The elevation of Archbishop Taschereau to the Sacred College was the occasion of great rejoicing in Canada, particularly, of course, in Quebec. Illuminations on successive nights, salvoes of artillery, and the ringing of all the church bells testified the general joy, and the universal veneration in which the Archbishop is held. Both houses of the Provincial Legislature having unanimously voted an address of warm congratulation to the new Cardinal, they proceeded together in state the next day to present the address to his Eminence. At the reception which followed every public body and class was represented. The Protestant Bishop of Montréal and several of his presbyters were present.

In a communication to *The Catholic Sentinel* Archbishop Seghers speaks thus of his contemplated trip to Alaska:

A steamer, the *Ancon*, will convey us to Juneau City, some eight hundred miles from Victoria. There we lay in a supply of provisions, and leave, in an Indian canoe, for Chilcoot Inlet, nearly one hundred miles north of Juneau. A portage of some one hundred and twenty miles, over a range of mountains, in company with Indian packers, will bring us to the lakes that form the head waters of one of the tributaries of the Youcon River. How much each of us shall have to pack is, of course, as yet a matter of uncertainty; but there is no other means to get into that part of the country, except on foot with a load on one's shoulder. On the lakes we shall have to resort to a primitive mode of navigation: we shall have to make a raft, and float down to where we find a supply of good timber to build a boat, and thus to sail down the river as far as the mouth of Stuart, where we expect to find the first field of labor, the first cluster of people, the first installment of the population of the interior. My companions are Father Tosi, S. J., Father Rabaut, S. J., and Brother Fuller. We will, of course, select a central place, where we intend to establish a permanent 'Mission of the Holy Cross,' besides the 'Mission of Our Lady ad Nives, or, at the Snow,' which I prepared at Nulato in 1877. But, furthermore, we shall have to visit different parts of the interior, travel among the various Indian tribes, and scatter the seed of the word of God far and wide, with the expectation that, under the influence of the heavenly dew, it will grow up into a tree, and stand firm and unmoved in defiance of the fierce storms that may rage around it. My absence will probably be long, very long, if God's blessing accompanies us; and this blessing I expect your pious readers' charity to ask and obtain for us."

Mgr. Johannes Augustinus Paredis, Bishop of Roermond in Holland, whose death was lately chronicled, was the Nestor of all the bishops of the world, and one of the most remarkable ecclesiastics of his time. Born at Bru, near Maestricht, on August 23, 1795, he had just completed his ninetieth year. He was a model prelate, distinguished for his humility, zeal, austere life, and charity. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was of the tenderest but most practical kind, and with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips he died the death of the just. *R. I. P.*

The Rev. A. M. Clark, who was ordained to the priesthood in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, a few weeks ago, was for some years an Episcopalian minister, and connected with the Church of the Advent in

Boston. Over three years ago he became converted to the Faith, and, after visiting Rome and England, began to study for the priesthood in the Paulist Order. Another Episcopalian minister, Father Nears, was ordained on the same day with Father Clark.—*Catholic Citizen*.

New Publications.

MORE ABOUT THE HUGUENOTS. A Review of Prof. William Gammell's Lecture on "The Huguenots and the Edict of Nantes." By William Stang, Priest of the Diocese of Providence.

The style of this pamphlet is unpretentious, and the facts are by no means new; but no doubt it will be necessary to continue to present them to the world so long as the subject of the Huguenots and their treatment in France affords a convenient pretext for invectives and calumnies against the Church.

Father Stang has divided his little study into four chapters. In the first he shows conclusively that the Huguenots were enemies of the State in France, as well as of the Established Church; and that governments attempted to suppress them not so much because they were heretics, as because they were the source of never-ending discord and civil dissensions. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew is shown to have been merely a political act of the reigning sovereign of France. In the second chapter the leaders of the Huguenot party are considered, and the utter baseness and criminality of many among them are clearly pointed out. The third chapter deals with the old, stereotyped charge that the Catholic Church is opposed to the diffusion of the Scriptures amongst the faithful, and the teaching and practice of the Church on this point are set forth. The fourth chapter points out the difference between dogmatic and civil intolerance, and shows how utterly false and contrary to the teachings of history is the claim so often made that the world is indebted to Protestantism for the civil and religious liberty which the nations now enjoy.

Father Stang's pamphlet will do good, and we hope that it will be widely circulated.

THE LATIN POEMS OF LEO XIII. DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE. By the Jesuits of Woodstock College. Published with the Approbation of His Holiness. Baltimore, U. S. A.: John Murphy & Co., Publishers. 1886.

This is the title of a most elegant and attractive volume lately issued from the publishing house of John Murphy & Co. The casket is not unworthy of the jewels that it contains, and it is indeed no exaggeration to say that many of the poems are gems. Pope Leo is one who has evidently drank deep at the fount of all that was best in classic antiquity, and these verses breathe the delicacy of thought and the charm of expression which distinguished the Golden Age of Latinity, while at the same time they are imbued with a loftiness of moral sentiment of which the authors of the Augustan Age had no conception. The sapphic and the elegiac distich are the metres most affected. The volume will be welcomed by intelligent Catholics as another illustration—if another were needed—of the wonderful versatility of the great Pontiff who now occupies the Chair of St. Peter.

The poems have been done into fairly creditable English verse by the young ecclesiastics of Woodstock. A severe critic might find fault with a few of the rhymes as being somewhat limp and halting, but these trifling blemishes can not obscure the general excellence of the work.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

Mr. Joseph Norris, a venerable Catholic citizen of Bay City, Mich., who passed away on the morning of the 21st of July, fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church. His characteristics were abundant charity and the strictest honesty. What he possessed in this world he also considered the possession of the poor. Mr. Norris was one of the first subscribers to THE "AVE MARIA."

Miss Catharine Duffy, whose long and patient sufferings were crowned with a happy death on the 11th ult. She had been a reader of Our Lady's Magazine from childhood.

Mrs. Fannie McCafferty, who breathed her last on the 23d ult. She was tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and was a warm advocate of the Rosary.

Mr. Richard Walsh, of Newark, N. J., whose death occurred on the 30th of June.

Mrs. Sarah J. Carroll, who departed this life in San Francisco, on the 15th ult.

Mr. John Burns and Mr. Michael O'Reilly, of Hudson, Mich.

May they rest in peace!



Our Lady's Lilies.

BY E. A. S.

YOU wonder why my tropic lilies thrive
In this small room, this crowded busy hive
I call my home,
More freely than beneath thy marble dome,
And then declare
Some charm lies in my touch or in the air,
And this is why my lilies bloom so fair.

Sweet friend, the mystery I will frankly tell;
Upon it let thy heart one moment dwell:
The lilies know
As well as you and I where they will go,
And from the root
Their snow-white arrows ever duly shoot,
Our Lady's feasts with gladness to salute.

Our Lady's place, her own Son beside,
Is where her lilies ever choose to bide,
And there adore
In ecstasy of silence evermore;
Their perfumes plead
For us, poor pilgrims, in our sorest need,
And Jesus must His Mother's lilies heed.

Bodger; or, How It Happened.

BY E. L. D.

I.

WAL, ef this don't beat all the rains ever I see!" And Captain Ephraim Saltonstall, of the schooner *Lively Polly*, bent his head, gave a tug to his sou'wester, and literally shouldered his way through wind and weather toward the wharf, where the *Lively*—as she was called in ordinary conversation—was bobbing and straining at her moorings.

As he reached the last warehouse, an un-

usually fierce gust tore round the corner, and sent him staggering into its doorway for shelter. Here he stumbled over something, from which issued a low wail.

"Bless my stars!" said he, "wot's this here?" And he bent to see, when a tiny fist was reached from the thin old shawl that covered it, and he saw, or rather *felt*, it was a child.

"By gum!" said he, "it's a live child; an' it's a goin' to be a dead un soon, ef some-thin' ain't done, and done quick. Whar's the watchman? Turned in. Don't blame him neether. Wisht some o' them there infant asylums was handy that the Romanists plant round. But they ain't. And the *Lively's* got to trip anchor and off down the Bay at daybreak. What'll I do with the critter, anyway? Take it up and kerry it aboard? Wal, that's easy enuf, but arter that? Sho now! Wisht I hadn't a-come this way!—wisht I didn't mind playing priest an' levite, an' passin' by t'other side. Ork'ard bein' a Samaritan to a infant!"

Here the bundle stirred again and noaned.

"Wal, here goes! Come along, young un. ain't never sheered off f'um a signal o' distress yet, and I ain't a-goin' to begin wi' cock-boat like you."

And he lifted the little one "ork'ardly" enough, opened his pea-jacket, wrapped it warm, and strode off to the *Lively* with a quick step.

By the light of the oil lamp in his cabin he examined his find with some curiosity, and saw an undersized child about two years old, wizened and pinched, and sleeping so heavily and breathing so unnaturally that he muttered: "Drugged, an' turned out to die!"

It was drenched through, but he had no clothes to replace its rags, so, forcing some rum and water between its blue lips, he rapped it up in a thick blanket, put his pocket under its head, and laid it on his seat. Then he hurried into his hammock, and, although greatly exercised about the matter, fell asleep at once, and only waked when the cabin-boy pounded on the

door, with the brief announcement, "Day-break, sir!"

He turned out, hurried into pilot coat and boots, and in a few minutes was thundering his orders from the little deck; and it was not until the *Lively* was slipping down the Bay, with Minot's red eye glaring on the starboard beam, that he remembered his find, and wondered what it was up to.

He plunged below, ducked his tall head, and went into the cabin. There it was, sitting up among the folds of the blanket, dry and warm, with tangled hair rampantly erect, and keen bright eyes, that looked half frightened and half sly as they caught a glimpse of him.

"Wal, youngster," he said, cheerily, "how-de-do? Hungry?" But it made no answer, and as he drew near, it crouched aside, and put up its hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Why, I ain't a-goin' to hurt ye, ye little goose! On'y want to get ye somethin' to eat. Come along!" And, lifting it up, he smoothed its hair with one horny hand, and looked dubiously at his tin basin, but he shook his head.

"Guess ye had 'nuff washin' last night to last a consid'able time." And he tramped into the little "saloon," where the mate was already bolting his breakfast, and drinking cup after cup of black coffee.

The fellow looked up and was so amazed at what he saw—"the skipper wi' a young un in his arms"—that he stopped short, with his mouth wide open and his cup in the air:

"Whar'd that come from?" he gobbled at last.

"Rid up on th' anchor, p'raps," said the Captain, and, with a solemn wink, he set the child on his knee and gave it "share and share alike" of his own meal, except the coffee, which he replaced by condensed milk, remembering vaguely to have heard somewhere that children and milk made a good combination.

When they were through, he began:

"Now, youngster, wot's your name? Tom?"

A shake of the small head was his answer.

"Ain't? Is it Bill? Jack? Jim?"

A series of shakes.

"'Ot a boy 'tall," it said, finally.

"My glory! ye ain't a gall, be ye?"

An emphatic nod proved it beyond doubt.

"Wal, I'm jiggered!" he gasped; "this doos complercate matters!"

"Name's Bodger," she went on.

"Bodger? What's that?"

"Bodger, an' I gits hitted." And a vigorous action of her arm showed what *that* meant, at least.

Captain Ephraim looked at her in dense astonishment, but all he said was: "Well, my little maid, ye must jes stay here a while, tell I git back."

But she clung to his collar, and buried her face so close in his jacket, that he could not get free without hurting her. So with a patient, "I vum!" he went up on deck, with the child hanging like a monkey to his jacket.

"See here, you fellows," he called as he stepped from the companion way; "this here young un's come aboard. She's a gall-child, an' has had ha'sh treatment. Look at that an' that"—and he pointed to a long, blue weal across her face, and a livid bruise on her arm—"an' I want ye all to be good to her tell I git back to port, an' put her som'eres where she'll be keered for decent. Now haul away thar, and git that mainsail shook out; for the breeze is a-comin' over thar, an' no mistake.

"Here you are, youngster!" And he swung her down on a coil of rope, gave a neat turn with one end of it, fastening her securely to the grating, and then fell to with a will to help his men.

Some six months after, on a bright May night, the *Lively* came dancing home. "The Capen's maid," as the waif came to be called, was the pet of all hands, and was fairly good as children go, but she tyrannized over Captain Ephraim to a degree marvellous to behold; for he loved her as well as if she had been his own.

On this night he stood leaning on the

rail looking at, but not seeing, Minot's eye that beamed a welcome, and Nixie's Mate that lay like a shadow to the right.

James O'Neil, one of his best seamen, came up to him:

"Capen, ef I might make so free, what ye goin' to do wi' the maid when you git ashore?"

"Dunno," said Ephraim, setting his hair all on end, as he rubbed it worriedly; "dunno; ain't got any relations, and I've got so fond of the little critter I don't want to put her inter the poor'us or a home, an' I've pretty near made up my mind to take her off again on the *Lively*."

Then he gave his hair another rub—the wrong way, of course.

"It's a hard life for a gall-child," said O'Neil, suggestively.

"Yes, I know that," responded Ephraim; "but I don't see no—"

"Wal, Capen, I ast you," said O'Neil, as he paused, "'cause my wife ain't got ne'er a chick nor child, an' I think she'd be glad of the comp'ny. I *know* she'd take good keer of her. Jes look at my shirts an' socks, an' my hussif,"* he added, with pardonable pride.

"Wal, now, that's a reel good idee, O'Neil, an' I'll think it over. An' it was reel clever of ye to think of it, too."

"Oh, sho!" said O'Neil, "that's all right. Ye see, I'm fond o' the maid too, and ye ain't such a bad skipper yerself."

Which, coming from two Yankee sailors, meant civilities indeed.

II.

O'Neil was an American, but, several years before Captain Ephraim picked up "his maid," he had married a pretty Irish girl just out from the old country, and had set up a modest housekeeping in two rooms on the South water-front. These were as neat as soap and water could make them, and as Mollie's clear-starching and laundering were famous, she managed during

* "Housewife"—the sewing-case sailors take with them to sea. It is filled with needles, thread, buttons, tapes, etc.

the cruises of the *Lively* to add many little comforts to their furnishing—turkey-red curtains for Winter, muslin ones for Summer, some pots of geraniums, a hardy rose or two, and lately a bird.

"Neat as a ship," was Captain Ephraim's comment, as he stood in the doorway, the little one clinging to him as usual; "and the young ooman as fresh as paint," as Mollie came forward, her pretty blue eyes giving a welcome to her husband, and her rosy cheeks blushing a shade pinker before the stranger.

"Well, my girl," said O'Neil, kissing her, with a hearty pride in her comeliness; "here's the skipper, an' here's the young un I told ye about."

"Ye're kindly welcome, sir," she said to the Captain; "an' I'll be glad indade to take the child."

"Now, that's reel clever!" he answered; "fur I ain't never seen a place that I'd ruther leave a young un in; an' I think, mum, you're the right sort to do well by a orphan."

After a little more talk the two men left, but not without a sore struggle on the part of the maid, who clung to the Captain, and long after he was gone cried in a subdued, unchildlike fashion, that made Mollie's heart ache.

Finding words were of no use, she did the best thing she could have thought of—picked the child up in her arms, and cuddled her close, rocking her back and forth, and kissing and petting her in a way that made Bodger hold her breath in surprise.

The *Lively's* trip was a flying one, and before the next night she had fluttered out like a little white moth into the far blue. But the Captain left ample provision for the child, and Mollie's days were busier than ever, getting her fitted out, and yet trying not to let her own work suffer.

As soon as the first decent suit was finished, she took her around to Father Byrne, and told him as much of the story as she could, while Bodger watched the pigeons from the other end of the room. In conclusion she added:

"Indade, sir, I'm afeard she ain't baptized at all at all. She has no more idea of God an' His Holy Mother—blessed be their names!—than a haythen Pi-ute, as O'Neil says; an' she aint even got a Christian name, as near as I can sense it, so I thought she'd better have a conditional baptism, any way."

"You are quite right, Mrs.—"

"O'Neil," she said, with a courtesy.

"Mrs. O'Neil. What name have you thought of for her?"

"Well, sir, seein' as it's the month o' May, I thought p'raps it ud be good to call her afther the Blessed Virgin herself."

That's a pious thought, and the name will bring a blessing to the child."

And it seemed to; for a sunnier, sturdier youngster than the maid grew to be, was not to be found on the water-front.

She loved Mollie and was fond of O'Neil, but her "daddy," as she called Captain Ephraim, she simply adored; and as for him, he soon fell into the habit of spending all his spare time in the little front-room, where, on winter evenings, the sausage sizzled on the stove and the kettle "puttered" on the hob, and in Summer the salt wind freshened the heat, and the flowers nodded in their pots, and "little Mary," "me darlint," or "my maid" (as she was variously called), hung about him as he told his sea-yarns, or listened while O'Neil and his Mollie chatted of the days to come, when they could have a little home of their own somewhere, and the sailor could turn farmer.

At this last the Captain would smile, for he knew that when the sea once gets its grip on a man, it never looses it until his soul goes out with the ebb-tide* in some coast-village, or his bones go down into its silent keeping.

These visits were high holidays for the maid, but when the two men were at sea she was as busy as a bee in a tar-barrel,

* It is a curious fact that those who die in coast-villages, especially sailors, die as the tide is going out.

learning all Mollie could teach her about the house, sewing, going to school, and learning her Catechism with Father Byrne, who fancied the quaint child, and watched her development with interest.

For a long time the name by which she always called herself—"Bodger"—remained a puzzle, but Mollie fancied she got a clue to it about a year after the maid came to her. She was ironing one day in great haste, and accidentally touched her hand with the hot metal.

"Ah, bother!" she cried.

The little girl was on the floor, playing with some building-blocks, but at this she stopped, cast a frightened look around her, then scrambled to her feet, and went to Mollie's side.

"Ot you want?"

"Nothin', me darlint," said Mollie.

"You say 'Bodger'!"

"I burnt me hand an' said, 'Bother!'"

"Es," said the maid, "Bodger. 'At's me."

Mollie's quick Celtic wit leaped to a conclusion. She dropped on her knees by the child.

"Glory to God!" she said, "were you called that, me dear?"

The maid nodded.

"An' hadn't ye anny other name?"

This time she shook her head.

And Mollie thought: "Ah! mustn't that be a black, wicked heart that ud call a child nothin' but a bother?"

So saying she put her arms round the maid, and kissed her silently.

As Bodger grew older, and began to understand her religion, she developed an ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin, of and to whom she often spoke as "Me dear."

Mollie reproved her at first, for it seemed hardly reverent; but the little girl said, simply:

"You call me that 'cause you love me; I love *her*, an' so I call her it too. But av ye like I'll call her 'My Lady,' like ye called the pretty Queen in the ould country."

"Not the Queen, darlint, but me Lady Clontarf at Castle Darragh."

"Well her, then. Wasn't she the biggest lady of 'em all, an' the prettiest, an' the swatest?"—for the maid had a touch of the brogue from association.

"Indade she was," said Mollie; "an' it's meself should know."

"Then," said Bodger, "it's a good name; for *my* Lady's the greatest an' prettiest an' the swatest of all that ever lived."

And when Mollie, in some anxiety, told Father Byrne, he said:

"Let her call Our Lady so if she wants to. There can never be any harm in the natural expressions of love made by an innocent child." Then he asked for O'Neil and the Captain, in the latter of whom he was much interested; for the skipper, although "no perfessor of religion," had a deep, natural piety, and was a singularly honest, straightforward nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From Tipperary to Texas.

THE ADVENTURES OF TIBBY BUTLER.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

VII.

Shortly after the round-up Connemara Ranch lost something of its usual brightness. Countenances bore a watchful, almost anxious look. The Apaches, those redoubtable and bloodthirsty warriors of the mountain and plain—almost the only Indians in the United States who have resisted the efforts of Catholic missionaries—were growing restless once more, after an unusually long period of peace. There were rumors of fearful atrocities perpetrated by them among white settlers in the valley beyond Aguas Dulces, and of cattle having been driven off by them from herds in the neighborhood.

Colonel Lynch, therefore, determined to take his wife and the small children, with

their nurse, to El Paso, and leave them there until this rising of the savages was quelled. The now diminished herd and the horses were corralled near the ranch buildings, and from the corral to the buildings a ditch was dug, and the earth from the ditch thrown up on both sides into dikes, so as to form, in case of attack, a means of communication that would be covered from the bullets or arrows of the Indians.

As most of the *vaqueros* were gone with the drove to Kansas, the number of men available for the defence of the ranch was greatly reduced. Besides the Colonel, and two *vaqueros* who were to accompany him to El Paso and back, there were Dan Carroll, the foreman; Phil Lynch, Tibby Butler, and five *vaqueros*. One of these last, a Mexican named Juan, was nearly seventy, and consequently not active. But Juan was brave, and he knew the Apache character perfectly, so that his presence was of value. The eight were all fully armed, having a Winchester rifle each and a revolver, with an ample supply of ammunition and of food to stand a long siege, if necessary.

All the preparations having been made, the Colonel with his little party set out for El Paso at daybreak. He left Dan Carroll in charge, and directed Phil and Tibby to act as aids to Dan in every arrangement which that reliable man should make for the care and defence of the ranch. The Colonel, with his two well-armed companions, hoped to be back at the ranch by noon of the following day.

Reports of the near approach of the Apaches continued to reach the ranch during the day, and the night was one of great watchfulness and anxiety. Breakfast was scarcely over next morning when the savages were descried near the Aguas.

Alongside of the corral, and connected with the covered-way to the ranch residence buildings, was a good-sized log structure used as a blacksmith shop and tool-house, and having a small square window at each of three of its sides, and at the other side a wide door facing the corral. The logs were

thick enough to resist bullets, and they had been laid so tightly that even the chinks were nearly impenetrable. The blacksmith shop had been selected to be the citadel in case the Apaches should come.

The sun was high up in the heavens, and all was ominously still about the ranch, except for the occasional bellowing of the cattle impatient at being shut up, when a shrill whoop from the distance caused everyone to make haste into the blacksmith shop; for it was the Texan danger signal. On a bare knoll, a quarter of a mile off, in the direction of the Aguas Manuel, a *vaquero* on the lookout was galloping his horse in a circle, and extending both arms alternately from the body, to notify the ranch that Indians were approaching, and in great numbers. It was he that had given the whoop. He then came in flying to join his comrades in the defence.

All being in the blacksmith shop, the door was closed and secured, and the little garrison disposed itself at the windows, and at the slit in the door, two at each post.

"Here they come, boys!" said Dan, in a low but steady tone. "Now everyone be ready to do his duty like a man and a Christian."

"*Hombres y Cristianos!*" echoed Juan, making the Sign of the Cross, in which he was imitated by all.

Tibby thought of pleasant Tipperary, and the kindly ways of Ireland. His heart leaped—but only for an instant. He clutched his rifle, rested it on the window-sill, and then wondered at himself for his own coolness.

One, two, five—there must have been fifty mounted figures approaching over the prairie, with wide intervals between them. Their tall crests of feathers waved threateningly. In front came one who was fluttering a piece of canvas that sometime was white.

"Steady, boys! Don't fire yet!" was Dan's order. "That fellow wants to parley. Can we trust him, Juan?" he shouted to the old Mexican.

"No trus' Apache *por amor de Dios!*" was Juan's reply.

And Juan was right; for at this moment Phil, who had been peeping through the window that looked towards the residence, discovered a group of the savages circling around in that direction.

"I don't like to fire on a white flag," said Dan, with momentary indecision. But he had scarcely spoken than a sharp twang made the blood in Tibby's body cease to circulate for a second, and an arrow fastened its head in the window-frame alongside of him.

"Now give it to them, and don't miss a shot!" exclaimed Dan.

Tibby, who had the Indian of the white flag in his aim, made an act of contrition for all the sins of his past life, and a firm purpose of amendment, and pulled the trigger. He was inclined to be sorry the next moment; for the savage's pony was running off without its rider, and Tibby did not like to kill or wound, even in self-defence.

"I have hit that Patchy," said he, as he cleared the cartridge case from his rifle, and made ready for another shot.

"You have hit nothing!" shouted Phil, half-derisively. "Look at that!"

All the enemy's ponies were running off, and all seemingly without riders.

"The redskins," said Phil, "are hanging on to the other side of the ponies. What can be the matter?" he continued. "See how they are clearing out!"

The next moment a ringing cheer and a rapid rattle of rifles broke on the ears of the besieged, and then the cause of the Apaches' sudden flight was apparent. A thin line of blue-jacketed cavalry men was seen scouring like the wind across the plain, in pursuit of the fast disappearing Indians.

The door of the blacksmith shop was scarcely opened when Colonel Lynch and his two cow-boy companions to El Paso appeared, along with an officer of the cavalry.

"It's all over!" exclaimed Dan; "thank God!"

"*Gracias à Dios y à la Virgen purissima!*" responded Juan.

"Well, it's a good lesson, boys," said the Colonel. "A few minutes ago I know you were all praying, brave as you may be, and making acts of contrition, because you did not know but the next second would be your last. Now let everyone keep the good promises made then, and all will be right."

This little menace of danger served to draw more closely together those who had been associated with it. Tibby and Phil for weeks found it plentiful source of discussion as to what might have happened if what did not happen had happened. The two boys became warmly attached to each other, and when, later on, the Indians having been quieted, the family was again assembled at Connemara Ranch, Colonel Lynch and Mrs. Lynch concluded that when Phil went to college the next year Tibby should go with him.

"O Mary! O my Mother!"

St. Benedict Joseph Labre left home and parents to live as a poor beggar near the sanctuaries of Jesus and Mary. His ragged and miserable state procured for him insults and blows, and he was turned out of the church itself as a hypocrite and vagabond. But the presence of Jesus in the tabernacle warmed his heart, and the thought of Mary turned his sorrows to joy. He wore her Rosary round his neck. Her shrine at Loreto was his favorite pilgrimage, her picture at Santa Maria dei Monti his chosen spot for prayer. There he would spend hours rapt in devotion, unconsciously edifying all around him; while the words, "O Mary, O my Mother!" would burst from his lips. There he knelt for the last time in prayer, and thence his soul made its last pilgrimage to Mary and to God.

Quod Deus imperio, tu prece Virgo potes,—

"God can do all things by behest;
Thou by prayer, O Virgin blest!"



VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 14, 1886.

No. 7.

[Copyright :—Rev. D. E. HUNSON, C. S. C.]

The Origin and Use of Holy Water.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

READER, as you sometimes stand at the church door, and see the people enter and depart, taking holy water, and some making a well-defined Sign of the Cross, while others make a motion that might be taken for the brushing away of an importunate mosquito, or for anything else but what it is intended to represent, did you ever feel a desire to learn anything more about holy water than that it is blessed by the priest as necessity requires, and placed at the church door for the convenience of the people? Or do you, perhaps, belong to the large number of those who are content to practise their religion without caring to trouble themselves with an inquiry into the history and significance of its sacred rites?

It is a fact, of which we have little reason to feel proud, that Catholics, as a rule, know but too little about their religion. Whether it is that they have not the opportunity, or that they have not the time to devote to it, or that they are satisfied to take everything on faith, the fact can not be denied that even educated and well-read Catholics know far less about their religion than they do about almost any other branch of knowledge. And the information they possess is commonly found to be of a general and indefinite character, and not of that precise

nature which the well-defined teaching of the Church would enable one to acquire.

The reader must pardon me for drawing this very uncomplimentary picture; no one would more gladly be persuaded than I that it is overwrought. In view of this, a brief inquiry into the question of Holy Water may be of advantage.

The first point that presents itself is the extensive use of holy water in the Church and among the faithful. From the grand basilica to the hut of the beggar holy water is found, and it enters into the imposing ceremonial of the one as well as into the simple devotions of the other. It is required in almost all the blessings of the Church, and in some of her Sacraments, and few sacred rites are complete without it. The room in which we are born is sprinkled with it; in one of its three several forms it is poured on our brow in baptism; it accompanies the last rites of the Church over our remains, and the ground in which we are laid to return to dust is consecrated with its hallowed drops. This is an evidence of the importance the Church attaches to it, as well as of the perfect manner in which the faithful have imbibed her spirit; and it must also be regarded as a proof of its efficacy in conferring a blessing, and repelling the attacks of the enemy of mankind.

What, then, is holy water? We need not be told that it is water that has been blessed with certain exorcisms and prayers, and into which salt similarly blessed has been sprinkled. But what is the designation of

holy water in the liturgical language of the Church? It is called a sacramental. This may, perhaps, be a new word to some persons, and a definition of it will not for that reason be out of place. The reader will pardon me for writing in an instructive strain; I have little imagination to draw on, if I were disposed to treat of subjects in which it would come into play; and, besides, I feel that a plain instruction on some useful every-day subject of this kind will be read with greater profit.

It has just been said that holy water is one of the sacramentals. But what is a sacramental? The meaning will be best learned by contrasting sacraments and sacramentals. Three things are required to constitute a sacrament: (1) The conferring of inward grace, (2) by an outward sign, (3) in virtue of institution by Christ. "Now, the sacramentals, like the sacraments, have an outward sign, or sensible element; but, unlike them, they are mostly of ecclesiastical origin, and do not, of their own power, infuse grace into the soul."* "If the sacramentals are used with pious dispositions, they excite increased fear and love of God, detestation of sin, and so, not in themselves, but because of these movements of the heart toward God, remit venial sins. They have a special efficacy, because the Church has blessed them with prayer; and so when, for example, a person takes holy water, accompanying the outward act with the desire that God may cleanse his heart, the prayer of the whole Christian people is joined to his own."† Sacramentals may be arranged under two general heads: (1) The prayers of the Church, and (2) the blessings bestowed by the Church on certain objects, as crucifixes, scapulars, water, candles, etc.

It is important to inquire not only into the history of holy water in the Church, but also into the part which water played in the religious ceremonies of both the Jew-

ish and the pagan nations of antiquity. Water being the natural element for the removal of external defilements, it was to be expected that any system of religion, whether true or false, abounding, as all did in ancient times, in symbolical rites, would adopt water as the emblem of interior purity. We do not, however, read of water having been used in the religious ceremonies of the worshippers of the true God before the establishment of the Mosaic Law. Nor need we be surprised at this; for up to that time the ceremonial of divine worship had hardly begun to be developed, but consisted almost entirely of the offering of sacrifice by the patriarch of the tribe or family. But with the establishment of the Jewish Dispensation, when the ritual prescriptions were defined with the greatest precision, purification by water was found to play an important part. But it is not necessary to inquire into this matter in detail in this place. The reader who is anxious to find instances of it is referred to Exodus, xix., 10; xxx., 18, *et seq.*; Leviticus, viii., 6; Numbers, xix., 1, *et seq.*; Deuteronomy, xxi., 1, *et seq.*, etc.

The student of the Greek and Latin classics need not be reminded that among the Greeks and Romans lustrations and other religious ceremonies in which the use of water entered largely, formed an important part of the ritual exercises of their temples, and the following will suffice for the general reader: "Originally ablution in water was the only rite observed by the Greeks, but afterward sacrifices, etc., were added. They were employed both to purify individuals, cities, fields, armies or states, and to call down the blessing of the gods. The most celebrated lustration of the Greeks was that performed at Athens, in the days of Solon, by Epimenides of Crete, who purified that city from the defilement incurred by the Cylonian massacre. A general lustration of the whole Roman people took place every fifth year, before the censors went out of office. On that occasion the citizens assembled in the Campus Martius and the sacrifices termed *Suovetaurilia*

* "The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church," by the Rev. W. J. Barry, p. 14.

† "A Catholic Dictionary": Article, Sacramentals.

consisting of a sow, a sheep, and an ox, were offered up, after being carried thrice round the multitude. This ceremony, to which the name *lustrum* was particularly applied, is said to have been instituted by Servius Tullius in 566 B. C., and was celebrated for the last time at Rome in the reign of Vespasian. . . . All Roman armies were lustrated before they commenced military operations. The Roman shepherd at the approach of night adorned his fold with branches and foliage, sprinkled his sheep with water, and offered incense and sacrifices to Pales, the tutelary divinity of shepherds. Whatever was used at a lustration was immediately after the ceremony cast into the river, or some place inaccessible to man, as it was deemed ominous for any one to tread on it."*

In the Egyptian pagan worship lustrations were more frequent than among any other people, the priests being required to wash themselves twice every day and twice every night.† But it is needless to multiply examples from pagan antiquity; suffice it to say that so universal was the custom that it found its way into the New World, the more civilized tribes of Mexico and Central America having their sacred water, which was used for various religious and medicinal purposes.‡ And among some at least of the pagans, as among Catholics, the custom existed of sprinkling themselves, or of having themselves sprinkled by the priests, with water on entering their temples.||

The fact that a sort of holy water was in use both among the Jewish and the pagan nations of antiquity might appear to give some plausibility to the statement so frequently advanced that the Christian rites and ceremonies are but a reproduction of those of the pagan world; or, as one writer

charitably puts it, the Romanists are only baptized pagans. Without attempting a defence of religion against these attacks—for instruction and not argument is the purpose of this article—it may be said that there are several different replies to these accusations. In the first place, water being, as was said above, the most ready and natural element for the cleansing of external defilements, it was to be expected that it would also be used as the symbol of purification from the defilements of sin, as in baptism.

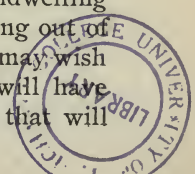
Again, the Jews having employed water in certain religious rites, the use of it in the New Dispensation would have a tendency to aid in winning some, at least, of them to the Christian religion. As such an adaptation we have the blessing of women after parturition, as an act of thanksgiving, taking the place of the legal purification enjoined on similar occasions by the Mosaic Law. And the same course of action was sometimes found to be of advantage among pagans whom it was sought to convert to Christianity. When St. Augustine, who had been sent to England to preach the Gospel, found the custom of having idols placed in the hollow of trees and other similar places, he was perplexed as to the best means of winning the people from this idolatry. Knowing, as he did full well, that even if the idols were removed not a few of the people would retain a superstitious veneration for the places they had once occupied, he wrote for advice to St. Gregory the Great, who was then ruling the Universal Church. The Pope advised him to substitute for the pagan idols the images of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, which he did with the desired effect. Finally, it may be answered that the Church has received from her divine Founder the plenitude of power for the institution of such rites and ceremonies as may seem best to her, enlightened as she is by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, for the carrying out of her exalted mission. Those who may wish to pursue this question further will have little difficulty in finding books that will

* American Cyclopædia: Article, Lustration.

† Herodotus, Book II., No. 37.

‡ Hubert Howe Bancroft's "Native Races," vol. II., pp. 601, 611; and Vol. III., p. 370, *et seq.*, c.

|| Wetzer's "Kirchen Lexicon": Article, *Weihwasser*.



impart the necessary information. Turn we now to the history and use of holy water in the Christian Church.

The present rite of blessing water by prayer and an admixture of salt is frequently referred to Pope St. Alexander I., who reigned from 109 to 119. But from the words which he uses in his decree it would appear that the rite is more ancient than the time of that Pontiff. He says: "We bless, for the use of the people, water mingled with salt." Marcellius Columna attributes the introduction of holy water to the Apostle St. Matthew, whose action was afterward approved by the other Apostles, and soon became general.* Whether we are disposed to accept this evidence as conclusive or not, it is all but certain from other proof that the institution dates from apostolic times, as St. Basil, among others, maintains.†

The blessing of water before the High Mass on Sundays, and the sprinkling of the people with it by the celebrant before commencing to offer the Adorable Sacrifice, are commonly attributed to Pope St. Leo IV., who governed the Church from 847 to 855, but there are very learned authorities who trace it to a far remoter antiquity, and regard the words of the Sovereign Pontiff as rather referring to an existing custom than to the introduction of one not yet in general use. His words appear to admit of this interpretation. He says, addressing the clergy on their duties: "Bless water every Sunday before Mass, whence the people may be sprinkled, and have a vessel especially for that purpose."‡

The custom of placing holy water at the door of the church for the use of the faithful entering and departing is still more ancient, as may be inferred from the fact that the idea was evidently suggested by the Jewish custom of requiring purifications before entering the Temple to offer or assist at the sacrifices; but it would be impossible

to fix the precise date. Nor is documentary evidence wanting to confirm this. The custom of Christians sprinkling themselves with water, or even of washing their hands and face before entering the house of God, existed throughout the Church as early as the days of Tertullian, that is before the end of the second century.*

The use of holy water among the people at their homes is of still greater antiquity, as may be learned from the "Apostolic Constitutions," which contain a formula for blessing it, that it may have power "to give health, drive away diseases, put the demons to flight,"† etc.

Let us now turn to the historical and liturgical view of the question. There are three, or in another sense four, kinds of holy water. According to the first division, there is baptismal water, which is required to be blessed on every Holy Saturday and eve of Pentecost, in every church that has a baptismal font. This water, after the holy oils have been mingled with it, is used only in the administration of baptism. There is a short formula in the Ritual for blessing baptismal water to be used in missionary countries, where baptism has to be administered at stations or in private houses at a considerable distance from the church, where it would be impossible, or at least very inconvenient, to carry the water from the church. Next, there is water blessed by a bishop to be used in consecrating churches, or reconciling churches that have been profaned. It is called Gregorian Water, because Pope Gregory IX. made its use obligatory for the purposes specified. Wine, ashes, and salt are mingled with it.

Then there is common holy water, which, as is well known, is usually blessed by a priest. This blessing may be performed at any time, and in any becoming place; but it generally takes place in the church or sacristy. It is required to be done, as has been said, on every Sunday before Solemn Mass, with the exception of Easter and

* "*Institutiones Liturgicæ*," by J. Fornici, pp. 353, 354.

† "*Kirchen Lexicon*." ‡ Fornici, p. 356.

* "*Kirchen Lexicon*."

† "*A Catholic Dictionary*": Article, Holy Water.

Pentecost, when the water blessed on the previous eve is used for the *Asperges*. In the Oriental Churches there is the custom of solemnly blessing water on the Feast of Epiphany, in memory of the baptism of Our Divine Lord in the River Jordan, which event is commemorated in the Church on that day.*

According to another division, there may be said to be four kinds of holy water; for when it is being blessed for the baptismal font it is usually put into a larger vessel, and at a certain stage of the ceremony the font is filled to receive the holy oils, and the rest is left for distribution among the people. This is what is popularly called "Easter Water." It may be remarked, in passing, that the laws of the Church require the water to be removed from all the fonts of the church during the last three days of Holy Week.

When we come to examine into the actual blessing of common holy water it is found to consist of exorcisms, prayers, and the mingling of salt with the water. By the fall of our first parents the spirit of evil obtained an influence not only over man but also over inanimate nature, whence he is called in Scripture "the prince of this world." For this reason when any material object is to be devoted to the service of God, or of the people of God, an exorcism is first pronounced over it, to banish the evil spirit and destroy his influence, after which a prayer is read over it to call down the blessing of God upon it, and upon those who use it in a spirit of faith and contrition. In the exorcism of the salt the priest addresses it, declaring that he exorcises by the Living God, the True God, the Holy God, by the God who commanded the prophet Eliseus to cast it into the water to purify it; that it may become exorcised for the use of the faithful; that whosoever uses may enjoy health of soul and body; that all phantasms and wickedness and all accursed of the devil may depart from the place where it is sprinkled, and every evil

spirit adjured by Him who is to come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. The salt, having been exorcised, is blessed with the following beautiful and expressive prayer: "Almighty and Eternal God! we humbly implore Thy boundless clemency, that Thou wouldst mercifully deign to bless and sanctify this salt, Thy creature, which Thou hast given for the use of mankind, that it may bring salvation of mind and body unto all that take it, and that whatever is touched or sprinkled with it may be freed from all uncleanness and from all attacks of spiritual wickedness."

"We see from this prayer that the Church begs God to attach a triple efficacy to blessed salt: 1st, That it may be a means of salvation to the soul; 2d, that it may be a preservative against corporal dangers; 3d, that it may sanctify everything with which it comes in contact. It does not produce these effects of itself, as a Sacrament does, but it obtains actual graces for the pious user, which will, if co-operated with, obtain them. The same remark applies to the efficacy of the water."*

Then follows the exorcism of the water, in the name of God the Father Almighty, in the name of Jesus Christ, His Son, Our Lord, and in the name of the Holy Ghost, for the dispelling of all the power of the enemy of man, and that the same enemy with his apostate angels may be utterly expelled by the power of the same Jesus Christ Our Lord, who is to come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. This exorcism is followed by the subjoined prayer: "O God! who, for the salvation of mankind, hast wrought many great mysteries and miracles by means of the substance of water, listen propitiously to our invocations, and infuse into this element, prepared by manifold purifications, the power of Thy benediction: in order that Thy creature [water], being used as an instrument of Thy hidden works, may be efficacious in driving away devils and curing diseases; that whatever in the houses

* "Kirchen Lexicon."

* Barry, p. 60.

or in the places of the faithful shall have been sprinkled with this water may be freed from all uncleanness and delivered from all guile. Let no pestilential spirit reside there, no infectious air; let all the snares of the hidden enemy be removed; and if there should be anything adverse to the safety or repose of the indwellers, may it be put entirely to flight by the sprinkling of this water, that the welfare which we seek, by the invocation of Thy Holy Name, may be defended from all assaults; through Our Lord Jesus Christ," etc.

"This formula of prayer implores the following effects for the holy water: 1st, To drive away the devils; 2d, to cure diseases; 3d, to free houses and their contents from all evil, particularly from a plague-infected atmosphere. After these prayers the priest puts a little salt into the water three times, in the form of a cross, saying: 'May this commingling of salt and water be made in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'"^{*}

A few words on the use of salt in this and certain other solemn rites of the Church. Salt is frequently referred to in both the Old and New Testaments. Says Father Barry (pp. 58, 59): "The union of water and salt is not without mystery. The property of the first is to cleanse, of the second to preserve. The Church wishes that this sacramental should help to wash away sin from her children, and to preserve them from a relapse. Water quenches fire and fosters the growth of plants; thus, in the spiritual order, holy water serves to quench the fire of the passions and to promote the growth of virtues. Salt is the symbol of wisdom; it typifies the Eternal Wisdom, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Water represents human nature. Hence the mingling of the two substances is emblematic of the Incarnation—of the assumption of human nature by the Eternal Word. Water represents repentance for past offences; salt, from its preservative properties, represents the care which the

true penitent takes to avoid future falls.

"There is a remarkable instance in the Fourth Book of Kings, 2d chapter"—to which reference is made in the exorcism of the salt—"of the efficacy which God attaches to salt. The inhabitants of Jericho complained to the Prophet Eliseus that the water of their town was bad and the ground barren. The holy man then said to them: 'Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they had brought it, he went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it, and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness.'"

The custom of mingling salt with the water is of great antiquity in the Church. One of the Apostolic Canons says: "We bless the water mingled with salt, that all who are sprinkled with it may be sanctified and purified."^{*}

The importance which the Church attaches to indulgences, more especially in modern times, and which, unfortunately, it is to be feared is not sufficiently appreciated by the great body of the faithful makes pertinent the inquiry, What indulgences, if any, are granted to the use of holy water? The only one that I have been able to find is that given in the *Raccolta* in these words: "His Holiness Pope Pius IX. by a brief (March 23, 1876) granted to all the faithful, every time that, with at least contrite heart, they shall make the Sign of the Cross with holy water, pronouncing at the same time the words, *In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*, an indulgence of one hundred days."

Much more might be said on the subject of holy water, but this, it is hoped, will be sufficient to give the reader a more intelligent idea of its origin and use.

^{*} "Kirchen Lexicon."

WHY add sorrow to the afflicted? More painful to Christ are the wounds of our sin than the wounds of His Body.—*St. Bernard*.

^{*} Barry, pp. 60, 61.

The Assumption of Our Lady.

BY THE REV. R. BELANEY, M.A.

WHEN Mary's sinless soul had passed away,
 And while her breathless body lifeless lay,—
 While Death, in joy, stood gloating o'er his prize,
 The fruit and crown of all his victories,—
Assumpta est! a choir of angels cried,
Assumpta est! an empty tomb replied.
 Angels and saints, alternating to greet
 Their Queen in heaven, "*Assumpta est!*" repeat.

Not with the golden beams of that glad day
 As that sweet song of triumph died away:
Assumpta est! Assumpta est! is sung
 In every land, by every race and tongue.
Assumpta est! Assumpta est! will be
 The song which saints will sing eternally.

Mother blest! though hence of thee bereft,
 My spirit with thy children still is left;
 My love remains, to be with theirs entwined,
 My tender heart to be with theirs enshrined.
 Thus consoled, to heaven we raise our eye,
 And lo! thou'rt there in all thy majesty!
 Twelve radiant stars encompassing thy head,
 The sun, as mantle, o'er thy shoulders spread,
 The moon beneath thy feet, to all proclaim
 Thy royal state, thy ever-living fame.

What homage is thy due, O glorious Queen!
 Thy children read in this celestial scene,—
 That we see thee, through the vision given,
 As thou art seen by all the hosts of heaven;
 That we see how God has glorified
 The Virgin Mother of the Crucified;
 That we see, too, what our love must be,
 Like the love that God Himself gives thee.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

"It was a strange thing to do, Alice,"
 said Mrs. Percival.
 "I suppose it seems so to you," Alice
 answered, in a somewhat meditative tone.
 She was sitting in the twilight, by the
 side of the couch on which her mother

spent the greater part of her life; but the flickering light of the fire, which the invalid required at almost all seasons, fell on her face, and revealed to her mother's eye its beauty and its gentle gravity. She was looking at the fire, and her lips parted slightly in a smile as she went on:

"It seems strange to me—now, but at the time it did not. There is something very winning about the young man: he is so frank, and apparently so unspoiled by the world. I should have preferred not to know him, but since accident has brought him across my life, why should I be rude to him because his uncle is—what we know?"

"There is no reason for being rude," said Mrs. Percival; "but one has a right to choose one's acquaintances."

"Yes," answered her daughter, in the same meditative fashion: "one's intimate acquaintances, of course; and I have no intention of admitting him to intimacy. But ordinary social acquaintance, that I can not refuse because his name is Thornton."

"It is not only that his name is Thornton," said Mrs. Percival, with some agitation, "but he is the nephew, the adopted son, of the man who has wronged us."

"Granting that," said Alice, laying her hand gently down on the thin fingers of the other, "I feel that we occupy so much the highest plane, that it is easy to ignore even the wrong. We have been robbed, but what is that in comparison with bearing the stain that darkens that man's soul, and his good name, too, in the eyes of all honest people? What can be said of my father except that he stripped himself of everything to make amends for his imprudence? But the other—all men know that he has taken and kept tenfold the amount of the debt due to him. Would you not rather—a thousand times rather—be in our position than in his? For my part, I am so glad that I am Percival instead of Thornton, that I have only pity for him, and greater pity still for the young man who, as you have said, is his adopted son, and who does not know how deeply stained is the wealth he will inherit."

Mrs. Percival looked at her daughter with some surprise. Alice often surprised her by a way of regarding things which, to say the least, was not common. Gentle and unvindictive though the elder woman was, it required all her Christian faith and feeling to subdue the bitterness with which she thought of the wrong that had been inflicted on her daughter and herself; she could not attain to Alice's lofty point of view, yet, while it was presented to her, she acknowledged and appreciated it.

"That is all very true," she said presently; "but I can not think that it would be pleasant to have any association with a member of the family."

"Not unless it were accidental, as it has been to-day," replied Alice. "In that case I do not think that it is for *me* to shun it. I am, as I have said, in the higher position, and I should feel that it was ungenerous to make an innocent person bear the odium of a wrong in which he had no share."

"He will have the share of profiting by it," said Mrs. Percival.

"Ignorantly," answered her daughter. "The people nearest such a wrong are the last to know of it, and he knows nothing."

Mrs. Percival thought that it was a pity such ignorance should not be enlightened, but she did not express this opinion, for she also thought it likely that Alice would differ with her. So they were silent for several minutes, while the dusk deepened more and more around them, and the fitful light of the fire rose and fell, playing over the pale countenance of the invalid lying on her pillows, and the beautiful, stately presence of the girl beside her.

Presently the latter rose and lighted a lamp, which she covered with a shade and placed on a table near her mother's couch. Then she went to an upright piano in a corner of the room, and, touching the keys softly, began to sing an evening hymn to the Blessed Virgin. The tender cadences were still filling the room when a ring at the door-bell was followed a minute later by the entrance of a visitor, who came in with the ease of a familiar *habitué*. Mrs.

Percival held out her hand, but Alice finished the last strain of her hymn before she rose from the piano and greeted the newcomer with a smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Graham!" she said. "It is some time since we have seen you."

"Yes," said Graham, with a pleased look, "it *is* some time. I have been very busy."

"So have I," replied Alice. "What a great thing it is to be busy, so long as one is not worked beyond the measure of one's strength! I am really sorry for the idlers of the world, who no doubt would be very much surprised by my compassion."

"I am often sorry for them myself," said Graham, "while at the same time I have not much patience with them. How much I would give for some of the golden hours they seem to desire so much to be rid of!"

"It is a pity—is it not?—that people could not dispose of their surplus time!" she said, a little absently. "I should like to purchase some if it were possible. Poor mamma should not be left so much alone then."

"Oh! I do not mind being left alone when it can not be helped," observed Mrs. Percival. "But I confess I grew impatient and anxious this afternoon when you were so long coming."

"I knew you would be," said Alice, "and that made the delay worse to me. I was in a railroad accident," she continued, turning to Graham. "Do you not think I have come out of it with tolerably steady nerves?"

"A railroad accident!" he repeated, looking at her with a startled air. "Are you in earnest? Where?"

"Have you not heard that there was an accident at the Junction this afternoon? A misplaced switch or an obstacle on the track—some people said one thing, some another—threw off the engine and several cars. Fortunately, the car in which I was did not leave the rails, although there was at one time imminent danger that it would."

"And you were not hurt at all?"

"No; how could I be? The shock was disagreeable, and so was the fear that other people were injured. But I believe no one

was hurt seriously. There was much confusion and delay, of course; but I soon left behind and walked into the city. It was not far, you know."

"No: only a mile or so," replied Graham. "Did the other passengers follow your example?"

"No—that is, only one accompanied me. He was a gentleman whom I met not long ago at Mrs. King's, and who is an acquaintance of yours, I believe—Mr. Thornton."

She lifted her eyes to Graham's face as she spoke, so she had the advantage of seeing all the astonishment which his countenance betrayed when she uttered the last name which he expected to hear. He looked at her for a moment, as if he could scarcely believe his ears; but her quietness seemed to make belief necessary, so he finally answered:

"Yes, I know a man of the name—Philip Thornton. We were at college together, else I should hardly be likely to know him; for he is a butterfly of fashion—one of the idlers of whom we spoke a few minutes ago—while I am a hard-working grub, as you are aware."

"He gives me the impression of being rather a pleasant person," she said, as quietly as she had spoken before.

Graham flushed suddenly. "If I could have imagined that you would find him so," he said, "I might have acceded to a request which he made me some time ago to introduce him to you. But I could not present him without asking your permission, and I felt sure that you would have refused it."

"You were quite right," she answered. "I told him so this afternoon when he spoke of the matter. I should have declined to know him, if the opportunity to decline had been given me; but it was not. He came into Mrs. King's one day when I was here, and she presented him, as a matter of course. He has never presumed on the introduction in the least. Although I see him every Sunday in the choir, we have not exchanged a word since our first meeting until this afternoon, when he very kindly

offered to render me any assistance that I needed."

Graham's somewhat sardonic lip curled a little. To himself he said: "It was just the opportunity he wanted!" But he did not say this to Miss Percival. Instead he observed, carelessly:

"That is very like him. He is pleasant, as you have said, and is inclined to be chivalric where women are concerned. It is a pity that he has little depth of character or purpose—or, perhaps, I should say that it *would* be a pity if life had not been made so smooth to his feet. But as it is he has no need of more than he possesses."

"I must disagree with you," said Miss Percival. "I do not think that life can possibly be made so smooth to any one's feet that there would not be need of depth in character and purpose. But why should you think that he does not possess any?"

Graham shrugged his shoulders. "Simply from my observation of him. He is one of those characters who float with the current, but have no strength to go against it. At present he is a Catholic, after a fashion; but some day the world will offer him an inducement, and he will give up his religion, as his uncle has done."

"Will he?" said Alice, as if to herself. She did not contradict Graham's opinion—what basis of knowledge had she on which to do so?—but Philip's face rose before her mental vision, and she thought that it indicated something better than the moral weakness of which the other accused him.

"I have just been telling Alice that I do not consider the young man a very—desirable acquaintance," said Mrs. Percival's soft, hesitating tones.

Graham glanced keenly at Alice. "It surprises me a little," he remarked, "that Miss Percival should desire him as an acquaintance."

Miss Percival met his glance as calmly as ever. "Have you understood me so little as to imagine that I desire his acquaintance?" she asked. "But I will not be so unjust, or seem so vindictive, as to visit on him the fault of another person. I can not

regard him as outside the pale of that courtesy which one owes to everybody, though I have not the least intention of showing him anything more than courtesy. And now I think that we have surely exhausted the subject."

"I am not responsible for it," observed Graham, dryly; "but I agree with you that it is exhausted. Mrs. Percival," he added, turning to that lady, "I am forgetting all this time that I have brought you something—a mere trifle in itself, but which I hope will add to your comfort."

He rose, went out into the hall, and returned in a moment with one of the book-rests which are made to be placed in front of an invalid, and support a volume that may be too heavy for the hand. It was a very happy diversion. Mrs. Percival was charmed, Alice was grateful for the kind thought of her mother, and Graham was pleased by the cordial acceptance of his gift.

"I saw it in a shop-window to-day, and thought of you at once," he said. "I know that you are so much alone, and that reading is your chief pleasure, while I am sure that holding a book must be very fatiguing to you."

"Oh! yes: it is often so fatiguing that I am forced to put down the volume at a point where I most wish to go on," she said. "This will be delightful."

"I wonder that I never thought of it," remarked Alice, in a tone of self-reproach.

"I am glad that you left it for me to think of," said Graham.

He spent a pleasant hour with them after this, and Alice sang his favorite songs for him before he went away. But no sooner was he outside their door than a cloud fell over his face. He would certainly have said that no fear of Philip Thornton's possible power to attract, but only a sense of what was fit and proper, had made him refuse to present him to Miss Percival. Yet it was with keen regret that he heard how the young man had carried his point—for it was in this light that he regarded the affair,—and been admitted to her acquaintance.

He knew how winning Philip was, how gracious in nature as well as in manner, and he overrated the possible effect of these qualities, as a man who does not possess them is very likely to do.

The strong and hard nature may feel something of scorn for the lighter and sunnier one, yet this scorn is often mingled deeply with envy, since the man who possesses the first knows that many things are beyond his reach which the charm of the latter can win. And, beside this instinctive fear, Graham was startled by Alice Percival's attitude. He was not able to realize or fully grasp the sincerity with which she felt that it was beneath her, in dignity as well as in justice, to visit upon the nephew the fault of the uncle. For once he failed to understand the nature which he had reason to know well, and gave a lower reading to her conduct than it deserved.

The reason for this was not far to seek. He was himself so deeply attached to her, that the jealousy which usually accompanies strong passion was ready to be stirred by a shadow. He did not imagine for a moment that Philip would be seriously his rival, for he knew that there were influences of the present as powerful as those of the past to forbid this; but he felt that he might suffer by comparison with a "butterfly of fashion," as he had contemptuously called him, and that the gracious charm which he had himself often acknowledged might cause Alice Percival to turn from a nature formed in so different a mould.

As the young man walked on, revolving these thoughts, with his dark brows knitted and his face set in heavy lines, did no spirit suggest to him, in the words of Holy Writ, that out of the heart are "the issues of life," and that it was a dangerous passion which had entered to possess his? He had not hesitated to prophesy that Philip would lightly resign his faith for some worldly inducement: was there no reason to fear that he might himself forget its strongest precepts under the influence of the feelings that now overpowered him?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Three Days at Lourdes.

BY A BENEDICTINE ABBOT.

(CONCLUSION.)

AFTER assisting at High Mass in the Basilica, which was richly decorated with votive banners and costly presents, we repaired to the mission house, where, with about one hundred other guests, we were invited to dine.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Grotto at five o'clock, Arch-abbot Maurus officiating. Before he had replaced the Sacred Host in the tabernacle a general wish was expressed to honor the Eucharistic King with an improvised procession. The Abbot declared himself ready to carry the monstrance, and after a few moments' delay the procession was formed. It was a solemn and edifying spectacle. Hundreds of clergymen with lighted tapers took the lead; next came the Holy of Holies, followed by the afflicted pilgrims, some walking, some being carried, while fervent petitions in their behalf were offered up by those accompanying them. Having entered the city, and conveyed the invalids to the hospital, the procession turned towards the Basilica, where a pious discourse, prayers for the sick, and Benediction, brought the devotions to a close.

While the pilgrims were thus engaged in paying their adoration to the Blessed Sacrament more cures were obtained than during all the previous part of the day; just as though Our Holy Mother had only been waiting for this public expression of our belief in the Real Presence of her Divine Son in order to shower down her favors.

The sun had now sunk behind the neighboring hill-tops. Leaving the Basilica, we proceeded up to the terrace which overhangs the Grotto. Its balustrade, studded with lighted lamps, resembled a sparkling diadem. But the unsurpassing splendor of the lighted procession which we here caught sight of made an impression that death alone can efface. No illumination,

no pyrotechnical display, however grand, can give any idea of the torch-light processions which we witnessed at Lourdes on each of these three days. Both eye and ear were ravished with delight. From eight o'clock till ten the vale, now covered by the shades of night, twinkled with myriad lights, that seemed to vie in numbers with the clustering stars of the dome above.

Now the procession proceeds, and as it winds its way along it resembles a gigantic fire-drake, now coiling, now uncoiling its massy folds. On moving, a hymn consisting of six stanzas, celebrating the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, was intoned. Each stanza concluded with a repetition of the refrain, "*Ave, ave, ave Maria!*" accompanied by soul-stirring strains of instrumental music. The procession wended its way up the terrace, around the Basilica, and down again by the crowned, illuminated statue of the Blessed Virgin; then proceeded onward to the end of the avenue, where, forming an immense fiery cross, it returned to the Grotto whence it had started.

No language can describe the emotions that thrilled us to the very soul as we stood upon the terrace that evening, regarding the sea of glittering lights spread out before us. Finally the signal for dispersing was given by the Rev. Father Picard, in words of burning eloquence, which were listened to by a throng of more than 10,000 persons. Then rows of quivering torches, separating from the concentrated mass, swept onward, as hymn and music came floating through the air, until the whole appeared an undulating ocean of enchanted harmony. Then came stealing into our hearts a mysterious peace and heavenly joy never before experienced. And we thought within ourselves: How infinitely more magnificent even than this must be the choirs of heavenly spirits beyond the stars, who forever surround the throne of the Most High! The reflection also strongly impressed itself that so glorious a spectacle could have been inspired only by the Immaculate Virgin herself, who refers all the homage offered her back to its source—her divine Son.

On Saturday, Our Lady's day, we had the happiness of saying Mass in the Crypt, near the place where the Apparition stood. Communicants were receiving almost continually at the high altar, while the confessionals were besieged by penitents. Next morning brought with it the same privileges and scenes as the day before.

Quite a peculiar ceremony was set apart for the afternoon. A large cross, which had been brought from Jerusalem, was erected near the Grotto. The previous year, four hundred pilgrims, conducted by the Augustinian Fathers, embarked at Marseilles for the Holy Land. The ship had been chartered by the Fathers, and on its deck an altar with a tabernacle had been raised. On this altar, as well as on seventeen others in the cabin, one hundred priests celebrated Mass every day. The celebrant was assisted by a priest on either side of him, who protected the chalice against the rocking of the vessel. When the Masses were all said, the rest of the day was devoted to silence, meditation, and prayer. The tabernacle, within which reposed the King of kings, was continually surrounded by a devout throng of worshippers.

Arrived at their destination, the pilgrims caused the cross above mentioned to be made of olive wood. It is twenty feet high, one foot wide, and one and a half thick. The pious pilgrims bore it toilsomely through the streets of Jerusalem up to Mount Calvary. Thus consecrated, it was shipped to Lourdes, and there erected provisionally. Now it was to be brought to a place definitely chosen for it—a granite cliff of considerable height, and situated above the vale. It was a penitential cross, having no image attached to it. Placed on the lofty eminence, its outstretched, naked arms would seem to invite all true lovers of the Cross to its embrace. The solemn ceremony of putting it in position was to take place at three o'clock, in honor of the hour at which the world's Redeemer expired.

The path from the Grotto up to the eminence was marked by fourteen small wooden crosses, representing the Fourteen

Stations, and around each of which were grouped thirty persons, of all ages, ranks, and conditions of life. They had voluntarily offered to carry, barefoot, the heavy cross up to its place on the height. On being relieved at each station by those in waiting, they took their places in the rear of the procession, behind the two officiating prelates, the Bishop of Oran and Arch-abbot Maurus, both of whom were also barefoot.

The procession, 10,000 strong, including many ladies of high rank, began to move. Supported on shoulders and firmly grasped by hands, the olive-colored cross slowly ascended the hill. Now it disappears behind the mission house, and enters the steep, rubble-stone mountain path. The long line of pilgrims, both before and after the cross, was very impressive; piety and enthusiasm beamed from every countenance as the cross was borne onward amid psalms of penitence and hymns of praise. The *Vexilla Regis* was often repeated, but oftener still the lines:

"Hail, Cross of Jesus! blessed tree!
Our joys and hopes are all in thee;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface."

Which was responded to, in turn, by:

"Hosannas sing to Jesus' Name;
The glory of His Cross proclaim.
He gave His life—oh! love most rare!—
Our love to win, and lives to spare.
Then, Christians, high your voices raise,
Both Jesus and His Cross to praise."

Every time this stanza was sung thousands of arms were uplifted towards heaven, and, like the roaring of thunder, broke forth the exulting cry, "The Cross forever!"

The heat of the sun became more intense, the ascent grew steeper and steeper, but the stout-hearted pilgrims toiled bravely on under their load. There were many who marched along with arms extended. It was a spectacle worthy the Ages of Faith. The Calvary was reached in little more than an hour. The view which here greeted the eye was most picturesque. In the distance stood the wooded Pyrenees encircling us; beneath us, winding in its downward course, was the valley, with Lourdes, its pretty

castle and its graceful Basilica, nestled in a fond embrace.

Like the waters of a river when it reaches the ocean, the pilgrims, leaving the processional train, spread themselves over the sloping surface of the hill-top, encircling the rock which had been prepared for the reception of the cross. This, while slowly rising to the perpendicular, was greeted with a hymn, which was intoned by a Capuchin, who attracted much notice by his stentorian voice and lively gestures. Finally, when the cross was raised and fixed in its place, shouts rent the air, the like of which the mountains had never heard before—"The Cross forever! The Church forever! Praised be Jesus Christ! France forever! Long live Leo XIII.! Blessed be Our Lady of Lourdes!" Enthusiasm was at its highest, and every eye shed tears of joy.

Now the people's beloved orator, Father Maria Antoninus, a slender, emaciated friar, ascended the scaffold-pulpit, and was greeted by deafening cheers. Then, addressing the multitude in a loud and distinct tone, he said:

"Friends and brethren, this day marks an important epoch in our lives. The Cross has given undying fame to three memorable eminences—to Golgotha, upon which it triumphed over Death and Hell; to the hills of Rome, whence it has marched in triumph over the world; and to this Calvary hill on which you stand, where so many thousands of voices announce its triumph over France. A passage which I read in the Prophets to-day struck me very forcibly: 'And saviours shall come up into Mount Sion, to judge the Mount of Esau; and the kingdom shall be for the Lord.' (Abd., i., 21.) You, my brethren, are these saviours, who are to save our country by your faith. Mount Sion is this granite hill of Lourdes. The Mount of Esau represents the proud and haughty enemies of religion. Truly the Cross will triumph; but that it may be victorious, you must all plant it firmly in the granite of virtuous hearts, and cry out with me: 'Live, Jesus, in our hearts!'"

The shout of exultation that arose was, at different intervals, re-echoed back to the multitude, whose enthusiasm became so great that even we Germans were almost infected with it. The Bishop then gave his blessing, and the people descended in groups to the Grotto, where Benediction of the

Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremony.

Next morning we again visited the hospital, into which, out of 800 sick persons—all French—432 had been brought. Now we found in it but very few, among whom was a dying girl; the others had been carried to the Grotto. As we descended the stairs of the Basilica, in order to join those who were paying their devotions to the Immaculate Mother preparatory to their departure, we encountered one of the missionary priests. His countenance beamed with joy, and tears glistened in his eyes. At his side he carried a small leathern valise. He seized our hand, and said, with trembling voice: "Only think! a moment ago I was sent from the Grotto to the mission house, to get the holy oils for a dying woman, and when I returned I found her—cured!"

We passed on to the Grotto, and, having reimpressed the whole scene upon our swelling hearts, we prepared to return home. As the *Angelus* sounded from the steeples the iron horse began to snort impatiently. We mounted, he rushed forward, and Lourdes, unrivalled Lourdes, was quickly lost to view. But its memory can never fade.

St. Joseph's Chapel.*

BY EDNA PROCTOR CLARKE.

THE land lies hushed in slumber deep,
The very birds are sunk in dreams;
The pale moon's crescent hanging low
Touches the earth with trembling beams;
I look across the meadows wide,
Where, gray against the mountain-side,
St. Joseph's Chapel gleams.

Lone hermit of the mountain-top,
He lifts his stony cross on high,
The silent dead beneath his feet,
Above, the tender, brooding sky;
Rippling with heavy-headed grain
The fields, once heaped with foemen slain,
In peace around him lie.

* South Mountain, Washington Co., Md., where a beautiful chapel dedicated to St. Joseph is situated, was the scene of a memorable battle during the late civil war.

Above his cross a single star
 Hangs pendent in the pulsing air,
 Pointing, as did that one of old,
 To where all hearts should bow in prayer;
 For in the chapel, swaying low,
 The lamp, with holy flame aglow,
 Reveals the Presence there.

Across the meadows hushed and still
 Shines out the blessed, hallowed light,
 And with a splendor strange and new
 The chapel greets the wondering night,
 As if within that stony frame
 A heart of fire, a soul of flame,
 Had burst in radiance bright.

Within, upon the carven cross,
 The pitying Christ in anguish lies;
 But see! upon the wings of flame
 His crownéd soul triumphant rise,
 And angel choirs, hovering nigh,
 Hail with glad songs of victory
 The King of Paradise!

Ah, no! 'tis but the murmuring sigh
 Of the low night-wind blowing chill;
 No vision strikes my longing eyes,
 Or sets my yearning heart athrill.
 But o'er the meadows dark and drear,
 The light shines steadfast, soft and clear,
 And whispers: "Peace! be still."

Oh, Christ! who on the cruel Cross
 Suffered to set us sinners free,
 Come down into our stony hearts,
 Kindle therein a flame for Thee;
 And let Thy glorious love divine
 Above all other glories shine
 Throughout eternity!

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

THERE was no need for Nemesius to count the cost of becoming a Christian, for he was familiar with the methods of the persecution, and knew exactly what it was; but the arrangement of his affairs and the disposal of his wealth required consideration. Whatever the details of his plans might be, he was resolved that, in case he

and his child should be called upon to suffer martyrdom, the persecuted Church should inherit his wealth for the benefit of her needy and suffering members; and even should they be left unscathed—which he had no reason to expect—he would devote the greater part of his substance to the same objects, as a thank-offering to God for the miraculous and inestimable favors they had received at His hands.

On the following morning Nemesius had an early interview with his old steward, to whom he confided some of the preliminaries relating to certain plans which he proposed to intrust to his supervision, among them the liberation of his slaves, whose number he did not know. But Symphronius had been the factor of the rich estate on the Aventine too many decades to be ignorant of that, or any other business detail connected with it; his service had been too vigilant and honest, his accounts too thoroughly well kept, for him to feel disturbed now at the prospect of his present task by a wearisome sense of anticipated toil, or a dread of uncertain results. His systematic methods of the past simplified the undertaking, while the motive sweetened and lightened it.

Zealous to begin the work confided to him, the old man went back to his office, to take from the secret corners of his cabinet accounts and records which he had not expected would ever see the light again until he had passed to the shades. He knew that everyone of them would bear the most captious scrutiny; but now, since everything had to be divided and parcelled off, and the slaves liberated, it was quite a different matter, in spirit and in fact, from all that had gone before; for in this the old leaven of idolatry had no part, the honor and glory of the only True God being the incentive.

Nemesius sought Claudia in the apartment where the light morning repast was usually taken. She had just come in from the beautiful gardens, and was waiting for him. She was arrayed in a white, silver-broidered robe and tunic; her eyes sparkled

as if, like the fountain's spray, they had drunk the sunlight; her cheeks, delicately tinted, were dimpled with smiles; her hair, thrown back from her round, childish forehead, flowed in light, golden waves over her shoulders; and Nemesius thought, as she flew to his embrace, that so the angels of God must look; for with her human loveliness there was that nameless light irradiating her countenance, which, like the "beauty of the King's daughter," was from within.

"*Lucilla mia!*" he said, tenderly, as he gazed into the bright eyes uplifted to his.

"The light is beautiful, *padre mio*; it fills me, and, oh! it makes my heart so glad that I stretch out my arms so"—showing him—"to fly like the doves!"

"Thou hast not wings yet, *carina*," he answered, laying his hand caressingly on her golden head—"not yet. But come: I must eat something and be off; for I have much to attend to to-day."

Instead of offering the customary libation, Nemesius made the blessed Sign of the Cross, which Claudia did also, while she breathed the Holy Name that glowed in her heart; then as the minutes flew she told him with childlike rapture of all she had seen that morning—the sunrise, the fountains glittering in its beams; her doves and her wonder to see them spread their snowy wings and sail away in the air; the flowers, and last of all—Grillo, whose appearance filled her with surprise and merriment; his long ears, his long, solemn face, his bright eyes and small hoofs, altogether forming an image strangely unlike the one her imagination had pictured of him. He knew her by her voice, and she knew him by his; for in his delight at seeing her he had lifted it up aloud, holding her in half-frightened suspense, until his vociferous welcome subsided.

There was not a shadow to dim the ecstatic happiness that had so unexpectedly come into her life; by Zilla's tender, vigilant care, nothing of pain or sorrow had ever been permitted to reach her ears; consequently she had not as yet heard anything

of the persecution and its horrors, and a sudden pang smote her father's heart as the thought of what might await her in the near future now passed vividly through his mind. Would she not die in wild affright if confronted with the ghastly horrors of a cruel death? Would not her child-heart fail at the very last before the appalling paraphernalia of torture?

He had too often faced carnage and death on the battle-field to dread it in any shape for himself; to have lost his life under the proud, advancing eagles of Rome would have been fame, but to lose it now for Christ, who had suffered all things for his salvation, would not only sweeten the ignominy, the insults and tortures of martyrdom, but win for him a fadeless glory, and crowning beyond all that earth could give. But for her—ah! he could not yet endure the contemplation of it; he put it away from him, arose from the table, and, after embracing her with great tenderness, hastened out to mount his horse, to go to his camp and transfer his command in due form. He was beginning to learn how possible it is for human nature to be crucified without the cross and the nails.

When half-way down the avenue, Nemesius saw a chariot, attended by slaves, pass the bronze gates. As it approached nearer, he observed that it was occupied by a lady of distinguished appearance, whom he almost instantly recognized as Camilla, the wife of Tertullus, and he drew rein. Her fine, spirited face lighted up with pleasure, and after the usual salutations were exchanged she said, in a low tone:

"I have come to make the acquaintance of thy little daughter, and wish thee joy."

"I will turn back and introduce her to thee, for she is shy with strangers. Thy thought of her is most kind," he replied, remembering that the Pontiff had promised that this lady would instruct Claudia in the rudiments of Christian doctrine.

Camilla was not critically beautiful, but the intelligence, brightness, and frank expression of her face imparted to it a winning charm which was irresistible. She had been

the gayest woman in Rome, full of audacious courage to overstep conventional customs if they interfered with her pleasures; witty, outspoken, and carrying off every thing she did with such cheerful grace that, instead of blame, she won admiration, and had, notwithstanding her escapades, a reputation that was without a flaw. By her sayings or doings she kept her large circle of friends well provided with amusement, while her entertainments, quite out of the beaten track of such things, were made delightful more by their novelty than their splendor and profusion. But suddenly, so her friends said, she had taken a caprice, and adopted a more quiet mode of life; she excused herself by declaring, in a laughing way, that she was only learning how to grow old with a good grace, and how at last to assume the dignity of a Roman matron, which she had been accused of lacking.

But the fact was—*sub rosa*—that Camilla's husband, Tertullus, whom she idolized, had become a Christian, through having heard the testimony and witnessed the martyrdom of a friend he loved, and she, by the grace of God, followed his example. Since then many daring things had been done in Rome for the persecuted Christians—many an edict had been brushed over with lime or pitch; many a martyr's body, destined for the *cloacæ*, mysteriously disappeared; but neither the instigators nor perpetrators of these outrages could be traced. But had she chosen to speak, Camilla could have given the key to it all; for her own daring spirit was now exercised otherwise than for the amusement of her friends, and it was she who incited many of these exploits.

She and her husband had many a laugh together in secret when she recounted her hairbreadth escapes; how, by ingenious devices, she had set magistrates and prison officials by the ears, thereby delaying, by a confusion of orders, the torture and execution of those who at a given time were sentenced to die for their steadfast faith in Christ; and how, on a dark, stormy night, she had caused to be suspended from the

neck of one of the marble deities a rude portrait of Valerian Emperor, head downward. She had alert hands and willing, agile feet to do her bidding, and gold in plenty to bribe sordid jailers and executioners for certain purposes, not unlike that which inspired Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus to go secretly, after the Crucifixion, with fine linen and spices, to give sacred sepulture to the dead Christ. It was she who planned everything, and sometimes, moved by her adventurous spirit, took an individual and personal share in the attendant perils.

This was, however, but one side of Camilla's present life; the reverse showed a sweet, womanly tenderness in her ministrations to the suffering and afflicted, an unsparing hand in relieving their necessities; she had words of strong fervor and consolation for the weak and faint-hearted, and courage herself to die, whenever called, for the love of Him whom she so zealously loved and served.

By this time the villa is reached, and, assisted by Nemesius, Camilla alights from her chariot. Claudia is straying among the flowers, and listening to the carols of her old friends, the finches and thrushes, hidden among the leafy coverts overhead. She hears her father call her, drops the violets and roses she has gathered, and, emerging from a tangled screen of white jasmine and eglantine which had concealed her, she runs with swift, graceful steps towards him. Taking her hand, he introduces her to the strange lady, who had watched her approach with moistened eyes and a sweet, friendly smile. After one quick, penetrating glance into her face, which the child seems to read instantaneously, she lays her hand in the lady's soft clasp, and in few simple words gives her welcome.

Then Nemesius, well satisfied, left them together; he had not a moment to spare; he must be at his camp by a certain time; his business there would consume at least an hour, and at noon he was due at the old walled villa out near the Via Latina.

Camilla attracted and won Claudia, and

after Nemesius had mounted and ridden away, she proposed that they should go and find a seat in some shaded, sequestered spot in the gardens, saying, with a bright smile:

"I have things to tell thee, *carina mia*, meant only for thine own ear. The birds and the fountains babble only of their own affairs. I want to talk to thee of yesterday, and thy visit to my villa beyond Rome. Ah! now thou knowest! Come."

"Dost thou know Him who opened my blind eyes—the *Christus*?" asked the child, her countenance radiant with sweet eagerness.

"Aye, and in truth do I, my little one; and it is to speak to thee of Him that the holy Bishop Stephen has sent me here today," answered Camilla, as, hand in hand, they wandered through the fragrant, shaded alleys to the Grotto of Silenus, where they found comfortable seats on the moss-grown mounds that surrounded it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The 16th Convention of the C. T. A. U. of America.

REV. FATHER CONATY'S SERMON.

THE 16th Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, August 4th and 5th. Delegates, clerical and lay, assembled in large numbers from various parts of the country, making the Convention one of the most successful thus far held by the Union. A notable feature was the presence of very many clerical delegates, who gathered to the number of about seventy-two, which far exceeded that of any previous Convention, and was a token of the greatly increased interest taken in the movement for which these societies are banded together. Of the higher order of the clergy, the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, attended the sessions of the Convention, and spoke words of encouragement and counsel to the

delegates. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, had also come to Notre Dame to encourage the movement, but illness prevented his attendance at the meetings. Encouraging letters were received from his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Rev. Archbishops Ryan of Philadelphia, Lynch of Toronto, O'Brien of Halifax; from the Rt. Rev. Bishops Keane of Richmond, McIntyre of Charlottetown, Jannsens of Natchez, Ryan of Buffalo, Chatard of Vincennes, O'Sullivan of Mobile, McCloskey of Louisville; also the Rt. Rev. Monsignor McColgan of Baltimore, and the Very Rev. J. Adam, Vicar-General of Monterey and Los Angeles. A telegram was received from St. Mary's Society, of Norwich, Conn.; and a greeting from St. Patrick's Society, of Washington, D. C.

The President of the Union, the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Wisconsin, in his annual report made an eloquent address, setting forth the noble ends of the Union, and giving valuable counsels as to the best means to attain these ends. He dwelt especially on the importance of establishing cadet and ladies' societies, and on the emphatic endorsement of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore. The report of the general Secretary, Mr. Philip A. Nolan, showed that there were in the Union 651 societies, with a membership of 43,995, a gain for the year of 12 societies and 1,955 members. The resolutions passed by the Convention condemned the liquor traffic, in accordance with the counsel of the Fathers of the Plenary Council; recommended the formation of Temperance associations among the young; repeated the advice given by our Holy Father in his Encyclical on the Constitution of States—that Catholics everywhere should take a manly and intelligent part in the workings of government; and finally expressed sympathy with the struggle for right in which the Irish people are now engaged.

The deliberations of the Convention were characterized by an intelligent and Christian spirit, and we feel assured that the outcome will be most happy for the Union, and most beneficial to the social sphere

wherein the influence of the gentlemanly delegates is felt. Most fittingly the blessing of Heaven was first invoked by a Solemn Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. During the Holy Sacrifice an eloquent sermon was preached by the Vice-President of the Union, the Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass. We take pleasure in presenting to our readers a synopsis of his forcible plea for the cause of Temperance. Father Conaty spoke in substance as follows, taking for his text the words: "Have courage, and show thyself a man." (III. Kings, ii., 2.)

May it please your Grace, Brother Delegates, dearly beloved brethren:—I congratulate you upon this auspicious opening of your 16th Annual Convention in this University city of the West. I congratulate you upon the splendid organization which you represent, which sends you here to look into one another's faces, to meet the friendly smiles and kind words of brethren, to consult as to the means and methods best adapted to promote the ends of your Union. You come to raise again your voice in no uncertain tones against a giant evil, warning men of its closeness to their doors, and showing them the means by which to protect themselves from its ravages.

Brother Delegates, all men agree that Intemperance is a great evil. All men agree that this evil is in every community, but not all seem to realize that no one can claim that for him it has no dangers, or for them there is no need of interest. Intemperance erects in our midst a monument, in the presence of which all the monuments of men pale into insignificance. It is not granite, nor marble, nor bronze, but it is crime committed by it; poverty and destitution wrought by it; jails, lunatic asylums, orphan homes filled by it; faith ruined, religion robbed, homes shattered, communities paralyzed, men degraded, souls lost. Look at it, this monument of Intemperance, as, Babel-like, it fills the earth, and raises itself against Heaven, threatening the destruction of God Himself.

Yes, Brother Delegates, Intemperance is a scourge, a plague, a foulness in society, destroying more men than Asiatic pestilence or the horrors of war. It wages an unceasing, an unrelentless war upon man, and a ceaseless,

unrelenting force must meet it and attempt its destruction. Intemperance is a monster-fiend, threatening man, the home, society, and the Church. The home and society must unite for protection, while the Church blesses and aids the union, which is but a co-operator in her work. What greater enemy has man, —a being created by God for God, endowed by God with all the faculties necessary to know the good and the true, to love the beautiful, to enjoy life in its best gifts, and, by fidelity to truth, to purchase the inheritance of God? Intemperance clutches the mind, and renders it unfit to know the truth. It weakens the will, and renders it unable to follow the good. It makes the man ordinarily intelligent a babbling fool; it makes the man ordinarily pure of speech and reverent of manner, obscene and blasphemous; it makes the man ordinarily obedient to law and reason, a violator of all law and the most unreasonable of men. It wastes man's energy, by which his daily bread is earned; it paralyzes industry, and makes improvidence and beggary. In a word, it takes man, whom God made little less than the angels, and degrades him beneath the brute.

Intemperance is truly the enemy of man. But man lives not for himself alone: he is a social being. At his advent into the world, he finds himself in the home. He is child and parent. Home! home!—how sweet the memories evoked, how tender the affections there formed! How, like the ivy, the traditions that are lasting cling around it! Home, which is but heaven in miniature, a little kingdom wherein are learned the first lessons of manhood, where is found man's first happiness! As the home, so the State. Home is the nursery of true citizens and brave soldiers. To enjoy and possess home, good laws are demanded; to protect and defend home, true courage and bravery are needed. Yes, indeed, the strength of nationality, the vigor of citizenship, the bulwark of country are all in the homes of the land, whence go forth men with intelligence and morality to shape the laws that govern them, to observe the laws made for them, and to avert the dangers that threaten them.

Intemperance is the great enemy, the great curse of the home. The traveller who has visited scenes of devastation wrought by tempest and torrent has seen the wrecks of homes laid waste even in the midst of bounteous,

beauteous nature, and busy, prosperous industry. He has seen the roof torn from many a cottage by cruel war, villages depopulated by giant famines, peasantry scattered by the iron rule of despotic land laws. But torrent and tempest, war and famine—aye, even the iniquities of tyrants, all combined, have not strewn along the highways of life such wrecks of homes as those caused by Intemperance. War and famine and tyrant were agents outside the home for its destruction: Intemperance uses the family itself as the instrument by which to destroy the home. How many parents sworn to defend the home have been led by Intemperance to destroy it! How many children sent by God as angels of the hearth have been changed to demons! Never until the great reckoning day will man know what a curse Intemperance is to the home.

If this nursery of the State, this source of true manhood, this mould of character, produce bad men or weak men, the State is endangered thereby. For man finds himself in society face to face with duties as well as rights. On him devolves the duty of giving to the State his best intelligence to shape its laws, his greatest activity to develop the resources of nature, his entire being to contribute to his own happiness and the welfare of his fellow-men. How can the intemperate man fulfil these duties, with an intellect dulled, an activity wasted on evil, an unhappy life? Is he not rather a danger where he should be a protection, a burden where he should be an assistance, a destroyer where he should be a preserver? Intemperance forces the State to increased expenditures for poor-houses, asylums, and jails, where the wretches ruined by drink, and the childhood uncared for, as a result of drink, may be housed and nourished. Society, then, has an interest in any organization against the demon of Intemperance, and no man can say it does not affect him; for what injures the body politic injures every member.

What shall we say of the Church? Placed on earth to save men, planted near the home to assist it in the formation of the good man and the true citizen, where does it meet with difficulties, where does it find the greatest—yes, the most insurmountable obstacle? In Intemperance, which neutralizes its efforts, paralyzes its energy, disgraces its garments. It alone defies God, renders the Blood of Jesus valueless, places a barrier between sin

and grace, which not even the almighty power of God can remove; for, it destroys the will; and God, who made us without our will, does not save us unless in our co-operation. The strong words of the Plenary Council of Baltimore tell us the cry of agony from the heart of the Church against this plague.

This is an age of organization. On every side men band together for mutual relief, for political ambition, and for good or evil designs. Did ever men have greater reason for organization than that given by the dangers of Intemperance? Shall we not band together to battle the giant, to defend our homes and our manhood against their arch-enemy? Our Union, based upon the great cardinal principle of Temperance, urges men to the Gospel counsel of Total Abstinence, and bids them enter the ranks of the Temperance Crusaders, and save the Holy Land from a tyranny worse than that of the Moslem. This Union is Catholic, and in the warfare against evil, it teaches not to rely upon man, but upon God. It gathers you to the altar; it encircles you with the network of the divine economy; it opens to you the treasures of Heaven; it strengthens you with the Blood of the Saviour; it warns you against the heretical teachings of sectaries, who make a religion of Temperance. It tells you that Temperance is not the moral code, but only one of the many virtues you should practise; that the pledge is not a charm, but an aid; that it is not cowardice, but true courage. Men may sneer at you, call you hypocrites and fanatics. These names are not new; this scorn is as old as virtue. All men who labor against an evil, all men who denounce a great wrong, all men who struggle for the renovation of society, must expect the hatreds of men whose lives are not in sympathy with them.

Brother Delegates, we are on hallowed ground, beneath these shades of learning, within the walls of the great University, whence go forth men armed for the battle of life—educators, teachers, reformers. May we not catch inspiration from these surroundings? Are you not educators, teachers, apostles, commissioned to educate and evangelize, spreading the gospel of total abstinence everywhere? Reform is the want of the hour—reform in politics, reform in State, reform in public life. You are reformers, not self-constituted, but under the guidance of the only

true reformers, to whom alone the Saviour said: "Go, teach all nations." To you society may look for relief in her contest against political dishonesty and impurity. To you labor in its great battle should extend a friendly hand, for Temperance is labor's best friend.

May your deliberations here be blessed by God and men! May the Church find in them assistance in her great work! Be men; have courage. Be true to your principles, and you will be men. Character, which is the badge of manhood, will be built upon solid foundations. Be unflinching in your fight against the saloon which threatens your home. Have no compact with Belial, have no alliance with evil. Intemperance is a curse: woo it not. Intemperance is a plague: shun it. The saloon that breeds it is the nursery of evil: raise your hand against it. Cling closely to the Church, frequent the Sacraments, and have recourse to prayer. And your life in Temperance will pass in God's love, and when you pass away to God men will say: "He had courage: he was a true man."

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead,"

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Very Rev. Father Denis, a well-known Passionist, whose death occurred in England on the 18th of July.

The Rev. Thomas Blake, for thirty-five years rector of St. Bridget's Church, Xenia, O.

Mother Ignatia, sub-prioress of the Convent of Mt. Carmel, Baltimore, whose life of self-sacrifice was crowned with a precious death on the 14th ult.

Sister Mary Xavier, of the Sisters of Mercy, who rendered her pure soul to God at Auburn, N. Y.

Mrs. William Pickett, a devout Child of Mary, deceased at Hartford, Conn., on the 21st of July.

Mr. D. Collins, of Binghamton, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 19th ult.

Mr. John McMahon, a prominent citizen of Keresey, Pa., who passed away last month. His death is deeply regretted by all classes of the community.

Mrs. Esther Halloran, a model servant of the Blessed Virgin, who breathed her last on the Feast of Mt. Carmel.

Mr. James B. Farrell, of Co. Roscommon, Ireland; Mrs. Maria L. Dempsey, Macon, Ga.; Rodgers J. Mahoney, Rochester, N. Y.; Winifred V. Duffy, Baltimore; Mrs. P. Redmond, John Quinn, and Thomas Craby.

May they rest in peace!



BV E. L. D.

III.

The first time Father Byrne met the Captain he asked him several questions, and the characteristic answers of the skipper made an impression.

"No, I don't b'long to any Church 'zactly, but o' course I hev some chart-lines laid down," he said. "Thar was a ole chap—Taylor, I think they called him—that was al'ays pokin' round the docks, an' in an' out the shippin'. Reel nice ole man too, venter'ble and soft-spoken; an' oncet he said to me: 'Young man, you air with a bad set o' fellows. Git out of it. You wouldn't want, ef you was in the tropics, to go herdin' around with a lot o' hungry sharks.' An' I says: 'Not much I wouldn't.' An' a cold chill went down my back; fur I'd seen one o' my shipmates chewed and mauled in the Bay of Rio-Janary jest that a-way. An' then he says: 'These here fellows ull do ashore fur you what the sharks ud do afloat, on'y one would destroy your body, an' t'others your soul.' Then says he: 'Respec' God and women, be honest to your neighbor, an' if you want to be ha'sh try it on your own faults, an' you'll git through.'"

"That's good, sound Catholic doctrine," smiled Father Byrne, "as far as it goes; but why not come farther? Suppose a great ship-owner sent you out in a fine ship, which he promised to give you for your own, if you went on a certain cruise, and followed certain instructions, that were simple and sensible. What would you do?"

"Do it!" said Captain Ephraim. "Fool ef I didn't!"

"Well," continued Father Byrne, "the great Lord of Heaven has lent you your soul; you are sent out on the sea of life; this

soul is more noble and is finer than any vessel that ever slipped off the stocks, and it will be yours for a happy eternity if you follow out the simple and sensible plan laid down in the Gospels."

"Wal, now," said the Captain, "that doos sound reasonable. But it 'pears to me the d'rections *ain't* so simple an' easy."

"Come into the Catholic Church and you'll think differently. The line between right and wrong is as clean-drawn as the equator."

But the old sailor shook his head.

"I dunno," he said; "I dunno. O'Neil's the best sailor I've got, an' Molly's a good gall; an' ef the maid grows like her through bein' a Romanist, why I'll be glad of it. But fur me—" And he shook his head again. "Howsomdever, passon," he added, "I like to hear ye talk, an' I like a good square stand-up an' knock-down argyment, so ef it's agreeable to you we'll go at it again when the *Lively* gits back."

And they did many times, but there was always a lurking doubt somewhere in the old sailor's brain, and he came and went as before.

Meantime, with little Bodger everything dated from these comings and goings of her "daddy," and the days between were counted carefully on a string of beans Mollie gave her. Her joy may, then, be imagined when one Christmas Eve, in the midst of a whirling snowstorm, and while the beans had two weeks still to run, in walked Captain Ephraim, looking like a polar bear in the eddy of flakes that clung to him and chased after him as he shut the door.

When the excitement had subsided a little he said to Mollie:

"O'Neil's got the mid-watch, and can't git off till four o'clock, but he says he'll meet ye at the church, at the Mass."

Mollie's pretty face, which had fallen when he began, cleared up with such a brilliant, happy smile that the Captain remarked:

"Ye cert'nly do set an amazin' store by that theer Mass o' yourn!"

"We do that!" said Mollie; "an' small

wonder, too, whin it's the mim'ry of Calvary an' the reminder of the Real Presence."

Then she turned to the maid.

"Come, me darlint, ye must lay down and sleep a while, so ye can go rested."

"Who's goin' with ye?" asked the Captain, suddenly.

"Just the two av us," said Mollie, adding, shyly, "unless ye'd go with us yerself."

"O my daddy! yes, do come!" cried Bodger, flying to him and throwing her arms around his neck. "Do, do!" And every time she said it she kissed him. "It's the gladdest day o' the year, an' av ye come it'll be some like the Wise Men; fur ye've come so far—on'y the *Lively* ain't a camel," she added, somewhat sadly. "But that don't matter; it was the comin' that was the good part, not the way they come."

Wise Bodger!

Captain Ephraim thought a minute, then:

"Yes, my maid," adding in a half-apologetic tone to Mollie, "it ain't safe fur you two galls to go alone."

But when he reached the great church, and saw the vast crowds hurrying in, saw them kneeling with absorbed devotion, saw the altar massed with flowers and shining like a moonrise; when he saw the Bethlehem with its group of figures, and heard the exultant, glorious music, he realized that no Catholic is ever alone in his religion, and he was amazed at the splendor and magnificence about him.

A dim memory of Ephraim and his idols swept over him, and he shook his head uneasily. But when Father Byrne turned from the altar, and in a few clear sentences recalled the significance of Christmas, and dwelt on its tender meaning, the Captain's face cleared. The burden of the refrain was, "And a little child shall lead them," and just as the priest uttered the words the first time, the maid, in sheer contentment, slipped her little paw into her daddy's horny hand.

It gave Captain Ephraim a thrill of strange emotion, and seemed like a tangible

summons to receive the baptism Father Byrne had several times urged upon him; but the feeling passed as he watched the scene about him, and he had almost forgotten it, when suddenly across the silence of the church smote the clash of silver bells, and every figure swayed forward, bowing, adoring.

A strange awe fell on him, but he saw nothing except something round, which Father Byrne held high above his head. Then the Captain knelt too; for 'it was more ship-shape to do it,' he thought, 'ef all the others was a-doin' of it.'

But even after this when the *Lively* sailed it was only a good heathen that paced her decks as skipper.

IV.

The *Lively* had been out on a long cruise, and one that paid so well that Captain Ephraim chuckled as he chinked his bags of dollars, and thought how near the little home was of which O'Neil and his Mollie dreamed.

"I'll buy it, by gum! An' the maid an' Mollie shell keep house, an' me an' O'Neil ull have a reel stylish time of it—a-sailin' in our *Lively* here when time an' tide an' bizness sarve, an' goin' off to the country to take our ease when they don't. I'll git it round about Hullway, so's the two galls kin see the torpsails arisin', and anchorage clus to hum ull be easy. Thet thar O'Neil, now he's a proper kind of a chap. Guess I'll take him out ez mate nex' time, fur ef I buys the house he kin put his savin's into a share in the *Lively*."

He was so full of his plan that he was eager to get ashore; but, as the little craft slipped along under the green hills of the harbor, a round-robin was presented to him to the effect:

'Bein' as how he hadn't got no kith nor kin, an' all of *them* a-bein' fambly men—'cept the cabin-boy, an' his name was put in to make the robin round—would he'low all hands to go ashore till midnight, when any watch he'd name ud come back prompt, so help'em davy?'

"Sho now!" thought the Captain; "sho

now! The maid ain't mine except by rights o' salvage, but I'm disappointed, that's a fac'. Howsomdever, here goes till midnight."

And he told them that, if the two senior men (for in spite of that fine-sounding phrase "any watch he'd name," there were only four men on the *Lively* beside the Captain and the cabin-boy) *would* be back promptly at midnight, they might go. Thereupon, with throats of brass and lungs of leather, they hurraed "three-times-three," and shortly after the anchor was dropped Captain Ephraim was pacing the deck—for the cargo was valuable—attentively watched by the cabin-boy, whose one ambition in life was to grow up to a skipper.

O'Neil hurried home, and his Mollie,

"Lookin' as fresh as the morn, darlint,"

met him, with the maid at her apron-string.

"Glory to God ye're home, my man!" she said. "An' it's meself as hopes to have a bit of yer soci'ty for a few weeks; ye're that agreeable, ye see," she added, with a laugh.

But the maid lifted up her little pipe.

"My daddy—where is he?"

"He sent ye his love, an' he'll be here bright an' early the morn," said O'Neil.

But the maid thought the morning was too far off, and her daddy so very unkind that her heart swelled. Wasn't she dressed in her best, and hadn't she almost forgot to say her beads properly at May Devotions for fear she would not be home in time to catch the first glimpse of him as he came down the street? And now—now he wasn't coming at all!

She ran back, as fast as her feet could paddle, to the church—for, although almost eight o'clock, its doors were still open—and crept to the railing before the altar of Our Blessed Lady, where she sat down for a good cry. After sobbing out the first of her grief, she looked up to the sweet countenance above her, and whispered:

"Wasn't it mean of him, my Lady, not to come home to his maid?"

But the taper flickering in the wind that stirred the flowers on the altar lent a mys-

erious smile to the fair face, and the maid, repenting her of blaming her daddy, said:

"But maybe it wasn't his fault. Was it, my Dear?"

The flickering light lent a still sweeter smile to the carven mouth, and the child went on:

"So I'll just say me prayers, and then go—go—"

Into her little head popped an idea, and who shall say it was a chance thought?

"My Lady," she said, quite loud, her cheeks red with excitement, and her eyes shining, "I'll go to him. I know the way as well as well. It's dark and scary down on the wharfs, but I don't mind, if you'll take care of me."

And the wind rustled through the flowers once more, and out of the garland laid across the statue's outstretched hands fell a piece of May-flower.

"I'll take that, my Dear," she said. "It's one of your own flowers, an' I'm thinkin' maybe it's a mark you're willin' I should go."

And down the street she trotted to where a street-car stood, the conductor of which was a great friend of hers.

"Do you want a ride, my maid?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. White, I do," she said; "but I ain't got any money."

"Well, I calculate your weight won't break down the car, nor one free ride won't bust the Comp'ny," he answered, agreeably. "Hop on!"

And they had a pleasant ride through the crowded streets, and to the far-distant wharf, off which lay anchored the *Lively*.

Here the maid stepped down with a polite "Thank you." But Mr. White said:

"Can't leave ye here, young un, at this hour, by yourself."

"I'm goin' to meet my daddy."

"Sure?" he asked, dubiously.

"Yes, sir," and she nodded her head till he was quite dizzy watching it.

"Well," he said, "if it's all right, it *is* all right. But reely now, my maid, I wouldn't

advise ye to do that Chinese mandarin business with your head too often, for it might come off some day."

At which witty remark they both laughed, and the maid skipped down the wharf, and was soon lost in the shadows.

"Now," she said, "I'll get a boat, and off I'll go. And won't my daddy be surprised when he sees me a-climbin' up the—"

Here a big voice said: "Clear out, little gal! We don't want no children a-fallin' off these here wharfs at this time o' night."

Her heart sank to her boots. It was a great, big, fierce policeman.

"Please, sir," she said, meekly, "I'm here to see my daddy."

"Yer daddy? What is he? A stevedore?"

"He's skipper o' the *Lively*, sir. Don't you see her off yonder?" And she pointed to where the pretty schooner lay in the light of the young moon.

"Oh! is he?" said the big policeman. "Is he coming ashore soon?"

"I don't know," she faltered; for, somehow, he did not look like a man who would approve of her plan.

"Well," said he, still gruffly, but kindly, "you jest run home an' wait for him. He wouldn't be too pleased to find ye round about sich a place as this, little gal."

But her hardy spirit rose, and as he turned away she whisked into the shadow of a post, drew her gown close about her, and bided her time.

It was so much longer, however, than she bargained for, and the watchman patrolled so steadily up and down, that she fell into a sound sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAS a sensible man ever been seen to visit the abodes of people attacked with some violent pestilence, with the intention of amusing and diverting himself? Who, then, can doubt that bad books carry with them a pestilence equally real?—*Descartes*.

ATTACH yourself to study; it will be one of your sure safeguards.—*Mgr. Dubois*.

Episodes of the Reign of Terror.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A Tyrolese promoter of the Sacred Heart League furnishes the following instance of the loving protection which Our Blessed Mother extends to her zealous servants. The facts occurred during the Reign of Terror in France, when everything was in the hands of the revolutionists, and the practice of religion was punished with death.

The Abbé Colmar, afterwards so well known as the indefatigable Bishop of Mayence, was then living in Strasburg. Far from being terrified at the threatening state of affairs, or quitting his country, he resolved to consecrate himself entirely to the salvation of souls, and especially to affording the sick poor the consolations of the Sacraments. He accordingly sought and obtained a refuge in the house of a faithful and pious family in a remote corner of the city. From this place of concealment he used to venture forth daily, always in some new disguise, exercising his sacred ministry wherever he could penetrate, and frequently at the peril of his life.

Such success, however, attended him in spite of his dangers, that he was soon encouraged to form a band of *zélatrices*, as he called them. This consisted of a number of pious women, who ascertained for him the whereabouts of the needy, and the best course he should follow in order to reach them, besides praying devoutly for him, and offering their beads for his pious intentions. They were chiefly humble servant girls and matrons of lowly station, and they devoted themselves with heroic eagerness and constancy to their labor of love. God alone, for whom they thus endangered their lives, knows what an amount of good they accomplished. They seemed to be endowed with special grace, and Heaven more than once displayed its protection in a visible and striking manner, but never more so than on the following occasion.

After his usual apostolic journeys of the day along the route marked out for him by the holy women, the Abbé was seated one evening at table in the house of the friends who sheltered him. He had already been frequently denounced to the police, and had almost daily found himself the object of their vigilant pur-

suit. But on the present occasion he had seen no reason for being alarmed. The meal, however, had not progressed far, when a loud noise was heard in the hallway, and the door was burst open. A government official with a *posse* of assistants entered.

"Citizen," exclaimed the officer, in an insolent voice, "I demand the surrender of the Abbé Colmar. We have tracked him to your house, and know that he is hidden here."

With a wonderful instinct, none of the family betrayed themselves by any indiscretion. The father grasped the situation at once: *the Abbé was not recognized.*

"Gentlemen," he said calmly, rising, "I shall be happy to lead you through the whole house, and if you discover the Abbé anywhere, you are free to arrest him."

The officer followed him closely, and inspected every corner of the house from cellar to attic, but, after at least an hour's delay, was compelled to retire, greatly chagrined. The Abbé meantime remained quietly at the table with the others, lost in fervent prayer. He knew not why, but he felt a sense of great security. Ten of the assistants had all the while remained in the room, but without saying a word. On the departure of the police the family at once began to express their astonishment that the good Father had apparently been utterly disregarded. He could not account for it himself, but modestly said that God had hearkened to them as they prayed during the awful suspense. Hereupon the smallest of the children exclaimed: "How could they have seen the Abbé when a beautiful Lady came and threw a great white cloak about him, which hid him completely!"

This, in fact, must have been the case. Our Blessed Lady had worked a miracle in behalf of her faithful servant, but only the innocent child had been allowed to witness visibly her motherly protection. We need not attempt to describe how deep the thanksgivings were in the family that evening. The Abbé, thus assured of Mary's ever-tender solicitude, continued his good work till the Reign of Terror passed away, and the comforts of religion could again be procured without the risk of human life. On being promoted to the See of Mayence, his profound gratitude to his earthly protectors was only surpassed by that to Our Lady, and he found means of suitably rewarding their heroic charity.



VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 21, 1886.

No. 8.

[Copyright :—Rev. D. E. HURSON, C. S. C.]

The Assumption in Art.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

STANDING close on the line of the way leading to St. John Lateran, not more than a stone's throw from the Coliseum, and exactly opposite the Santi Quattro Incoronati, the Basilica of St. Clement draws the feet of every traveller to Rome across its threshold. And this not only because of the beauty of the marbles, the perfection of the ecclesiastical architecture of the interior, which first meets the eye, but because of wonderful revelations made known to us by the shovels of excavators, under the inspiration of the late prior, Father Mullooly; so that, attractive as the well-known Basilica of San Clemente has always been, the giddiest tourist in all Rome is now eager to follow the guide down the twenty-three steps of Alban *peperino* marble, which lead to what is, to-day, a subterranean region, lighted only by the torches flashing through its cavernous spaces, ringing out the inscription of a St. Damasus no later than A. D. 366, and of frescos on wall and stuccoed pillar, which carry us back to the twilight of Christian art, to the early traditions and the early faith. For from the year 896, when a memorable earthquake shook even the walls of St. John Lateran, to 1857, this was a region not only subterranean but sealed,—a tomb, to be opened after more than a thousand years to

give its testimony to the undying faith of Christians.

It is on the left hand as we approach the place of the ancient sanctuary, and about half-way between it and the entrance, that we see not only a Crucifixion—on one side of the divine Sufferer Our Blessed Lady, on the other St. John, the sepulchre, and the holy women—but what in this instance seems to fill out the series like a veritable Resurrection, the Assumption of Our Lady herself into heaven! while, as in the picture of the Crucifixion, the traditions observed in it are identically the same as those we see in the latest representations of the same subject.

In the middle of the foreground is an empty tomb, and the twelve Apostles at the sides in every attitude of amazement, admiration, and veneration; two throwing a hand heavenward, pointing out the Blessed Virgin, who is seen ascending from her tomb, crowned with a nimbus, her arms spread forth in ecstasy, her eyes lifted to her Divine Son, who appears in a glory amid the stars of heaven, supported by four rejoicing angels, seated in supreme majesty on an arc, which may represent a rainbow. Around the sacred head is the cruciform nimbus; one hand rests on an open book standing on His knee, the other hand is raised, as if welcoming Mary, and presenting her as His Mother to the whole court of Heaven.

The joyful solemnity of this composition has never been exceeded during all these

centuries, which is explained by the picture itself. On one side of the apostolic group stands a tonsured figure looking directly out of the picture, carrying a small cross in his hand, and on each side of the round nimbus we read, in letters placed vertically, SCS VITVS. On the other side of the apostolic group stands another tonsured figure. He carries a book, although his hands are covered by the folds of his mantle, over which is seen the white pallium with its black crosses. Instead of a circular nimbus, however, we see a square nimbus surrounded by a small cross, and on each side a long inscription, written horizontally: *Sanctissimus Dom. Leo —rt., PP. Romanus*; or, "Most Holy Lord Leo —, Pope of Rome"; while the precious border of this picture is made by one of those inscriptions to which we of to-day are so much indebted for positive knowledge: *Quod hæc præcunctis splendet pictura decore, componere hanc studuit presbyter ecce Leo*,—"That this picture may outshine the rest in beauty, behold the priest Leo studied to compose it."

Father Mullooly, from whose book on his beloved Basilica we copy the inscriptions and translations, adds: "It is not easy to determine whether he is Leo III. or Leo IV., for the letters preceding are almost effaced, and can not be read. If it be Leo III., it must have been painted before 795; if Leo IV., before 847. The latter had been priest of the Church of the Four Crowned Martyrs, opposite St. Clement's."

Our picture thus takes its place, as to time, among those mosaics which adorn the most venerable basilicas of Rome, and we see how personal was the attention given by the Roman Pontiffs to the works of art in those ages, securing not only their beauty, but the authenticity of the Church's legends delineated in them.

To the present time, this *Assumption* in the subterranean San Clemente is the oldest representation of this mystery, which claims in its honor one of the six feasts now of universal obligation even in the United States of America; and certainly, from the

latest date given by Father Mullooly, has been an authorized as well as favorite subject for painting and sculpture, for exteriors as well as interiors, above city gates as well as altars; and municipal as well as private devotion has honored in every way possible the Assumption of the Mother of Our Lord.

This *Assumption*, moreover, must be regarded as the middle act of a drama in three parts, viz.: her death, assumption, and coronation; sometimes, indeed often on the walls of the noble churches of Southern Europe, represented as a whole, but more frequently in parts; yet always in a way to bring to memory the acts unrepresented, as belonging to the glorious phase of Christian realities, the perfect efflorescence of dogma and faith, the complete victory over death in the creature as in the Creator.

And to this drama there is a prelude; for there is nothing sharp or abrupt among these old painters and sculptors. Just as an Archangel waited upon Mary to announce the coming Incarnation, an Archangel announces to her the coming of that hour when she will enter upon the full and perfect reward of her long life of obedience and conformity to the will of God; the kneeling Archangel bringing not a lily but a palm—the palm of the martyr; for is not Mary rightly called Queen of Martyrs, and who has ever known 'sorrow like unto her sorrow'? Orcagna includes this subject in his grand bass-reliefs in the Church of Or San Michele, Florence; and we see in his noble composition that the aged widow of Joseph, the childless Mother of the crucified Nazarene, as she was in the eyes of the world, had lost nothing in the eyes of the heavenly court; and the Archangel bears his triple palm, as he floats slowly downward towards the Virgin Mother placidly awaiting his approach, one hand raised as if in gentle surprise, with a veneration full of pathos. In a small German picture the Archangel kneels with his palm to the Virgin Mother, who turns, still kneeling, from her prayer-book. Like Orcagna's of the year 1359, it is direct in its motive and

simple in its circumstances, pervaded by a certain quietude peculiar to a holy old age.

We have often wondered that this subject has not had a place in our popular pictures of the life of the Blessed Virgin.* Filippo Lippi substitutes a lighted taper for the palm; and in the scene of her death a lighted taper is placed in her hand by an Apostle, generally St. John. Cimabue painted the death of the Blessed Virgin in his grand series called her Life, in the Church of St. Francis at Assisi; Giotto painted it also, with two angels at the head and two at the feet, holding reverently the drapery of her couch, showing how grandly this drama was expected to open ages ago. Fra Angelico's *Death of the Blessed Virgin* represents her on her couch of death, surrounded by Apostles and angels, while her Divine Son, standing beside her in an aureole of glory, receives her soul under the form of a child. We need not say that this exquisite picture draws every visitor to the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence.

In the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena the death, burial (or procession through the streets of Jerusalem), and the Assumption, are on the walls of the chapel where the magistrates of Siena found wisdom to direct their councils. All these pictures are characterized by the tenderest solemnity—the two first preserving the usual arrangement; but in the Assumption is a departure, showing how the imaginations of devout artists of those ages were nourished by meditation. The scene is laid in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, among the tombs of the kings, where, as a daughter of the house of David, the Virgin Mother had been laid. The mountains rise in sharp peaks to the sky; all is gloom, as if the dawn had not yet pierced the darkness of the valley, when we see the Lord of Life descending towards her, surrounded by seraphs; stretching forth His hands, in which are the prints of nails, He seems to say to her: "Mother, it is time to rise!" Who could resist that call, even from

the slumber of death? And Mary, hearing not only the voice of her Lord and her God, but of her Son—the same voice which must have roused her so often in the holy house of Nazareth, sweeter to her than that of any matin bird,—just lifts herself from her bed, stretches forth her hands to those of her Son, as if He would help her to go to Him, while the rosy seraphs place their wings under her half-reclining body. That look between the Son and the Mother of perfect recognition, of a never-interrupted union of love, is one to prepare us for the vision of this Son and His Mother in heaven.

We have spoken of the annunciation of the death of the Blessed Virgin by Orcagna in the beautiful Church of Or San Michele. This is succeeded by the entombment, in which Our Lord is seen as in pictures of the death-bed, holding her soul in His arms. He is accompanied by angels. St. Peter is reading the Christian burial-service at her head, and an angel at his side holds a censer; while St. John, still nearer, with the sweet privilege of a son, softly raises the drapery of her pall, as does another Apostle at her feet, and St. James reverently kisses her hand. The early Christians are also present as well as the Apostles, and are distinguished by caps on their heads. Above this scene of the entombment, and as if just leaving the earth, the Blessed Virgin is seated on a throne within a *mandorla*, or almond-shaped glory, supported by four angels, while two play on musical instruments; and as a cloud—the last cloud of earth—touches the *mandorla*, and will soon come between her and mortals, she drops her girdle to St. Thomas, who clutches it, kneeling. This incident is also introduced into *The Assumption* over one of the doors of the Cathedral of Florence, and in many compositions of this period.

Perugino, in his picture of the Assumption in the Belle Arti, Florence, has given to the earth which she has just left a group almost as celestial as that which bears her to heaven: the "four ambrosial saints," as they are called, because they seem to have fed on the delights of angelical meditation

* This last picture was given in the Düsseldorf Series of Religious Prints a few years ago. Oragnais might be more popular, perhaps.

on this mystery; viz.: the Cardinal John, of the Order of St. John of Gualbert, who stands next him; then St. Benedict, and lastly the Archangel Michael, who presides over death and judgment, in all the glory of the leader of the heavenly host, and resting his hand on his shield,—a type of St. Michael hinted at in the missals of an early age, and even by Fra Angelico, but perfected and an actual inspiration under the pencil and brush of Perugino.

Among the early pictures by Raphael in the gallery of the Vatican is a *Coronation*. Still, it is not the Coronation so much as the scene at the tomb just left by the Blessed Virgin which we oftenest remember; for around this tomb, blind to the glory of her assumption to heaven, are the Apostles, looking vainly for the immaculate casket now united to her immaculate soul, while in its stead they see only vases and lilies; the lilies painted with such perfection that we imagine they emit perfumes.

It would be vain to endeavor to enclose in anything less than a large volume a description of the representations of the Assumption. But *The Assumption* by Titian, his greatest work, will also keep its place as one of the greatest pictures in the world; while it follows, strange to say, more closely than any other we remember, the type of the earliest *Assumption* known at present, viz.: that of the subterranean Church of San Clemente. It is, in truth, the picture of the 9th, possibly of the 8th century, glorified, while that picture was still entombed and actually forgotten.

Below, giving the mortal actors in the drama, are the Apostles, who see their Mother and their Queen ascending to the Son, who is awaiting her in the heaven of heavens, while myriads of angels surround, fill the "circumambient space, illimitable." But all this is lost for the moment in the ecstasy of that figure, floating, ascending, soon to be embraced by Him who made a heaven for her at Bethlehem, in the wilderness, in Egypt, and then at Nazareth, and even on Calvary's height. No words could ever give, in its fulness, what is here de-

picted, and for once even music must keep silence before the limner's art in the expression of rapture.

On the third act of this mystery we may venture to dwell, after *The Assumption* by Titian; and we are recalled by it to that *Coronation* painted by Correggio for the cupola of the choir in the Church of St. John Evangelist, at Parma, in which is given the bliss of absolute fulfilment, as she sits on the clouds beside her Son, with her hands crossed on her virginal bosom;* and even with a profounder interest to the apse of St. Mary Major, where above *The Death of the Blessed Virgin* is set, in a mosaic of matchless beauty, the glory of this Virgin Mother in heaven; while the Coronations by Fra Angelico arrest the pilgrim, not only among the churches and shrines for which they were painted, but in the gallery of the Louvre, which keeps, even in Paris, a place where Christianity can display the choice pearls of art, and win, we must hope, the merest butterflies of modern travel to the love of her who has been called by the King of kings to sit with Him on 'His starry throne.'

Enough Remains.

BY B. I. D.

PROUD Science, with his ruthless shears,
 Delights to clip the poet's wings,
 That he no more from earth may rise,
 Nor fan the ether as he sings.
 The swan no longer sings and dies,
 Though truest minstrel still must do;
 We now may gaze upon the skies,
 But see no angel smiling through.
 The maelstrom sucks no vessel down,
 Nor "whirls to death the roaring whale";
 The 'law of storms' is known, and hence
 No spectre rides upon the gale.
 The albatross no omen brings,
 No mermaids now the sailors drown;

* This cupola was destroyed in 1584, but the original of the Coronation was preserved, and is in the *bibliothèque*. The engravings after this picture are very beautiful.

The ugly toad has ceased to wear
 A "precious jewel" in his crown;
 The mother pelican no more
 Bleeds at the breast to feed her brood,
 Shells echo not the ocean's roar,—
 Nature is better understood.
 Man's heart, that foolishly was deemed
 The citadel of hate and love,
 Is but a force-pump, nothing more,
 Nor haunt of tiger or of dove.
 Religion, too, and "Poetry
 The smaller intestines produce."
 And thought secreted by the brain—
 As from the liver, bile—'tis plain
 Is but a sort of juice.
 Drag down, O vain, progressive crab,
 The fancies that might lift us higher!
 Prove clearly that we are of earth,
 Not as of old, "earth, air, and fire."
 In pride of heart and shallow head
 Teach (damnable humility!)
 That man is brother to the ape,
 Gorilla, monkey, chimpanzee!
 Cut, like the cold anatomist—
 Who finds no soul in lifeless brain,
 And through whose pebble-spectacles
 The mystery of life is plain—
 And take with thy mechanic hand
 Whatever is within thy reach;
 More than enough remains beyond
 Thy hooded eyes and prosy speech.
 While grass shall grow and water run,
 And Spring from Winter's bosom rise,
 And darkness flee before the sun,
 The painter of the earth and skies,
 This wondrous web of mortal life,
 Of warp and woof divine and human,
 Mixed with dark threads from the abyss—
 Will charm the thought of man and woman.
 The beauty of the works of God,
 The love in which they all began,
 The wisdom and Eternal Power.
 That light the consciousness of man,
 Will keep alive in this bright world,
 To touch the soul of age and youth,
True Poetry,—which is a name
 For wisdom, beauty, love, and truth.

GOD—my God!—God is all forgotten;
 And men try to turn into an everlasting tab-
 ernacle this Arab's tent raised for a night's
 shelter in the wilderness.—*Father Tracey*
Clarke, S. J.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

THE stars in their courses seemed to fight
 for Philip, so far as his acquaintance
 with Miss Percival was concerned. The
 next Sunday after the railroad accident, a
 sudden heavy shower at the end of Mass
 detained a large part of the Cathedral con-
 gregation, who were totally unprepared for
 it. Among the rest, the choir came down
 from their gallery to the stone portico on
 the side of the church, which was their
 place of exit, and, confronting the white
 sheets of rain, paused. A few donned gos-
 samers, opened umbrellas, and went away;
 others retired to the church, to wait until
 the shower should be over; but a small
 group lingered on the portico, and among
 these was Miss Percival. Philip, in the
 shade of the doorway, watched her for a few
 minutes unobserved. She was standing
 alone, regarding the rain with evident con-
 cern, and in the noise which it made did
 not hear his step as he approached, until he
 spoke to her. Then she turned with a start.

"Oh, Mr. Thornton!" she said. "So you are detained, too?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have not even an umbrella to offer you, and I see that you are anxious to get away."

"My mother is not as well as usual to-day, and I dislike to leave her longer than I can possibly avoid," she said; "that is why I am anxious. If I had only brought a waterproof! But who could have suspected such a sky as one came to church under!"

"This will not last long; it is too sudden and too violent," said Philip. "I am sure that in half an hour it will be fair again. Meanwhile let me hope that you felt no ill effects from your walk on Tuesday?"

"None at all. Why should I? It was not much of a walk."

"Some ladies would have thought it a good deal of a walk, especially preceded by

such a nervous shock. Our escape was really remarkable. I do not understand yet why our car did not go over as well as the others."

"It was something for which to be very grateful that it did not."

"Yes; for we should have been badly bruised, at least." He paused a moment, then added, with some hesitation: "I wanted to inquire the next day how you were; it seemed very strange not to do so; but I feared to presume on the acquaintance you had permitted me."

"There was no need," she said, a little hastily. "I was as well as possible the next day. My nerves never trouble me. I thanked God for my preservation, and after that thought no more of the matter."

A brief silence followed this remark; then:

"You thanked God!" said Philip. "Of course that was a duty. Would you believe that I never thought of it?"

The frankness of his tone almost provoked her to smile as she looked at him. "I fear that you can not think much of what you owe to Him," she said.

"I fear that I do not," he answered. "You remember what I told you once before—that there were times when I forgot that I had a soul? You see now how true it is. It is terribly easy to forget!" he added, with a slight sigh.

"I suppose it is—for some people," she answered, thinking of Graham's remarks about this candid self-accuser. No depth of character or purpose: surely such words as these seemed to substantiate the charge.

"Yes, for some people," Philip echoed. "I know that it is not so with other people—with strong, earnest, spiritual natures. But, unhappily, I have no such nature. I am easily influenced, and worldly to the ends of my fingers. I can only say one thing for myself: that sometimes my soul wakes up, and is conscious of higher things—feels them for a time keenly and intensely, but it very soon and very easily goes to sleep again. Does that mean that there is hope for me, or does it not, Miss Percival?"

"Hope of what, Mr. Thornton?" asked

Miss Percival, interested in these revelations, yet conscious that they were strange.

"Of my ever being any more alive to spiritual influences than I am; of my soul waking up for good, and dominating my life?"

Alice remembered afterward that her proper reply would have been that she really did not know him well enough to be able to answer such a question, but at the moment she did not think of this mode of evasion. He looked at her with a serious inquiry in his eyes, and she felt constrained to reply, to the best of her ability, to the question propounded.

"Since you can feel spiritual things keenly and intensely," she answered, "I should say that there was hope of your becoming more alive to their influence, especially if—but this is really too personal!"

"No, no!" said Philip, eagerly. "Pray go on."

"Well, then, I was going to say if you were less prosperous. Of course prosperity strengthens the influence of the world."

"Everyone says so," he replied, doubtfully; "but my experience is that there are quite as many worldly people in adversity as in prosperity. It must be just as bad for the spiritual life to desire riches as to possess them."

"Worse, perhaps, since envy may be mingled with the desire. But the worldliness of people in adversity does not lessen the danger of those in prosperity. Shall I remind you of the camel and the eye of a needle?"

"No, don't; for I shall be a rich man some day, I suppose."

"Then there is the more reason that you should be reminded of it; for it was a warning, not a denunciation. I often think of the sad gentleness with which Our Lord looked after the young man, whose great possessions made him turn away, and said 'A rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"It was a terrible saying—to come from the lips of God Himself," remarked Philip, gravely. "Some day I shall medi-

at on it, and go and become a Trappist." "No doubt it is easier to resign riches than to employ them wisely," said Alice. "Yet it is a great thing to be the steward of the gifts of God."

It did not occur to her any more than it did to him to think at this moment how it would be with riches that had been un-justly gained. She had herself received a great gift from God in the possession of a nature that never dwelt upon the sense of wrong. The Thornton wealth was nothing to her, save, perhaps, matter for compassion; or she knew the stain upon it, and felt herself far richer with empty hands.

At this point of the conversation both perceived that the rain was diminishing in violence, and while they were speaking of it, Mr. Richter, the director of the choir, came up to them.

"I am glad to see you two together," he said; "for I want to suggest that I think would be well if you practised your duets a little outside of the choir. They do not go quite smoothly, and it is *your* fault". Turning to Philip), "for Miss Percival is always exact to the faintest shade of tone and time."

"Of course it is my fault," answered Philip, looking at Alice with something like a flash of pleasure in his eyes. "Miss Percival is an admirable musician. I shall be only too delighted to practise with her if she will allow me."

Miss Percival hesitated, and, for the first time since he had known her, colored with embarrassment. "The difficulty is," she said at length, "that I am so closely engaged—I have so little time to spare—"

"You have your evenings," replied Mr. Richter. "Mr. Thornton can go to your house, and a little practice will give him all that he needs."

Unfortunately my evenings also are very much occupied with my mother," she said, looking down, and feeling that she seemed ungracious; but how was it possible to introduce Philip Thornton into her mother's presence? "I really fear—I do not see how it can be managed."

Mr. Richter, surprised, full of musical zeal, and utterly devoid of social tact, was about to remonstrate, but Philip interposed quickly:

"I am very sorry, but if it would inconvenience you in the least, pray do not think of it. I could not be guilty of trespassing upon your time. I will find a music-master, and I will instruct him to improve my tone and time. Perhaps that will have the desired result."

Alice looked at him gratefully. She could not help the glance, so much was she pleased by his manner as well as by his words. There was not the faintest trace of offended feeling in either, only perfect courtesy, and an apparently eager desire to spare her any annoyance.

"You are very considerate, Mr. Thornton," she said, with the dark eyes still resting on him. "At present I do not see how it would be possible for me to practise with you; but if any arrangement can be made, I will let you know."

Philip bowed his thanks. "It is you who are kind," he said. "I only beg that you will not make any arrangement that could possibly prove inconvenient to you."

"Oh, inconvenient!—why should it be inconvenient?" exclaimed obstinate Mr. Richter. "It is an affair of half an hour. And you should practise together—you really should!"

"The rain has ceased, I believe," said Miss Percival, hastily; and, giving no time for further words, she hurried away, while Philip, watching her, asked himself why he should be debarred from attending her, and why she was so manifestly reluctant to receive him into her house.

These were questions more easily asked than answered, however,—at least by him. He felt that he could not presume on such acquaintance as Miss Percival permitted him, and yet the restrictions on their intercourse began to fret him greatly. This was not only because whatever is surrounded by difficulty becomes in equal measure attractive to human nature in general, especially to masculine human nature. There

were qualities in Alice Percival that would have taken his interest captive under whatever circumstances he had met her; and had those circumstances been favorable to their intercourse, this interest might have deepened even more surely and rapidly than it did. For, to any one with sufficient elevation of character and fineness of perception to appreciate her, she was charming as only the noblest women are charming. And Philip, whatever else he lacked, was not deficient in fineness of perception. He *felt*, if he did not yet *know*, all that she was, and he never saw her without wishing to see her more frequently and with more freedom. "If I could be with her oftener I really believe that I should become a different man," he thought; and then he sighed, for there seemed no prospect of compassing such association as that which he desired.

Nevertheless, he was rewarded more quickly than he anticipated for his self-command on that Sunday morning. Hardly a week later he received one day a note from Mrs. King, bidding him come to her house that evening, and when he went he found Alice Percival there. That the arrangement was no plan of hers, however, he quickly learned. Mrs. King met him with a laugh.

"Mr. Richter came to me," she said, "with a complaint of two indolent people who would not practise together, so I promised him that the practising should be done, and that under my own eye. Therefore I have inveigled you both here, and now practise you must and shall."

Philip looked at Miss Percival with a deprecating air. "It is all on account of my mistakes," he said, "that you have this trouble. I am very sorry."

"I am not sure that it is altogether on account of your mistakes," she answered, with a smile; "but if it were it would really be no trouble. You don't know how I like to sing."

"And your voices accord so well," said Mrs. King, "that I promise myself great pleasure in listening."

She settled herself by the fire while the

two young people went to the grand piano which occupied the end of her large drawing-room. And then followed an hour of pleasure as great as Philip had ever known in his life. To hear Alice Percival's noble voice rise in the great harmonies which suited it so well, to let his own voice blend with it until they flowed together like two united streams—this in itself was delightful. But in such practising there is always much beside singing; there is the interchange of opinion and criticism, the common interest, and the sense of growing intimacy. All of this Philip enjoyed, even while he felt that it was something which slipped through his fingers and left no tangible result behind. He would be no nearer to Alice Percival for this hour of association; he had an instinct of that.

And indeed the hour had hardly ended when an interruption came. They were still at the piano, and Philip was saying, "If it does not tire you, let us try that once more," when the door suddenly opened, and a servant ushered in Graham. The eyes of the latter at once fell on the two so familiarly together at the instrument, and he knew that all his fears were realized. Philip had made good his position with Alice. "What will not a woman overlook for the sake of a handsome face and winning manner!" he thought bitterly; and he would hereafter be contrasted with a man whom he knew to be far his superior in social grace. His countenance darkened so much that Mrs. King, looking up, and comprehending the state of the case at once, felt it necessary to smooth matters by an explanation.

"Sit down, Mr. Graham," she said, "and enjoy the music with me for a few minutes. It will not last more than a few minutes longer, for it is merely an affair of practise. Mr. Richter came to me and complained that he could not induce these two to practise together, so I laid a trap, drew them both here, and set them to work whether they would or no."

"Indeed!" said Graham. He glanced at the two faces at the piano. "They

not look as if you had exercised any very disagreeable compulsion," he observed.

"Oh! they both like music," returned Mrs. King; "and after they get to work they are interested, of course. The trouble was, by Mr. Richter's account, to get them together."

"Miss Percival did not care to receive Thornton at her house, I presume," said Graham, dryly.

"Yes, that was it," answered Mrs. King, glancing at him. "But why do you speak so significantly? Why should she not receive him at her house?"

"Well, for one or two very weighty reasons—which do not, however, seem to weigh very much with her when it comes to a question of intercourse elsewhere," replied Graham, sarcastically.

"You are talking in riddles," said Mrs. King. "What kind of weighty reasons do you mean? I insist upon knowing, for I introduced Mr. Thornton to her."

"Oh! the reasons are not personal to *him*," continued Graham. "He is well enough, as far as he goes. They have to do with another generation. Have you never heard that Mr. Percival and Mr. Thornton were partners once, and that while one was ruined, the other is now the richest man in Riverport?"

"No, never. How did it happen?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders. Thereby hangs the tale—a tale which is only dimly understood by the public, that condones anything in a man who succeeds. But a good many things come to a lawyer's ears, and I by chance have heard the particulars from good authority. It was a plain case of robbery, and from that robbery comes Thornton's fortune dates."

"How dreadful!" said Mrs. King, with a startled glance toward the two at the piano. "Does *she* know?"

"Yes," answered Graham, gloomily.

"And does *he* know?"

"I think not—no, I am sure he does not. But," the speaker added, grimly, "he *shall* know before he is very much older."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

WHILE the fountain tossed its spray towards the sun, with a sound like far-off silver bells,—while the birds sang, and the blue Roman sky looked down from its viewless depths over the indescribable beauty of the scene, Camilla, in simple, touching language, related to the child the wonderful story of God's infinite love and mercy, which had moved Him to give His only Son to die for the redemption of His creatures, whose sins made them worthy only of condemnation; and how His Virgin Mother—*Advocata nostra*—had suffered willingly with her Divine Son, holding nothing back, crucifying nature, and accepting her desolation and sorrow, so that nothing should be wanting to complete the sacrifice. Tears filled Camilla's eyes; her strong face grew soft and tender as she spoke to the little neophyte, who listened with rapt attention, as if fearing to lose a single word.

"O *madama!*" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "if *I* had been there I would have asked the cruel ones to take my life, and spare His. How could the Holy Mother bear such grief? Was it for the love of us she stood by His Cross, silent and weeping?"

"It was all for us, *cara mia*, that both suffered—through love whose depths can never be sounded, whose heights the human mind can never reach; He in His sacred flesh, she in her sacred, maternal heart," said Camilla, who in her fervor almost forgot that she was speaking to a child.

"I can not understand it all yet, *madama*, but I can love! I can love! His name, *Jesus Christus*, is in my heart, and I will ask Him to let me be the child of His Holy Virgin Mother, to live at her feet and learn. He opened my blind eyes but yesterday, and then I knew Him—not until then; and now my father and old Symphronius and I

no longer worship the gods, but Him only," said Claudia, her face aglow with earnest desire.

"Love like thine, dear child, is most precious to Him—more precious than knowledge; for it was love that stood by Him at the Cross when all had abandoned Him,—love that had no thought of self, and was exalted to the highest courage. Thy love, *cara mia*, is precious in His sight, and His grace will be sufficient unto thee. I heard with great joy what had happened at my villa yesterday; and my husband, who is a brave officer of the Prætorian Guard, and a Christian, could scarcely contain his delight when the holy Bishop, after the divine function, at which we were both present, told us the glad tidings; for thy father is a noble conquest, over whom the persecuted Church rejoices. I am coming to see thee often, *cara mia*, to teach thee the rudiments of the Christian Faith, and lead thee to a knowledge of its divine Sacraments, which will unfold new joys, new mysteries of love, that will bring thee in nearer communion with the dear Jesus Christ every hour, every day."

"O *madama!* how much I thank thee!" exclaimed Claudia, kissing Camilla's hand, which held hers; "I think He will help me to understand, for I am only a child."

"He will help thee, little one, never fear," answered Camilla, with one of her radiant smiles, as her eyes rested lovingly on the angelic face uplifted to hers. "Dost thou know the Sign of the Cross, and how to bless thyself in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity?"

"I know the sign, but not the words," was the simple answer.

Camilla taught her, the little girl repeating the holy names after her distinctly and reverently.

"Do this often, sweet child; it is the Christian's ægis in all dangers. Now I must be gone, but here is something I have brought thee to wear next to thy heart—a little picture of *Advocata nostra*," said Camilla, giving Claudia a crystal medallion, on the inside of which was painted

the lovely face of the Virgin Mother.*

"And this is *my* treasure," continued the noble lady, drawing a gem from her bosom, on which was cut in *intaglio* a head of Christ, copied from a famous one of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar;† the face that of a "man of sorrows and afflicted with grief," who had "never been seen to smile, but often to weep,"—a face on which the griefs of the world were stamped. The child's eyes grew sad as she gazed upon it; her heart was so full, she whispered, scarcely breathing, His Name: "O Christ Jesus!" then, pressing the sacred image to her lips, she gave it back to Camilla.

"And this," she said presently, as they were returning to the villa, while she held the crystal medallion close to her heart, "I will keep right here, that the thought of her and of her Divine Son may dwell there together. Thou hast been very good to me, *madama mia*, and I wish I knew how to thank thee; but perhaps the next time thou art so kind as to come, and after I have thought it all over, I shall have found the words I want."

"Love me, sweet one," said the Roman lady, with a bright smile; "I wish no other thanks. Now we must part, but not for long, and may the dear *Christus* keep thee Farewell!" Then she bent down, and kissing her, stepped into her chariot; then

* Crystal medallions of this description, which open like locketts of the present day, have occasionally been found, with the bodies of the martyrs, in the Catacombs; some with sacred image painted within, others plain. It is supposed that in times of persecution the Christians, in view of the perils to which they were constantly exposed, were permitted to bear the Sacred Host about their person in these crystal receptacles, to be used as their Viaticum in extremity.

† Tertullian and other writers of the earliest times refer to portraits of Our Lord and His Virgin Mother which they had seen. The emerald *intaglio* cut by order of Tiberius Cæsar—the legend states—is preserved among the gems of the Vatican. The writer has an engraving of the head, the countenance of which expresses all that more than words can describe. There is also an oil-painting of the same in the Church of the Jesuits—the Gesù—in Rome.—A. H. D.

spirited animals dashed off, and a few moments later were out of sight.

Giving one more look at the tender, gracious face on her medallion, Claudia went in to find Zilla—pale, sad Zilla. She wanted a chain for the crystal ornament; she would not rest until it was suspended on her neck, and lying against her heart.

Never so happy as when serving her, especially now that she was no longer blind and dependent on her at every turn, Zilla looked over the ornaments and trinkets of her dead mistress, which had been confided to her care, and found one formed of light links of gold curiously wrought, upon which the medallion was slipped, the clasp of the chain fastened, and, without question on her part as to what it was or whence it came, she passed it over the child's shining head, lifting the bright, silken curls to give it place; saw her press the pictured image to her lips, and drop it under the folds of her tunic into her bosom. Then, full of the old child-love, throwing her arms around Zilla, she kissed her.

"Some Christian sorcery, doubtless," bitterly thought the poor, faithful heart; "and perhaps more deadly than the amulet that Laodice gave her. *O bona Dea!* hast thou no power to save this child from destruction?" But she returned the little one's caress, and began to talk with her as if nothing had happened.

Nemesius, having reached his camp in good time, arranged the temporary transfer of his command to the officer second in rank, and reached the villa of Tertullus some minutes in advance of the hour which had been named by the Pontiff Stephen. The holy man received him with paternal kindness, bestowing his blessing, which the captain knelt to receive, after which the Pontiff proceeded to instruct him on the necessity and importance of Baptism as a condition to salvation. To the receptive and upright mind of Nemesius no difficulties presented themselves; for, already enlightened by divine grace, he questioned nothing, knowing that God was the Eternal Truth, and that, through His Son, He had

revealed to His Church all things necessary to salvation.

When the subject was explained and made clear to his understanding, and the Pontiff told him that he was then ready to administer the sacred rite, Nemesius hesitated, and said:

"There is a question I would ask; one not implying doubt, but ignorance, on which I would be enlightened."

"Thou wilt not ask amiss, for the Church is a divine guide. What wouldst thou know?" was the gentle response.

"This. God being supreme, omniscient, and infinite in all His attributes, could He not have saved man, whom He created, without sending His Divine Son to suffer the torments, ignominy, and cruel death He endured for man's salvation?"

"That is a question which naturally presents itself to some minds on the threshold of Faith, but a few words will throw light upon it," answered the saintly Stephen. "Man, as thou hast learned, was created by God in order to fill the place of the angels who had fallen. But when man fell into sin it became needful for God to punish him, or God would have manifested an indifference to sin, and would have ceased to be a righteous moral Governor. It behooved that man's sin should be punished, but had the punishment been inflicted on man it must have been unending, and man would never have fulfilled the object and end of his creation. Thus would God's honor have suffered.

"How was the sin of man to be punished as God's honor required, and man likewise restored to God's favor, and the place of the angels supplied, as God's honor also demanded? No created being could make the atonement, for no created being could offer to God anything beyond which he was already bound as a creature to offer. It remained, then, that the task must be undertaken by the God-Man, who alone could so atone for sin that man should be restored to favor. God did not inflict the punishment of sin on Christ, who voluntarily offered Himself as the Victim and propitiation, and

assumed human flesh in the womb of the undefiled Virgin Mary, and became the Redeemer of man, who through His sufferings and death alone could be restored to the favor of the Eternal Father."*

The countenance of Nemesius, which had been somewhat overshadowed at first by the gravity of his thoughts, grew clearer as the Pontiff, speaking impressively and distinctly, unfolded each link of his argument, which was not only grand and simple, but so divinely logical, that he threw himself at his feet, exclaiming: "Make me a Christian by the holy rite of Baptism, I beseech thee, sir, that I may not be another moment separated from Him who made a sacrifice so great and perfect for me. Henceforth I am His even unto death!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Noble Three.

ON a damp, foggy evening in the month of December, 1841, a man above the medium height, leaning on a staff, was wending his way along the principal street of one of the chief Continental cities. His steps were slow and tottering, his face almost hidden by the drooping rim of an old hat, and his hoary hair and beard hung down his bended shoulders and breast. Under his arm he carried an oblong package, wrapped in a handkerchief. The streams of light, the peals of laughter issuing from the crowded hotels and *restaurants* seemed to confuse him, and he hurried on, like one under the influence of some powerful stimulus, directing his course towards the Court of the Fountains.

Arrived there, the weary wanderer raised his head, and, seeing lights shining from every window in the neighborhood, took refuge under a shelter at the corner of the main street and a much frequented alley. Laying aside his staff, he opened his package, and drew out an old violin. His ner-

vous fingers pinched the strings, and, having reduced them to harmonize, he placed the instrument on his left shoulder and began to play.

Half a dozen street Arabs arrested their steps to watch the performance; but the old man's trembling fingers fell confusedly upon the strings, producing such discordant sounds that his little audience ran off, with their hands to their ears. A dog in the neighborhood began to howl most dismally, and the passers-by quickened their paces. Discouraged and sad, the man sat down on the sidewalk, laid his instrument across his knees, and groaned out: "O God! I can no longer play!"

Just at this moment three young men were coming up the alley, humming a popular air, to which they had improvised the following absurd words:

"When two students of the Conservatory
Meet a student of the Conservatory,
There are then three of the Conservatory;
And all are charmed, ravished, well content to see
Themselves away from the Conservatory."

In their glee they did not at first notice the violinist. One struck against him; the second fell over him, knocking off his hat; while the third stood back in surprise on seeing a tall figure rise and step out into the light.

"Beg your pardon, sir! I fear we have hurt you."

"No," answered the old man, stooping down with difficulty to pick up his hat; but one of the young men anticipated him, and reached him the hat; while another, perceiving the violin, inquired: "Are you a musician, sir?"

"Formerly I was," sighed the poor man, and two big tears slowly coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

"What is the matter, pray?—are you suffering?—can we aid you?"

The old man looked at them a moment, and then, holding out his hat, said: "Give me an alms, please. I can no longer earn my bread by playing; my fingers have become anchyrotic. . . . My daughter is dying of consumption and want."

* Dialogue "*Cur Deus Homo.*" What St. Anselm here expresses had always, from its foundation, been the belief of the Church.

The tone of grief with which this was said went to the hearts of the young men; they plunged their hands into their pockets, and drew out—alas! the first, ten cents; the second, twenty-five; and the third, a piece of—resin! Grand total, thirty-five cents! It was very little. They looked at one another sadly.

"Friends," said Charles (the one who had addressed the old man), "he is a *confrère*; an attempt must be made to relieve him; brace up. Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I make the collection."

No sooner said than done. Up went the coat-collars, and down came the hats over forehead and eyes.

"Now do your best, boys," continued Charles. "Begin, Adolphe; first play a popular piece, to attract the people."

Under the magnetic touch of the young virtuoso's fingers the old violin sighed, wept, laughed, whispered, sang, prayed; it poured forth streams of enchanting notes, which gradually died away in the well-known "Carnival of Venice." Every window in the neighborhood was open and filled with heads; pedestrians forgot their errands; cars and vehicles were impeded by the crowd; shouts of enthusiastic applause were heard on all sides, and many a coin fell into the old man's hat, which had been conspicuously placed in order to receive them.

After a brief cessation the young violinist executed a *Point d'Orgue* on the dominant, as a prelude.

"Now, Gustave!" said Charles.

The young man addressed sang "Come, Gentle Lady!" His fine tenor voice rang out with unwonted warmth, tone, and brilliancy. "*Encore! encore!*" cried the multitude, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. And the collection increased as the crowd grew larger.

Elated with the success of his undertaking, Charles exclaimed: "Now, boys, the trio of 'William Tell,' to conclude. Adolphe, old fellow, while accompanying us, don't be surprised if my barytone stumbles; help it

on the best you can; you know it is only 'cheek' that makes me attempt it at all. And you, Gustave, a few more such bursts of melody and the goal is won."

The trio began. The old man, who up to this time had been motionless, as if the whole performance were only a dream to him, now arose, gazed around with flashing eyes, seized his staff, and beat the measure with the air of a master. The young men, fired with his enthusiasm, surpassed themselves. The people were electrified, and spared neither money nor praise. Silver fell in showers from the windows, leaped from every pocket, and Charles had all he could do to gather up what fell around the hat.

The concert being finished, the crowd dispersed, commenting on the very unusual event.

The youths now approached the old man, who was almost speechless with emotion.

"Your names," he murmured, "in order that my daughter may mingle them with her prayers."

"My name," said the first, "is Faith."

"And mine," added the second, "is Hope."

"Mine," said the third, at the same time laying the hat filled to the brim with money before the old man, "is Charity."

"Ah! gentlemen! gentlemen! permit me, at least, to tell you who it is that you have so generously assisted. My name is Chappner. I am an Alsatian. For ten years I was leader of the orchestra at Strasburg. There I had the honor of first presenting 'William Tell.' Alas! since I left my country misfortune and sickness have overtaken me. You have saved my life. With this money I can now return to Strasburg, where I am known, and where my daughter will be cared for. Her native air will restore her to health. Your rare talents, which you have so nobly employed in relieving a stranger's distress, shall be blessed. You shall be great among the great."

"Amen!" responded the three young men, and then, taking one another's arm, they continued their walk.

Reader, if you are curious to know

whether the prediction of the old man was verified, I can (at the cost of committing a grave indiscretion, however) reveal the world-renowned names of those three students of the Conservatory. The tenor was Gustave Roger; the violinist, Adolphe Hermann; the collector, Charles Gounod.

O Dulcis Virgo Maria!

OUT in the dark and mist and cold,
 I heard a voice in the city street,
 Chanting low, as from flute of gold,
 Notes so strangely sad and sweet;
 Sobbing and singing, singing and sobbing:
 "Maria, Mother, hear thy child;
 Shield and keep her undefiled;
 Look, oh! look from heaven, I pray;
 Light and guide her on her way—
 O dulcis Virgo Maria!"

Into the darkness the singer goes,
 And, like a bird in its airy flight,
 The music trembles, then swells and flows,
 Until it echoes upon the night;
 Sobbing and singing, singing and sobbing:
 "Maria, Mother, hear thy child;
 Shield and keep her undefiled;
 Look, oh! look from heaven, I pray;
 Light and guide her on her way—
 O dulcis Virgo Maria!"

Afar in the distance the music floats,
 Till it dies away in the mist and rain.
 I have but a dream of the solemn notes,
 And I watch and wait for the voice in vain;
 Sobbing and singing, singing and sobbing:
 "Maria, Mother, hear thy child;
 Shield and keep her undefiled;
 Look, oh! look from heaven, I pray;
 Light and guide her on her way.
 O dulcis Virgo Maria!"

—Albert H. Hardy.

AN actor among puppets cares not for them, but for the applause of the spectators. So we amongst our fellow-men. God is looking on. Is *He* pleased with us?

THOSE who aspire to eminence in God's service must begin from the ranks.

St. Catherine's Well.

BY J. J. M'G.

THE town of Killybegs, in the County of Donegal, is one of the most charming places that grace the sea-coast of Ireland. It has attained no little prominence in the eyes of the commercial world from the fact that its harbor is the safest and most capacious in that part of the country, and is the haven to which one of her Majesty's cutters clings closely for the greater part of the year.

Not a vessel sailing into this bay but passes, before it anchors, the little headland, where, canopied by green shrubbery, and encompassed by a few tall trees, sparkles the water of the Holy Well of St. Catherine—one of those many blessed fountains whose hallowed memories inspired one of Erin's children to sing:

"The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure—
 A thousand ages roll'd away, and still those founts endure,
 As full and sparkling as they flow'd ere slave or tyrant trod
 The emerald garden set apart for Irishmen by God!"

But this well is endeared particularly to the writer, for the reason that he first knelt by it at his mother's side, and by her was instructed in the prayers to be said while "travelling the station." Turning back now, and musing over the history of that well, he finds one chapter of it forcing itself to the front, and asking to be recorded, so that in after years it may be looked upon as an historical truth, and not a matter of fiction, than which, as we know, truth is often more strange.

To reach this holy well one must walk a quarter of a mile to the east of the town, then for a short distance along the pebbly shore, past the ruins of an old Catholic church and its long-unused graveyard, and into the lands of the Rev. Mr. Ball, the Protestant rector, where in the centre of a trodden circle can be seen the spring of which I write.

Friday is the market-day of Killybegs, and after business has been transacted, and often before, the faithful wend their way to this holy fountain. Some go to pray for sick neighbors, and bring them a little of the healing waters; others, to ask the Saint to intercede for them in their difficulties; and not a few to offer a prayer for a son or a daughter far away.

"The grass that grows between the stones,
And o'er the water's rim—
A cure for ills and aching bones—
The hands of peasants trim.
The skeptic may their faith deride,
While now false pride rebels,
But changed his mind would be beside
Old Ireland's holy wells."

Of course the lands of Mr. Ball, which had been confiscated for his especial benefit by the Government, were trespassed on continually by the pious suppliants. On the feast of the Saint numerous were the crowds that gathered and prayed at the well from midnight even to midnight. The peasantry residing near by were careful to keep the road in good condition, and in truth their right of way to the well was a prerogative never but once disputed.

Some years ago Mr. Ball, who is still living, I believe, grew impatient at the devotion manifested by the country-people, and undertook to put a stop to it. So he ordered the following notice to be posted conspicuously at every entrance to the well, "No trespassing allowed." But he had not calculated the will of the people. They crossed his grounds as before, and on the following Friday the first sight that greeted his eyes was a couple of peasants bent in prayerful attitude beside the holy spring.

The good rector, as the story goes, vowed to "stop this superstition and idolatry," and next morning the neighbors discovered that the well had been filled with stones and covered with sods, no trace of it being left. But ere the good people could communicate the sad news to the surrounding villages workmen were seen busily engaged in clearing the well. Why was this? What is the mystery?

Well, it is related on good authority that

the spring broke out in the parlor of Mr. Ball, on the ground-floor of his little palace, which is situated fully twenty feet higher above the sea level than the holy well. The signs of warning to trespassers were taken down. And ever since there has been no hindrance to enter the grounds; and mother—God bless her!—says in every letter: "I travelled St. Catherine's Station for you last Friday."

On a certain day of the year—I forget which—the waters of St. Catherine's become muddy and disturbed. This is due, tradition has it, to the washing of a sick child by its mother on that day many years ago, and it is not deemed "right" to take any water from the well that day.

Now you have the history, at least all that I know of it, of one of Ireland's holy wells.

Dedicating Children.

IN Catholic countries parents often dedicate or make an offering of their children when infants to the Blessed Mother of God. They are brought to the church for this purpose. The parents and friends of the family are present. It is a feast-day for them. The child is taken to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin; the parents kneel before the altar and ask Our Lady to accept the gift they are presenting to her, and to obtain for the child from her Divine Son the grace to be a true Christian.

Mary presented the Infant Jesus in the Temple to His Eternal Father. Parents in thus consecrating their children to God, through Mary, imitate the Blessed Virgin. They tell these children what Mary did, and all about the Infant Jesus. He was called the Son of Joseph and Mary; He obeyed their every wish by anticipating it. He is God, yet He was subject to them in all things. He filled the hearts of Mary and Joseph with love when He was offered to His Father. He came to do the will of His Father. How grateful, then, was He not to Mary and Joseph for the offering they made of Him! It was the will of God, and Mary fulfilled it. Holy Simeon, inspired by the Holy Ghost, breaks forth in the Tem-

ple with the words of sorrow that penetrate the heart of Mary, and tell of the reception of the offering in Heaven. The first sword of sorrow was plunged into her heart, but she kept those things to herself.

When mothers present their children to Mary they remind her of the presentation that she made of the only offering worthy of the Eternal Father. The Blessed Mother is pleased with the resemblance, and when asking her Divine Son for the favors besought for the child presented to her, she reminds her Son of the joy He experienced when she dedicated Him to His Eternal Father. The anxiety of heart she then felt makes her lend her all-powerful intercession to obtain the grace of a holy life for those children dedicated to her. The young and the old may give themselves to the service of Mary. Age places neither limit nor barrier to her services.

But what greater crown, parents, can you place on the head of Mary than the consecration of your children to her service? In Mary you have a mother for yourselves and your children. Where Mary is, there also is Jesus. Have Mary in the hearts of your children, so that Jesus may dwell with them. Your household will be blessed; your children, being under the special protection of Mary, will be obedient and dutiful; they will obtain the graces that are asked for them in their consecration, and increase in age, wisdom, and grace before God and men. Parents, is not this the dearest wish of your hearts?—*Catholic Times*.

Catholic Notes.

A decree of the Sacred Tribunal of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, under date May 19, 1886, but only recently made public, declares it illicit for Catholics to become members of societies having as their scope the cremation of human bodies; and where the said societies, as is generally the case, are affiliated to the sect of Freemasonry, they fall under the excommunication reserved to the Pope. The decree further inhibits the faithful from in any wise participating in or promoting the act of cremation, whether in case of the deceased having left directions to that effect, or in that of the desire of surviving relatives or friends. The Holy Father, in confirming and sanction-

ing this decision of the Holy Office, characterizes the cremation of human remains as an "abominable abuse."

During the Franco-German war the late Cardinal Guibert gave hospitality to the Papal Nuncio and the delegates of the Government of National Defence, who left Paris in balloons, and took up their quarters at Tours. But the Archbishop made a stand against receiving Garibaldi. "This palace is the Pope's house, and I will not receive under its roof an enemy of the Holy See."

Monseigneur Guibert was able during those troubled times to render good service to his country; for when the German authorities laid on the city a war indemnity of \$1,000,000, he wrote to the Prince Imperial saying the money could not be paid, as there were only a few thousand francs in the treasury. The Prince immediately reduced the sum to \$100,000! When relating this fact some years later, his Grace said, smiling: "In those days the bishops were sometimes of use!"

The following account of the Sanctuary of the Mater Dolorosa at Jerusalem, which is being erected by Armenian Catholics in the Via Dolorosa, is abridged from *La Terra Santa*. A church under the title of Our Lady of the Swoon, the ruins of which still remain, once stood on the same site, and it was doubtless a hallowed one from the very first ages of Christianity. This ancient church occupied the space extending from the Third to the Fourth Station:

"Doubtless at a very early date Christian piety raised a sanctuary on the spot where a most ancient tradition assures us our divine Lord met His Virgin Mother as He bore His heavy Cross to Calvary. This sanctuary was mentioned by the early pilgrims to the Holy Land, by Marius Santo in 1306, and by the Seigneur d'Anglure, who saw it near the Prætorium. Father Fabri, a Dominican of Ulm, tells us he and his companions saw in the Via Dolorosa, on the right coming from the Holy Sepulchre, a small knoll on which the Blessed Virgin had stood on the morning of the Passion, to watch for her Divine Son; and where, on perceiving Him, she fell down in a swoon. It was on this spot, continues the friar, that we gained the indulgences; for there stood a church under the title of Our Blessed Lady of the Swoon. The Saracens destroyed it, leaving only its walls of huge square blocks standing, and these were mere ruins.

"The remains of this small church were still

visible in 1586, and were described by Zulluart, a Belgian from Ath, who says this sanctuary was erected by St. Helen. Zulluart adds that the stone upon which Mary fainted, in the midst of the holy women who accompanied her, had been placed in front of the altar of the church; but that Father Bonaventure Curseli, Guardian of Zion, having perceived it among the ruins, and desecrated by the infidels, had bought it for a large sum, and carried it to the monastery on Mount Zion. On the site where the swoon took place the Turks had erected baths. The church is again mentioned in 1615 by Quaresimus, who refers to the testimony of the Father Guardian of the Zion Monastery from 1552 to 1560, saying the stone had been placed over the main entrance. He also tells us that on his visit to the Holy City, in 1610, the upper portion of the Church of the Swoon still existed, but it disappeared in 1630. We could quote other authorities who are all unanimous about the location of this sanctuary, and affirming to have seen its ruins.

"These ruins were still a heap of desecrated stones when, in 1859, the Armenian Catholics succeeded in obtaining possession of them. For a long time they were unable to realize their wish to build a church; sad events occurred to disturb the peace of the Armenian Catholics, followed by the death of Mgr. Michael Alexander, Armenian Archbishop of Jerusalem, who had devoted himself to the undertaking, to which his death put a stop. At last, in 1881, the Very Rev. Joachim Toumayan, pastor of the Armenian Catholics and Patriarchal Vicar of the Armenian Rite in Jerusalem, took up the work with zeal and courage. Excavations brought to light the crypt and huge blocks of the foundations. Some decorations were still entire, as the armorial bearings of several noble families, fragments of broken pillars, steps and iron-work, mixed with charred wood. In 1882 the tanks of the baths were unearthed; and on clearing away the rubbish that covered the pavement of the church, there appeared two footprints worked in mosaic, and pointing towards the Via Dolorosa. Doubtless these were intended to indicate where Our Blessed Lady stood, or the direction she took in following her Divine Son carrying His Cross.

"The Armenian Catholics are poor, very poor, and the work of clearing away the ruins and of excavating has exhausted their funds, and they find themselves obliged to appeal to the devotion and charity of all Christians desirous of honoring the tender grief of Jesus on meeting His beloved Mother,—whose hearts compassionate and generously long to glorify the bitter agony of Mary when suddenly she found herself face to face with her thorn-crowned Son, and who on that spot fainted in the traces of His Precious Blood."

The Abbé Liszt, one of the greatest musicians the world has ever seen, died at Bayreuth on the night of the 31st ult. He was born in 1811, and from a very early age gave evidence of the remarkable powers with which he was gifted. In 1825 he inaugurated that brilliant public career, which up to the end of his life continued an unbroken success. He was a man of fine personal appearance and charming manners, and had hosts of warm friends in every rank of life. At one time he greatly desired to enter the priesthood, and stated his wish to his friend and admirer, the late Pope Pius IX. His Holiness, however, represented to him the difficulty of reconciling the duties of the priesthood with the professional and social demands inseparable from the life of a world-renowned musician. He advised him to continue in the career for which his genius marked him out; but, to content his good desires, admitted him to tonsure, with the title of abbé. May he rest in peace!

In accepting the dedication of the oratorio, *Mors et Vita*, by Gounod, his Holiness Leo XIII. expressed a desire that the work should be brought out in the Eternal City, during the year of his sacerdotal Jubilee, under the gifted composer's own direction. M. Gounod wrote a devout and filial reply, saying that it would be a great happiness to him to comply with the wish that the Holy Father had done him the honor to express.

A gentleman residing in Middletown, who was visiting in Sullivan Co. last week, was attracted by eight headstones in a little grass-grown cemetery, near Fallsburg, all of which stood in a row and were exactly alike. He got out of his wagon to look at them, and found that they were all children of a well-known physician, and that all were grown when stricken down, and that the dates on the headstones showed that the first one died Nov. 23, 1861, and the other seven between that date and Dec. 15 following.

The story as told is that in 1861 there was a scourge of diphtheria in that neighborhood, and the physician was kept busy treating patients suffering from that disease. He was very successful, and gained such confidence in his skill that he began to boast that he could cure any case, and went so far that he "defied God Almighty to produce a case of diphtheria

he could not cure." In less than a week his youngest child was seized with the disease, and although he exercised his skill to the utmost, having not only professional pride but a father's love to urge him to do his best, his boy grew worse and died. One after another his children sickened and died, until all were gone, and laid side by side in the little graveyard near Fallsburg. Only one child was left, a married daughter, but in a few weeks she, too, was stricken down, and became a victim to the dread disease.—*Middletown Argus.*

Two noted tributes were paid recently to the zeal and devotion of the Sisters of Charity in France. The first is that of Gen. Boulanger, Minister of War. While on a visit to the Val-de-Grace, he called at the military School of Medicine; and, having walked through the wards of the hospital, he was about to retire, when medical Inspector Baudoin, one of the Directors of the War Office, who accompanied him, reminded him that he had not seen the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity at Val-de-Grace (the Baroness de Moissac) for over thirty-five years. Gen. Boulanger at once asked him to go up-stairs to the venerable Sister, and beg her to descend and exchange a few words with him. In a few minutes the Superioress nimbly descended the stairs, in spite of her eighty-five years; and, in presence of the assembled staff of officers and students, the General said: "Allow me, Madame, to thank you here, on behalf of the Army, for the devotion and disinterestedness of which your Sisters give daily proof in nursing our soldiers." Then he added: "Yes: it would be a disaster if we were deprived of you."

The other tribute was paid by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the distinguished French engineer, who, in the course of a speech made on the occasion of a public demonstration in Paris, said they had the highest ideas of womanhood in the brave Sister of Charity: that much of the success of the Suez Canal had been due to the nuns who nursed the sick. They would do the same in Panama. He was no politician, but it seemed to him that he was entitled to praise women who had been his trusty and courageous auxiliaries, without any hope except that inspired by religion. It made him angry when he remembered that the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul were now being turned out of French hospitals, and replaced

by hirelings, who were always worthless and often dangerous to the patient.

A writer in a recent number of *The Contemporary Review* says of the world-wide authority of Leo XIII.:

"On May 28, 1878, he creates the Diocese of Chicoutimi in Canada; on June 21, the Apostolic-Vicariate of Kansuh in China; on July 31 he converts the Apostolic-Vicariate of Montevideo into a bishopric; on September 13 he cuts off a tract of territory from the See of Constantinople and annexes it to that of Algiers; on December 20 he divides the Diocese of Beverley to make a new Diocese of Leeds, and in September of the next year makes the Church of St. Anne its Cathedral. On January 20, 1880, he raises the Vicariate of Cracow into an episcopate, and gives it a new territorial definition; on May 25 he halves the Diocese of Yucatan, in Mexico, and forms that of Salsasco; on July 29 he divides, in the same way, the Archiepiscopal See of Santa Fé de Bogota, in New Granada, and forms the Diocese of Sunza; on July 5, 1881, he constitutes an episcopal hierarchy in Bosnia and Herzegovina; on September 30th he reduces the number of the Portuguese bishoprics, and remodels their territorial distribution," and so on.

"Every thought of the pontifical heart," observes the same writer, farther on, "dilates and broadens to embrace the world. He is the only power in existence whose inherent and essential obligation it is to go on incessantly acquiring and extending, over all civilized and even all barbarous nations, an intellectual and moral ascendancy."

New Publications.

SHORT PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. [ALPHAURION.] By the Rev. Thomas C. Moore, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

The preface to this work fully explains its origin, and refers to the only objection that could be made to its bright and sensible subject matter. The author lived for some time in a non-Catholic community, and was, of course, forced by circumstances to discuss his belief. Out of these discussions grew this volume of essays, once offered to the public in the columns of *The Catholic Advocate*.

The essays are exactly what he promises—"lighter and sharper weapons" than the ponderous tomes and weighty arguments employed against learned theologians. They interest but are no strain upon the mind; the narrative and argument are strong, "but not stilted; trenchant, but not murderous; witty, but not uncharitable." The "objection" might be made, as the writer feared, to the extreme lightness and airiness of some of the comparisons and some of the trenchant ridicule.

The book is one well calculated to do good among other than Catholics, but it carries with it certain "faults" on its face that are too often imputed to Catholics, and of which they are really less guilty than other people. No Catholic would think of irreverence in the many clever things the author says as naturally as he draws his breath; but the Protestants for whom it was mainly written in the first place—those who all innocently "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"—would be too apt to lose the pith of the argument because of its dress. The best Protestants—those who think, and pray, and desire to learn the truth—are seldom found among the admirers of the Talmage style of sermon, and are far enough from the frothy pulpit orators who make a jest of solemn things. They might object to the clear and incisive wit of Dr. Moore, and it is a pity that those whom he would be glad to reach, as he otherwise would, should be frightened off. For all others, "Short Papers" are a welcome outpouring. They are learned, but delightfully so; explanatory, but not prosy; argumentative, but not imperative. One likes to learn and be convinced under a kindly teacher, and such would seem the author of "Short Papers."

LIFE OF MARGARET CLITHEROW. By Laetitia Selwyn Oliver. With a Preface by Father John Morris, S. J. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Mrs. Margaret Clitherow was an English martyr, who suffered at York, March 25, 1586, in the reign of "the tyrant Elizabeth," as this little book justly calls that sovereign. It is most difficult to bring ourselves to the spirit of the age in which this good and holy woman was put to the torture and to such a death for her Faith. The pain, the fear, the rebellion of the flesh are often more present to the reader

than the fervent love, the sweet patience, and the Christian forgiveness of the gentle and holy sufferer. It is only after the book has been read and laid away for some days that the lessons it was meant to teach are possible to a person of vivid imagination and sensitive nerves; but it is just such training, perhaps, that the Catholics of this day and this land stand in need of. The lives and deaths of such as Dame Margaret, their heroic and unshaken courage, their blessed martyrdom, in fact, purchased for us, who came after, the time of peace we now enjoy. Well, indeed, is it for us to keep in lively remembrance their past, and dwell reverently and gratefully on their triumphant present, even at the cost of harrowing our softened and sensitive natures with the story of all they endured.

LEAVES FROM ST. AUGUSTINE. By Mary H. Allies. Edited by T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G. Same Publishers.

These beautiful extracts from the writings of St. Augustine are like draughts of clear, living water to the thirsty soul, at once a spiritual and an intellectual feast. If Catholics could be persuaded that the writings of the Fathers and the Lives of the Saints, latterly made so attractive by the elimination of much that is dry and uninteresting, as well as above the comprehension of the ordinary intellect, were enjoyable as well as instructive reading, they would not depend for literary food on the vapid and worthless trash which forms a large part of our so-called modern literature.

It is well that such laborers as Miss Allies, whose hope of reward is based on a higher than earthly basis, have the courage and perseverance to accomplish works to which are presented so many serious obstacles. We would like to see the book before us in every Catholic library, and feel confident that its perusal would be a delight as well as a profitable work for all who read. It is well bound, and printed in large, clear, attractive type.

PAX VOBIS: Being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, Furnishing Ready Matter for Public Instruction, and Suitable, at the same time, for Private or Family Reading. By the Author of "Programmes of Sermons and Instructions," etc. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Nassau Street. 1886.

A book of instruction on the Sacraments can hardly be a new book, at this date, in the things it says, but it may still be new, in its manner of saying them. "Pax Vobis" is an addition, not a repetition. It treats of its inexhaustible subject with an interest and earnestness that awaken new desires and new intentions in the pursuance of familiar duties. It is an excellent book for converts or for inquirers, since its explanations are very full and very clear. The portion devoted to the Blessed Eucharist occupies about one-third of the volume. The reader is prepared to receive with intelligence, and is greatly aided to devotion towards the Sacraments, if the book has been carefully studied as it deserves.

GOLDEN SANDS. Fourth Series. Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

The Series of which this little volume is the first is well known to the reading Catholics of the United States. It is several years since the first "Golden Sands" were scattered among us, and we have found them pure gold, indeed. This volume is not in the least inferior to those which have preceded it. It is a book to take from your table at any moment—in weariness, in sadness, in an idle pause of the day's task—and find on the first page which meets your eye something to remember, and act upon. All such books—little light-bearers for dark places—are worthy of warm welcome.

A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Prepared and Enjoined by Order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Published by Ecclesiastical Authority. Same Publishers.

However valuable, however indispensable, a Catechism may be, it is not often an inviting or a beautiful work. In this case it is both. The subject matter needs no words of commendation, of course, since it bears the imprint of the authority of the Church; but it is a pleasure to speak of its fair dress. The paper is smooth and white, the print is clear and delightfully easy to read, and the work is profusely illustrated, not with coarse woodcuts, but with delicate and expressive copies of celebrated works of art. Even "grown-ups" will find pleasure as well as profit in this Catechism.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. By John Tauler. Done into English by J. Morell. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

To the lovers of Thomas à Kempis—and their number is legion—no other "Following of Christ" can take the place of the simple and beautiful work which has had, perhaps, (excepting the Bible) more readers than any book in the world. However, the above translation of the work of the great Dominican of Strasburg will no doubt find many admirers, especially among those advanced in the interior life. It is filled with many sublime and mystical thoughts, too mystical, we think, for the general reader. Like all books of its class, it will prove a help to greater spiritual perfection to those who consult its pages.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Francis Van Emstede, a well-known priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, who passed away on the evening of the 4th inst. Father Van Emstede was rector of St. Michael's Church, Baltimore, Md., since 1883.

The Rev. Michael A. Mullen, for many years the beloved assistant rector of St. Malachy's Church, Philadelphia.

The Rev. John Ansbro, a worthy priest of the Diocese of St. Paul, who rendered his soul to God on the 4th inst.

Madame Mary Josephine, who breathed her last at the Ursuline school of Nazareth, Columbia, S. C., on the 5th inst. This holy religious was in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and the twenty-fifth of her religious life.

Mr. Philip O'Neil, who departed this life on the 30th ult., at Richmond, Va.

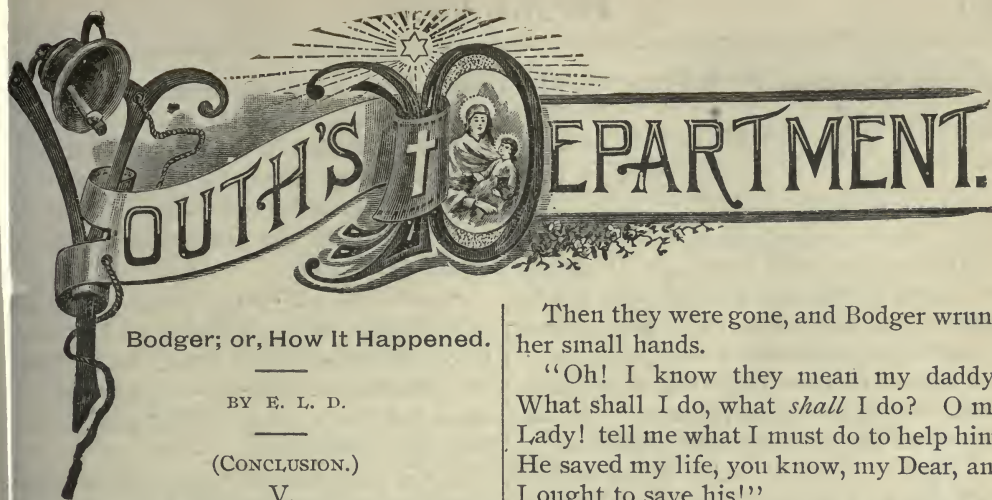
Ida J. Youtz, a devout Child of Mary, whose happy death took place at Brickerville, Pa., on the Feast of St. Anne.

Miss M. McCarthy, who died a precious death, at Rochester, N. Y., on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Mary C. Sharkey, of Taunton, Mass., deceased on the 30th ult. She bore a long and painful illness with edifying resignation.

Mrs. Ellen Coughlin, of Hartford, Conn.; Nicholas Jordan, Cincinnati; Miss Lillie C. Keating, San Francisco; Mr. George Baugh, Marysland, Minn.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.



Bodger; or, How It Happened.

BY E. L. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

Bodger was awakened out of her sleep by hearing voices very close to her, and this is what they said:

"The fool has played into our hands. He's sent his crew ashore, and nobody's aboard except him and the cabin-boy. The men ain't coming back till midnight, and Bill Gryce won't be worth much when he does come; for I gave it to him hot and I gave it to him strong." And he made a motion of putting a glass to his lips.

The chill night air, the surprise of her surroundings, the sudden waking, and the fright might well have excused an older person for making an outcry; but after the first start the brave child crossed herself, and sent up a prayer to her Lady, listening eagerly to what followed. And how awful it was!

"So you meet me here in an hour's time, and we'll get off. It'll be an easy matter to kill him, chuck him overboard, ransack the *Lively*, and get off before the lubbers find out anything's wrong." And then a laugh followed.

The poor little maid could scarcely draw her breath, and trembled so she was afraid they would hear her teeth chatter. But she held on tight to her knees, and prayed as she had never prayed before in her life.

As the two men moved away one of them aid: "Where's the boat?"

"Tied to the pile, just here"—rapping with his heel the very board on which the child crouched,

Then they were gone, and Bodger wrung her small hands.

"Oh! I know they mean my daddy! What shall I do, what *shall* I do? O my Lady! tell me what I must do to help him. He saved my life, you know, my Dear, and I ought to save his!"

Like an inspiration came the thought of the boat:

"Thank ye, my Lady!" she said; "I can row."

And she could fairly well—what child brought up on the river-front can not?—but how was she to get at it?

She crawled cautiously along the edge of the wharf, feeling every inch of space, and at last she touched a small line, slip-knotted over the plank. She pulled on it slowly and carefully, and soon a lap-streak's nose bobbed against the pile. She could hardly see it, for the moon was gone, the sky was thickening to seaward, and the stars were wide apart and dim. Added to this was the shifting, uncertain light of the water.

Then came the question how was she to get into the boat; for it lay a full six feet below the level of the wharf. But she had unlimited faith, and her need was urgent. She turned her white, resolute little face up skyward:

"Dear God, look out for me now; and, my Lady, please help me; for I'm goin' to jump, and I *think* I'm goin' to fall into the water. If I do, I'll have some work gettin' into the boat; but I'm goin' to hold tight to the painter, and I know you'll do the rest for me."

And the plucky little creature did jump, but, as God and Our Lady willed, she fell inside the boat, on a pile of sacking, which was doubtless meant for the plunder. She felt about for the oars, and was soon drifting slowly down on the *Lively*; for, although

the boat was heavy, she had the tide with her.

Captain Ephraim had spent the evening "up an' down," as he expressed it, conscious of uneasiness, but not knowing what made him so. This time it was one of his "down spells," and he sat in his cabin, surveying a doll, a bright red sash, a pea-green silk handkerchief, and a pair of shoes he had brought his maid.

A slow smile was lingering on his face, when suddenly thump, thump!—on the water-line came a succession of blows.

"Land!" said the startled sailor. "I ain't give e'er a job o' caulkin' to the mermaids, as I kin remember; but ef them ain't a caulker's hammers, or somethin' else" (Yankee caution), "why, I don't know!"

And he ran up the companion ladder, and to the side where the sound was; for a sailor can locate a sound as quick as a cat.

"O daddy!" he heard a thin, piping wail; "drop over a rope or somethin'; it's me, your maid." And then the thumping recommenced.

"Daddy" lifted his cap (his rising hair had nearly done it for him). "Good Lord!" he said, "Ye ain't gone an' took my maid, hev Ye?"

But the voice called again:

"Hurry, daddy! I'm so cold and"—here it broke—"so skee-e-e-ered!"

"Never heern o' ghosts bein' skeered," he said. "They mos'ly spend their time lettin' other people tend to that."

And he dropped the small rope-ladder over the side, and scrambled down in time to pick up a bunch that was a very limp maid indeed.

When, amid sobs and gasps, she told her story he could not believe it, but, as she insisted so upon its truth, he began to feel she was right. Besides, there was the boat, and, what was more important, a red cap, such as Lascars wear; and the Captain recognized it as belonging to a man who had helped ship some of his cargo at New York, and whom he had rated soundly for cutting

into a bale of silk, dismissing him on the spot, with a threat of the police.

But he paid more attention to his maid than anything else, and his keen eyes were very wet when he saw her poor bruised, blistered hands, and listened to the details of her adventure.

As she told him of her innocent and fervent prayers, of her reliance on the Holy Ones, his head dropped lower, and he folded his hands unconsciously, while through his mind ran, like a refrain: "And a little child shall lead them."

Again and again it came, and he passed in review the whole train of events. How eight years ago he had picked up the deserted child; how she had led him to love, and given him a home-feeling; how she had taken him to church that Christmas morning—a church where a nameless awe had overcome him, as the bells rang, and the priest held aloft what to the eyes seemed a simple wafer of bread, but before which the Heavens themselves were bowed; how the priest told of the Child that came to lead captive death and sin and woe; and how earnestly Baptism had been urged upon him.

Then he said: "My maid, we'll go to-morrow to that there church, and ef God A'mighty an' His Lady Mother will take me, I'm theirn till the end o' my life—an' arterward too, I hope."

* And the maid answered: "Yes, daddy," and fell asleep on his shoulder.

At daybreak great was Mollie's relief to see the skipper and Bodger coming in. The poor woman had cried her pretty, grey eyes almost out; and O'Neil was still in the streets, hunting at every police station for the lost child.

But Mollie's joyful outcries were subdued by the look of solemn dignity on the skipper's weather-beaten face, and the strange light that shone in his eyes; and when, after early Mass, he rose and went forward to the font to receive Baptism, with the maid's hand locked in his, and his grey hair stirring in the wind of Our Lady's May morning, she leaned back, and, like the

warm-hearted little woman she was, cried again heartily.

He took the name of Thomas, "fur he was a doubter, same ez me," he said; "an' the Lord showed him special mercy, same ez me agin; an' them's the on'y two pints of resemblance there'll ever be 'twixt me an' a saint, I'm afeared."

God, who marks a sparrow's fall, marked Captain Ephraim's deed of charity, and in the fulness of His own time gave him the great reward of faith.

And that's how it happened.

And the would-be murderers and robbers? Punishment fell swiftly upon them. When they returned and found the boat gone, each accused the others of carelessness; a quarrel sprang up, knives were drawn, and in a few minutes the Lascar was drifting seaward, to fatten the gulls and fishes, with two ghastly holes in his breast and throat. Of the two that struck the blows, one was killed in a drunken brawl that same year, after a melancholy career of crime; and the other is still serving a life-term in the penitentiary.

Little Margaret.

In one of the back streets of Liverpool lived a poor widow woman and her little girl. She had had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door since her husband's death, and now ill health had been the result of numberless privations; and she watched with ever-increasing anxiety the faults of her child, who was bright and intelligent, it is true, but easily led away and tempted.

One day, feeling worse than usual, she sent the little girl to a shop to buy some needles and thread. The child did not come back, and the broken-hearted mother, after making inquiries in vain of all her neighbors, was roughly informed by a policeman that she was in the lock-up, having been caught stealing, and that she would be brought before the magistrates the next day. In an agony of mind, the poor mother flew to Father Nugent, who at once went to the prison, and found that the accusation was true.

On being questioned, the child, who was crying bitterly, said she had gone to the shop for her mother's commission, and there had been tempted by a roll of bright-colored pink ribbon, which was lying on the counter, and had taken it and hid it in her pocket; but, being seen by one of the men of the shop, had been at once seized, the ribbon produced, and she herself taken by a policeman to the jail.

The shopkeeper, as an excuse for his harshness, said that he had been so constantly robbed of late by children, that he had told his men to be on the look-out, and little Margaret, whose first offence it certainly was, became the victim.

Father Nugent comforted the poor mother as much as he could, by pointing out to her that this fright might be most useful to the child as a check to her vanity, and expressed the hope that the magistrates would treat the case leniently, and probably give her a nominal punishment. But the magistrates, like the tradesman, had become alarmed at the enormous increase of thefts among children, and so, as a warning to others, in spite of the good character given her in court, condemned poor little Margaret to five years' imprisonment in a reformatory.

This hard sentence completely broke the poor mother's heart, although she was consoled at finding that her child was to be sent to the Sisters of Charity at Sheffield, of whose kindness she had often heard. Father Nugent wrote also to the superior, giving her all the details of the child's history, so that, in consequence, the Sisters were most careful that she should not be brought in contact with their bad or hardened cases, and by placing her with their nicest children, she should have every chance of growing up a good and virtuous girl. Their care was rewarded. Margaret, who was always quick and intelligent, repaid the good Sisters by a devotion, a progress in her studies, and a good conduct, which made her an example to the whole school.

But her poor mother never recovered the shock of her child's disgrace, and died soon after Margaret's arrival at Sheffield, leaving her to Father Nugent's care, who faithfully promised to look after her when the time of her detention was at an end.

The five years passed quickly. Margaret had grown up a nice, strong, modest-looking girl, a favorite with the Sisters and with all

her companions, when one day Father Nugent knocked at the door of the reformatory, and asked to speak to the Sister Superior. Margaret's time of detention was over, and he wished to consult the superior as to her future. The Sister strongly urged him to take her to America, as he was just starting for New York, adding that she felt sure he might recommend her anywhere, as she had given them nothing but satisfaction ever since she came into the house.

Margaret herself was delighted at the idea. She had no happy recollections of Liverpool, and, being an orphan, with no brothers or sisters, had no ties or friends to leave there. So, joyfully making up the little *trousseau* which the Sisters had provided for her, and feeling no sorrow, save in the parting with those who had been so kind to her, she embarked with Father Nugent and several other emigrants, and arrived safely in New York. There she was placed in a convent till a nice situation was found for her as assistant teacher in a large school. Here she remained for two or three years, giving every satisfaction to her employers, and especially to the good priest under whose care Father Nugent had placed her, and who wrote to him from time to time to give him tidings of her. After this she married a man of good fortune, and a practical Catholic, and with him went to the West, and settled at St. Louis. Then Father Nugent lost sight of her, and, having so many other children on his hands, Margaret and her history faded from his mind.

In 1879 he again started for America on a like charitable errand. After having settled his business, and gone to visit several of what he called his "old children" in their happy homes, he was returning to England, and stopping with a friend of his at New York for a day or two on the way, when he was told by the waiter of the hotel that a lady wished to see him. He asked the name, but it gave him no clue as to who it could be; so he simply told the waiter to show her into the drawing-room, and he would come and see her. He went accordingly, and found an elegantly dressed young lady, who threw herself at his feet, and, seizing his hand, exclaimed:

"Father, do you not know me? I am your little Margaret, your Sheffield Reformatory child, whom you brought to America ten years ago."

Delighted at the meeting, the good Father made her sit down and tell him her history. It seemed that after she and her husband had been some little time in St. Louis, a fire broke out in the hotel where they were staying. Her husband had thrown himself from the window in his fright, and though he had escaped burning, he broke both his legs, and was so seriously injured that he died shortly after. Margaret, returning to New York, took a situation in a large dry-store warehouse, where she got on admirably, and earned a large salary; but, finding that the close confinement in a store began to affect her health, she gave it up, and determined to try some other employment. She attended a course of lectures, and, having greatly improved herself, she opened classes for young ladies, which prospered so well that she was now quite comfortable and independent.

Father Nugent's pleasure at her success may be easily imagined. She insisted on his taking some money for his other poor children; and, as he was sailing the next day, she went on board before him, and filled his cabin with fruit and flowers, and everything she could think of to add to his comfort during the voyage. Father Nugent found that she had always continued a fervent Catholic, and was most active in all works of charity in her parish. But her gratitude to him knew no bounds.

"Where should I have been, Father, but for you?" she went on saying, and begged him to remember her specially to the kind Sisters at Sheffield, who had given her the training to which she owed so much of her success.

"I could only thank God," said the good Father, humbly, when telling me the story, "who had so blessed the means He put in my way."

But will not the little Margaret's soul be hereafter one of the brightest gems in his crown?

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise;
 The tidal waves of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

—Longfellow.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 28, 1886.

No. 9.

[Copyright :—REV. D. E. HUDSON, C. S. C.]

An Ancient Miraculous Picture of the Blessed Virgin.

ACCORDING to a most reliable tradition, the first Christians were so ravished with the virginal beauty of Mary's countenance, and the reflection of the divinity which beamed from it, that they felt a strong desire to procure as perfect representations as possible of this masterpiece of creation. Hence the veneration felt for certain paintings of the Blessed Virgin, which are supposed to have been handed down from the days of the Apostles. Among the number is a representation of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

On procuring this admirable portrait of their Heavenly Patroness, the hermits of Carmel placed it in a sanctuary which they had built in her honor after her glorious assumption into heaven. The sanctuary, or chapel, stands on the very spot where the holy Prophet Elias, nine hundred years before, had seen arising from the sea a mysterious cloud, which prefigured the Immaculate Conception, and the future glory of the Mother of God.

Whatever may have been the origin of this picture, one thing is certain; namely, that from the time it was first exposed to the veneration of the people it was the instrument of many notable miracles. The numerous pilgrims who came to invoke the assistance of Mary at this shrine never departed without experiencing the effects of her in-

effable goodness. Who can count the tears that good Mother has dried, the sick she has healed, the unfortunate she has succored?

But, alas! while the fervent religious of Carmel applied themselves with the greatest zeal to increase devotion towards their august Patroness, they incurred the hatred of the Mohammedans, and were subjected to all sorts of persecution. Not a few of them generously sacrificed their lives for the glory of Mary. History has preserved a touching episode of their martyrdom. On the approach of the enemy they took refuge in the sanctuary, chanting the *Salve Regina*. The Mohammedans burst open the doors, fell upon their helpless victims, and slaughtered them without mercy. The pious religious, crowned with the palm of martyrdom, concluded in heaven the hymn begun upon earth.

But what became of the miraculous picture amid so many disasters? It was saved by some of the religious who had escaped the general massacre, and carried to Naples, where it became an object of great veneration. The exiled monks founded at their new home another Carmel, which in a short time bore a striking resemblance to the beautiful one of the Holy Land. Their first care was to place the miraculous picture over the main altar of the church. Here the Madonna was not slow to manifest her maternal power and goodness; she performed several miracles, and her sanctuary was soon thronged by pilgrims, whose number seemed to increase daily.

The devout King of Naples, not wishing to be surpassed in piety by his subjects, assembled together those of his kingdom who were suffering from malignant diseases, had the nature of their infirmities carefully attested by skilful physicians, and then ranged them around the miraculous picture. In company with the Queen, the nobility, and the people, he went to the Church of the Carmelites at an appointed hour, to invoke publicly the intercession of Our Blessed Lady in behalf of the sufferers. In presence of all, he first caused the *procès verbal* of the physicians to be read, after which, in union with the multitude, he offered up a prayer, fervent and humble, to the throne of Mary. Suddenly a ray of celestial brilliancy burst through the roof and rested on the head of the Madonna, thence radiating in softened beams over the awe-stricken invalids. At the same instant all their infirmities vanished like mist before the sun—all without exception were perfectly cured.

To this prodigy was added another no less marvellous. At the moment of the strange occurrence the bells of the church rang out of their own accord, as though to proclaim the incomparable goodness of the Queen of Heaven. The assembly, transported with joy, went about the city singing hymns of thanksgiving; the happiness of the King was inexpressible; those who had been cured loudly extolled the greatness of Mary, and the whole city was filled with rejoicing. Thenceforward the concourse of pilgrims to the holy shrine became much larger; at every hour of the day, and frequently of the night, persons of all conditions—cardinals, bishops, priests, rich and poor—could be seen journeying towards the miraculous sanctuary. The numerous *ex-votos* of gold and silver surrounding the picture formed a magnificent crown, and incessantly proclaimed the mercy of the Queen of Carmel.

But another and a greater manifestation of Our Lady's goodness was in store for the devout Neapolitans. As is well known, in the Ages of Faith a Jubilee was an event of a life-time. Pilgrims flocked to the Eternal

City from all parts of Christendom, to expiate their faults and strengthen their faith. The Mother of God chose one of these favorable epochs (the year 1500) to dazzle the world and gladden the hearts of the faithful with an exhibition of her maternal tenderness.

The pious inhabitants of Naples rightly believed that they could not better secure to themselves the benefits of this time of grace than by making a pilgrimage to Rome, under the auspices of the Madonna of Carmel. Decorating the picture with gold and precious stones, and placing it under a magnificent canopy, the pilgrims set out on the 5th of April, preceded by the miraculous Virgin, in whom all had unbounded confidence. During the journey the fervor of the people found expression in liturgical chants and hymns of praise in honor of their Heavenly Patroness.

On leaving the city the procession encountered a cripple lying on the side of the road. Hardly had he seen the Madonna of Carmel than he was seized with an irresistible desire to join the pious multitude. "O Mary!" he cried, "heal me, that I also may go and perform the Jubilee!" In the same instant he arose, full of new life, and proved a living testimony of the goodness of Our Immaculate Mother. News of this miracle spread in every direction, and the afflicted were brought from all quarters and laid at the feet of the Madonna, who graciously bestowed health and vigor on all. In the different cities and towns through which the procession passed, the bells rang out from every steeple, saluting the Holy Virgin on her journey with their gladsome chimes.

The rumor of these wonderful events reached the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff, and as the procession entered the gates of the city (April 13) his Holiness, followed by the cardinals, the clergy, and the people, came to receive the holy picture, and convey it to St. Peter's. It was immediately surrounded by an immense concourse of the faithful, all of whom sought to pay homage to the Virgin of Carmel. Mary responded

to this demonstration of piety and confidence by showering blessings on all who knelt at her feet. The other churches which had been assigned for the gaining of the Jubilee, also had the honor of receiving a visit from the miraculous Madonna, and in each, it is said, was witnessed a repetition of what had occurred at St. Peter's.

The Neapolitans, having finished their devotions, left Rome April 18, and with joyful hearts returned as they had come, preceded by their beloved Patroness, and chanting hymns of praise. On the 25th of the same month they arrived at Naples, where the Madonna of Carmel was received amid enthusiastic shouts of gladness. The news of the many miracles performed during the pilgrimage spread rapidly, and made a lively impression on all minds. The miraculous picture, having been replaced on its throne, became the object of renewed love and veneration.

After these extraordinary events copies of this painting were exposed in all the churches of the Order of Carmel, and, needless to remark, they were soon encircled by a multitude of eager supplicants. The faithful having earnestly petitioned for copies of the picture for private devotion, they were soon spread far and wide. And Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was pleased to listen as graciously to the prayers addressed to her before them as she had to those offered before the miraculous painting itself.

In this favorite representation of the Mother of God, she is seen holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. An expression of heavenly benignity is spread over her countenance, and she seems to be meditating on and revolving in her heart the great mysteries that God had revealed to her. The attitude of the Divine Child is singularly touching; His right hand lovingly rests on His Mother's face, while the fingers of the left gently hold up the folds of her mantle. He seems to say to all that approach Him: "See how I love My Immaculate Mother!"

The other details of the picture are in admirable harmony with the perfection of the countenance. The Madonna is envel-

oped in a long mantle, her head surmounted by a crown; on the right shoulder can be seen the star, whose mysterious signification is so well applied to Mary. Later on, the Scapular was placed in her hands,—a worthy expression of her maternal goodness towards all mankind.

The Master's Lesson.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

THEY brought to Jesus in the market-place,
As He the people taught,
A fallen woman, on whose once fair face
Sin had its image wrought.
Proud Pharisees were they, and thus spoke one
Of stern and lowering brow:
"By Moses' law this woman must be stoned;
Master, what sayest Thou?"

The Saviour stooped, and wrote upon the
ground,
As though He had not heard;
Close and still closer pressed the accusers
round,
Yet answered He no word;
At last He rose, and calmly looked at them
(The woman bowed her head);
"If there be one among you void of sin,
Cast the first stone," He said.

Again He stooped and with His finger wrote,
As He before had done;
Abashed they stood, and from His presence
strode
Silently one by one.
Then to the trembling sinner at His feet
He spoke, in accents mild:
"Do none condemn thee?" "No one, Lord,"
she said.
"Neither do I, My child.

"Go, sin no more, and I will make thee white
As in thy life's first dawn."
Weeping she kissed His feet, then turned
aside,—

That hour a saint was born.
Such is the lesson from the Gospel page;
Blessed are they that heed,
And learn of Him, whose boundless love for-
bade
To break the bruised reed,

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—DAMASCUS, "PEARL OF THE EAST."

OVER THE LEBANON.—Beirut, that had at first disappointed me, grew more and more lovely as our diligence slowly ascended the green hills to the east of the town. The *cafés* were crowded with loungers, and the suburbs were crowded with *cafés*. Very gay was the long road winding over the Lebanon, where groups of pleasure-seekers continually nodded to one another in the rich glow of the sunset.

M——, my comrade, in whom I put all my trust, sat up in the *coupé* close to the driver, with very wide-open eyes, and the keenest possible ears. I stowed myself away in the cosiest corner of the cabin, sharing the well-worn cushions with a proud-lipped Mohammedan, who was returning to his beloved and blessed Damascus.

The darkness of the night deepened rapidly; long before we had gained the summit of the Lebanon pass the lights of many a village glowed softly in the thick shadows of the valleys far below us. We climbed two thousand feet into the air, all the while casting our eyes back upon the lurid sea in the west, where the young moon trembled for a moment and sank into the waves. The lamps were hung out upon our high box; the horses, three abreast, were changed every hour. We bowled on at a lively pace over one of the finest of turnpikes—the product of French enterprise—and for most of the way we had it all to ourselves. We dozed between times, but woke at the frequent stables, where there was over-much chattering, smoking, coffee-drinking, and unnecessary delay.

On the crest of the mountain a bitter cold wind blew right into our faces; I wonder that the outside passengers did not freeze. M—— was on guard all night, and kept rousing the driver, who would have slept like a child but for his passenger's impatience. After a season, through which we

seemed to have been dragged by the eyelashes, the tardy dawn began to tint the hill-tops. We counted the stations on our fingers, hoping that each ridge we climbed might be our last—as, of course, one of them ultimately proved to be, and just at sunrise we plunged into a glorious green grove. This famous wood reaches to the foot of the desolate, sun-parched mountains, and penetrates the ravines to the depth of a mile or more.

Down one of the leafy gorges we hastened. There was a sound of gushing waters on every side; they flowed beneath us in swift, dancing currents; they were heard above our heads, rushing through aqueducts built into the steep walls of the ravine; again and again the brimming tide overleaped the airy channels and fell headlong, a cataract of golden dust. Every leaf was glossy in the sunlight; arrows of flame shot through the dense boughs over us; and out of the shimmering haze that floated beyond the mouth of the ravine sprang clusters of jewelled minarets, like fairy lances tipped with diamonds. The exquisite odor of blossoming citron perfumed the air; the call of the *muezzin* rose like a triumphant song, clear, high, and full of confidence. As far as the eye could reach there were billows of foliage tossing and sparkling in the resplendent light of the new day.

This is the vision the Prophet saw after the weariness of the desert. Foot-sore and faint with travel, Mohammed stood upon the heights above Damascus, and was ravished by the beauty he beheld. Then he said: "But one paradise is allowed to man; I will not enter mine in this world," and so saying he turned back into the wilderness, and pitched his tent there. I am inclined to think that the Prophet was right, for he doubtless delighted his soul ever after with the memory of that vision; had he entered the city, much of its seeming loveliness would have vanished like the mirage.

WITHIN THE GATES.—No sooner had we come to the city walls, and been welcomed by an indolent company of Damascenes, than one of these laid hands upon

us, and bore us straight away to Dimitri's Hospice. Dimitri, a portly Greek, and likewise a monopolist in the landlord line, received us at the needle's-eye of his ancient and stately house. It was as yet too early for the great gates to be swung open, giving free access to the fountained and columned court; so a hinged panel in one of the gates was unlocked for us; we stepped high and bowed low, and thus passed through the eye of the needle—than which it were easier for a camel to follow our lead than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

The kingdom of Dimitri's paradise is four-sided and two-storied. The quadrangle is all a glare of white marble, often enough glistening with the spray of overflowing fountains. The citron, the orange, and the lemon seek to veil somewhat the dazzling court, but the golden globes that cluster thickly in the fine dark shadows of the leaves are themselves but so many balls of fire. Dimitri's was originally the palace of a wealthy Damascene, and it is not a bad specimen of native architecture.

The reception-room, with a single door, is divided in three—that is, to right and left are floors raised a couple of feet above the central third portion, and these are approached by steps; the middle third is level with the court from which it is entered, and is richly tiled, and ornamented with a sparkling fountain; splendid and very lofty ceilings give dignity to an apartment that is but scantily furnished. Persian rugs are strewn about carelessly and profusely; a few chairs, ottomans, and a low divan on two sides of the room invite the weary to repose. Here the guest unwinds his *nargileh*, and mocks the murmurs of the fountain with long draughts at his bubbling pipe; while at a clap of the hands swarthy, turbaned servants appear noiselessly at the doorway, and are eager to proffer, on the slightest provocation, delicious sherbet, or a mouthful of the unrivalled coffee of the East in the most diminutive of cups.

The finer houses of Damascus are inhabited by Jews, and they are too often ex-

amples of shocking taste; the lavish decoration reminds one of the ornamental pastry of which the saloon cabin of an American river-steamer is constructed; but while in the one case it is plaster and paint, in the other it is rare marble and fine gold.

One day, exploring the Jewish quarter, under the guidance of a young Hebrew of distinction, we were shown through stately courts, musical with fountains, and dusky with the shade of vines and shrubs. Nearly always on one side of the court there is a three-walled chamber—the fourth side is open to the court—where deep divans, heaped high with cushions, beguile the languid in the heat of the day. From this alcove you enter the stately hall of the house. It is shown by the host and hostess with ingenuous eagerness; one might almost imagine that the elaborately carved and magnificently upholstered furniture were on sale, and the hosts, perhaps, looking toward a bargain. Various members of the family gather, and regard you curiously as you taste of the always-proffered coffee and sweetmeats. A little conversation is attempted in Italian, but, as Arabic is the language of the people, they seldom speak any other.

In nearly every Jewish house of any magnitude there is a private synagogue, and in one of these synagogues we were shown a splendidly illuminated manuscript copy of the Old Testament, done in Bagdad five hundred years ago—an almost interminable parchment coiled upon a massive silver cylinder, and enclosed in a precious casket studded with gems.

As we wandered about these marvellous old palaces we were followed by troops of women and girls, mounted on wooden pattens twelve or fourteen inches in height. Some of these pattens were beautifully inlaid with pearl and gold, and they are worn continually to protect the feet from the cold marble pavements and the dampness in the courts of the fountains. The faces of the women were painted so gaudily that one could hardly believe they imagined they had heightened their beauty; their dresses

were showy and tasteless, and their manners so simple that they seemed to us little short of silly.

The young men were, for the most part, strikingly intelligent, handsome and agreeable. The Jewish lads are expected to marry in their eighteenth year, and consequently the thrice venerable city is filled with absurdly youthful couples, who are lodged in conspicuous palaces, in the midst of Oriental gardens, where their lives are suffered to pass like a dream; in voluptuous indolence.

ABD-EL-KADER.—It was in one of these delectable mansions of Damascus, somewhat fallen to decay, that I met the defeated lion of his tribe, Abd-el-Kader. As we entered the outer court—a very dismal one—two servants greeted us formally, and led the way to the court of the fountains. Here we were received by a slender, solemn-visaged dignitary, who extended to us the right hand of fellowship—a welcome unlooked for in the East, where a mere touch of the finger-tips is considered sufficient evidence of cordiality, even among friends.

This was El-Hadji-Abd-el-Kader-Ulid-Mahiddin, descendant of a Marabout family of the race of Hashem, who trace their pedigree to the caliphs of the lineage of Fatima. It was he who in his eighth year made a pilgrimage to Mecca; who, with a highly-cultivated mind, was free from savage cruelty, as well as the sensuality of the Arab; who was gentle and pure; a religious enthusiast, prone to melancholy; who won the affection, the admiration, the devotion of the fanatical tribes of the desert, and for some years was the life and the light of the Arabs; who was greater in his time than El Madi of yesterday, but who was at last taken captive by the French, held a prisoner in France, yet ultimately permitted to retire to Damascus, where his career was brought to a quiet close among the wise men of the East, who paid him homage so long as he dwelt in their midst.

It was a deposed Emir who gave us welcome; a devout student of the Persian poets; the author of a religious work, a

translation of which was published in Paris (1858) under the title, "*Rappel à l'Intelligent: Avis à l'Indifferent.*" He waved us forward; crossing the court, littered with leaves and having a forlorn and unkept look, we passed into the reception-room. It showed traces of former splendor; a fountain, the basin inlaid with marble and mother-of-pearl, played in the centre of the room; the floor was a rich mosaic; the walls of marble, with panels of mother-of-pearl; the ceiling set thick with mirrors of various sizes and shapes; niches in the wall were all gilded, and all empty save one, where stood a slender vase, holding a large damask rose in full bloom. The furniture, placed in a row against the wall, was modern, conventional in pattern, and covered with blue chintz.

Here we seated ourselves with the interpreter. The Emir looked curiously at us. His was a very serious face; his beard, dyed raven-black, was worn in the prevailing mode—pointed and rather long; his hands were well formed, his finger-nails neatly trimmed, and stained with henna; his bare feet were thrust into the loose, yellow overshoes, such as are put off at the mosque door. He was clad in a lemon-colored sack, with the customary narrow brown stripe, which fell to his ankles; over this was a loose blue outer robe, lined with light blue silk, and having an inner sleeve of purple. A large, white turban, embroidered with threads of pale gold, encircled his scarlet tarboosh.

The visit was evidently a bore to him—how could it have been otherwise? Yet he endured it with Oriental resignation. He played with a soft white handkerchief embroidered in colors, drawing it through his fingers over and over again; he made a round fluffy ball of it; spread it out carefully upon his knees, and then caught it up, blew his nose loudly, and spat into it; he cracked his knuckles, inquired what part of the world we were from, and seemed informed upon the affairs of the several Governments. But his reign was over; like the caged eagle, he affected an indifference which, perhaps, he was far from feeling.

Orange water thickened with snow was served soon after our arrival, and a tiny cup of coffee on our departure; but the host apologized for the non-appearance of the customary pipe. It was a day of abstinence; for thirty days of the Mohammedan fast he remained in a small chamber, in utter solitude, drinking little, eating less, and smoking not at all. It was by the greatest favor that we saw him at all, and I was more than delighted when, at my request, he sent a dumb attendant for his ink-horn, and, while he held a slip of paper upon the palm of his left hand, he took a delicate brush, and, with the freedom and grace of an artist, wrote an autograph in arabesque, the very sight of which is a joy to the eye.

He shook hands thrice at parting, following us to the outer gates, where six servants bowed us a formal farewell, and proceeded to conduct their venerable and venerated master, tottering beyond his threescore-and-ten, back into the privacy of his prophet-chamber.

THE BOOK OF THE EAST.—As we rode one afternoon through the gardens of the city, in a lovely path that picked its way among the rushing streams, a solemn horseman approached us. The apparition was at first startling; for the rider, clad in a long cloak of white merino that veiled him from head to foot, seemed an image of death, albeit his steed was superbly caparisoned, and his face—as much of it as was visible—was the type of Oriental youth: proud, placid, sensuous. He was followed at a little distance by a train of venerable men, each one mounted like a prince in a fairy tale, and all grave and grizzled. The singular procession passed slowly onward, under the trees, at sunset, toward the city gates; and we learned, as the caravan silently disappeared in the greenwood, like a ghostly company in a story of enchantment, that he who led the band was the son of Abd-el-Adar, and that his followers were the sages and philosophers of Damascus, who had been passing the day with him at his summer palace in the wood.

Only such picturesque riders as these

were worthy to possess those romantic bridle-paths; and, somehow, as I rode down the narrow and winding ways that are forever losing themselves among the meadows that girdle the city, listening always to the gurgle of gushing waters, pausing sometimes beside full-throated fountains, or under boughs where the sun spins his web of gold; standing knee-deep in wild, rich grass, or buried up to my eyes in fragrant and flowering jungles, I had always in mind, as the most fitting thought in this garden of glories—indeed the garden became a kind of illuminated edition of the text—some perfect page of “Eothen.”

After more than thirty years of active service, during which time Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry, the reverent and the irreverent, male and female, wise and otherwise, have had their say in print or out of it—and I among the number,—“Eothen” is still the one royal and unrivalled volume of the East. Poet and prophet, the author of “Eothen” is to-day as fresh, as fair, as faultless as at the hour when, radiant with the classic glow of the University, young Kinglake astonished and delighted the world with his revelation; for he seemed to have plucked out the heart of the mysterious East, and for the first time to have laid it bare to the eye of the unbeliever.

I know not what magic lay in his pen, or if the necromancy of the East conferred upon his work a life immortal; but I do know from personal experience that, with my pocket copy of “Eothen” (*Tauchnitz* edition, to be had at any shop in Islamdom), with my unbound book—a mere bundle of loose leaves—in my hand, and my finger upon the very line, I have again and again tested its marvellous truthfulness to nature and to art; and you who know the volume need not be reminded of its perennial beauty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUDGE of nations by their peasantry; the nobles are everywhere nearly alike.—*Father Tracey Clarke, S. J.*

NOTHING is so positive as ignorance.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

"MY dear," said Mr. Thornton one day to his wife, "you know more than I do about such matters, but I can not say I like the way things are going on between Constance and Philip."

Mrs. Thornton looked at her husband with rather a curious glance. She did not herself think that things were "going on" at all between Constance and Philip, but she did not care to say as much. After an instant she asked, evasively: "What do you mean?"

"I should think you would see what I mean!" replied Mr. Thornton, a little impatiently. "Do they have anything to do with each other—have they advanced one step toward arranging the matter for which we are both anxious? As far as my observation extends, Constance has that fellow Bellamy constantly dangling about her; and Philip—I don't know what Philip does with himself, but he certainly does not devote his time or his attention to *her*."

"No, he certainly does not," said Mrs. Thornton, coldly. "And therefore you can not blame Constance for letting Jack Bellamy or any one else enjoy her society. You surely do not expect her to devote her attention to Philip when he gives no sign of desiring it?"

Pride of sex and pride of family both lifted the lady's head as she asked this question, and lit a spark in her eyes, which her husband understood.

"Well—no," he answered, after a slight hesitation; "of course one could not expect that. But we shall have her wanting to marry Bellamy or some other fellow if affairs go on as they are at present. Something must be done. I must speak to Philip."

He looked at his wife as he uttered the last words, as if half-expecting her to dissuade him, as she had done some months be-

fore. But Mrs. Thornton, who really wished for the match, realized now that "speaking to Philip" was a necessity. As time went on it had become more and more apparent to her that, so far as Philip was concerned, Constance might marry Bellamy or any one else. She had looked for him to come forward of himself, but he had not come forward. He was either the most confident or the most indifferent of suitors—if that term could possibly be applied to a man who had never even begun to offer suit.

Sometimes Mrs. Thornton's pride rose in arms when she looked at Constance, in all her delicate beauty, and thought how differently she should be wooed; and when she saw other men burning incense at her shrine, and contrasted their devotion with Philip's indifference, her heart grew wroth against the latter. But this feeling did not generally last very long. She reminded herself that his intercourse with Constance was so much more that of a brother than of a lover, that he could not be expected to display the ardor of devotion which other men exhibited. Nevertheless, the fact that he had formidable rivals must, she thought, force itself upon his apprehension; yet it seemed to lend no energy to his proceedings. Did he think that Constance was securely his whenever he chose to throw the handkerchief? Mrs. Thornton hardly dared ask herself what Constance thought, but she knew well that if matters remained unchanged much longer, Constance might give her heart to some other man, and all hope would be over of the match which her husband and herself so much desired.

It was plainly necessary, therefore, that Philip should be spoken to, and she was glad that Mr. Thornton announced his intention of doing so. She had perceived the necessity for some time, but it was not for *her* to take the initiative. When he looked at her, consequently, as if asking her opinion, she said:

"Yes, it really seems necessary. He either does not share your wishes, or he is strangely ignorant of the fact that no woman, especially a woman so much ad-

mired as Constance, will tolerate indifference. I could not blame her if she announced any day that she had accepted another man."

"But *I* should blame her!" cried Mr. Thornton, growing red at the bare suggestion. "She ought to know—she ought to understand. As for Philip, he shall hear some very plain words from me."

"Take care!" said his wife, warningly. "Remember that you have never distinctly expressed your desire to him, therefore you have no right to call him to account. Speak to him kindly, put the matter in an amiable light, and I am sure he will at once consent to gratify you."

"I have no doubt of that," said Mr. Thornton, significantly. "A pretty case it would be if he did not consent. A beautiful wife and a fortune are not things that are offered to a man every day."

It was on the next day that these two very desirable things were offered to Philip. It chanced to be Sunday again, and when Mr. Thornton, following his usual custom, retired to the library after luncheon, he summoned his nephew to accompany him. Philip, a little surprised, but nowise loath, complied. As he entered the room, however, some malign influence brought to his mind the other occasion when he had been there with his uncle—when he had rashly introduced the subject of the Percivals, and made an appeal which proved fruitless. The recollection of his disappointment came back to him with force, although he knew now that no other result of such an appeal had been possible. He stood by the hearth, looking down as he had done before, and thinking of Alice Percival, when Mr. Thornton's voice suddenly roused him.

"I have something of importance to say to you, Philip," he observed; "but I do not think it is likely to be a surprise to you."

Philip looked up. His head was so full of the Percivals that he absolutely fancied his uncle might be about to speak of them.

"I can not assure you on that point until I know what it is," he answered, with a quick gleam of interest in his eyes.

Mr. Thornton, who had seated himself in a large chair by the library table, regarded him for a moment without speaking further. He was proud of the young man; his looks and bearing, his social success and fine manners, all pleased him, and he felt a keen sense of gratification in thinking what a bright destiny he was about to unfold to him. It did not occur to him to regard Philip as in any respect an independent human being. He was so connected in his mind with his own prosperity, as the person who would exhibit and adorn it, that he was unable to conceive him in any other relation or position. When he went on speaking, it was in a tone that seemed to take everything for granted.

"You must be aware," he said, "that I wish you to marry Constance. Your aunt and myself long ago set our hearts on the match; and if I have not spoken to you on the subject before, it was because she was quite certain it would arrange itself. But, in my opinion, there is nothing like making things sure, and therefore I want you to understand that it is time the thing was settled. Constance has too many men in her train for delay to be safe, and you—why should you wait?"

"Why should I wait?" repeated Philip, blankly. He was so much surprised that for a minute he could hardly collect his thoughts. Of course he had known his uncle's wishes—that was true enough—but of late they had passed out of his recollection altogether. Brought thus abruptly face to face with them now, he was unable to grasp a single consideration bearing upon them.

"Yes," said Mr. Thornton, "why should you wait? You are old enough to marry. You do not mean"—frowning quickly—"that you have any objection to the plan?"

"I hardly know what I mean," Philip replied, truthfully. "I have never thought seriously of the matter, and I am very sure that Constance has not either."

"Then it is time for you both to begin to think seriously of it," said Mr. Thornton; "that is why I have spoken. A thing so

important can not be dealt with in this haphazard fashion. Of course, the first step must come from you. You must offer yourself to Constance. A woman expects so much, you know."

"Well—yes," said Philip, who thought it a reasonable expectation. Then he paused and looked down again. To accept a marriage with Constance as a distant possibility in his thoughts, and to have it thus immediately pressed upon him, were, he found, two very different things. He was astonished by the reluctance which suddenly seemed to take possession of him. He felt like a man who is dragged to the brink of a precipice, and whose impulse is to draw back with all his strength. Mr. Thornton, watching him, divined his reluctance, and felt his anger rising.

"Will you kindly tell me what is the meaning of this?" he asked, in a tone of ominous coldness. "Why are you so slow to give me the assurance that you will fulfil my wishes and offer yourself to Constance?"

"Because," said Philip, lifting his head, "it strikes me that it is a matter which concerns me so much more than any one else—except Constance—that I am bound to give a little time to reflection before taking such a step."

Mr. Thornton's face grew dark. Opposition always angered him, but opposition from Philip, and on this point, was something he had so little counted on that it seemed to him intolerable. However, he remembered his wife's counsel, and with an effort controlled himself—or at least he controlled the outward expression of his inward irritation.

"And pray," he said, sarcastically, "what do you want to reflect upon? Is not Constance the most admired girl in Riverport, —a girl whom any man might be proud to win,—a girl to do you credit to the end of her life? And do you not understand that I wish this marriage in order that I may leave my fortune undivided, and so secure to you a future as prosperous as a man could desire?"

"Yes," said Philip, "I understand, and thank you deeply. It is like the rest of your kindness to me. As for Constance, she is all that you have said. But, my dear uncle, marriage is a very serious affair, and if one enters into it in haste, one may, you know, repent at leisure."

"What point has that stale saying in this connection?" demanded Mr. Thornton, with stern impatience. "What haste has there been? Am I not speaking to you now on account of your delay? You have known Constance for years, you have been closely associated with her for months: what more can you desire?"

Philip felt that there might be much more to desire, but he was rather at a loss how to say so. He lifted his eyes, and by chance they fell on one of the few religious pictures in the house—a fine engraving of the *Madonna di San Sisto*. He looked at it for a moment, while a multitude of thoughts came into his mind; then he turned and looked at his uncle.

"You forget one thing," he said. "Constance and I are not of the same religion."

Mr. Thornton stared. He knew that his nephew had retained his faith, but he had supposed that it sat very lightly on him, and such an objection as this was the last that he could have anticipated.

"And what has that to do with it?" he asked after a moment.

"A great deal, in my opinion," Philip answered. "I am not a very good Catholic, but I hold the truths of faith, and I should like my wife to hold them also. It seems to me that there could be small assurance of harmony in a household where there was not sympathy on the most important subject connected with human life."

"Has there not been harmony in this household?" asked the elder man, rather hotly. "Yet your aunt is a Protestant, and I—"

He paused, and, despite himself, changed countenance with the consciousness that he had gone too far. What, indeed, was he?

"Do you," said Philip, quietly, "consider yourself a Catholic?"

"I was a Catholic when I married," he replied; "and if I have since given up the Church, it has been for no reason connected with my marriage. When two people are sensible, their disagreeing in opinion on such a subject does not matter in the least."

"That depends very much on the way one looks at it," said the young man. "I think it would matter exceedingly to me."

"Then you are a fool!" said Mr. Thornton, losing control of himself in the intensity of his irritation. "If you persist in shackling yourself with a faith which is a bar to your worldly success in every way, you should be glad to conciliate public opinion by marrying a Protestant—a girl whose family connections are irreproachable and calculated to do you great service in the future. Let me hear no more of such folly. If this is your only objection, it is not worthy of a moment's consideration. Understand that my mind is made up on the subject of this marriage. Either it must take place, or my intentions toward you will be greatly changed."

"I should have preferred that you had left that unsaid," replied Philip, who now looked a little pale, as if the strain of the interview was telling on him. "What I would not do for the sake of gratifying you, who have done so much for me, I should certainly not do through the fear of any change in your intentions toward me. With regard to the proposed marriage, I divined your wishes long before this, and accepted them without consideration, thinking that in time Constance and myself might make a match. But to think of a thing as vaguely possible in the future is very different from having it held before one as an immediate necessity. You must forgive me if I can not give you at once the assurance that you ask. In that which is so important—that which concerns my whole life—I must take a little time for reflection."

"How much time?" asked Mr. Thornton, brusksly.

"A few days would answer, I suppose," said Philip, reluctantly.

"Very well, then," returned the other; "in a few days—in a week at farthest—I shall expect to hear your decision. The delay seems to me absolutely useless. A girl might be guilty of such absurdity as not to know her mind at the last moment, but a man— However, I will consent to this delay on the ground that it is the last."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sicht und Wärme.

I.

Der bess're Mensch tritt in die Welt
Mit fröhlichem Vertrauen;
Er glaubt, was ihm die Seele schwellt,
Auch außer sich zu schauen.
Und weih't, von edlem Eifer warm,
Der Wahrheit seinen treuen Arm.

II.

Doch Alles ist so klein, so eng,
Hat er es erst erfahren,
Da sucht er in dem Weltgedräng'
Sich selbst nur zu bewahren;
Das Herz, in falter, stolzer Ruh,
Schließt endlich sich der Liebe zu.

III.

Sie geben, ach! nicht immer Gluth,
Der Wahrheit helle Strahlen.
Wohl denen, die des Wissens Gut
Nicht mit dem Herzen zahlen.
Drum paart zu eurem schönsten Glück
Mit Schwärmers Ernst des Weltmann's Blick.

—Schiller.

[TRANSLATION, BY J. P. R.]

Light and Heat.

I.

The upright man steps into life
With confidence elated,
Trusts that with which his soul is rife
By all's participated;
And then, with noble ardor warm,
To Truth he consecrates his arm.

II.

That everything is narrow, slight,
By him is soon detected;
Then seeks he, that in worldly fight
Himself is well protected;
In colder, haughtier pulse, his heart
Bids Love forever thence depart.

III.

Alas! no heat always give forth
 Truth's brightest radiations.
 'Tis well for those whose wisdom's worth
 Heeds not the heart's pulsations!
 Complete success, combined attain
 Th' Enthusiast's zeal, the Statesman's brain.

 Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

THE Pontiff granted Nemesisus' prayer, and without delay administered the holy rite, whose regenerating waters are of that "River of Life" that St. John saw proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb. From that mystical moment the Holy Ghost entered into the cleansed tabernacle of the man's soul, kindling therein the fire of charity, which consumed the dross of his nature, and by a miracle of grace made him indeed a new creature in Jesus Christ.

As the days passed by, the neophyte, being in frequent intercourse with the Pontiff, quickly learned the needs of the persecuted Church, and how to relieve her suffering members, and console where he could not save. Self was forgotten; daily among the dwellers in the Catacombs, visiting in secret the poor abodes of the miserable in the byways and corners of the proud city of the Cæsars, and out in the dilapidated huts on the beautiful Agro Romano, he distributed his substance to the hungry, the naked, the sick, and did not fail to visit the prisons, as directed by the Emperor, but in a far different spirit from the command.

As his name was still a power, Nemesisus had an opportunity to check, in a degree, much of the brutality to which the Christian captives were subjected, to comfort them by charging himself with the support of their helpless families, among whom were little children and those whose age made them dependent,—all left destitute by the imprisonment of their natural protec-

tors; and, by means of gold, he succeeded, through a trusted agent, to secure the mutilated remains of the martyrs for secret burial, or, when possible, had them conveyed into the Catacombs for interment. His zeal was tireless, and such was his fervor that he was soon admitted to assist at the Divine Sacrifice of the Altar; then, shortly after, followed the heavenly banquet of the Most Holy Eucharist, which filled his soul with divine sweetness, renewed his strength, and fanned his charity to a brighter flame.

Nemesisus was ready to avow his faith: his old instincts as a soldier made him wish to do so; but the suffering Church needed his services; for, not yet suspected, and having free access to the prisons, he had, as already shown, countless opportunities to comfort and aid those condemned to suffer for the faith. When admission was denied to all else, it was he who, with adoring love, bore upon his breast, wrapped in richest cloth of gold, the consecrated Hosts, to the condemned criminals,—the Heavenly Bread that would "refresh them by the torrent,"—their Holy Viaticum* in the sharp, bitter conflict they were to pass through to the embrace of Him for whose glory they were to suffer, and from whose nail-pierced hands they would receive eternal crowns and palms of rejoicing.

The gloom of the prisons was of great assistance to Nemesisus in his ministrations of mercy, even had the guards kept close watch on his movements, which they did not; for what was there to fear from the great commander of the Imperial Legion, who bore the Emperor's seal, and was doubtless come on some secret errand?

The Pontiff Stephen wished to ordain him priest, but from this high honor his humility shrunk, and he was made deacon. Can we realize that this is, indeed, Nemesisus, the proud commander, the laurel-crowned soldier, no longer in glittering ar-

* Nemesisus was not alone in the practice of the good works described; there were others besides himself and the wife of Tertullus, who were not suspected of being Christians, likewise engaged.

nor, no more leading his legionaries under the Roman eagles to fresh conquests, no longer listening to an applauding Senate, and standing on the right of the curule chair, the honored favorite of an Emperor, —this Christian in the garments of peace, whose chosen haunts are the Catacombs and the prisons, and whose sole occupation is that of a servant of the needy and afflicted?

Yes! this is the noble patrician, the heroic military leader, the reserved, haughty pagan gentleman, whom we knew as Nemesius; but how changed! For in those days of tribulation when one embraced Christianity he came out in deed and in truth from among the wicked and the ungodly; the lines were drawn in blood, and they were as much divided and apart as they will be on that dread day when Christ comes to judge the world.

In the two weeks since his conversion how much had been crowded into the life of Nemesius can be imagined from the brief outline given,—so much and so real in its essence, that his past seemed like a dream, and it was only now that he truly began to live. Every day or two he went to his villa on the Aventine to embrace his child, and, when having ascertained that all was well with her, to confer with Symphronius, who was faithfully executing the tasks assigned him.

All the idolatrous images had been removed from their niches, shrines, and pedestals, to the vaults under the villa, where they were destroyed, and afterwards cast into the limekiln. Some of them were of ancient Greek workmanship, and, as ideals of art, were unsurpassed and of priceless worth; but Nemesius knew that they were the conceptions and symbols of a false religion, and that their perfection was inspired by the belief that the deity represented by a master-hand in marble would inhabit the statue, if it were found worthy of the honor, and be worshipped through the ages.*

Thus we see that the greatest and most deathless works of pagan as well as those of

Christian art were inspired supernaturally—the first by an idolatrous, the latter by a holy and divine faith.

Admetus proved himself a doughty iconoclast in the work of destruction. To lop off a nose, shave off an ear, strike off one at a time the arms and legs of these gods of stone, who had received divine honors, and still smelt of the spices and Eastern gums that had smoked before them, and then, with a swinging blow of his axe and a hearty "Bravo!" knock the exquisite *torso* to splinters, afforded him the most intense satisfaction. "So perish," he would say, as each one was demolished—"so perish the demons, and all other enemies of the dear *Christus!*"

Frequent and sweet had been the conferences between the noble Matron Camilla and the fair young daughter of Nemesius, whose mind, illumined by the love of Him whose Holy Name her bosom enshrined, received the instructions with docile, unquestioning faith. To her simplicity and innocence, her swift progress in the supernatural life was incomprehensible, even had she dwelt upon the mystery; for the restful joy it brought her, and the love it deepened, sufficed without knowledge concerning the operations of grace, which maturer minds seek to understand. Was it not of such as she that Christ spake in these words: "Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"?

Whenever Camilla paid her accustomed visit, Zilla did not wait to witness the loving welcome she received from Claudia; it was more than her sensitive, jealous affection could bear; but, leaving them together, she stole away silently, to brood over the evil days that had fallen upon her, and the fateful hour which she knew boded danger and death to the child of her heart.

Presently strange visitors presented themselves at the villa gates, such as had never found admission beyond the stately entrance before,—visitors without "sandal or shoon," whose vestments were soiled and tattered,—men and women broken down

* St. Augustine speaks of this in his "City of God."

with toil and poverty; some of them decrepit, and almost as helpless as the little children beside them; all wearing a look of patient sorrow on their wan, hungry faces. They were not turned away, as would have been the case a short while before, but brought in, refreshed and fed. Who were they? They were the gleanings of Nemesius in the bloody harvest-fields of the Lord; the destitute ones, left, by the martyrdom and persecution of their natural protectors, to the compassionate care of the faithful.

Old Symphronius was in the secret, also Admetus, who guided them to the villa, and, to a certain extent, Claudia, who was told that they were the suffering children of the *Christus*, who loved them, and would receive all that was done for their relief as done unto Himself. This was enough to send her like an angel among them, with sweet, pitying words, and such little ministrations of kindness as their sorrowful plight suggested. She bathed the faces and bleeding feet of the little children, and fed them out of her own hands, winning them to smiles by her pretty ways; then made Zilla turn things upside-down in her own chests and closets in search of raiment to cover them, and what was lacking in fitness she at once ordered to be purchased.

Zilla was nearly frantic with disgust and anger; she was sure that Claudia would get some deadly fever or other disease by contact with such a miserable set, and besought her to forbid their coming, or at least not let them come near the villa to contaminate the air, but be fed at a distance by the slaves. That was the pagan way; but the child, even when she held a cup of cold water to the pale, trembling, parched lips of an aged person, who was too far spent to lift it himself, did it for the love and sake of the dear *Christus*, and found therein too much happiness to answer Zilla's stern insistence more seriously than to throw her arms around her neck, and, with her own sweet laugh, say: "Do not scold, *madre bella!* Do I not feed my doves, and sometimes Grillo, just for fun? Why, then,

should I not feed these hungry ones, who have none to care for them? They are the children of One I love; how, then, can I turn them away empty?"

Finding remonstrance useless, Zilla went to Symphronius, and gave him a very emphatic piece of her mind for his laxity of discipline, as guardian of the estate, in permitting beggars, who doubtless brought infection with them, to enter the gates, especially when he saw how Claudia was bewitched by them, so that she could not keep away while they remained. "Truly," she added, "have we fallen upon strange and evil days! To be blind was happiness compared with what has followed sight."

"I have orders to let the *cara donzellina* have her will," answered the old steward, looking up a moment from some long rows of figures he was working out.

"I will speak to Nemesius himself. Men do not consider the harm that comes of over-indulgence to the immature. It is something new, indeed, for a patrician child to be allowed to mix with such a rabble," she said, with flashing eyes.

"He will be here this evening," was all that Symphronius said, and she withdrew.

True to her word, Zilla sought an opportunity to explain her grievance to Nemesius. He heard her patiently, knowing what good reason she had, from her standpoint, for all she urged, and understanding well that love for his child inspired it; so, with a great pity in his heart, and a silent prayer for her conversion, he answered, briefly but kindly:

"It is my wish and her happiness that these unfortunates should continue coming."

The poor woman made no response—unless the sigh that forced itself from her heart might be called one,—and, folding her pale hands on her bosom, her old gesture of submission, she left his presence.

On every side her love for the child, who from its birth had been to her as of her own flesh and blood, was cast back upon her; a wall of separation, as transparent as air, but as impassable as adamant, had risen be-

tween them; she felt that in all the strange things that had so lately happened, and the many changes they had brought about, she was no longer necessary to the one only human being that she loved, and her proud, faithful heart was breaking. But she relaxed no tender service she could render; her vigilance was almost sleepless, lest the danger she dreaded might come without word or warning. And, because she loved to hold Claudia near her, and see her bright, beautiful face dimpled with smiles, she cut out and helped to make garments for her "beggars"; and because—perhaps this was the primary reason—the child would be exposed to less danger of infection if the miserable wretches were clad in fresh, clean raiment, the good nurse grew zealous to get off and replace their soiled tatters with good clothing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Prayer of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin.

THE necessities of the Church in these troubled times seem to become more and more urgent. With grave reason has the Holy Father prescribed special prayers to be said to the patrons of the Church, and especially to the Immaculate Mother of God. It seems a favorable moment to bring to light a hitherto unpublished prayer to Our Lady, uttered by the great Doctor, St. Bernard. It was, in fact, an outpouring of his heart at the close of one of his sermons on the Assumption. May these fervent words, uttered by thousands of lips full of faith and zeal for the interests of the Church, obtain its eventual triumph, and a lasting peace!

ORATIO S. BERNARDI AD B. VIRGINEM MARIAM
PRESENTIBUS ECCLESIE NECESSITATIBUS
ACCOMMODATA.

Ave, Virgo Immaculata, sine labe originali concepta. Te gratia plenam confitemur. Tecum Dominum semper fuisse gaudemus. Te Matrem divinæ, gratiæ factam lætamur. Sit igitur pietatis tuæ, Virgo benedicta, ipsam quam apud Deum gratiam invenisti, notam facere mundo, reis veniam, medelam ægris,

pusillis corde robur, afflictis consolationem, periclitantibus adjutorium et liberationem, Ecclesiæ pacem et tranquillitatem, Sedi Apostolicæ de hæresi, schismate atque impietate triumphum sanctis tuis precibus obtinendo. Ac nobis quotidie dulcissimum Mariæ nomen cum laude, invocantibus servulis et filiis tuis atque ad thronum tuum cum fiducia accedentibus, per te, Regina clemens, gratiæ suæ munera largiatur Jesus Christus Filius tuus Dominus Noster, qui est super omnia Deus benedictus in sæcula. Amen. Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

[TRANSLATION.]

Hail, Immaculate Virgin! conceived without sin, we salute thee full of grace. We rejoice that Our Lord has ever been with thee, and that thou hast been made Mother of Divine Grace. Let us, then, feel the effects of thy charity, O Blessed Virgin! and manifest to the world the grace thou hast found before God by obtaining, through thy holy prayers, pardon for the guilty, health for the sick, courage for the weak, consolation for the afflicted, help for those who are in danger, peace and tranquillity to the Church, and to the Apostolic See triumph over heresy, schism, and impiety. We declare ourselves thy humble servants and children, and every day invoke with praises thy sweet Name, O Mary! having recourse with confidence to thy throne. Deign, we beseech thee, O merciful Queen! to fill us with thy grace, and to intercede for us with thy Son, Our Saviour Jesus Christ, the Supreme God, blessed forever and ever. Amen. Hail Mary! Hail Mary! Hail Mary!

The "Ave Bell."

The Universe (London).

A PROPOSAL made some time ago to discontinue ringing "the eight-o'clock bell" at Minster, in Thanet, elicited a strong protest from a Protestant antiquarian, Mr. Robert Bubb, of Minster, which was followed up by some historical remarks from a Catholic writer, who sends us the following:

It is quite refreshing in this dull, iron age of ours to hear a voice of protest against the material influences which would have us break with the poetical associations of the past; and Mr. Bubb should be thanked for his

emphatic protest against the discontinuance (on the ground of petty economy) of a time-honored custom—that of ringing the church bells at eventide. This custom, he points out, dates from immemorial time, and is a token of Minster's claim to historical prestige.

The curfew, or Vesper-bell, was a useful civic institution, so universally adopted in mediæval Europe that Pope John XXII. determined to convert it into an ordinance of the Church. We accordingly find him, in the year 1327, granting an indulgence to all who should say at the ringing of the curfew three "Hail Marys" in honor of the Incarnation of Our Divine Saviour. In England it was usual to say once the "Our Father" and five times the "Hail Mary," as we learn from the constitutions of Archbishop Arundel, in the year 1399. The Archbishop enjoined this commemoration of the Incarnation to be made night and morning, and the church bells to be accordingly rung twice each day. He informs us that he does this at the request of his newly-crowned sovereign, Henry IV.; and he grants an indulgence of forty days to all members of the Church of England performing this devotion. ("Wilkins," tom. iii., p. 246.)

Now, at Sandwich and at Ash, in the immediate neighborhood of Minster, this bell was rung daily at five in the morning and at eight in the evening; and it is quite clear that the five a. m. bell could have nothing to do with the curfew, or *couvre feu*. Archbishop Arundel's enactment supplies us with the explanation of it; and we have further evidence of the Incarnation or *Angelus* bell being rung thrice a day, and of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with nine other English bishops, on the 26th of March, 1492, granting forty days' indulgence for the aforesaid *Ave* prayers. (See "Our Lady's Dowry," pp. 216-218.)

It was no less a ruffian than Thomas Cromwell, the lay Vicar-General of Henry VIII., who forbade the peal of the *Angelus*, or Incarnation chime, so that "the knolling of the *Aves*, which has been brought in and begun by the pretence of the Bishop of Rome's pardon, henceforth be omitted." (See "Our Lady's Dowry," *ut supra*.)

At Minster, however, there yet exists a splendid bell, bearing this inscription, in late Gothic characters: "Holy Mare, pray for us." This is now the fourth and evidently the old-

est bell in the tower, and its inscription would lead us to infer that it was the old *Angelus* bell, otherwise called the Gabriel bell, from the holy Archangel who appeared unto the lowly Virgin Mother at her home in Nazareth, and greeted her with "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women!"

The Church took up and perpetuated this strain of the Angel Gabriel; for she has ever been impressed with the essential co-operation of the Blessed Virgin in the Mystery of the Incarnation; and in Merrie England of bygone days the joyous "Ave Bell" chimed forth a simple and constant reminder to the faithful of the mystery of divine love, which brought down from heaven Emmanuel.

It has been urged in argument by Anglicans that they have possession of the Old English churches, and that therefore they are the faithful of the Old English Church. Faithful, indeed! Why, the very bells ring out their condemnation with "Holy Mary, pray for us"; while empty niches of discarded saints, rood-lofts stripped of their crucifix, Lady Chapels dishonored, consecrated altar-slabs (as in St. Clement's, Sandwich,) turned into church paving-stones, all these seem to answer with one accord: Yes, the material fabric of the Old Church of England is yours; but the faith of Old England, you have it not. *Nescimus vos!*—"We know you not."

Catholic Notes.

Mgr. Billere, Bishop of Tarbes (France), has issued an admirable Pastoral Letter relative to the apparitions and miracles of Our Lady of Lourdes. In words full of unction and piety, the Bishop recounts the facts of the apparitions, the strict canonical investigation to which they were subjected, the wonderful spread of the devotion throughout the Catholic world, and the many notable marks of encouragement shown by the Sovereign Pontiffs Pius IX., of glorious memory, and Leo XIII., now happily reigning. Referring to the hold which the devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes has taken upon every heart within a little more than a decade of years, the Bishop says:

"The number of pilgrims and visitors during the last eighteen years amounts to at least ten millions. Whilst processions are too often inter-

dicted elsewhere, at Lourdes they succeed one another with great pomp. They come from every part of the world, traversing seas, hastening either on the wings of steam; the day beholds their immense and harmonious lines advancing under the shadow of the Cross, gay with banners, and bearing the images of the saints; night looks down on the torches of the multitudes, like endless bands of fire eclipsing the stars of the firmament. Thousands of believers chant sacred canticles, pray, communicate, and transform the Grotto into a vestibule of paradise. During these eighteen years, 1,784 processions, or great organized pilgrimages, have brought to the banks of the Gave one and a half million souls from France, and 30,000 from Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Hungary, the United States, and Canada. Among them were princes and kings, even of Protestant countries, attracted by the renown of Our Lady of Lourdes, many of whom paid repeated visits to this holy spot. Some pilgrims came on foot, not only from the distant provinces of France, but from Alsace, Switzerland, Italy, and even Hungary. These were poor women and humble *religieuses*, who lived on alms during their long and painful journey. We contemplate with especial admiration the great processions of men exclusively—an army of 70,000 soldiers of Christ. They proudly bore their banners; their breasts were covered with crosses and medals; they recited their chaplet or sung the *Credo*. The world, beholding these new Crusaders, exclaims: 'The age of Voltaire has passed away; Our Lady of Lourdes has destroyed human respect!'

"Our epoch introduces a practice hitherto unknown in the Church—processions of the sick. Poor, for the most part, and dependent on charity, often incurable, sometimes at the point of death, they are conveyed by hundreds from every province of France and Belgium. Railway cars become ambulances, and the Grotto an immense infirmary. Tears must flow at this spectacle worthy of angels. While the Hospitallers exert themselves to relieve all these infirmities, all these miseries, thousands of pilgrims kiss the earth, and pray, with their arms outstretched in the shape of a cross, during entire days and a great part of the night. These fervent aspirations are often interrupted by the *Magnificat*, announcing a miraculous cure."

The Letter concludes as follows:

"The will of the Holy Father, which he has been pleased in a personal interview to repeat to us with his own lips—this sovereign will has been accomplished, as far as circumstances and various obstacles have permitted. By the care of our venerable predecessor and by our own, inquiries have been made, testimonies heard, all the details of the apparitions have been religiously

collected; the cures already examined are to be still more rigorously investigated by learned physicians. We have instituted a commission, presided over by us, and composed of priests best calculated to ascertain and appreciate the facts. Physicians and other competent persons will assist us to confirm and, if need be, to complete all inquiries, and to examine all writings relating to Our Lady of Lourdes.

"With our whole heart, in the name of the Holy Father, in the name of the Immaculate Virgin, we appeal to everyone who can furnish a new document, who can co-operate in any manner to Mary's glory. We appeal to historians and poets, scientists and orators, to recount, sing, study, analyze; that the miracles and benefits of Our Lady of Lourdes may be exalted. Let her, with Jesus, be glorified in the multiplicity and variety of her evangelists, her apostles, and her doctors. Let all hands and all hearts concur in building up this great monument in a manner worthy of her, so that it may manifest her glory to all nations and to future ages. Glorified by her children, our all-powerful Mother will introduce them into the palace of her eternal glory; and for earth she will obtain the peace promised to men of good will."

* A pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., took place on the Feast of Assumption. The pilgrims numbered several thousands, and were under the leadership of the Rev. Fathers Loyzance and Dewey, S. J. The shrine is the scene of the martyrdom of the saintly Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., René Goupil, and Indian converts in the seventeenth century.

* The room at the *Gesù* in Rome inhabited by St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was crowded with devout visitors on the occasion of his feast. The convent is now used as a barrack for Italian carbineers, but the hallowed chamber itself, converted into a chapel, has thus far escaped profanation. Here St. Ignatius lived and died, and here St. Francis Borgia expired. At this altar St. Charles Borromeo celebrated his first Mass, and St. Francis of Sales also offered up the Holy Sacrifice in this spot. It was here that St. Philip Neri came to converse with St. Ignatius. The walls of the chamber are covered with autographs, including those of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and other servants of God.

In an excellent article on the temperance question contributed by the Rev. F. M. Ryan, of Dublin, to *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*,

the writer urges the practice of inducing children to take the pledge, at least till they are twenty-one years of age; and the establishing of societies in every parish, where young men may meet for lawful recreation, amusement, and instruction. In closing the article, Cardinal Manning is quoted as stating that "in England the vice of intemperance slays each year sixty thousand persons, and is the source, directly or indirectly, of seventy-five per cent. of the crimes committed." Father Ryan, very justly commenting on this appalling fact, says: "We grow pale at the mention of a visitation of cholera; the world applauds the man who is said to have found the cure for hydrophobia. But hydrophobia, terrible as it is, is a comparatively rare disease; and no visitation of cholera anywhere ever swept to the grave 60,000 people. But this moral and physical plague, intemperance, stalks the land, not unknown to us, but almost unheeded; and its track is marked by ruined homes, by the cries of little ones left destitute, by broken hearts, by young lives of fairest promise blighted, by deaths that appall, and by thoughts of accounts for sins to be rendered to the Great Judge, so vast and so unrepented of, that all hope is crushed. I have striven thus to raise a very feeble voice in face of the calamity, but many men and stronger must swell the cry, and put hand and heart in the work, if the evil is to be abated."—*The Catholic Standard (Hobart, Tasmania)*.

The Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, was killed, as may be remembered, by jumping from his carriage while the horses were running away. The fact was supernaturally revealed to a nun of the Carmelite Convent at Tours, of which frequent mention is made in the Life of the "Holy Man of Tours." She was told that the Prince was in purgatory, and asked for prayers. The superiors directed her to offer all her prayers, fasts, etc., for the unhappy soul. The broken-hearted Queen, who had almost dreaded that her son was lost for eternity, was greatly comforted on hearing of the revelation, and from that moment she redoubled her prayers and alms. Immediately after the vision, the holy Carmelite's health broke down, and her sufferings became acute; but she never relaxed in fervor, and continued to macerate her body to appease the anger of God. At the end of sixteen years she had an-

other vision; the glorified soul came to announce his release, and to thank the nun for her share in his deliverance. From that hour her health was completely restored.

The Sisters of Holy Cross, whose Mother House is at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., have just opened an academy for young ladies at Woodland, California. It is called the "Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary," and, with its large, commodious building, and all the comforts and conveniences necessary to the well-being—mental, moral, and physical—of its inmates, it begins its career under the brightest and happiest auspices. The high reputation which the Sisters of Holy Cross have earned for themselves as educators in their numerous academies and schools throughout the country is a sufficient guarantee for the successful issue of this new undertaking, in which they have the best wishes of all true friends of education.

All the papers in the country, Catholic as well as secular, which have alluded to the arrival of the Rev. Augustus Tolton in this country, have erred in stating that he is the first colored priest ordained for the American missions. When the saintly Bishop England ruled the Church in Charleston, S. C., he ordained a colored man for that diocese; but race prejudice was then so strong that he (the first colored priest of the United States) went to France, where he labored in the ministry to the end of his life. Mention of this fact is made in the works of Bishop England.—*Catholic Knight*.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Father Bergin, S. J., of St. Louis University, deceased at the Jesuit Novitiate, Florissant, Mo., on the 11th inst.

Sister M. Stanislaus, O. S. B., whose happy death occurred at the Convent of the Annunciation, Nebraska City, Neb., on the 7th of August.

Miss Agnes Hartt, a devout Child of Mary, who calmly breathed her last at Waterford, N. Y., on the 17th of June.

James Rhatigan and Rudolph Hertel, of Newark, N. J.

May they rest in peace!



YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A Little Boy, but a Great Heart.

Many years ago—so many that the fathers and mothers of the little boys and girls who read

this were, perhaps, children themselves—France was a very unhappy country. After many glorious victories, her brave soldiers were all slain or enfeebled by age and infirmities, and the hostile armies, strong and numerous, took possession of the French territories.

It was a time of sorrow and humiliation. Perhaps some of my young readers have heard tell of the sad events of those days, and of the grief that filled the hearts of the people at seeing the oft-defeated enemy at last victorious. But this was not the only affliction that fell upon the French. At the time of which I speak the harvest of wheat and other kinds of grain was meagre, and consequently bread was very scarce and dear.

In the village of Vineuil, near Chantilly, there lived an industrious old soldier, with his wife and several children. The ordinary sources of employment being closed, the poor man found himself reduced to the necessity of trying to earn a livelihood by picking up dead wood in the forest of Chantilly. All he could gather during the day he carried home on his shoulders at night, and sold to a good lady, who always paid him cash. But, still, the little that he could thus earn was not enough to feed and clothe himself and family, and so they all suffered from hunger and cold.

Sometimes the mayor of the village gave the people orders on the baker. On a certain evening, after receiving one of these orders, the soldier called his little boy An-

drew, about eight years old, and told him to be ready next morning to go to Senlis, some three miles distant. The order was on a baker in that city, for the bakers at home had more than they could attend to. Andrew's bill entitled him to a pound of bread. It was very little for such a numerous family; but, then, it was worth nine cents, and was the most that could be given at one time, there were so many persons to be supplied.

Early next morning Andrew set out on his journey, fasting; for the last morsel of bread had been consumed the evening before. For some time he proceeded at a quick pace, but soon began to grow tired and weak. However, he renewed his courage by the thought of the distress of his parents and brothers, who would certainly die if relief did not come soon. Finally he arrived at his journey's end, exhausted from hunger and fatigue.

When the boy had given his order to the baker's wife, who attended shop in her husband's absence, he sat down on the doorstep, till those who had come before him were served. The woman then cut his portion of bread, and brought it to him; but when she saw his sad, pale face, her heart was moved, and tears stole into her eyes. She was of a kindly disposition, and, having children of her own, knew how to feel for those of others. Taking the little fellow by the hand, she asked him where he came from.

"From Vineuil," was the answer.

"So far! Did you take any breakfast before leaving home?"

"No, ma'am."

"Poor child! And why not?"

"Because, ma'am, we ate all we had last night. That is why I am here so early." And so saying he stood up to go.

"Won't you stay a little longer, and rest yourself?"

"Oh! no, ma'am; I can't delay, for my little brothers are all very hungry."

"And yourself?"

"I'm hungry too, ma'am; but I'm older and stronger than they."

"Well, wait a moment, dear."

Andrew sat down on the step, thinking she had a message for him.

In a short time the kind-hearted woman returned, with a large slice of bread, which she gave the little fellow, saying: "This is for your breakfast." But he hesitated, and held down his head in silence.

"Why don't you take it, my child?" asked the woman.

"Because, ma'am, I have no money to pay for it."

"But I don't want payment, dear. I give it to you to eat, just as I would wish to have done to my own boy if he were as you are. Take it, my child; you'll please me very much."

Andrew obeyed, saying: "Thank you, ma'am. May God reward you!"

She expected to see him devour the bread immediately, but was surprised to observe that he put it away carefully with the loaf, and prepared to depart.

"Why, what are you doing?" asked the woman. "Eat it here, and I will bring you some water. It will strengthen you for the journey."

Andrew blushed, became confused for a moment, and then said:

"If you please, ma'am, I would rather carry it home, and share it with my poor mother and little brothers; for I am sure it is more than their portion of the loaf will be."

"Well, do as you like, my child. If Our Blessed Mother inspires you with such generous sentiments, I will not oppose you further. But won't you take anything at all before going?"

"I'll take the water, ma'am, please, because I am very thirsty."

She brought him some water, and, after thanking his kind benefactress, the little

fellow began his journey homeward, full of courage.

He did not, however, proceed very fast this time, but was obliged to rest now and then on the way. His hunger was becoming unbearable, and the delicious odor of the bread which he carried was a great temptation. Of course he might have eaten his own piece if he liked, but to do so would destroy the pleasure which he anticipated from sharing it with his mother and brothers. Then, again, he remembered that the joy one derives from a good act is always great in proportion to what the act costs, and so he trudged onward much more bravely than many a strong man would have done in his place.

On reaching home, he gave the loaf to his mother, who was awaiting him with great anxiety; but his own piece he hid under his jacket. The pleasure of being able to give it had cost him so great a sacrifice that he surely had the right of increasing that pleasure by one of those innocent surprises which children so much enjoy.

While the mother was cutting the loaf, which the half-famished little fellows had already devoured with their eyes, and of which there was only enough to make a scant meal for each, Andrew, without saying a word, proudly drew out his own piece from under his jacket, and looked at it, as if he would say: "Oh! it's a trifle to me, but maybe some other poor fellow would be glad to have it."

The sight of the extra slice was an occasion of great delight to his little brothers. Their eyes lit up, they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Look, mamma! look! Andy has more!" The mother turned around, gazed at her boy for a moment, and then, with a countenance denoting half fear, half gladness, she asked:

"My child, what have you there?—where did you get it?"

"The woman at the bakery gave it to me," answered the boy, with some dignity.

"She wanted me to eat it, but I told her I would rather carry it home, and she said I might do as I pleased. I wanted to bring it

o you, mamma; because I remembered that the loaf was very little for us all, and that the last time you divided one among us, your own piece was so small that I had to cry. Now we can each have a good slice, and leave enough for poor papa. Please cut my piece, mamma; for I am very hungry."

The glad mother forgot the little fellow's hunger for an instant, and clasped him to her bosom in the fulness of her joy. She sincerely thanked God for having given her so devoted and courageous a child. She thought herself no longer poor; and, in truth, what greater riches can a mother possess than a self-sacrificing, generous-hearted son?

What became of little Andy after this I have never heard. Whether he remained poor and illiterate like his honest parents, or found means to educate himself and grow rich—whether his path through life was strewn with flowers or thorns, I am unable to say. But of this I am certain: that he became a brave and virtuous man; that, no matter what his condition of life, he found means of doing good by his self-sacrifice; that he was always blessed and loved as his mother had blessed and loved him; and that, consequently, he knew what it was to be truly happy.

Our Lady's Orphan.

Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"Oh! mother, don't say you are going to die, and leave your little Charley all alone! Oh! mother, mother, don't say that!"

It was a pitiful wail to come from the heart of a child,—a cry of desolation, which, after God, only a mother could understand in all the intensity of its anguish.

Charley's mother was dying. Close beside her, on the poor bed on which she lay, the little boy had thrown himself, his curly head pressed fondly against his mother's cheek. With a feeble effort she drew the child to her bosom, to rest there, alas! for the last time.

"Listen, my darling," she said. "God is indeed going to take me from you, but He is good, and loves us too well to leave my boy

desolate. His own Mother will take care of you; for remember, dear, she is the orphan's Mother too. Do not cry so, Charley, my poor, poor child!"

She kissed him tenderly. After a pause, broken only by the mother's labored breathing and the boy's sobs, the dying woman whispered: "You remember the story I told you about Our Blessed Lady appearing to a shepherd girl at Lourdes?"

Charley looked up, the answer shining on the earnest little face.

"Well, my child, you know we are without friends or relatives, and have no money. When I am gone you must ask that good Lady to take care of you. Tell her your own poor mother left you to her. Kneel now, and repeat the words with me."

"But where shall I find her, mother?" asked the little fellow, his eyes big with wonder, when he had risen from his knees. "Does she live in the Grotto at Lourdes?"

"No, my child: Our Lady went back to heaven; but she hears us wherever we may be. When God takes your mother, Charley, you must go to Lyons; there are places in that city where kind people receive little orphans, and teach them to earn an honest living. Though you are but eight years old, you have a brave heart. Go without fear, and Our Lady will take care of you."

The poor mother sank back exhausted. Soon the breathing became slower and more difficult. Once more she opened her eyes, and, resting them on her boy with a look of unutterable love, she murmured: "Holy Mother of God, I am going!—my child, my child!—be a Mother to my child; he is thine now."

A long, long pause.

"How still she lies!" thought Charley, and he checked his sobs. "Surely she has gone to sleep." Then, with the tears still stealing softly down his face, he nestled close beside her, and he too slept. But the child awoke again in a world of sorrow, while his mother had gone home to God.

Alone and almost unnoticed, the orphan boy followed his mother to the grave, in which she was laid by stranger hands. To those who took the trouble to ask him what he was going to do, Charley replied that he was going to Lyons; so, doubtless thinking he had friends there, they went their way. But when the poor child found himself all alone,

the full sense of his desolation burst upon him, and, with a broken-hearted cry, he flung himself on the new-made grave.

"Oh! mother, mother, come back!" he sobbed. "There is no one here to love me. Oh! what shall I do without you?"

Then came the memory of his mother's dying words, and the last prayer he had said by her side. Raising his tear-stained face from the grave, he looked up to the smiling blue sky above him. "O dear Lady of Lourdes!" he cried, clasping his hands, "you are my Mother now; my poor dead mother gave me to you. Oh! take care of Charley!"

Then, drying his eyes, full of trust in his new Mother, the brave little fellow kissed the grave where lay his one earthly friend, and took his lonely way to Lyons.

Not far from the poor cottage in which Charley's mother died was a princely mansion, all but hidden by the stately trees which surrounded it. Without and within everything told of wealth and comfort. But here, too, the Angel of Death had spread his wings, casting a dark shadow over all. Servants, with awe-struck looks, tripped softly up the lofty staircase, whose velvet carpets would have hushed the heaviest tread; for in an upper chamber a child lay dying—an only child, and the last heir of an ancient house. A lady knelt by the bed in all the desolation of sorrow. The widow's robes clinging to the bent figure told their own sad story. Only a few months before Madame de Vignon had lost her loved husband, who died of consumption; now her son, her beautiful little Henry, was about to be snatched from her arms by the same dread disease.

Costly toys lay scattered unheeded on the snowy coverlet; the burning hands sought only the mother's touch; the moans of pain which escaped the parted lips wrung the very soul of her who could not save him one single pang.

"Mother, I can not breathe! Oh! mother, lift me up."

"Spare him, my God! spare him!" she pleaded again and again, in her agony. "He is all I have left on earth; or if he must go—oh! take me too!"

Suddenly a thought struck her. Everybody was talking of the apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes, and of the miracles wrought by her

intercession. She would ask Our Lady of Lourdes to restore her child. Raising the wasted form of her little son in her arms, she turned to a statue of Our Lady which adorned the room. "O sweet Lady of Lourdes!" she cried, with all the passionate pleading of a mother's love, "give health to my child—my only one—and I promise to do for thee whatever thou wilt—anything—only save my boy!"

But, alas! already the clammy dew of death moistened the sunny curls. The last flush had faded from the little face, and the hands she fondly clasped had grown icy cold. Henry's pain was over, once for all; her child was in the embrace of his Heavenly Father.

The mother was frantic with grief, and refused all comfort. Her child was gone: what had she now to live for? She spent hours weeping in her desolate room, or wandering in lonely sorrow in the garden where he used to play.

At last her faithful old attendant Kitty persuaded her to leave the house, where everything reminded her of her lost darling, and go to her early home, some miles away. That, too, was desolate; but the change, Kitty thought, would at least rouse her from the stupor of grief into which she was falling.

Listlessly she consented. Every place was alike to her, who had no hope in life, she said.

A day or two later, on a fair, sunny evening, the well-appointed carriage of Madame de Vignon might be seen winding its way amid the green hills that surrounded her ancestral home. The rays of the setting sun lit up the old mullioned windows, and tinged with a rosy glow a scene of surpassing loveliness. The sight of her native hills, and the soft calm of that peaceful evening, fell like a soothing balm on the heart of the grief-stricken woman. Desiring the coachman to follow slowly with the carriage, she went on foot up a well-known path, which led to a pretty little shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. Suddenly, like the voice of an angel, the silvery tones of the *Angelus* broke the stillness. As the last sweet notes trembled in the air, the lady fell on her knees, and, lifting up her hands, sobbed out: "O Lady of Lourdes! I promised to do anything for thee if thou wouldst save my boy. God took him, but I will not take back my promise. Here I am! O Lady! ask what thou wilt; behold thy handmaid!"

But, oh! have pity on the childless widow, and send her comfort."

Then, reaching the shrine, she sank exhausted on the step. Soon she perceived she was not alone. On the farther end of the step sat crouched a beggar-boy. Instinctively she drew back from the wretched, half-starved creature. As she did so the boy looked up timidly into her face. He seemed about the age of her own little son, and a feeling of pity stole into her heart.

"What are you doing here, child?" she asked.

"Please, lady, I am only resting," was the low answer. "I am so tired! I have been walking since morning, and have had nothing to eat." And the poor, forlorn child covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"Where are you going?" inquired Madame de Vignon, interested in spite of herself.

"I am going to Lyons," he replied, "where they have homes for orphans. My own dear mother told me before she went to heaven to go there when she was gone."

Again the thought of Henry made her glance at the child compassionately; but she could not bear the sight of the pale little face, and, throwing him a silver coin, she turned quickly away.

"Let us go," she said to Kitty, who had now joined her.

Poor little Charley looked at the money, but he did not touch it—it was not bread. "I am hungry," he said through his tears.

Kitty paused a moment, her heart full of pity for the child. She would have liked to take him with them as far as the village, but dared not suggest it.

Meanwhile Madame de Vignon had met the carriage and entered, so the maid followed reluctantly. The carriage drove on, the lady leaning back wearily on the seat. Suddenly she looked up, and addressed the maid:

"What was it that the boy was saying as we left the shrine? Did he not say that he was hungry?"

"Yes, Madame," replied Kitty, bluntly, determined to rouse her mistress at any cost. "And well-nigh famished, I should say, judging from the look on his face. I doubt if he'll be alive to-morrow, if nobody takes pity on him."

Madame de Vignon started. "Oh! surely,

Kitty, it is not so bad as that! What would my child in heaven think of me, if I were to let another die of starvation? Go, see to him at once. Do what you think is best."

Gladly the good woman left the carriage on her charitable errand, and, taking some refreshments from the little basket she had provided for their journey, she went back to the chapel.

"Thank God, something has roused my lady at last!" she said to herself. "She had ever a kind heart, but sometimes when Grief enters even the best of hearts, he shuts the door behind him. But Lord help the child, where has he gone?" she exclaimed, on coming in sight of the shrine.

Charley had watched the carriage drive away, with a feeling of bitter desolation. Finding himself once more alone, he crept into the grotto, and twined his little arms round the feet of the fair image that smiled so sweetly above him. "Holy Mother in heaven!" he sobbed, "please hear me now. My mother said you would take care of me; and, oh! I shall surely die if you don't send me something to eat. It is growing dark too, dear Mother, and I am so frightened here all alone!"

Soon the clinging arms relaxed their hold, and Kitty entered only in time to save the child from falling to the ground. Kindly supporting him, she made him swallow a little wine. Charley looked up into the pitying face. "Who are you?" he asked, softly. "Has my Mother in heaven sent you to me?"

"Of course she has," answered the woman. "Surely that good Mother never turned a deaf ear to anybody, let alone a starving child. There, now, try to eat a bit."

Then, taking the boy in her strong arms, she carried him to the carriage, giving the coachman strict injunctions to take care of him. Peter was a kind-hearted man, and he made the child snug and comfortable beside him.

"You have saved his life, Madame," said Kitty to her mistress; "what with hunger and fright, he would have been dead by morning."

"I am glad I sent you," was the answer, the mother's thoughts still dwelling on her own dear child. "Somehow, I feel it will please Henry. Alas! how few are my consolations now! For his sake, this child shall have food and shelter to-night."

Though hasty preparations had been made for the coming of its mistress, the gloom and silence of that once gay house struck a chill to the heart of the lonely woman. The loved faces that had made it *home* had vanished; the happy voices were hushed; father, mother, husband, and child, all gone forever.

She retired to her room, and shut herself in with her sorrow.

Early next morning she sought the chapel. "O God! give me strength to say, Thy will be done!" she prayed. "O Mother of the sorrowful! again I renew my promise. Only obtain for me the grace of resignation."

Meanwhile Kitty had made Charley as tidy as she could. Such a pretty, gentle little fellow he looked, despite his rags, that her heart quite warmed towards him. "I will take him to the chapel," thought the good woman. "The child has already been the means of rousing my lady a little: who knows what may come of it?"

"Charley," she said aloud, "can you say any prayers?"

"Oh! yes," he replied. "When my dear mother was alive, she taught me to say my prayers every morning and night."

Kitty took him by the hand, and led him to the chapel, where her mistress still knelt in prayer. The boy looked at the pale, uplifted face with a feeling of childish pity; but the lady, as she caught his gaze, turned away almost with a gesture of terror. "That child again! Why does he haunt me so, with his innocent face and bright head, so like my darling's? I will not look again. What are other people's children to me?"

"Pray aloud, Charley," whispered Kitty, as they knelt down. The child glanced timidly at Madame de Vignon.

"The lady won't mind you," whispered the woman; "say aloud the last prayer your mother taught you."

Of course, Kitty did not know what that last prayer was; she only wished to give him fervor. She, as well as her mistress, was unprepared for the words which the child now uttered in all the simplicity of his heart.

"O Blessed Lady of Lourdes, my mother left me to you; you are my own Mother now: please take care of little Charley!"

The lady shook with a sudden emotion. What was it in that simple prayer that touched her lonely heart, and filled her eyes with tears?

She covered her face with her trembling hands.

"My God!" she murmured, "has Our Lady taken me at my word? Is this, *this* the work she would have me do? Has she sent this child to *me*?"

She fancied she saw her own Henry pointing with a smile of love to the orphan boy. Had he come as a messenger from the Queen of Heaven?

"Yes," she cried at last, "I dare not refuse thy bidding. Mother of God, I accept thy charge. This, I feel, is the work thou hast set me to do."

Again Charley's voice reached her ear. He was whispering in a lower tone: "O my God! bless these good ladies, who saved me last night from dying of hunger."

With a look of earnest resolve, Madame de Vignon rose, and took the little fellow by the hand.

"My child," she cried, leading him to Our Lady's altar, "kneel with me, and thank your Heavenly Mother for bringing you to a sorrowing mother on earth. This is the house her loving care has opened to you. In her name, I will be your mother now. You have reached the end of your journey."

"My mistress is saved!—thank God, thank God!" cried Kitty, with a grateful heart, as she led away her new charge. "I will teach the child to be so dutiful and good that she will take great interest in him. Then the work of charity which she has undertaken will make her forget her sorrow, and give her great comfort."

No mother could have taken better care of her own child than Kitty took of the orphan. He grew into a charming boy, and Madame de Vignon soon loved him dearly.

Charley has well repaid the kindness bestowed upon him. He is now a noble, earnest man, the joy of his adopted mother, whose name he bears. He is first in every work of charity in the country in which he lives, but most of all is he noted for a tender devotion to her who so truly proved a Mother to him when he had lost his own.

You must try to be good and amiable to everybody, and do not think that Christianity consists in a melancholy and morose life.—*Lacordaire.*



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

NO. 10.

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Ad Beatam Virginem Mariam.

[An appendix to the poetical works of the Holy Father, just issued by the Vatican Press, contains the following petitions addressed to the Blessed Mother of God.]

I.

ARDET pugna ferox; Lucifer ipse, videns,
Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte
vomit.

Ocius, alma Parens, ocius affer opem.
Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum.
Contere virgineo monstra inimica pede.
Te duce, Virgo, libens aspera bella geram:
Diffugient hostes; te duce, victor ero.

II.

Auri dulce melos, dicere Mater Ave.
Dicere dulce melos, O pia Mater Ave!
Tu mihi deliciæ, spes bona, castus amor;
Rebus in adversis tu mihi præsidium.
Si mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus,
Tristitiæ et luctus anxia sentit onus;
Si natum ærumnis videris usque premi,
Materno refove Virgo benigna sinu.
Et cum instante aderit morte suprema dies,
Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege,
Et fugientem animam tu bona redde Deo.

Thoughts on Our Lady's Birthday.

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, PASSIONIST.

IT is a well-known device with unbelief to point out in heathenism resemblances to Christianity, and specially to Catholic Christianity; as if the act of such resemblances proved conclu-

sively that Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular are but forms of pagan superstition. The infidel strikes, as he thinks, at the very root of our faith, and thereby lays low the whole tree, by learnedly telling us that our ingenious system centres in one of many legends of a virgin giving birth to a god. "Why," he says, "your virgin-story is one of the oldest myths in China. Persia and India boast of it. Egypt had her Isis and Osiris, *very* like your Madonna and Child. Mortals brought forth deities in romantic Greece. And Rome's fabled founder was the son of a god and a virgin."

Certainly, O sage profound! And did you ever hear of the Druidical grotto at Chartres, and its statue of a woman with a child on her knee, and the inscription, *Virgini Partitura*,—"To the Virgin who shall one day bring forth"? Moreover, in your list of heathen nations pray include those valiant ancestors of ours whom "the populous North poured from her frozen loins to pap Rhene or the Danaw." While, again, if you will look to the Far West, we can show you the same legend among Indian tribes, as Longfellow's "Hiawatha" bears witness; and even on the wilds of Alaska.* Nor is it wanting among South American legends.

And now it is our turn. We ask you to account for the *fact* of this widespread tradition—this universal fable, as you call it—of a virgin giving birth to a god. Will you

* See Mr. Dall's interesting book on Alaska.

say you are not bound to account for it? But indeed you *are*, as a philosopher, if you urge it against our faith, and reject the explanation *we* give.

For, so far from being embarrassed by it at all, we find in this tradition a confirmation of our faith. It may well be a difficulty to certain Christians, in whose theology there is no place for any particular veneration or love to the Virgin Mother of God. But for us Catholics it is little more than our faith might have led us to expect.

The first of our sacred books records a promise made by God Himself to our newly fallen parents. We read there of "the Woman" who, together with "her Seed," shall crush the serpent's head. (Gen., iii., 15.) The words, indeed, are addressed to the serpent; but, evidently, for the comfort of his victims, no less than for his own confusion; so that they have always been regarded as a promise of the Redemption.

Now, this prediction is obscure—intentionally, perhaps, *because* addressed to the serpent. And, surely, it would be passing strange could it be shown that no more explicit revelation was vouchsafed to the world about the Woman and her Seed, until, long ages after, the Hebrew Prophet was inspired to exclaim: "Behold, *the Virgin*" (for *the* is the true rendering, as the Septuagint proves by its ἡ παρθένος) "shall conceive, and bear a Son; and His name shall be called Emmanuel." (Is., vii., 14.)*

We contend, then, that the everywhere-found legends aforesaid go to establish the contrary supposition: to wit, that a fuller communication concerning the birth of the promised Redeemer *was* made to primitive mankind; though not mentioned in a nar-

rative little designed to take the place of the Unwritten Word, which, of course, stood *first* in the Old Dispensation, as afterwards in the New. For these singular myths, being identical in substance, have manifestly sprung from a common source: that source a tradition which must have begun before the human family was broken up into nations; that is, before the confusion of tongues at Babel.

That God renewed His covenant with Noe is expressly stated; and equally certain is it that, along with the covenant of sacrifice, was consigned to him afresh the deposit of revealed truth, before given to Adam, to be handed down from generation to generation. But can we suppose that Noe was the first to hear of the Virgin-Mother, when for our first parent had been spoken those words in Eden about the Woman and the serpent? Was not Adam, during his long life, high-priest and oracle to the growing generations? Must *they* not have looked to him for all the particulars he was permitted to divulge of the promise of redemption? Indeed, may we not well believe that, in those communings with Heaven which solaced the life-long penance of himself and the partner of his fall, it was given him to contemplate the Second Adam, in whom all things should be made new? Can we doubt that weeping Eve often dwelt on that daughter, fairer even than her unfallen self, who was destined to enjoy a solitary exemption from the punishment of "bringing forth in sorrow," and would be at once a mother and a virgin?

Surely, then, it was from the beginning that Our Lady's story got out into the world. And so she became, what we call her in the Litany, the "Queen of Patriarchs": whose tenderest musings were of her, and who taught their children to look forward to her birth as to a beacon of imperishable hope. And her story made the strongest link in the great tradition that went down the ages. So sweet, so unforgettable it was, that when, in after times, among the scattered peoples, the very knowledge of the true God was lost, the idea of a God

* A Jewish convert, who had been a rabbi, once pointed out to me that the Prophet in this passage is not making a new and startling announcement, but reminding Achaz of a *well-known tradition*. The King was fearing the destruction of the Jewish monarchy, my informant said; and Isaias gave him, as a "sign" that this could not happen *then*, the fact that the *predicted* Virgin of the house of David had yet to conceive and bring forth Emmanuel. But, probably, this is clearer from the Hebrew text than from ours.

bearing Virgin, though become but a legend of the past, and overlaid with myths and fables, still haunted the darkened mind.*

It is thus, then, that *we* account for the several "virgin-stories" that are found from East to West, and which, I repeat, instead of embarrassing us, are, rather, a beautiful confirmation of our faith. It makes Our Blessed Lady all the dearer to us to know that the infant world thought of her and longed for her—sighing and praying for the happy event of her birth.

And that event took place "in the midst of the years," in accordance with the prophetic prayer of Habacuc (iii., 2, 3): "O Lord! Thy work, in the midst of the years bring it to life. In the midst of the years Thou shalt make it known: when Thou art angry, Thou wilt remember mercy." For what was this "work"? The regeneration of mankind by the Second Adam and Eve: the beginning of that "end to which the whole creation had been groaning and travailing in pain together." And how "in the midst of the years"? In what may be justly called the middle age of the world; not mathematically speaking, but because it was the most momentous epoch the world has ever seen or will see.

"When Thou art angry," says the Prophet. God seemed to have abandoned the world to its fate. His own chosen people had grown so degenerate as to appear incorrigible; while the sin-blinded, heathen multitudes had drifted so far from the light of primitive revelation, and the observance of the moral law, that life had become despair, with sensuality for its only solace. "Almighty" Rome (as she was "hailed") had subdued to her sway the territories of former empires; and the very civilization, so brilliant and so corrupt, of which she had made herself mistress, taking the

lead in its worst features, was already beginning to react upon her by sapping her vigor with luxurious refinement. Hence the Roman Empire, in its turn, was on the eve of that crisis which ended, as we know, in its ruin; and which would have ended, but for Christianity, in the total extinction of civilization.

"When Thou art angry, Thou wilt remember mercy." Yes, in *such* a "midst of the years," when God's indignation seemed implacable, He *did* "remember mercy." It is said that night is darkest towards dawn. So it was now. When the night of crime and error sat thickest on the nations, went forth the *Fiat lux*, the "Let there be light," of the new creation; and sweetly in the faint, chill daybreak shone out the Morning Star.

But how modestly it shone, how unperceived! The infant Mary's own parents little dreamt of her destiny, though aware that she was no ordinary child. On the other hand, the heart of universal humanity may have beaten with a strange pulse just then—a startled throb, which instinctively betrayed a sense of approaching deliverance. For it is matter of historic fact that about the time of Our Lord's advent there was a general expectation of the birth of some extraordinary person. This the poet Virgil attests in the most beautiful of his "Eclogues," where, alluding to a prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl, he thus sings:

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto." *

So, again, with the "princes of this world," and the "rulers of its darkness," as St. Paul calls the demons. We can not doubt that they were perplexed at the birth of the Blessed Virgin, and sought eagerly to ascertain who she really was. They remembered only too well the promised Woman to come. And might not this be she? What most alarmed them was that the child was not born under their dominion at all. They *must* have found *this* out by reason of her Immaculate Conception. Yet, God con-

* In justice to myself let me here observe that when this was first written, some years ago, I had not read the "Life of the Blessed Virgin" by the Abbé Orsini. My information about these various legends had come from other sources. It was, therefore, a joyous surprise to me, on opening the Abbé's volume, to find my view of a primitive tradition confirmed by so learned an authority.

* "Now, too, the *Virgin* returns; now the Golden Age;
Now is the *new offspring* sent down from heaven,"

cealed from them the mystery of her origin, as He afterwards prevented them from discovering the divine conception and birth of her Son. Blessed Mary of Agreda tells us (I believe) that there was around Our Lady, from her infancy, an atmosphere which burnt the demons whenever they tried to approach her; and, besides, she had a body-guard of a thousand angels.

Ah! the angels! They were the favored ones—the only creatures who knew God's secret. The Nativity of Mary was therefore, peculiarly an angelic festival. How must God's "ear" have "listened delighted" to the hymn of the celestial choirs as they welcomed their infant Queen! Yet, again, what was *their* joy in her to His own? He had built Himself a house, had found Himself a home, wherein He might rest amid a world estranged. And does not *our* joy partake of God's even more than of the angels'? For Mary is not only our Queen, as she is theirs, but our Mother, as she is His. Her bosom, her Heart, is *our* home. We have all a right, which He Himself has given us, and which none can take away, to dwell in His mystical Sion. And soothly can they who choose this home say with the Psalmist: "Blessed are they who dwell in Thy House, O Lord! they shall praise Thee forever and ever." And again to Our Heavenly Mother herself: *Sicut letantium omnium habitatio est in te!*—"A dwelling of joy have all who abide in thee!"

The Singing Rose of Erin.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" (that golden tissue of Oriental marvels, which long ago bewitched and enriched our childish fancy) used to tell us the legend of a Singing Tree of Persia, whose quest was attended with untold dangers, and whose harmonious exploits were wont to thrill our young hearts with delight and awe; but it has been reserved for Erin—blessed, beautiful Erin, the emerald shrine of purest, rarest

folk-lore and song—to present to us in these prosaic days another magical singer, a musical flower, whose enchanting strains have not only made melody for years throughout the length and breadth of her own native Isle, but have at last drifted across the wide seas, and found their echo in many an American heart.

When the Princess Perie-zadeh complained to the Speaking Bird, in the Arabian story: "Bird, I have found the Singing Tree, but I can neither pull it up by the roots nor carry it," the Bird replied: "It is not necessary that you should take it up by the roots: it will be sufficient to break off a branch, and carry it to plant in your garden."

In like manner, gentle readers of THE "AVE MARIA," if we may not be permitted to transplant the Singing Rose of Erin, root and branch, to the appreciative soil of the New World, the writer of this sketch may venture, at least, to break off a few biographical shoots from that lovely tree, and suffer you to give them an honored place in the garden or conservatory of your memory.

Miss Rosa Mulholland was born at Belfast, Ireland, nearly twice "twenty golden years ago." Her father, Dr. Joseph Mulholland, was long established as a practising physician in that busy northern city of Ulster, and there the little Rosa's earlier years were spent. Beginning to go to school in due time—and a bright little scholar she must have been, God bless her!—her first steps in the thorny paths of learning were smoothed and guided by rather a remarkable hand. Her (then) preceptress was a clever old lady—Miss Knowles; no less a personage than the sister of James Sheridan Knowles, whose fame as a dramatist still survives in his plays, "The Hunchback," "Virginius," "William Tell," etc. We can fancy what a charming task it must have been to one of that gifted family to direct the primary studies of our imaginative little heroine; and when the dear old dame, "disguised with looks profound," like Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," "eyed her fairy through," we are free to wonder if

her keen perceptions singled out the future novelist and poet from among the merry little maidens at her knee, or noted around that innocent baby-brow the faint nimbus of the future's glorious aureola. Certain it is that

"... the school-house rude
Is as the chrysalis to the butterfly;
To the rich flower, the seed. The dusky walls
Hold the fair germ of knowledge; and the tree,
Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,
To that low school house traces back its life."

Presuming, not without some show of reason, that Miss Knowles must have had a sympathy with, if not a share in, the dramatic proclivities of her talented brother, it is easy to understand the influence such a woman would exert over the plastic imagination and aspirations of the little Rosa. Poetry makes poets; "the words which his mother taught him, the songs which his mother sang to him," as was remarked of King Alfred of Britain, "were the germs of his future thought, genius, enterprise, and action." And Montgomery says of poetry, as contrasted with prose literature at large, that it "takes root in the memory as well as in the understanding,—not in essence only, but in the very sounds and syllables that incorporate it. . . ."; whilst all the narratives, speculations, and arguments of prose writers, no matter how fascinating in style, can only be recalled in the abstract, and, being blended with our stock of general knowledge, general principles, general motives, can only remotely influence our conduct and lives. Noble fiction is, indeed, as the same author declares it to be, nothing more nor less than "the fine ideal of reality."

Our Singing Rose must have been early imbued with a love for that "fine ideal"; and somewhat later on, but before her happy childhood had ended, she went across the green old Isle to its western coast, and spent year or two in Galway. There, in the exquisite scenery of that wild region, with the grand roar of the Atlantic sounding ever in her ears, and the witchery of sky, wood, and sea sinking like a fresh, sweet syl into her soul, our young poetess gar-

nered many a roseate memory for the future crowning of her muse. Traces of those early dreamings by the strand can be discerned in "My Song and I," where she tells us how

"Aloft, above the sea, by the tall cliff's winding
path,
A flitting foot treads down the sweet wild
thyme,
When its fragrant bloom runs over all the mossy
rath,
And tides are full, and the year is in its golden
prime."

Or in "The Stowaways," when she cries out in rapture to a passing vessel (the floating figure of some private personal experience):

"O wide-winged ship, out of a distant port,
The winds are with thee, and the seas run white:
Hope-breathing winds, and seas of wild delight;
Thy prow can cut a thousand moments short!"

In the "Wild Geese," in that exquisite lyric "Thither," or in the weird, irregular music of "Kilfenora," the dream of those purple hills of Galway, and of that

"... lonely, lamenting, chiming sea,
With its prayerful chant and its loud 'Amen,'" finds frequent and melodious expression, to say nothing of their reproduction in the matchless marine-pictures wherewith her prose-romances abound.

For the graceful pen of Miss Mulholland is equally at home in prose and verse. "Her literary vocation was decided at a very early age," says the gifted editor of *The Irish Monthly*;^{*} "some of her first appearances in print being short tales contributed to *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine*, and then in *London Society*, and *The Cornhill Magazine*; and the London publishers, Smith & Elder, had a three-volume novel from her before she was well out of her teens. Very early in her literary career, her talent was discovered by Charles Dickens, who, for several years before his death, published in *All the Year Round* a large number of her poems, and a still larger number of her stories. The anonymity enforced on all contributors to Dickens' periodical helped to

* The Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

keep Miss Mulholland's name from being more widely known."

No one is better fitted to furnish these facts than Father Matthew Russell, S. J. A poet himself, and a delicate discernor of poetic spirits, the author of "Emmanuel," "Madonna," and "Erin" is, besides, closely related by family and social ties to the authoress of "Vagrant Verses." Rosa Mulholland's elder sister is the wife of his brother, Sir Charles Russell, at present Attorney-General for England,—the first Catholic since the Reformation who has gained that position; gaining it, moreover, in spite of being not only a Catholic but an Irishman.

Another (single) sister of Rosa is Miss Clara Mulholland, who is also a writer; her literary talent having been displayed chiefly in stories for the young, such as "The Strange Adventures of Little Snow-drop," "Linda's Misfortunes," "Naughty Miss Bunny," "The Story of Cackle, a Discontented Young Goose," and many other pleasant little books.

In this literary family circle of the Mulhollands and the Russells mention must not be omitted of that illustrious departed member, that gifted divine, the late Dr. Charles William Russell, whose contributions to Catholic literature were of a graver and less ephemeral character. President of Maynooth College for nearly a quarter of a century (1857-1880), Dr. Russell, whilst ably and conscientiously directing the workings of that venerable and famous seat of learning, still found leisure amid his onerous duties to be the chief support of *The Dublin Review* in its palmy days, a frequent contributor to *The Edinburgh Review*, and the author of an exhaustive "Life of Mezzofanti," which Italy herself (as has been cleverly said of it) was fain to translate and adopt as the standard biography of her polyglot Cardinal. Dr. Russell died February 26, 1880, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and the forty-fifth of his priesthood, beloved and lamented by all, a signal loss to the world of letters as well as to the noble establishment which hailed him as its chief.

But to return to our Singing Rose of Erin. Save for her visit to Galway, and occasional sojourns with her relatives in London, Rosa's life has been spent in what an enthusiastic friend (more Irish than the Irish) terms "the finest city of the world"—Dublin. Here the true poet and artist can always find a circle of the most appreciative admirers, the ablest of critics; and in this golden atmosphere of praise and nice suggestion, like fruit in the frost-tempered balm of an autumnal sunshine, the genius of our favored heroine has been admirably mellowed and ripened.

As a novelist, she is unrivalled among our living Catholic writers. With the strength and mental endurance of a man she combines the delicacy, purity, and tenderness of a genuine and highly-gifted woman. Her works are of the highest type of refined fiction, and betray a delightfully accurate knowledge of human nature.

Who can fully estimate the value and important mission of a good Catholic novel? Father Faber says, in his comments on well-managed recreations, that a spiritual person can merit even by reading a trashy romance, provided trashiness be its only defect, and provided the reading be preceded, accompanied, and sanctified by an honest intention to distract an over-taxed mind, and render it fresher and more elastic in its graver duties for the glory of God. This being so, what a return of prayerful gratitude do we not owe at the present day to such admirable writers of Catholic fiction as Rosa Mulholland, Lady Herbert of Lea, Kathleen O'Meara, the Author of "Tyborne," and dear, dead Lady Fullerton; to say nothing of our own Anna Hanson Dorsey, Christian Reid, Dr. O'Reilly, Maurice F. Egan, Eliza Allen Starr, and the Sadliers (mother and daughter), for the delicious and nourishing pabulum they have furnished us in precious seasons of Christian relaxation!

In this era of passionate sensualism and universal corruption of the human heart the devil has no mightier or deadlier instrument to work his will on souls than the

weapon of a foul, debasing fiction—those shocking native or exotic novels, which we shudder to see young eyes devouring with such unmistakable avidity and delight. In spite of their manifold fascinations of language and style, however, we pray God such books may soon be abandoned to the ignominious obscurity which veils the profligate literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose romances and dramas, as a thoughtful writer has remarked, are “like forsaken mines, no longer worked, though their veins are rich with ore, because of the mephitic air that fouls their passages, and which no safety-lamp yet invented can render innoxious to the most intrepid virtue.”

As a preventive of the evils of such dangerous and degrading works, as an incentive to all that is pure, lovely, and elevated in woman, all that is meek, noble, and self-sacrificing in man, we can safely recommend the beautiful novels of Rosa Mulholland. Her two longest stories, “Hester’s History” and “The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil,” were reprints of serials in *All the Year Round*, in two charming volumes each. Of the first mentioned book the London *Athenæum* has said: “‘Hester’s History’ is clever, compact, and entertaining; the personages are well drawn, well colored, and well set upon the stage, and they all perform their parts well. There is an unhackneyed freshness about the incidents and a simplicity in their management, which make us imagine this to be a first work, written with pleasure that has made labor a delight. . . . The description of Hampton Court, and of the lonely child playing about the old rooms, making friends and playfellows of the portraits, and going up and down ‘the olden ladder’ made by the sunbeams on the king’s staircase, is true and childlike. . . . Hester in the gardens, making realities of the old traditions of the place, and acting imaginary scenes with the personages of the pictures, less true or charming; seemed like fairyland to the child, and the author makes it look like fairyland to the reader.”

“The Wicked Woods” is a tale of modern times, yet weird and fantastic as the goblin stories of Germany. “The whole country round Tobereevil is present to the reader’s eye:—the awful gloom of the Wicked Woods, the gaunt wreck of the miser’s home, the savage desolation of the fields, the lofty mountains touched with gold as they recede farthest from man. Full of power and fascination is the picture of the miser himself. There is a spell in his woe, in his agony, in his rage, in his despair. The colors are caught with a master-hand, and withal a delicate charity which forbids hate; though always despicable, he commands still your pity. . . . The reader will here find the outcome of a pure and singularly-vivid imagination; a sense of the beautiful, expressed often in noble, always in exquisite language; a sympathy with the humbler types of humanity at once rare and attractive; and a power of combination second to few in the highest walks of literature.”*

This tale, which is a romance, as Nathaniel Hawthorne understood the term, has been widely copied by our American Catholic journals, and most of our readers are as well acquainted with the sweet, quaint, lovable May Mourne as with the hard, grinding, cruel-hearted Simon Finiston.

Besides “Dunmara” (a clever three-volume novel) and “The Wild Birds of Killeevy”—which have long since flown across the Atlantic, and made their nest (noble Kevin and bewitching Fanchea) in the literary groves of the New World,—Rosa Mulholland has given us lately a capital Irish story of the present day, “Marcella Grace,” which ran as a serial, a year or so ago, through the pages of *The Irish Monthly*. As a writer of short stories and sketches of Irish character, her talent is inimitable; and how prolific and successful have been her labors for Catholic youth is evidenced by her delightful child-books (all handsomely printed and illustrated), “Eldergowan,” “The Little Flower-Seekers,”

* Dublin *Freeman’s Journal*.

"Puck and Blossom," "Five Little Farmers," "Prince and Saviour; or, the Story of Jesus told Simply for the Young," "The Walking Trees," "Hetty Gray," etc., etc. None of these juvenile books, however, have reached the vast circulation of her very original prayer-book for children—"The Holy Childhood,"—of which the editions follow one another in rapid succession.

Miss Mulholland's renown as a novelist—in America, at least,—had antedated her fame as a poet. For many years her health was so frail that those who loved her best, at home and abroad, fond hearts and true, were troubled with an ever-haunting fear lest the Singing Rose of Erin should be transplanted from earth before its time—fated to bloom for God alone, and breathe forth the full music of its fragrance only in His celestial gardens. But the divine will had reserved her for a great and holy work; and now, in the mellow ripeness of her perfect womanhood, she takes her allotted rank in the choir of our sweetest Catholic singers, crowned with the glory of her rare poetic gift.

Had Rosa Mulholland written nothing else save "Vagrant Verses," those pure and polished gems of song would suffice to win for her an enviable and enduring reputation; for, as an able Irish reviewer has recently remarked, "Her merits as a writer of poetry are even of a higher order than those which have already made her name popular as a very successful writer of prose fiction."

The old adage, *nascitur non fit*, applies with full force to the breathings of this gifted lady's muse. Her rich poetic fancy and chaste, elevated spirit are rivalled only by her exquisite taste, delicate ear for rhythm, and deep sympathy with all that is beautiful and true in nature and human feeling. If the Singing Rose descant of earthly love (like the nightingale with her breast against a thorn), how tender are her strains in "The Faithful Light," "My Blackbird," "Girlhood at Midnight," and "Then and Now"! If she sweep the silver strings of her own island-harp, giving all its

"... chords to light, freedom, and song,"

how full of native, thrilling music are her "Children of Lir," "Emmet's Love," "Shamrocks," and "Snow and Famine"! And if (as her muse most frequently does) she rises on the wings of celestial poesy

"To the higher levels of love and praise,"

how exquisite are the inspirations of her pure, fervent soul in "Christ the Gleaner," "Saint Barbara," "Perpetual Light," "Sister Mary of the Love of God," "*Ave Maria*," "Lilies and Roses," "Saint Bridgid," and "A Prayer"!

From a casket filled to its brim with so many priceless gems, it is difficult to select the brightest jewels. Tastes are so various that where one might pick pearls and diamonds, another might tenderly affection rubies and emeralds. So *chacun à son goût*, and "Vagrant Verses" for us all. But as the writer of this imperfect little sketch lays aside the charming book, with its dainty diction and its delicate imagery, its fair margins, clear print, and dove-tinted cover, she stoops lovingly in spirit, O dear Rosa Mulholland! to

"Kiss the pen that spoke your thought,
The spot whereon you knelt to pray,
The message with your wisdom fraught
Writ down on paper yesterday."

And she feels assured that no matter what shadows may fall upon the paths of duller, grosser spirits, what doubts or damps may clog their feet in their passage through this valley of tears, which men call Life,

"Your way is across the hills in the kindling
light,
'Mid living souls, with a footstep glad and free!"

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

PHILIP left his uncle's presence with a mind more disturbed than he would have believed possible had the fact been told him a few months before. *Then* he would have accepted the fate prepared for him with entire resignation, *now* he was

filled with a sense of regret which surprised himself. What had changed him so greatly in so short a time? He debated this question mentally as he left the house, and did not find the solution of it altogether easy. Something had awakened within him—mind, heart, conscience, which was it?—and roused him to a sense of the great possibilities that lay in life. As the trumpet call rouses a sleeping soldier to battle, so in the depths of his nature a trumpet had been sounded, which had roused him to think of something more than frivolous pleasures or the amassing and the enjoyment of wealth.

He scarcely knew what influence had done this—more than one influence, perhaps, had united in doing it,—but the fact and the result were not to be ignored. For the first time he felt impatient of the fetters that bound his life: he longed for more freedom and a wider field. Yet, quite apart from any consideration of self-interest, he was reluctant to disregard his uncle's claims upon him. Selfishness often cloaks itself behind independence of spirit, but an unselfish nature can not, even for the sake of independence, wound those who have deserved submission and respect. So long as his uncle's demands were within legitimate bounds, Philip felt that he could not fail to yield to them. But was it a legitimate demand that he should marry Constance? This was the question he had now to answer.

He had left the house without considering where he was going, but involuntarily his steps followed a familiar road, and before long he found himself in the wake of a stream of people who were entering the Cathedral for Vespers. The roll of the great organ filled the building, and the choir were chanting the Psalms as he entered. The noble, familiar strains seemed to calm and strengthen his spirit. Impressionable to all influences, he now felt that every influence around him was sustaining and inspiring. If it were necessary to make a decision which would affect his whole life, here surely was the best place to make it. And as it a recollection of the impulse that had

come to him at the sight of the San Sisto Madonna that led his feet toward the altar of the Blessed Virgin? One of the many tender names which the love and reverence of the faithful have bestowed upon her came into his mind as he looked at the figure, standing throned upon the earth which her Son had redeemed—Mother of Good Counsel. So she was called; and he, who felt so strongly the need of counsel, knelt, and by that gracious name invoked her powerful aid.

Owing to the fashion of pews that prevails in American churches—an odious fashion surely, as are all fashions borrowed from Protestantism—one does not see those devotional groups kneeling at different shrines and chapels while the great central worship goes on, which are so charming to the eye and spirit in the great churches of Catholic Europe. Philip, therefore—who had no desire to make himself remarkable in the face of a congregation of people seated decorously in their pews, while the Vespers were sung over their heads—also entered one of the boxes, which, with their closed, proprietary air, are so foreign to the spirit of Catholicity, and so expressive of the system from which they sprang.

He had knelt for some time, with his head bowed in his hands, when a stir, the sound of rustling silk, and the opening of a pew-door in front of him, made him involuntarily look up. The sexton was ushering a lady and gentleman to a seat, and a glance showed him that they were Constance and Bellamy. Their appearance did not surprise him, for he knew how often, together with other Protestants, they came to the Cathedral "to hear the music," which of late had become well worth hearing; but he felt strangely moved to see before him at this moment the woman who was uppermost in his thoughts. And she was seated only a few feet from the shrine of Mary! Would she lift her eyes, in reverence at least, to the image of her in whom womanhood was forever exalted,—her who had been found worthy to clothe with the robe of humanity the Son of God?

With a kind of fascination he watched for a sign of this reverence, but watched in vain. Constance was too finely bred to be guilty of such outward rudeness as many Protestants permit themselves in a Catholic church; but Philip, who was familiar with all the expressions of her face, read accurately enough the meaning of the glance that roved critically over the altar, and the figure above it—resting on the last for a moment with cold scrutiny—and then turned away.

Here was a woman who in all her life had never echoed the Angelic Salutation,—had never cried to the Mother of God, “Hail Mary!” and would certainly never teach those holy words to infant lips. It was easy to forget this when one saw her in the world, young, lovely and charming,—when she was the belle of a ball-room, the centre of admiration; but *here*, in the house of God, where she sat unmoved before the altar, or glanced with the instinctive aversion of Protestantism at the image of the Mother of God, it was impossible to forget it.

Considering the atmosphere in which he lived, it was hardly strange that Philip had never given a thought to the difference of religion between Constance and himself, until it had suddenly flashed upon him as a ground for objection in the interview with his uncle. But, once awakened to the thought, he realized more and more all that it meant. If he married this woman, she could only touch the surface of his life; for what deep feeling or deep thought had he which was not influenced by the religion that she had been taught to reject?

One often wonders that this consideration does not weigh more strongly with those who are meditating a mixed marriage. Where lives are narrowly bounded by material and domestic interests, there is, of course, some common ground on which to meet, though all the evils of religious difference remain. But with those who live in the broader world of thought, where is there any common ground? Human conduct, human history, human life in all its

aspects,—the innumerable questions in politics, in science, nay even in art, which agitate the world, have for the Catholic relations to certain great, immutable truths which the non-Catholic denies or ignores. There is no hope of agreement; for the basis on which opinion rests is radically different. What Catholic has not felt this where some Protestant friend or relative is concerned, and has not been taught that there is hardly a fact of history or a subject of contemporary thought which it is possible for them to view in the same light? And yet there are Catholics who will introduce the same dissonance, the same hopeless lack of sympathy, into the closest relation of human life,—a relation so close that only perfect sympathy can render it endurable to one who thinks or feels.

These reflections crowded upon Philip as he looked from the star-crowned statue of Mary to the fashionable figure seated before it. He had learned of late, for the first time since his childhood, what Catholic womanhood might be, and he knew now the difference between its charm and that which was the result of natural amiability and worldly grace. “It is impossible!” he thought; “I can not run the risk of such a marriage,—a risk for others as well as for myself. If Constance will become a Catholic, I will comply with my uncle’s wishes; but otherwise I can not.”

He said this to himself, in a kind of despair—torn between the wish to requite his uncle’s great kindness by gratifying what he knew to be his strongest desire, and by his reluctance to bind his life in the manner demanded. He sternly ignored in this struggle certain feelings which drew his heart in another direction. He felt that he was, in a degree, bound to Constance, and he knew that any suit of his to Alice Percival would be utterly hopeless. He tried, therefore, to drive away the image of the latter whenever it presented itself.

But now the Vespers had ended; the priest with his train approached the altar, the congregation sank on their knees, the door of the tabernacle swung open, and, hark! from the

choir-loft came a voice like that of an angel leading the worship of heavenly choirs. "*O salutaris Hostia!*" it sang, lifting up on its silver notes, full of the spirit of faith and adoration, the hearts of all below. "*O salutaris Hostia!*" Philip echoed in the depths of his own, as he raised his glance to the throned monstrance. In withdrawing, it fell on Constance. She had not stirred, but still sat careless and erect in her seat, only turning her head toward the gallery from which came the tones that seemed giving utterance to the worship of all the kneeling throng. "Do they say nothing to her?" Philip thought, with a sense of wonder; but when he saw her give a glance and a slight nod of approbation to Bellamy, he knew that they had said no more to her than the *aria* of a singer in an opera.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A September Sonnet.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

SEPTEMBER'S souging wind sighs sad
and soft

Above the meadow-lands, where, day by day,
To duller tints the hues of green give way;
And where, in lengthened lines, within the
croft,

The rifled cornstalks lift their heads aloft,
Like soldiers serried for a coming fray,
Since they are fled, it chants a funeral lay
For flowers the summer zephyrs kissed so oft.

And yet, despite the breeze, by day and night,
Which o'er the meadow-land and in the
corn,

Sighs for the flowers and sorrows for their
flight,

Until all things around us seem forlorn,
The month, Madonna, has its own delight,
Since it was in it, Mother, thou wast born.

AFTER confession one should feel and act like a school-boy, who, after being punished for soiling his copy-book, gets a new one to start afresh, and takes special pains to do better.

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—DAMASCUS, "PEARL OF THE EAST."
(Continued.)

FROM A LATTICE.—Sitting in my window at Dimitri's,—a window overhanging the street like a huge birdcage, and with broad green blinds propped out in front of it, after the fashion of Alpine eaves,—I am lost in contemplation of the street-travel and traffic, and again and again recall the delightful pages of the Arabian Nights.

Every figure that passes is the living image of some hero or heroine in those immortal tales:—the fine animals, thoroughbred Arabian, indeed worthy to be called steeds; the gorgeous trappings, crusted with embroideries done in gold or silver thread, that cover the high-stepping mares, and trail their rich fringes nearly to the ground; the shapeless bundles of bright-colored silks and satins, with a woman at the core of them,—a woman whose dark eyes dart a scornful glance at the Christian, as she jogs by on her diminutive donkey; the troops of donkeys, with their bare-legged boy-master cudgelling them bravely, as they hang upon the flying heels in breathless pursuit; the camels, that eye me contemptuously as they stalk by, with their humps as high as my first-floor window, their flabby lips pursing within reach of my hand, and their clumsy burdens fairly brushing my sleeve as I lean from the lattice at Dimitri's.

Is it not like an Arabian tale? The little hunchback, the porter, the royal calendars, and the ladies of Bagdad; the barber and his six brothers, the sleeper awakened, the poor blind man, the slave of love, the enchanted horse—yea, even the forty thieves—all, all are here visible to the naked eye, and making that wondrous book of Eastern romance seem like a reality. Who knows but somewhere in the bewildering throng beneath my window the young King of the Black Isles may be masquerading? Or that

the beautiful one who just passed was a Princess of Cathay? Perhaps the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid may not be far distant. You will remember his love of adventure; and are not all those fairy-people of Arabia immortal?

AMONG THE PARIAHS.—From my window, looking up a street directly in front of me, and down another street which crosses it at right angles—the street our hospice borders on,—and looking only about fifty paces in each direction, I have counted twenty-seven dogs lying asleep in the middle of the day, and likewise the middle of the way. These are the pariah dogs of the Orient, and I believe there are more of them in Damascus than in any other city of the East. Camels and horses step over them; donkeys turn out for them; men ignore them; children kick them, beat them with sticks, and throw missiles at them; but the poor curs only raise their heads, give a yelp of pain, and drop off to sleep again.

It must be borne in mind that there are no pavements in Oriental cities; that man and beast share the middle of the street, and that the pedestrian is in constant danger of being run down by some animal or vehicle. Yet these dogs sleep calmly in the very midst of the thoroughfare; and they sleep most of the day—no wonder: they sit up all night to bark.

Of the numberless canines that came under my notice in the Orient, I do not remember having seen one without blemish; they are bald in spots, weak-jointed, bleary-eyed, mangy, miserable creatures. No one owns them, no one cares for them; they live upon the offal that is heaped in the streets after dark, and each must fight for his share of it. Every dog has his district as well as his day; he may travel up and down certain streets and lanes, known well enough to himself and to his enemies; he may toe the border-line of his beat, and make mouths at the dogs over the way; he may say as many saucy and wicked things as he chooses, so long as he remains on his own ground; but let him venture a yard beyond it, and a score of vengeful canines

will fall upon him, and rend him limb from limb.

I have seen a sickly and feverish cur steal noiselessly into the enemy's camp, to slake his thirst at a neighboring fountain. While the poor wretch was drinking—I wonder how he could swallow with his tail curled down so tightly!—while he lapped greedily and fearfully, his presence was discovered, and he was at once surrounded. A hop-skip-and-jump would have brought him to his native heath, and then it would have been his turn to bark; but he was seized at once by a dozen cowardly brutes, that dragged him hither and thither, and would have devoured him alive, but that his piercing cries and the general hubbub brought down his tribe to the rescue. He was saved, poor fellow, and limped home in the pitch of battle, unobserved by the infuriated enemy; but his ears were torn to shreds, and he was so full of holes that had he fallen into the fountain which brought him so little refreshment, he would have filled and sunk inside of ten seconds.

It is not safe to venture forth after dark without one of the long paper lanterns, which everyone carries—looking like an illuminated concertina standing on end,—to light your steps. Indeed, there is a law compelling all pedestrians to keep their lamps trimmed and burning; hence, also, the Scriptural figure: "He shall be a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path."

A story is told of a foolish virgin, or a tramp, possibly, who ventured forth alone in the dark streets without his lantern; his stumbling steps were heard, the alarm was sounded, and in three minutes he was ten feet deep in dogs. When the day broke, and the row was over, there was nothing left to tell the tale but a pair of indigestible boots.

The cry of these outcasts is terrific, but it is incessant; and therefore in the course of time the ear becomes accustomed to the horrible discord, and it is scarcely noticed. Can you not see the contempt concentrated in the favorite Mohammedan epithet, too often hurled at our devoted heads, "Dog of a Christian"?

BAZAAR LIFE.—The bazaars of Damascus are extolled above those of Cairo and Constantinople; but the bazaar in itself, let it be where it may, so long as it is sheltered from the glare of the sun, and sweetened with the perfumes of Arabia, is far too charming a resort ever to lose much by comparison.

The Damascus streets, narrow and ill-paved—the receptacles of every species of domestic filth,—are often covered with steep roofs of loosely laid boards or dried palm boughs, through which the strong sunlight sifts its powdered gold. In this semi-obscurity, jostled continually by the streaming crowd that surges to and fro, all the senses are steeped in the fulness of that luxurious Eastern life, which in Damascus alone seems as yet to have suffered no noticeable decay.

It was in Damascus, the largest city of Syria, containing 110,000 souls, of whom 90,000 are Mohammedans, that the latter fell upon the Christians in 1866, and slew them in the streets, in their own houses, and even on the very steps of the altar, whither they had flown for safety. For days the streets ran blood; the bodies of 6,000 Christian citizens were left where they fell. The dogs fed on them; the birds came in from the desert to join the feast. The persecuted Christians were unable to bury their dead; for no sooner had the living stolen from their hiding-places than they were slaughtered by the bloodthirsty and unrelenting Mussulmans.

It is due to the memory of Abd-el-Kader to say here that all his influence was exerted in behalf of the Christians, and that he was ever most charitably disposed; but the massacre was not checked until 15,000 Christians had fallen a prey to Mohammedan fanaticism.

You are apt to think of this as you lounge in the bazaars of Damascus, and hear from time to time some bitter imprecation hissed at you under the breath; and, yet, so bewildering is the spectacle that surrounds you, that fear is lost in admiration, and you venture onward, filled with childlike won-

derment. You enter the saddle-market, where there are heaps of huge pillows, gold embroidered and with fringes a foot deep. These are Oriental saddles, and they make a very broad, very flat, and very comfortable seat atop of the wee Egyptian donkeys. There are straps, girths, bridles, sharp Arabian bits, clumsy stirrups that hide the whole foot, holsters, and gewgaws without end, all glittering and jingling—such dazzling paraphernalia as is the pride of the circus ring-master, and the delight of the applauding populace; yet these are for the daily use of the picturesque Damascenes.

Farther on, the copper-smiths beat noisily at their anvils, and display huge platters that might almost hold a barbecued ox. The bazaar of the second-hand clothier is called *Luk-el-Kumeleh*—literally the louse-market. There is something startling in the naked truths that occasionally surprise the tongues of these Levantine euphemists. The Greek Bazaar is more general; in it one sees almost anything, from food and raiment to the far-famed Damascus blades; but the latter article has lost both its edge and its temper in these degenerate days.

Afterward, elbow to elbow, a double line of booths stretches away into the shadowy distance, where the twilight of the place dims the brilliant costumes of the loungers. It is the bazaar of the pipe-sellers. Here there are pipes of cocoanut shells and ostrich eggs, mounted in gold and silver, and having stems a fathom long, with immense globes of amber for mouth-pieces. Then there are the drapers with fabrics rainbow-dyed; camel's-hair cloaks—web-like tissues with gossamer blossoms floating through them as lightly as the down of the dandelion. And the booksellers, with their precious tomes filled with ancient and Eastern lore; lyrics of Persian poets, engrossed on dainty rolls of ivory-smooth parchment, tied with a thread of gold; and there are sealed volumes of magic and mystery. It is said that these proud booksellers sometimes refuse the money of a Christian customer.

In the silk bazaar one sees embroideries

from the Lebanon; dainty pouches for the curled shavings of the fragrant tobacco; slippers, millions and millions of them—a whole parish filled with nothing but scarlet and lemon-colored slippers. Then there are draperies from Bagdad, flowered cottons from Birmingham, filmy veils from Switzerland, embroidered window-hangings and table-covers from the South of France, and fezes—such as everyone wears in the Orient,—all made in the factories of Vienna. Perhaps it is not generally known that many of the so-called Oriental fabrics are manufactured in Europe and shipped to the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, and Stomboul. Genuine Oriental wares, of all descriptions, are growing scarcer every year.

At the baker-shops and the little cafés that are sprinkled through the bazaars one sees the thin cakes of flour pasted against the sloping sides of small, portable ovens, ready to be eaten hot at all hours. The baker's boy cries: *Ya rezzak!*—"O giver of sustenance!" A sweetish loaf, sopped in grape sirup and sprinkled with sesame, is offered for sale, with the cry, "Food for swallows!" Young maidens are specially fond of this dish. When water-cresses are sold, the vender shouts: "Tender cresses from the spring of Ed-Deriyeh. If an old woman eats them she is young again next morning." And the lad who hawks bouquets sings out significantly: "O young husband, appease your mother-in-law!"

The bazaar of the joiners is noisy with the saw, the file, and the hammer. Here the workers in perfumed wood, and those who inlay mother-of-pearl, make the high, stilt-like pattens, the small tables, the mirror-frames, and the clumsy but ornamental furniture which the Damascenes delight in. The goldsmiths beat their gold into rude armlets, and make the tiny and delicate filigree stands for the fragile coffee-cups we are continually handling.

The great Khan of Asad Pasha is forever associated with the bazaars of Damascus, and is just the spot to rest in after one has exhausted himself with sight-seeing. It is by far the most interesting of all the khans;

is built of black and yellow stone, the alternate layers striping the walls to the top. Imagine a very large and very lofty hall, square, with four tall columns in the centre supporting a dome; the central dome surrounded by eight others of equal size, and all of them perforated with starlike windows, through which the sunlight slants its dusty rays. There is a fountain between the central columns. Two galleries surround the building, and afford shelter for foreign merchants, who come to Damascus to purchase or dispose of wares. These, with their retainers, camp along the walls in the galleries, and, having turned their camels and asses loose about the fountain, gather their legs under them among the cushions of the divans, and smoke or chat or pray, or listen to the wandering minstrels and story-tellers, who often stray into the khan to charm the merchants with their *romanzas* and romances. I observed that all business was usually suspended until the climax of the tale was reached or the singer had sung out his song.

There is a kind of magnetism in the stuffs heaped about in broken bales, that is sure to drain your pocket sooner or later. I wonder if old Abou Antika, who throws wide his doors, stirs his snow-chilled sherbet, and lays fire to his best pipes when the distinguished foreigner is announced—I wonder if he has no compunctions of conscience when he closes a bargain, and knows that he has defrauded his customer thrice over?

In Abou's bazaar you recline upon Persian rugs of downy and silken softness, while about you are heaped the spoils of empires—not the sort of empires that poke one another in the ribs with wordy documents, and divert one another with the exchange of pompous telegrams; but the empires that sleep the sleep of the lotoseaters, and dream dreams of an earthly paradise, until they waken from this peaceful dream to war; then, like a tempest-tossed sea, they overflow their borders, carrying death and destruction with them. Something of the wreck that follows has been

gathered and stored in this treasure-house—splendid and barbaric confusion of jeweled weapons, and of all the shapely or shapeless *bric-à-brac* that for centuries have been in the jealous keeping of pagan hands.

How a man's heart leaps at the first sight of these covetable keepsakes, lying like rubbish heaps about the bazaar of this miserly Mussulman; how his *porte-monnaie* shrivels up beneath the *simoon* breath of the final and fatal bargain! Abou Antika is a temptation and a snare. Away with such a fellow as he! *Mashallah*—I have said it!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

IN the mean time the "mill of the gods" had gone on grinding the fine wheat of the Lord; at the Temple of Mars, in the Flavian Amphitheatre at the Temple of the Earth, in the dungeons outside the gates and elsewhere in and about Rome, the work went on, as it had been going on year after year, until more than a lustrum had passed, without a sign that it was near the end. It was monotonous, and the spectacle of a martyrdom was too commonplace now to excite much curiosity or interest, except when something more extraordinary than usual attended it. Besides, the Roman people liked extremes; if they had horrors they wanted an even balance of pleasure and amusement; and, somehow, it happened that just at this time there was more of the former and less of the latter than seemed to them either agreeable or necessary.

Something was at hand, however, that would not only break the present monotony, but give Rome a laugh—under the breath be it understood—at the expense of Valerian Emperor. It was rumored on a certain day that the Emperor was going to the Temple of Mars, to receive from Laurence the Deacon—the same who had been in chains in the dungeons of Hippolytus ever

since his arrest, and had there exercised those powers attributed by the pagans to magic—the key of the Christian Treasury, which contained, it was asserted, an enormous amount of gold, silver, and jewels.

In his rich imperial robes, seated in his curule chair, surrounded by lictors and guards, Valerian awaited his anticipated triumph; for was not he the first of the Emperors who had been able to wrest their concealed treasures from the Christians! And was it not a sign that their cause was weakening and near its end? He was in the best of spirits, and conversed affably with certain of his satellites whom he had invited to attend him.

Opposite to him was the *catasta*, raised by a few steps above the floor of the Prætorium, upon which the criminal usually stood, in view of all present. The procurator, in official robes, occupied his place; here were the *consiliarii*, there the notaries, ready to take down questions and depositions. On one side appeared lictors, the keen edge of the axe bound up and their fasces turned outward; while against the wall a group of savage-looking men, naked to the waist, waited with implements of torture, ready at a word to spring to their bloody work.

The Prætorium wore the semblance of a hall of justice, but Valerian Emperor presided. There would be no formal trial; he was there to receive, from one pre-judged by his own acts, the concealed treasures forfeited by his crimes to the State, and to deal as the laws of the Empire demanded against conspirators and blasphemers of the gods; but for the sake of appearances it was well for the officials of the law to be present.

Outside, a scene was progressing that baffles description. Rome seemed to have vomited forth all her beggars—halt, blind, diseased,—a hollow-eyed, want-stricken, tattered army of men, women, and children, that, despite the resistance of the guards, gathered around the Temple, pressing upon one another, and overflowing the great portico and pillared vestibule. The hum of their voices, the angry orders of the soldiers,

the sound of blows, followed by shrill outcries, reached the ears of Valerian, like the confused roar of a tumult, and a pallid hue stole over his bloated visage. Was there a revolt?—were assassins at hand, who would presently rush in and slay him where he sat? His flesh trembled, his brutal heart grew faint; but suddenly there was silence, and he breathed more freely.

At that moment Laurence, accompanied by Hippolytus and surrounded by guards, was ascending the Temple steps, and when about half-way he turned for an instant, confronting the terrified assemblage below, and, lifting his manacled hand, made the Sign of Redemption, and breathed forth his blessing like a heavenly dew upon them; then the guards, recovered from their surprise, more roughly than before urged his advance.

Although under suspicion of sharing with his family and slaves the delusion arising from the singular events that had so recently occurred in the dungeons of his house, Hippolytus had not been interfered with, but still had the custody of Laurence, as it was believed that through his persuasions the latter would be induced to give up the treasures he had in charge. This supposition was confirmed by the fact that he had consented to yield his secret.

Hippolytus was not yet openly a Christian, although grace had touched his heart, and he was almost persuaded that, so far, he had had no time to weigh the matter. And now what use Laurence expected to make of the mob that, with his co-operation, he had summoned to meet him on this 9th day of August, 258, Hippolytus was at a loss to understand; but, supposing that these poor wretches were connected in some way with the question of the secret treasures, he gave the holy deacon his own way, thinking that, even should the means seem foolish, the result would prove satisfactory. Accordingly he whispered an order to the captain of the guards as the prisoner entered the vestibule, and those who had been driven back by blows a few moments before were allowed to pour in, until all the avail-

able space in the Prætorium was filled.

Valerian had been promptly informed of the harmlessness of the uproar that had so startled him, and quite regained his self-possession when he saw the Christian deacon standing on the *catasta*, calmly awaiting his pleasure. The dignified, composed air of Laurence, his serene, fearless countenance, in whose presence he secretly felt his own ignoble inferiority, stung the tyrant, who, however, resolved to control himself until the coveted treasures were in his possession; then—let the furies dance and Cerberus whet his fangs!

"Thou knowest why thou art here? Deliver up the key of thy treasury, and designate its location; then, if thou wilt cast a grain of incense in yonder brazier in honor of Jupiter, life and liberty are thine," said Valerian, in tones which were intended to sound conciliatory, but their coarse rumbling had quite the contrary effect.

"Had I a thousand lives instead of one, I would not cast a grain of incense in honor of thy gods, which are of stone and metal, without sense or feeling," was the clear, ringing answer, that penetrated every ear in the vast hall. "I have but one life, and that belongs to Jesus Christ, the only True and Living God, whom I serve and adore, and for the love of whom I am ready to suffer death. As to the treasury of the Church, behold it, tyrant! in the poor and miserable congregated here and around this Temple, who have been brought hither by my summons, that thou mightest see and know that the Church of Christ hoards neither gold nor silver nor precious things, but distributes all to the poor."

The rage of Valerian at an answer that demolished with one blow his avaricious schemes took from him the power of articulate speech, and for a moment or two he roared like an infuriated bull, while every heart quailed before him, not knowing what form his vengeance would take, or on how many it might fall,—every heart except that of Laurence, which, uplifted above all tempests of human wrath, had a foretaste of those eternal consolations which would

soon reward him in their complete fulness.

At last from the chaos of the tyrant's fury words shaped themselves.

"Seize him, lictors, and scourge him, the liar! the deceiver! the blasphemer of the gods! And disperse yonder rabble!—hunt them down! trample them in the dust!" he bellowed.

While the "rabble," weeping for the teacher who had led them into the way of salvation, and been their provider and consolator, were being dispersed, and, with obedient fidelity, "trampled in the dust,"—while the lictors were laying bare to his loins the tender flesh of Laurence, Valerian suddenly remembered that it was due to his own dignity to assume an indifferent and impartial air, as of a stern judge intent only on the punishment of an offender against the State; for had he not been publicly duped, and would not all Rome make a jest and comedy of his discomfiture? He knew the Roman spirit too well not to feel assured that its satirical wit would break out in epigram and lampoon at his expense; that it would be a sweet nut for the teeth of every vagabond in the streets, and be laughed over equally in the low drinking-slums of the city, as (on the sly) even in the *porticus* of the academies and libraries. Aye! he knew the laugh was against him, and that there was no love for him to keep it back; but woe betide the audacious Christian who had humiliated him!

Aye! woe indeed, so far as he had power over the body. With demoniacal malice he looked on, while the lictors with dexterous blows bruised the flesh of their unresisting victim with their rods,—while the scorpion whips of the executioners tore and mangled it, expecting, hoping every moment that he would cry out or moan with excess of pain. But this satisfaction was denied him; for Laurence stood with folded arms and closed eyes, turning himself this way and that, as he was bidden; the edge of his keen sufferings dulled by the contemplation of Jesus in the Hall of Pilate, counting every blow endured for the love of Him precious beyond all price.

Still more enraged by this heavenly composure, which he looked on as defiance, but which the devils who instigated him understood, the cruel Emperor now caused Laurence to be laid upon the rack, and hot plates of iron applied to his bleeding, quivering sides; but the firmness of the saintly victim remained unshaken, his constancy unmoved, and no sound escaped his lips except the Holy Name of Him for the sake of whom he suffered.

A soldier named Romanus, who had been regulating the tension of the rack, amazed at the heroic endurance of the tortured Christian, and touched with an emotion of pity by his sufferings, turned from his screws and pulleys to cast a glance upon him, when his astonished eyes beheld an angel anointing his mangled flesh with healing balsm. And as he gazed upon the heavenly visitant—by the others unseen—the inspirations of divine grace illuminated his mind. To loosen the handle of the rack, lift the sufferer from his bed of torture, throw himself on his knees at his side and beg for baptism, was the work of a moment; then, before the lookers-on could understand or interfere, he ran out, returned quickly with a copper vessel of water, with which Laurence, rejoicing in the midst of his tribulation, baptized him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Catholic Notes.

An interesting feature of the great pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Fourvière on the 5th of July was the procession of deaf-mutes from the Institute of Bourg. These children were happy to place themselves under the protection of the Blessed Mother of God, and intrust themselves to her maternal care. They astonished all present by the clearness and distinctness with which they articulated and spoke; a truly wonderful result of the careful training to which they had been subjected. Two of them, not more than ten years old, answered distinctly the prayers of the Mass celebrated by the Director of the Institute; whilst a third, in a loud voice, recited an Act of Consecration

to the Blessed Virgin. On leaving the chapel, several persons spoke with the little mutes, and admired the ease with which they followed the conversations, and the aptness of their replies.

The investigations made by some of the Protestant journals of Montreal have gone far to prove that the cure of Miss Hermine Labrie, at the shrine of Ste.-Anne de Beaupré, on the 15th of July, was indeed miraculous. Several persons who knew Miss Labrie for a long time bore testimony to the fact that she was ill for many years, suffering from nausea, vomiting, indigestion, and general debility, constantly growing worse, until she became unable to move without help, and that she now enjoys good health. Added to this is the certificate of the doctor who attended her for six years, and who testifies to his own apprehensions of a fatal issue to the pilgrimage which the invalid longed to make, and which was so happily rewarded. Miss Labrie herself related that after her six years of suffering, in return for her confidence in La Bonne Sainte Anne, she was now once more in the enjoyment of perfect health and strength. In proof of this she referred to the fact that when she reached home on the evening of the 15th of July she actually *ran up the stairs, down which she had had to be carried in the morning*; that she had since walked out almost daily to church, market, or to visit her friends; that she had had been on a second pilgrimage to Ste.-Anne de Beaupré to return thanks; in a word, that "she was perfectly cured, and wanted all the world to know it."

The Rev. S. J. Perry, S. J., of Stonyhurst College, accompanied the astronomical expedition, which sailed from Southampton, England, on the 29th of July, for the Island of Grenada in the West Indies. The expedition was sent out by the Royal Society, to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 29th ult.

A letter from Dublin to the *Indianapolis Journal* pays the following tribute to the faith and devotion of the Irish people:

"I have learned to respect the Roman Catholic Church more than ever before, since my visit to this country. Everywhere I find the convents filled with the children of the poorer classes, who are given an industrial education,—children who would otherwise grow up in ignorance and vice.

At the Convent of Kenmare I found nearly 500 children received as day pupils. Many of these little ones came from five and eight miles in the country, and were so poor that a breakfast was necessarily given 200 of them upon their arrival, and a piece of bread before they started for their homes at evening. The magnificent buildings of the convent were the donations of one man, who is buried beside the altar in a cathedral adjoining. Lace-making is taught here, and I was shown the bedspread ordered by Queen Victoria, which was being skilfully wrought by the nimble fingers of the misses in these schools. Said the gracious Sister: 'Maybe you can mention our laces to the Americans, that they may order of us; for we support ourselves entirely through the generosity of those who love and see the necessity of our work; for our people are very poor.' In the overcrowded work-houses I saw these gentlemanly, sweet-faced Sisters ministering in sickness and in death. In this district I find the percentage of crime very low; theft is almost unknown, notwithstanding the poverty; women are virtuous to an eminent degree. I believe this to be owing to the strict surveillance of the Roman Catholic religion upon the conscience of these people. They live more for the rewards of eternity than for the pleasures of the present."

There is an incident—and it is only one of many—related of the late illustrious Cardinal Guibert, which well portrays the great love which his Eminence always manifested towards the poor,—a love carried to such bounds that he himself died in poverty. It is said that during the first years following his promotion to the See of Paris, the members of his household remarked that at a certain hour each morning the Archbishop left the palace, in the dress of a simple priest, returned after some time, and retired to his library, without a word to any one. These daily absences were so regular, and so mysteriously conducted, that curiosity was excited, and the private secretary determined to try and solve the mystery. One morning, after the Archbishop left the house, the secretary quickly followed, and soon observed him enter a house in a poor narrow street. The secretary also entered the house, and hid himself in a corner. After waiting about half an hour he saw the Archbishop come out of a certain room, and walk quickly away. He then knocked at the door himself, and, obeying the invitation to enter, found himself in a very modest but neat apartment, occupied by a poor, infirm old woman. "Madame," said the secretary, "there was a

priest here just now." "Yes, sir." "What did he come here for?" "He comes here every day to fix my little room for me. He brings the table near my bed, arranges my food and medicine; then he speaks to me so beautifully of the goodness and mercy of God, exhorts me to resignation; then he leaves some means of support, gives me his blessing, and retires. Oh! sir, this priest is, indeed, most charitable."

The secretary, greatly moved on hearing this recital, comforted the poor invalid, gave her some alms, and returned to the archiepiscopal residence, blessing God, who had given the diocese a pastor whose life recalled the virtues of St. Charles Borromeo.

The Catholic pilgrimage to the place of martyrdom of Father Jogues, near Auriesville, N. Y., was very large on the Feast of the Assumption. The place promises to become a shrine.—*Michigan Catholic*.

The "place" has already become a shrine, as witnessed by the pilgrimages and the increasing devotion to Our Lady of Martyrs.

A General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Cross was held at the Mother House, Notre Dame, Ind., during the week ending August 21. The Chapter was presided over by the Very Rev. Superior-General, Father Edward Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame, also of THE "AVE MARIA." There were present delegated representatives of the Community from various parts of the world, among whom were Mgr. Dufal, formerly Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Bengal, now Procurator-General of the Congregation at Rome, and the Very Rev. Provincials of France and Canada, together with representatives of the priests and brothers in the various provinces in which the Community holds establishments in Europe and America. The Chapter was opened on the Feast of the Assumption, with Pontifical Mass of the Holy Ghost, celebrated by Mgr. Dufal, after which the sessions were held each day, and measures deliberated upon and approved for the welfare of the Congregation. The holding of this General Chapter marks a feature in American Catholic history, as it is the second of the kind in this country since its discovery by Columbus.

A correspondent of the *Western Watchman*, noticing Father Lambing's excellent article

on "Holy Water," which appeared recently in THE "AVE MARIA," quotes the following from Mgr. Barbier in regard to the custom of taking holy water on leaving the church:

"The holy-water font, as its name indicates, is a vase intended to contain holy water for the use of the faithful, who bless themselves [with it] on entering the church, and not when leaving; for they purify themselves to enter the holy place; but when they leave it they should have no further use for the spiritual succor, sanctified as they have been by prayer, the Sacraments, and the liturgic offices. Such is the practice universally followed at Rome."

New Publications.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. With Notes. By John Oldcastle. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

We think the principal charm of this volume lies in the four portraits of Cardinal Manning, taken at wide intervals during his life, which would of themselves make it a desirable acquisition to the library. For the rest, we fail to see the motive of the work. If the author has intended it for those who are unacquainted with the history of the Cardinal Archbishop, he has not said enough; for although, in anticipation of some such criticism, he tells us in the preface that "the wise say least," they are, for the most part, enabled to make their meaning clear. He gives us wherewith to whet the literary appetite of practised readers, but not enough to inform the uncritical and more careless average reading mind. Again, if the purpose of the author has been to impress the numerous admirers of the Cardinal with a fuller sense and appreciation of his great talents, his unswerving loyalty to truth, his wonderful discrimination and heroic virtues, the effort seems to us superfluous. "By their works ye shall know them," and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has long been the central figure in contemporaneous English Catholic history. We deprecate the idea of flattery, although Mr. Oldcastle's work just fails of being fulsome to those who can not read between the lines.

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY. From the Writings of St. Francis de Sales. Same Publishers. The third volume of the "Library of St.

Francis de Sales," now being presented to the public by the Benedictine Fathers, is the famous treatise of St. Francis to the Calvinists of the Chablais, written in his own inimitable, gentle yet convincing way,—the way by which he brought so many souls to God. By many authorities this book is considered the best of his writings, though where all are so charming it is difficult to particularize. We of the nineteenth century, with our lauded philanthropic tendencies, should be specially attracted towards St. Francis, whose sympathies for the weak and those in error were the lodestone that attracted even the most violent opponents of his own time. He has taken all the hardness and dryness out of controversy in these beautifully written expositions and explanations of faith, making it all the more desirable reading for Protestants as well as Catholics. The translator's preface is voluminous and interesting, forming a fitting introduction to the book, for which we predict success.

THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY, etc. A Manual of Devotion especially intended for the Members of the Apostleship of Prayer. Compiled from the German Publications of the Rev. Joseph Aloysius Krebs, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

Although, as announced on the title-page, this little book is especially intended for the members of the Apostleship of Prayer, it will prove a valuable incentive to piety in every Catholic home. It is a carefully culled bouquet from the garden of the saints, of which the flowers are prayers and multiplied forms of devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. It contains five methods of hearing Mass, short meditations for every day in June, with a complete explanation of the object of the Apostleship of Prayer, besides many beautiful indulgenced prayers, and several litanies. Withal, it is nicely bound, printed in clear, attractive type, and is offered to the public for the moderate sum of one dollar.

—We are in receipt of an oleograph portrait of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, just brought out by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. It is a very creditable piece of color-printing, and is said to be an excellent likeness of our new Cardinal. Size, 13 inches by 10. Price, 60 cents.



Norine's Promise.

I.

It was a summer evening, resplendent with all the varied loveliness of earth and sky, when the inmates of a convent school left their respective class-rooms, to enjoy the usual recreation. The gracefully arched verandas, over which the light-hearted troops glided or skipped, opened on a lawn, that stretched far and wide beneath magnificent shade trees, which partially concealed from the railroad near by a monastic edifice, stately indeed, but not ennobled by the poesy of antiquity. Soon peals of laughter rent the air; hoops were trundled, croquet-balls driven, sides taken for tennis, etc.

One group of grown-up misses remained on the veranda, slowly pacing back and forth, discussing some theme treated during class hours. Suddenly one of them quietly drew aside from her companions, bounded over the shaven sward to a sequestered nook, in which she observed a favorite teacher, and knelt beside her arm-chair.

"I hope you are feeling better, Sister? I am glad to see you out this fine evening."

A blush overspread the pallid countenance of the invalid, like a flame behind fine porcelain, as she replied, in a low, sweet voice: "Thanks, Norine. I am far from well; indeed, I never shall be well until I go to meet our dear Lord. Sister Ignatia is so kind. She had me brought here, because she thought the air would refresh me." Then, pointing to the sunset, she added: "Does it not seem as if the gates of heaven were unfolding? Look at those royal purple clouds edged with fiery flame. Oh! I long to be away!"

"But we can not spare you yet, dear Sister," said Norine, in a caressing tone.

"Something assures me that I shall not tarry much longer. I shall soon be at rest."

"Oh! long-desired rest!" And Sister Benedicta sighed.

"Rest in the Sacred Heart of Jesus," echoed Norine. Yet she wondered why the dear invalid should sigh, since the thought of Death was so consoling to her, and his visit so near.

Both kept silence a while.

Norine had been educated in the convent, and had ever considered Sister Benedicta "an angel," but still a mourning angel. Nothing could have pleased the girl better than to have it in her power to do a favor for a teacher whom she loved dearly. Still, what could she do for her? If consolation in a spiritual way were needed, had not the Sister everything requisite as a religious? And could she offer anything temporal to one who had contemned the superfluous goods of earth? Her life had been perfect: there could be no remorse. These thoughts flashed through the mind of the affectionate girl, when Sister Benedicta said:

"Norine, I must see you before I die. I will obtain the necessary permission. Help me, dear, to rise and go to the house; I fear the dew is beginning to fall."

Norine was about to offer her assistance, when two Sisters advanced to support the invalid.

"Take these roses, dear Sister," said Norine, presenting her a nosegay of rare blooms, which she had arranged whilst they were chatting. "I cultivated them myself in my own little garden; they are more fragrant than white roses generally are, I think."

"I accept them most gratefully. You will lay them for me before the statue of Our Lady. Now good-night, dear; I shall soon see you again." And they parted.

II.

A few days later the Mother Superior summoned Norine to her room, and said: "My child, Sister Benedicta would like to see you. Go quietly up the stairway to the corridor on the first floor; you will find her awaiting you in the last little room."

"Is she going to die?" asked the girl, tears starting in her eyes.

"Not to-day, I presume," said Mother Beatrice; "at least, we hope to keep her with us some time yet; for she suffers so patiently that she draws down blessings on the school and the community. Now go, dear; and pay great attention to what Sister will tell you."

Norine, deeply moved, and feeling a certain natural dread of seeing a dying person, ascended the stairway, and passing through a long, broad corridor, from which doors opened on either side, each one marked by the picture of a saint, or a holy legend, she at length reached the room indicated. Sister Benedicta was alone. The half-raised curtains displayed the frail form, propped up with pillows, her long, slender fingers clasping the crucifix of her rosary. Sweetly smiling, she beckoned her timid pupil closer to her; and Norine, reverently kissing the wax-like hand, interiorly wondered why *she* should have been called in preference to her numerous companions.

The dark, expressive eyes of the Sister seemed to be penetrating the veil which hid some more distant sphere.

"Sister Ignatia has left me for a little while, to attend to her devotions; so take a chair, dear," she said, gently.

The trembling visitor quietly obeyed.

"My dear Norine, did you ever hear my name mentioned in your family?"

"No, Sister—never," replied the wondering girl.

"I am a distant relative of your grandmother, Mrs. de Réville."

Norine, in her surprise, hardly knew what to answer. After a moment she said: "I never saw my grandmother, but we have a full-length portrait of her."

"Yes, I know. It hangs in the red parlor," said the Sister, with the gentlest, sweetest of smiles. "Well, my father's family being numerous and expensive, Mrs. de Réville proposed that I should take the place of lady companion to her; and as she was a relative of my father, no objection was offered. Your father did not reside with his mother, but frequently came to see her."

The Sister remained silent a few mo-

ments, as if raising her heart to God, then sipped a potion near her, and went on:

"Your father and I both loved music, and we often played and sang together; for I used to grow weary of reading to Mrs. de Réville, and he was fatigued from business occupations. Insensibly an attachment was formed between us, and your father was anxious that I should accept his hand in marriage. Your grandmother opposed the match, on the plea of consanguinity; but, more likely, because I was poor. Your father persisted. Not thinking it right that he should disobey his mother, I wrote to my parents, who immediately took me home. I consulted God in prayer, and resolved to decline any further attentions from Mr. de Réville. The sacrifice cost me much, but I soon found occupation in charitable works, and after a while I became not only resigned but happy, in the desire of consecrating myself unreservedly to God in the religious state. When I took the veil, a heavenly peace entered my heart, and amply repaid me for all my sacrifices.

"But your father was not so fortunate in the methods he adopted to banish me, a wretched creature, from his thoughts. Instead of seeking strength in prayer, he gave himself up to worldly pleasures. After a time he married; but neither marriage nor paternity succeeded in keeping him to his Christian duties. The news of his sad career reached me in my cloistered home. Your mother died soon after your birth. She was, therefore, spared the pain of knowing that her husband had joined the Masonic sect. The thought of Mr. de Réville's dangerous state is the only event in my family that has caused me any serious anxiety since I entered this blessed retreat. I have prayed daily, performed continual acts of self-denial, and all the penances my superiors would permit, to obtain the conversion of your father, but my supplication is still unanswered. I sent for you, dear Norine, to ask you to replace me as petitioner before the Throne of Mercy."

Sister Benedicta seized the hands of her youthful listener, and hot tears fell upon

them as she asked the girl if she was willing to fulfil her dying request. Norine, overwhelmed with emotion, turned to a large crucifix suspended near the bedside, and, with streaming eyes and quivering lips, said: "Sister, I promise you that I will pray for papa's conversion until my latest breath."

The religious sunk back exhausted on the pillows, while a beam of heavenly joy stole over her emaciated but still beautiful face. "Then, dear Norine, I can die in peace. I know that you will keep your sacred promise; and, thank God, I have naught else to disturb me in my last moments."

Two days later Death claimed his victim, and the last cry of her purified soul—"Mercy, O my Jesus!"—was, possibly, not for herself alone.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

"Miss Discontent."

BY M. J. B.

It was late in the afternoon, on a bright September day, when a young girl lay on the grass, at the foot of a shady old apple-tree. Discontent was written in her face, every line of which suggested the aptness of the name "Miss Discontent," as she was called by her brother Ed.

Belle Lee had not always been known by such an ugly name. Hardly more than a year ago she lay under that same old tree, a bright, happy, contented little country-girl. But one day Aunt Margaret came to visit her relatives on the old farm, and on returning to her city home succeeded in persuading her brother to allow his little daughter to accompany her. She had taken a great fancy to the child, and would like to have her spend a year with her, and attend a fashionable school in the city. Before the year was out, however, Aunt Margaret died, and Belle returned home, a changed girl,—not the merry, laughing maiden of a few months ago, but a sullen, gloomy, discontented miss, who considered herself an unfortunate, much-abused person, and who

spent the most of her time in reading and answering the letters of the bosom friend of her city life, Miss Adele Wilton.

So Belle lay on the grass that bright autumn day. Her hat was thrown carelessly aside, and in her hand she held Adele's last letter, which she had just finished reading for about the twentieth time. Oh! what a happy girl was Adele! She was not obliged to live in an out-of-the-way country place, where there were no houses within two miles, no fine shops, no picture galleries, no museums—nothing, in fact, to make life endurable, much less pleasant; and Belle flung the letter away, and, covering her face with her hands, groaned aloud:

"Belle! Belle! isn't this your letter? I found it on the grass behind that bush," called the bright, young voice of Alice Lee. In another minute she was at her sister's side, exclaiming: "Why, what in the world is the matter, Belle? You look simply awful!"

"Oh! everything is the matter!" answered the girl, in a tragic tone. "Alice, do you know, I'd just as soon be dead, and lying at rest under the green grass, as buried alive in this way."

"O dear! it all comes from that horrid school! I wish you had never gone there! And I suppose it is Adele who has been telling you that you are buried alive. May I see what she does say?"

Belle handed her sister the letter, and Alice read aloud, commenting as she went:

"MY OWN POOR, DEAR LITTLE COUNTRY-GIRL!—[Hem! what does she mean by calling you her own? You're not hers: you're ours. And poor? We're rich enough.] Buried alive [I thought so!] as doubtless you feel you are, in your sequestered, suburban retreat, [O my! She's been swallowing the dictionary!] a letter telling of the gay life of our delightful city must surely be, I might almost say, a godsend to you, *mon pauvre Belle!* [That young lady needs a French grammar.] And I have such a delightful party to tell you of!

"It was that long-looked-for birthday *fête* of Maude Hunter's, and in every way it fulfilled our fondest hopes. Ah! dearest, how I wish you could have been there! For, although there was one other girl who had nearly as handsome a dress as mine—and mine was made by that divinely fashionable Mrs. F.,—still it was the nearest ap-

proach to heaven on earth that I have ever yet experienced. [Queer idea she has of heaven!] My dress was of—[bother! here's a whole description of what each one wore, the names of those with whom she danced, and all that kind of stuff. I'll skip it, and go on to the next page.] All those who were at your party I met again last night. Almost all were inquiring very particularly for you, and I was charged with so many messages of condolence that I hardly remember one. [Sad!] But I assure you, my fragrant and boxed-up little flower, that you are not forgotten, and have left much of your sweetness far behind. [I think you left it *all* far behind; we don't perceive it, anyhow.] You must have been one of those whom the poet had in his mind when he wrote:

"'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'"

"Take comfort, my own, in that thought, and who knows what may happen? My sweet one, you must spend the coming Winter with me. Your parents will not possibly have the heart to refuse you this short-lived pleasure. [I'm afraid they will!] So, Belle dearest, let me know in your next how soon I may expect you. Mamma says I may have that little room next to mine newly fitted up in whatever style I wish. If you come, it shall be done in rose color, which will charmingly set off your dark eyes and raven tresses [romantic!]; while if you do not, I shall fit it up in pale blue, and invite that dear little blonde, Mabel Summers, to take your place.

"I will not apologize for the length of this; for I imagine any break, however dull, in the monotony of your life, must be welcome to you, my poor dear! But adieu for the present; I shall await your reply with impatience.

"Ever yours till death,

"ADELE WILTON."

As Alice finished reading, she remarked: "O Belle! wouldn't I love to answer that letter!"

"Why?" asked "Miss Discontent."

"Well, just to give her a few points on matters and things in general, and then to tell her what I think of her—that she is a silly, insincere, horrid sort of a person, and that she is doing you more harm than—than—paris green."

Belle hastily sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "How dare you, Alice!—how dare you speak so of my friend! She is the dearest girl in all the world, and her letter just shows her own beautiful character. It is so kind of her to invite me, and offer to have a room fitted up in my favorite color!"

"I don't think she will die of disappointment if you don't go; for she appears to have 'that dear little blonde' quite handy. To tell the truth, Belle, I did believe that you had more spirit than to like either a letter or a girl of that description. I should think you wouldn't want to acknowledge that you missed those things so much. Write a letter that will make her envy you the many delightful pleasures of a country life. Tell her she can not imagine how much she loses."

"She loses nothing but the dulness."

"O bother, Belle! If you have resolved to be stupid and not understand me, there is no use in talking; but I must tell you a thought that came into my head last night. Whether I read it in a book or heard somebody repeat it, I can not remember. All I know is that I found it stored up in my memory, and, like Cap'en Cuttle, 'when found, I made a note on't,'—made a note to keep us both from being discontented, and make us feel proud. Here it is, scrawled on this scrap of paper."

Belle took the slip, and read:

"Sow not wishes in other people's gardens. Don't try to be anything different from what you are, but the very best of what you are. The greatest secret of happiness is to make the most of the circumstances in which you happen to be placed."

"Miss Discontent" slowly lifted her eyes to her sister's face.

"Well, don't you think that's true?" asked Alice.

A silent nod was the answer.

"Do laugh, Belle! Don't look so glum. What fun we could have, if you would only wake up and enjoy it! Why, if you so sigh for the ball-room, we can all come out here this very evening and dance like daddy-long-legs. You can climb up in that tree, and, taking the moon and stars for your lamps, imagine you are in your paradise. The fruit will serve for refreshments, and the song of the—the—"

"Mosquitos?" suggested Belle.

"Well, yes: even the mosquito's song would do for music—be very good, in fact; for it would touch you, and you would feel what you heard."

Belle was forced to laugh. Just then a voice called from the house: "Alice! Alice!"

"There, mamma is calling me!" said the young philosopher; and she tripped merrily away to answer her mother's summons.

Belle, the smile still lingering on her lips, leaned back against her ball-room, and thought, thought, thought for fully half an hour.

"Halloo, 'Miss Discontent'! Aren't you coming to supper to-night?" sang out a voice close behind her. But as the speaker peeped into her face, he exclaimed: "Why, Miss Belle Lee, I am delighted to see you back amongst us once more! How do you do! Allow me to escort you to our evening meal." And the gallant Ed marched his favorite sister off under his arm. Belle laughed outright as she said: "Ed, are you not glad 'Miss Discontent' has gone back to the city?"

"You bet I am!" was the emphatic though not elegant answer. "Hope she'll never come back."

At supper Belle told about her new ball-room, and what Alice had proposed for to-night. Everyone was delighted with the novel idea, and Will added that when they grew tired of the trees, they might have a moonlight dance on the lawn, and his fiddle should furnish the music. It was a merry supper-table; for Belle—their own real Belle—was amongst them once more, and that disagreeable intruder had gone.

But there was sad news awaiting Belle. Two weeks later a letter came from Adele, telling of her mother's sudden death, and her own absence at the time, though she had been told by her father "to remain in the house that night, as mamma was not feeling very well. But I did so want to go to that party," wrote Adele; "and mamma seemed only to be a little weak, so I went; and, O Belle! have I not been punished? If you only knew how I feel!"

"Poor, poor Adele!" cried Belle.

Yes, indeed, she was to be pitied now.

That terrible news drove "Miss Discontent" farther and farther away; in fact, she never again came back to the dear old farm



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886. NO. 11.

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The Holy Name of Mary.

THE name of Mary has always been held in especial reverence in the Church, and was in former ages considered too holy to be given in baptism. To bestow it on a woman, were she even of the blood royal, would have been deemed an impropriety. When Alphonsus VI., King of Castile, chose for his spouse a woman of Moorish origin, who ardently desired to receive in baptism the name of Mary, the Prince opposed this, saying that it would be a profanation of the sacred name for it to be borne by any except the Queen of Heaven. In the marriage articles of Ladislaus, King of Poland, and Marie Louise, of the family of the Counts of Nevers, a clause was introduced, expressly stipulating that Marie Louise should renounce her first name; and since that time this venerated name of Mary has never been conferred on any one in the Kingdom of Poland.

In our days a directly opposite usage has obtained, and the name of Our Lady is the one most frequently and most joyfully given in baptism; it is even often conferred upon men in combination with other Christian names. Both its avoidance and its use are founded upon the same sentiment of respect. The saints whose names we bear being given us by the Church as patrons, parents love to place their children under the protection of Her who, as Mother of God and Queen of all the saints, enjoys the highest

power of any creature in heaven or on earth.

After the names of God and Jesus Christ, that of Mary is the most sacred, the most venerated by angels and by men, the most dreaded by the powers of hell; and certain theologians of approved merit have not hesitated to affirm that the pious invocation of this name, selected by God Himself, produces the most salutary effects; not only on account of the dispositions of the person pronouncing it, or *ex opere operantis*, as the schoolmen have it, but *ex opere operato*,—that is, by its own proper and inherent virtue, as is the case in regard to all the Sacraments and to some sacramentals. However this may be, it is certain that the most beautiful of names, given by divine ordinance to the most pure and most august of all creatures, ought to have an exceptional efficacy; and the experience of ages shows us that it has never been invoked in vain. Mary, our Mother, is always ready to succor her children when they call upon her.

The veneration of the name of Mary is as ancient as the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin—dating from the very foundation of the Church; but it was long cherished as an exclusively private devotion. In the year 1513 the Apostolic See permitted the celebration of the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary in the city and diocese of Cuenca, in Spain. The special office composed for this occasion was omitted when the Breviary, by command of St. Pius V., was reformed; but Sixtus V. caused its insertion; and henceforward its use, instead of being

confined to Spain, was adopted in all countries. At first it was celebrated on a fixed day (the 22d of September). Subsequently it became a movable feast, and is appointed for the Sunday within the Octave of Our Blessed Lady's Nativity, unless the occurrence of a feast of a higher order requires that it shall be transferred.

The feast was solemnized in the various dioceses only in virtue of particular concessions, until an event occurred of the gravest importance for Christian Europe, the happy results of which inspired Innocent XI. with the thought of extending the privilege to the Universal Church. Vienna was besieged by the Turks with an overwhelming multitude of soldiery; and if this city had been then taken, no human power could have preserved Christian Europe from destruction. In this extremity universal prayer was ordered for the triumph of the Christian arms, and the intercession of the Most Holy Virgin was specially implored. A brilliant victory, achieved under the most extraordinary circumstances, manifested that the world had not trusted in vain to the protection of Mary. The Turks were obliged to raise the siege; John Sobieski, who was the principal instrument of their defeat, pursued and overthrew them, reducing them for the time to a state of utter powerlessness.

To excite the gratitude of Christians towards the Mother of God, to whose favor he justly ascribed this remarkable success, the same Pontiff commanded that the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary should be celebrated by all Christendom. His decree met with opposition from a few individuals, who, believing themselves wiser and more prudent than the Church, contended that the institution of this feast elevated the name of the Blessed Virgin to an equality with that of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which was already honored by a special, appointed solemnity. The piety of the faithful, however, was not shaken, and the pontifical decree was everywhere accepted.

We can suggest no reflections more powerful to enkindle devotion in the hearts of the children of Mary than those St. Bernard

sets forth in the following eloquent passage:

"And the name of the Virgin was Mary." Let us speak in brief, of this name, signifying Star of the Sea, which is rightly applied to the Virgin-Mother. Even as a star transmits its rays unaltered, so did the Blessed Virgin bring forth her Son without detriment to her virginity. The transmission of its rays does not decrease the brilliancy of the star: the integrity of the Virgin is unchanged in giving us her Son. She is that Star of Jacob, illuminating the entire universe, shining amidst the splendors of heaven, penetrating even into hell, animating souls upon earth to continual increase of virtues, to constant victory over vices. Yes, she is indeed that lustrous Star, whose beams ever shine upon the vast sea of life, glorious in merit, our perpetual exemplar.

"O you! whoever you may be, who feel yourself borne away by the mighty current of this world, tossed by storm and tempest, in order that you be not overwhelmed by the waves fix your eyes upon that shining Star. If the winds of temptation drive you towards the rocks of distress, regard the Star—invoke Mary. If the tossing waters of pride, ambition, detraction, jealousy, arise against you, regard the Star—invoke Mary. If anger, avarice, the seductions of the flesh, threaten the little bark of your soul, turn your eyes to Mary. If troubled by the greatness of your crimes, covered with confusion by a burdened conscience, terrified at the thought of judgment feeling yourself about to plunge into the abyss of sadness and despair, think of Mary. In danger, in distress, in uncertainty, think of Mary, invoke Mary. Let her name be ever on your lips, her memory ever in your heart; and that you may obtain her prayers, imitate her life. Following her, you will never go astray praying to her, you need never despair thinking of her, you will be secure of guidance. If she sustains, you will not fall; if she protects, you need not fear; if she conducts fatigue will vanish; if she is propitious you will attain your end; and your own experience will show you how justly it is said *'And the name of the Virgin was Mary.'*"

Hymn to the Sacred Heart.

BY M. A.

DESCENDING from Thy throne on high,
Lord of the Sacred Heart!
To every soul Thou drawest nigh,
All loving as Thou art!
From such a height of holiness
To such a depth of love!—
But our poor words are powerless
Our gratitude to prove.

O would our hearts were temples blest,
Fragrant with lovely flowers,
Wherein Thy Sacred Heart might rest,
As in yon heavenly bowers!—
Where holy angels fain might come
To love and worship Thee,—
Where Thy dear Heart might find a home
Of peace and purity!

Dear Lord, while kneeling to adore
Before Thy sacred shrine,
A special blessing we implore,
To keep us ever Thine;
That we may live for Thee alone,
And ne'er from Thee depart;
Make us Thine own, "Thy very own,"
Lord of the Sacred Heart!

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

A FEW days later Philip decided to put his fate to the touch, so far as Constance was concerned. He felt that he must know before speaking to his uncle again what his answer was to be, and he could not know that before he had sounded Constance. If she were willing even to entertain the thought of becoming a Catholic, it would be enough for the present; for surely, he considered, there need be no haste about their marriage. Opportunities to speak to her were not lacking, and he took advantage of an occasion when they were together one day in Mrs. Thornton's private sitting-

room—a charming apartment, to which only her most intimate friends were ever admitted.

It was in the morning, and Philip had entered the room, to find the young girl sitting by one of the windows, intent on an elaborate piece of artistic needlework. Her graceful figure and fair head outlined against the light, her fingers busy with the rich-hued silks, made a pretty picture—so pretty that he wondered a little that it left him so cold. They exchanged a few words on indifferent subjects, and then he remained silent so long that she glanced up at him interrogatively. He answered the glance by drawing nearer and sitting down before her.

"Constance," he began, abruptly, "I have something to say to you."

The sea-shell pink on Constance's cheek deepened, for she knew that there could be only one thing which Philip would have to say to her in this formal manner; but she did not lift her eyes again. She only said, "What is it?" very quietly.

"It is something which I think you must know as well as I," answered Philip, who had not given much thought to the manner, but only to the matter of what he had to say. "You must be aware that my uncle and your aunt wish us to marry."

Constance's lips moved slightly in what was apparently an assent, but no audible sound issued from them, and her eyes still remained fastened on her work, though her hand that drew the needleful of silk through the cloth trembled a little.

"I can not tell what you may think of it, on your side," said Philip, who hated himself for his coldness, yet felt unable to summon any more warmth to his manner; "but to me it is—it appears—most desirable."

"Does it?" asked Constance. She lifted her eyes now, and looked at him with a composure which he had not expected. "I understand," she went on, "why my uncle and aunt desire such an arrangement. I should be very stupid if I did not. But why do *you* desire it?"

"I!" said Philip. He was conscious of

coloring. How could he say, "Because *they* do"? and yet what other answer was possible? He looked at the fair face before him, and felt that another answer should be possible. "Because," he replied, after a slight hesitation, "I think that we might be happy together, you and I. It is true that we have been so closely associated that it is not possible for us to 'fall in love' after the romantic fashion; but I have a most deep and sincere attachment to you, and I hope that you have a little for me. No one could appreciate your gentleness, your sweetness, your grace of person and manner more than I do. If you are half as well satisfied with me as I am with you," he said, smiling a little, "it will not be difficult for us to gratify those whose hearts are set upon this project."

"I have no fault to find with you," said Constance, leaning back in her chair and regarding him critically, while she turned a diamond ring slowly round upon her finger; "so you may consider your compliments returned. And it is quite true, no doubt, what you say—that we have known each other too intimately to fall in love. But, all the same, Philip, it seems to me a terribly cold-blooded way of—of—"

"Marrying," said Philip, calmly. "Well, I don't know. According to American ideas, perhaps so. But in Continental Europe marriages are altogether contracted in this way, and I suppose they are generally happy enough. I have not observed that happiness invariably attends marriages here," he ended, dryly.

"No," replied Constance, "not invariably; but there must be a better hope—a better chance—of happiness when people love each other."

"Their best chance for happiness, in my opinion," said Philip, "is when they know and understand each other, and when there is an assurance of sympathy between them on all important points. And this reminds me"—his face grew grave—"that on one very important subject, Constance, we do not possess that sympathy. We are not of the same religious faith."

"No," answered Constance, carelessly. "But I am not prejudiced. I have no objection to *that*."

"Have you not?" asked Philip. "Then we differ very much; for I do object to it. I can not conceive that happiness is possible where husband and wife are not united on that point above all others."

"I had no idea that you were so narrow-minded," said Constance, with cold surprise. "How do you propose to arrange matters, then?"

"I propose," he answered, "to beg you to consider—to examine—the claims of the Catholic faith. If you only would do so, I am sure that you would embrace it. No reasonable and unprejudiced person has ever examined it and failed to be convinced of its truth. Be sure of that. And you could not be an exception to the rule. You have only to consent to be instructed—"

"I!" cried Constance. She looked at him as if divided between indignation, amazement, and amusement. The last finally triumphed, and she burst into laughter—scornful laughter, that made Philip start to his feet. "*I* become a Roman Catholic!" she said. "How utterly absurd! You must be mad to think of such a thing!"

"Mad!" repeated Philip. "No, I am quite sane; for I shall never marry any woman who is not a Catholic."

"Then you will never marry me," said she, haughtily, rising in turn. "What! do you think yourself so secure of me that you can even impose conditions, and such a condition? Was it not enough that I waived the objection which I might have made to your very objectionable religion? You fancy that *I* would embrace it—*I*!"

"Pardon me," said Philip, with icy coldness. "I have made a mistake—a mistake altogether—which I shall not repeat. You are right. There would be little chance of happiness for us in marriage, and I will tell my uncle that such is my opinion."

"You may tell him that it is also mine," she said, paling a little.

"No," he replied: "I shall say nothing of you. The responsibility is mine. I have

made a condition from which I can not recede, and which he will no doubt consider as unreasonable as you do; so the whole blame of refusal will rest, and rest justly, on me. Let me advise you" (significantly) "to leave it there."

XII.

It was with a sense of relief that Philip felt, after his interview with Constance, that all irresolution and doubt were over, and that he had now only to let his uncle know that he could not comply with his wishes. The last was a necessity from which he shrank, feeling keenly how sharp the disappointment would be; but he had no thought of evasion or delay. Had it been possible, he would have gone to him at once; but, as it chanced, Mr. Thornton was out of the city, and would not return for several days. So much delay, therefore, was unavoidable. Whether he was grateful or sorry for it, Philip hardly knew. He would have preferred, in his own phrase, "to have the matter over"; yet he was aware that a little time to reflect on his course afterward was desirable. His uncle had threatened that if he did not comply with his wishes, it would make a great change in his intentions toward him; and if those intentions were to be changed, Philip knew that his mode of life would change also.

"I must be prepared for the worst," thought the young man. "If he declines to give anything more to do with me, I shall have no right to complain. Luckily, I have some small means of my own, no debts, and a head that ought to be worth something. After all, there are worse things than 'a crust of bread and liberty,' if it comes to that."

He was rather exhilarated than depressed by the prospect, and, without asking himself what had wrought so great a change in his views—for certainly narrow means, and the narrowing of life which they imply, had not seemed to him very desirable before—he determined to learn without delay what prospects would be his if his circumstances materially altered.

Ignorant of the change in Graham's sen-

timents toward him, it was to Graham that his thoughts instinctively turned for practical counsel, and his steps soon followed his thoughts. When he entered the office of the young lawyer, he found him, as usual, absorbed in his books, and evidently not very well pleased to be interrupted. In fact, his reception was so far from gracious that Philip hesitated to remain.

"If I disturb you," he remarked when Graham indicated a chair, "I will not sit down."

"Oh, disturb!—of course you disturb me!" replied the other. "But if you have anything important to say, you might as well say it now. I shall hardly be less busy another time."

Philip thought this ungraciousness was only "Graham's way," and sat down. "What I have to say is important only to myself," he observed. "I can not expect you to find it so; yet I hope you will give me your ear and your advice. You are always so candid that I need not adjure you to be honest. Tell me, then, do you think I could make a lawyer?"

This question was so different from what Graham had feared and expected, that he stared at the young man a moment without replying. Philip smiled as he met his eyes.

"Your astonishment is not complimentary," he said. "Do you rate my abilities so low?"

"My astonishment has nothing to do with your abilities," Graham answered. "They are good enough, as you know very well. What surprises me is that you should think of embracing a laborious and exacting profession when there is no need for you to do so—that is, unless you wish to be a lawyer merely in name."

"I should never wish to be anything merely in name," replied Philip, flushing a little. "You have certainly a very poor opinion of me."

"I have never suspected you of loving work for work's sake; few people do," said Graham. "And you have probably little idea—few people, again, have that—of how much labor is required to make a lawyer

who takes any rank in the profession."

"I have some idea," replied Philip; "and, though I do not love work for work's sake, I am capable of it when I have an end in view."

"And what end, may I ask, have you in view in desiring to become a lawyer?"

"The end of independence. If I can make my bread by the use of my brains, I should prefer that to the use of my hands; and it may be necessary that I should make it."

Graham regarded him curiously. "Have you quarrelled with your uncle?" he asked.

"No," Philip answered, "nor ever shall; because it takes two to make a quarrel. But I can not agree to all his wishes, and he may change his intentions toward me; in short, I prefer to be prepared for any event."

"I see," said Graham. (He appeared to see a good deal; for he gazed straight before him for some time without speaking. When he did speak it was in a tone of studious reserve.) "There is no reason why you should not become a lawyer, and succeed at the bar," he said. "It depends entirely upon yourself, and is a question merely of industry and application. But, of course, you know that time is required—time and means."

"I have some means of my own," Philip answered. "My father left me a little property. I can, therefore, command both. So tell me what to do."

Graham told him, but in every word the same reserve was perceptible. When his brief statement was over he added: "I must warn you, however, that after all this is done—after you have made your course in the law school, and obtained your license—you will, in all probability, have long to wait before you can command any practice, and it may not be worth much after it comes."

"I know all that," Philip answered. "If I were merely intent on making money, I might make it much more quickly by following in my uncle's footsteps. But I prefer a more intellectual life with less prosperity."

"And more integrity, I hope," observed Graham.

The words escaped him without premeditation, almost without intention. He scarcely realized what he had said, until he saw the flash that came into Philip's eyes, as the latter rose to his feet.

"You will understand," he said, "that I can not suffer such a remark as that to pass. What do you mean by it?"

The stern challenge of his tone roused all of Graham's repressed animosity.

"I mean," he answered, "what is well known, that your uncle is deficient in integrity. But I should not have made such a remark to you," he added, with a faint recollection of the demands of ordinary courtesy. "The words escaped me unintentionally. I—beg your pardon."

Philip made a gesture as if putting the apology aside. He had suddenly grown very pale. "Your breach of courtesy to me does not matter," he said; "but the charge against my uncle is one which you must either substantiate or retract."

"It is easy enough to substantiate it," replied Graham, coldly. "But I should prefer that you would drop the subject."

"That is impossible," said Philip. "You must either prove your assertion, or I shall hold it to be false."

The other started to his feet, then remembered himself, and sat down again. Philip was in the right; having made such a charge, Graham had no ground to resent being called to account for it.

"It is a pity," he said, "that you insist; but as you do, of course I must speak. One proof, I suppose, will suffice. You are, perhaps, by this time aware that Robert Percival (now dead) was for a time your uncle's partner. You are probably also aware that he died a poor man, and left his wife and daughter without any means of subsistence. Do you know how that occurred?"

"Yes," answered Philip; "I have been told that he brought the firm to the verge of ruin by imprudent speculation, and then gave up his property to make good what he had lost. It was hard, if you will, but—"

"Hard!" repeated Graham. He rose again, and the two men stood facing each other. "Listen," he said, "since you *will* have the truth. Robert Percival indeed speculated, but it is not true that it was without the knowledge of his partner. That partner not only knew what was done, but he also knew exactly the value of the stocks speculated in. There came a day when these dropped suddenly in value. Then Thornton said to his partner: 'The firm is on the verge of bankruptcy, and *you* are responsible for it.' What could the other do? It was true that he had conducted the speculations on his own responsibility, though taking the consent of his partner for granted. He gave up his property, as you have said, to make good what he had lost, and the partnership was dissolved."

"Well," said Philip, as the voice of the other ceased, "what is there in this more than I have heard already?"

"There is this," replied Graham: "I have been told, by men who would make no such assertion rashly, that James Thornton *knew the real value* of those stocks when he professed to believe himself on the verge of ruin. However that might be, they afterwards appreciated and became as valuable as Robert Percival had believed that they would. Did Thornton then make amends to the man whom he had robbed? Not at all. He retained everything, including the property which Percival had made over to him—real estate in an advancing part of the city—and built his fortune on that wrong."

Philip felt himself turning cold. The assertions, as they were uttered, seemed but his own fears put into words. Yet he made still an effort against the certainty that was oppressing him.

"If this were true," he said, "why did not Robert Percival claim what was due to him? I am no lawyer, but I know that there must be in law an equitable remedy for such a wrong."

"Certainly there is," answered Graham. "But Robert Percival died within a year after the partnership was dissolved, leaving his wife and daughter in poverty and help-

lessness. Who was there, then, to press his claim against a man so powerful in the might of riches?"

Silence fell, and after a moment Philip sat down in the chair from which he had risen, and buried his face in his hands. Graham's heart smote him for what he had done, as he read in this attitude all the pain and humiliation which had so suddenly fallen on the head that, with its bright locks, seemed made for sunshine and prosperity. A sharp doubt of his own motives added to his regret, and softened his tone when he presently said:

"I am sorry, Thornton—very sorry that I was led to speak of such a matter. I beg your pardon again, and I hope that this time you will accept my apology."

"What does it matter," asked Philip, lifting his head, "whether you spoke of it to me or not, *if it is true*? It is that alone which concerns me. I would give my right hand at this moment to be sure that it is not true. But how can I satisfy myself?"

"I can give you the names of my informants," said Graham; and he named two or three men of high station and irreproachable honor.

"It is not possible for me to go to them or to any one else to inquire concerning my uncle's affairs," replied Philip; "but I can and I will go to himself. He shall know what is said of him, and he shall have the opportunity to prove his integrity."

Graham gave him a quick glance. "My dear fellow," he said, "you will only do harm to yourself by approaching your uncle on that subject. I do not wish to hurt you further, but there is one proof, of which you and I must feel the force. It was after that affair that he gave up his religion."

Philip shrank a little. He, indeed, felt the force of the proof, but it did not alter his determination. "It is impossible," he said, "that I can entertain such a suspicion regarding him and not give him an opportunity to set me right. As for the consequences to myself, I care nothing for them. If what you have told me is true, I shall never profit by the result of the wrong."

"Will you not?" said Graham, regarding him keenly. "Yet, after all, you know his fortune is his own. He only owes the Percivals the value of the property unjustly taken from them."

"Would they accept it?" asked Philip, with sudden eagerness.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I have never heard them allude to such a possibility," he replied. "But why should they not accept it as a matter of rightful restitution? We are discussing something that will never come to pass, however. James Thornton will never make such restitution."

"Would to God that I could make it!" exclaimed Philip. He sprang to his feet and walked across the office, then turned and came back to where Graham stood, with his face grown hard. "Does she—does Miss Percival know all that you have told me?" he asked.

"Of course she knows it," Graham answered, coldly. "She has always known it."

"And yet she has treated me with the courtesy, the kindness of an angel!" said Philip. "While I—I should never have had the presumption to approach her. And I would not have done so if I had known. Why did you not tell me that first time I ever saw her—when I asked you to present me, and you rightly declined—why did you not tell me then all that you have told me now?"

"It did not seem my place to tell you," Graham answered. "Although," he added, frankly, "I think I should have done so if I had imagined that you were likely to meet her afterwards. But nothing appeared less probable."

"It was a mere chance," observed Philip; "and I fear that I have annoyed her through my ignorance. But I shall not annoy her again—now that I know how great a strain it must have been upon her charity to treat me as she has done."

"Oh! her charity is equal to a strain," said Graham, who felt at once gratified, and ashamed of his gratification. "And she has a very high-minded way of regarding the matter. She did not feel that *you* were in

any degree accountable for your uncle's conduct; although, of course, Thornton is not a name that sounds very pleasantly to Percival ears."

"I—suppose not," replied Philip. "Well, I can keep mine from sounding any more in Miss Percival's ears. And now I will not trespass longer on your time. I came to you for advice, and I have received instead some painful information; but perhaps it may make my way clearer in the end."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Sailors' Song.*

QUEEN of the Waves! look forth across the ocean,

From north to south, from east to stormy west;

See how the waters, with tumultuous motion,
Rise up and foam without a pause or rest.

But fear we not, though storm-clouds round us gather;

Thou art our Mother, and thy little Child
Is the All-Merciful, our tender Father,
Lord of the sea and of the tempest wild.

Help, then, sweet Queen, in our exceeding danger;

By thy seven griefs, in pity, Lady, save;
Think of the Babe that slept within the manger,

And help us now, dear Lady of the Wave!

Up to thy shrine we look, and see the glimmer

Thy votive lamp sheds down on us afar;
Light of our eyes! oh! let it ne'er grow dimmer,

Till in the sky we hail the morning-star.

Then joyful hearts shall kneel around thine altar,

And grateful psalms re-echo down the nave.
Our faith in thy sweet power can never falter,
Mother of God! Our Lady of the Wave!

—*Morwenna P. Hawker.*

* On a hill at S' Adresse, a suburb of Havre, is erected a chapel dedicated to Notre-Dame des Flots. It is visible to vessels passing up and down Channel.

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—DAMASCUS, "PEARL OF THE EAST."
(Concluded.)

THE VENERABLE CITY.—If we may believe Josephus, then Damascus was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and grandson of Shem. Abraham's steward was a native of the place, as is recorded in the Book of Genesis. Nothing more is known of Damascus, until the time of David, when "the Syrians of Damascus came to succor Hadad-ezer, King of Zobah," with whom David was at war. On this occasion "David slew of the Syrians 22,000 men," and, in consequence of his victory, became complete master of the territory, which he garrisoned with Israelites. From that time through several centuries the city was taken and retaken at intervals, fortune alternately favoring the Syrians, the Israelites, or Judeans.

Damascus has ever been a great centre of trade. Strabo says it was the most famous place in Syria during the Persian period. Its Gospel history, though not so full as is that of the Old Testament, is yet of deep interest to Christian readers. One is still shown the window in the wall from which St. Paul was let down in a basket, and the site of his miraculous conversion,—though this is a disputed point. Then there is the house of Naaman the Syrian, where there are a few indifferent lepers; and the house of Ananias; and the street which was "called Strait," and which, no doubt, deserved its name in the day of its baptism; but new houses have crept in on both sides of it, and the old ones have sunk away, so that now it is no longer worthy to be called anything but crooked.

The great mosque should not be forgotten, though a sight of it is hardly worth the handful of francs and the trouble it takes to see it. The chief interest that pertains to this structure is the fact that when the mosque was finished, with its roof of

fine gold, from which were suspended six hundred golden lamps, while the prayer-niches were set thick with priceless gems, the accounts of the various artificers were duly presented on the backs of eighteen well-burdened mules. Then the caliph, who was responsible for the payment thereof, had them all religiously burned—and that was his final settlement. As for the glorious mosque, few traces of its ancient splendor are now visible; in brief, it is a disappointment; but one finds consolation in the cafés of Damascus, and healing and balm for all wounds. Let us adjourn thither.

IN A DAMASK GARDEN.—We dined at sunset. The first call to prayer rang out from a neighboring minaret between soup and fish. We knew the voice of that particular *muezzin*. Five times every four-and-twenty hours he climbed into his high gallery, and chanted the "*Adân*" like a lark. Poor fellow! In common with the majority of his singular and exclusive tribe, he was stone-blind. With much worldly wisdom, blind men are usually appointed to the semi-sacred office; because from the gallery of the minaret one looks over the housetops and into the jealous court of many a harem; and with wilful eyes the *muezzin* might direct his prayer at the wrong angle in search of paradise.

As we were already at the table, we could not lift up our hearts until the meal was over; no Moslem ever is expected to; though at that moment the shrill, sweet voice soared in the air, crying: "God is most great; I testify that there is no deity but God; I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer; come to security. God is most great; there is no deity but God!"

We finished dining, and repaired to the court of the hotel, where a half-dozen merchants were inviting custom, with their wares temptingly displayed upon rich rugs. A snake-charmer offered to divert us with a sack full of reptiles; a wandering poet, with his lute, volunteered a song; swallows swung to and fro between the eaves of the court; the fountain plashed monotonously. It occurred to us that the amusements of

Damascenes were lacking in variety. One gets tired of looking at rude armlets of beaten silver and disks of yellow gold embossed with verses from the Koran. The snake-charmers are, for the most part, tiresome and tricky; the magicians, clever but avaricious; the poets, pleasant enough—one sees them in nearly every café—which reminded us that the evening might be passed in one of the cafés for which Damascus is famous.

Once more the *muezzin* poured out his voice upon the air. The twilight had fallen; the afterglow had dissolved into the deep blue that was gathering about us, with the great stars scattered through it. This was the second call to prayer—a repetition of the first just after sunset. I could think of nothing as I listened to the pathetic cry but of those caged quails in Capri, whose eyes are put out that they may pipe the more pathetically, and with wistful notes entrap their fellows hastening over the Tyrian waves to Africa.

The poet promised to conduct us to the Café of the Thousand Islands. The snake-charmer withdrew; the merchants shut up shop on the instant. With long paper lanterns we groped through the ill-kept streets; droves of *pariah* dogs snapped at our heels, but the lanterns were our salvation. From one of the darkest of the streets we entered a dingy hall. It was not inviting; it contained a few very cheap and not over-clean tables, a few chairs, a few lanterns—too few,—a few indolent guests, who seemed to have lost all interest in life. We hesitated at the forbidding threshold. The poet begged us to enter, hinting that as death is the only gate to the seventh heaven, it was possible that we were even then upon the thorny borders of the gardens of delight. We entered. There was a sound of rushing waters. The air was cooled with spray. Above the murmur of the waters we heard music and low laughter, though laughter is uncommon with those people. We heard the twang of the seven-stringed *'ood*, the wail of the *rahab*, the singer's viol with its two cords, the trill of the double-stemmed *arghool*,

the clang of the *sagat*, the jingle of the *tar*, the throb of the *darábukkeh*.

We passed out of the hall into a parterre bordered with date-palms. Drifts of snowy jasmine whitened the winding paths. Beyond us was a grove of date-palms and mimosas, whose boughs were filled with lanterns. The music ceased for a moment; there was no sound but the babble of innumerable streams, the splash of innumerable fountains, and the gurgle of rose-water bubbling in the tanks of the *nargilehs*.

"Are not the Abana and the Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" asked Naaman of old. Here the rivers are broken into ten thousand rivulets, that wind in and out among grassy islands, making music for evermore.

Rustic bridges spring from one shore to another. You may make the tour of the Thousand Islands dry-shod. You may wander from bower to bower, under illuminated canopies, and find at last the seclusion of some *kiosk*, where pipe-bearers attend you, and youthful slaves lift to your lips the fragile sherbet-cups, and minstrels and dancers await your bidding.

Our cups were drained; our pipes were filled; we rioted at the feast of lanterns. Again epicurean music filled the night; we were reclining on deep divans. On either hand *kursees* (small tables inlaid with pearl, tortoise-shell, and ivory) were placed within our reach. The coffee steamed upon them. An attendant approached, and planted a flaming *mesh'al* near us—a cresset filled with burning wood, that gave forth a delicious odor. A lurid glow flooded the pavilion.

Did we dream, or was it a *houri* that dazzled us with a tiara of jingling coins, and with rows of coins upon the breast, and chains upon the arms, and girdles upon the hips? A loose garment flowed from the throat to the feet, confined only by these glittering coins—a fortune in themselves. The white lace mask of the Circassian beauty hid the lower half of the *gházee-yeh's* face. The uncovered eyes blazed from their dark rims of kohl. Between her fingers she

clasped the bronze *sagat*. Small silver bells tinkled upon her anklets, and from a necklace was suspended a gilded *kurs*, that hung like a breastplate upon her bosom.

When she danced the minstrels played more glibly. Every motion of her body inflamed their hearts. It was not a dance as we know it—it was the writhing of a captive serpent, whose rising gorge sends the blood plunging through the veins, swells every muscle in the body, and makes the flesh quiver and creep perceptibly. Not all the *Ghawwaze* of the East might furnish a rival to this little creature; and when at last she leaped like flame, and fanned the air, the minstrels shrieked with joy, and threw down their instruments in the moment when she sank to the earth in rapturous exhaustion.

We were silent a moment; the waters still played on every hand; the lanterns were burning low. Here was a Peri in a terrestrial paradise; an Odalisque escaped from the harem of the Sultan. Soon the poet led us away into the dark lanes of the city, toward Dimitri's hospitable house.

The late moon was just rising and flooding the east with silver—or was it daybreak? From a minaret came the third call to prayer—it *was* daybreak.

Anon, when it was all over, with the cafés of the Thousand Islands, and the feast of lanterns, and the rioting waters, and the odors that made a rose garden of the place, such as would have gladdened the heart of Saadi or Hafiz,—when even the poet had departed, and the city was still as death,—lo! from among the stars fell that marvelous voice, "God is most great; come to prayer; come to security. Prayer is better than sleep!" But we slept.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE is nothing sweeter in the world than to be forgotten, except by those who love us and whom we love. The rest bring us more trouble than joy; and when we have accomplished our task, dug our furrow, be it great or small, the happiest thing is to disappear.—*Lacordaire*.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

FAITH and courage now filled the soul of Romanus; he desired only to suffer the same torments he had inflicted on Laurence; and, standing forth and raising his hand to secure attention, in a loud voice he declared himself a Christian.*

"Scourge the cur within an inch of his life!" roared Valerian from his curule chair; "then may the furies of hell devour him!"

Venting his rage on Romanus until wearied by his invincible constancy, the gentle Emperor wiped his frothing lips, refreshed himself with a draught of cooled wine, then ordered his new victim to be taken outside the gates and executed. And Romanus, who had consoled himself through it all by repeating the Holy Name he had learned from the lips of Laurence, was led away, outside the Porta Salara, to his death, which, by faith, baptism, and the shedding of his blood for Christ, filled up the measure of his merits, and in a brief space won for him the crown and palm of martyrdom.

By this time Valerian was fatigued, overheated, and—hungry. The supper hour was approaching, and his pampered, luxurious appetite craved its wonted indulgence. He would go to the Baths of Sallust, refresh himself, and return to finish the work so well begun. Having left his instructions with the officials, he went away with his attendants.

The holy Deacon Laurence, without a sound spot in his flesh, was removed (still accompanied by Hippolytus) to another apartment, which opened upon the grove of palms that surrounded the Temple of Mars. Here he was visited and consoled by many

* All that is related of the martyrdom of St. Laurence, and of the conversion and martyrdom of the soldier Romanus, has been gleaned from the "Acts of St. Laurence."

of his friends, among them a priest sent by the Pontiff Stephen, from whom at an opportune moment he received the Eucharistic Bread—the Holy Viaticum, which left nothing more to be wished for on earth.

Hippolytus no longer wavered. Drawn nearer and nearer to Laurence, whose noble virtues and sanctity of life while in his custody had already won the admiration of his honest heart, his conversion was confirmed by the glorious example of his sufferings. Divine love, like a fiery glow, animated his soul; life was nothing: he only wished to declare himself a Christian at whatever cost. But he was restrained by a whisper from Laurence, who saw that his time had not yet come.

Lower sank the sun towards the bright, restless sea; the filmy vapors that draped the sapphire vault above, drifting and wavering in the soft air-currents, were tinted with palest hues of rose and purple; while an iridescent, tremulous, golden shimmer, nowhere so bright as in Roman skies, pervaded space. The birds sang on the wing; there was music and laughter and the hum of glad voices in the air, and other signs telling that life was not all bitterness.

Valerian Imperator had refreshed himself with a perfumed bath, put on fresh apparel of purple and fine linen, had his locks anointed with sweet unguents and crowned with laurel; then, having piously offered the customary libations to the gods, he surfeited himself with rich food, and drank his fill of the rich, mellow wines of Greece, uttering and listening to coarse, lewd jests in the intervals of feasting, until, feeling himself invigorated and in prime condition, he and his satellites went back to the Temple of Mars.

As soon as he was seated, and found breath to speak, he summoned Laurence to his presence. The holy sufferer could not have moved his lacerated, bruised body but for the supernatural strength divinely given, which enabled him to ascend the *catasta* once again, to confront his cruel judge with undaunted firmness; although the marble pallor of his countenance and the purple

shadows around his eyes betrayed the physical anguish he endured. Hippolytus stood near, the shadow of a pillar concealing the tears which he sought not to check.

"Has reason returned to thee? If so cast aside the wickedness of magic, and tell us thy history," hoarsely stammered Valerian, his brain heavy with drunken fumes.

"I am a Spaniard by birth, educated at Rome in every holy and divine law," was the calm reply.

"Sacrifice, then, to the gods. If thou refusest, this night shall be spent in torturing thee," roared the Emperor.

"Ah! my night hath no darkness: everything shines in brightness," responded the holy Deacon, with a smile irradiating his countenance. Heard he the heavenly antiphon:

"Night shall be my light.

But darkness shall not be dark to thee?"*

"Beat his sacrilegious mouth with stones!" raged Valerian.

The executioner obeyed. The notaries scribbled faster, for the light was fading. Hippolytus drew his toga over his face.

Now was at hand the crowning point of Valerian's infernal malice—his "feast for the gods," which he had boasted to Nemesius that he had in reserve; but for Laurence, the refining ordeal, the triumph, which, like a beacon light pointing heavenward, would shine through the night-shadows of time, until lost in the bright dawn of eternal day.

The Emperor made a sign to the half-naked Numidian savages, who stood awaiting his orders; they left the hall, and brought a framework of iron about a foot high, with iron bars across, upon which the unresisting victim was extended and secured; they then bore him on his rough couch outside the Temple and placed it over a pit of glowing coals, which cast a lurid glare over the scene and the grim faces gathered around, falling with softer light through the shadows on a group of Christians, who stood among the spectators,

* Psalm cxxxviii., 11, 12.

waiting, praying, and silently weeping, until the end should come.

Quickly the attendants had borne the curule chair from the Prætorium, that the pious Valerian, in his zeal for the honor of the gods, might witness at his ease the agonies of the tortured Christian, who had blasphemously denied them and defied him. He saw his victim's flesh, penetrated by the fierce heat, begin to shrivel and scorch. It was a brave show for his cruel eyes, but no triumph; for no moan nor murmur had yet been wrung from the dying lips: on the contrary, they had only declared his faith, his joy in suffering for Jesus Christ; and from his fiery couch he had reproved and warned Valerian as the slow hours dragged on.

"Learn, impious tyrant!" he cried, "these coals are for me refreshing; but for thee they will burn to all eternity. . . . Thou, O Lord! knowest that when accused I have not denied, when questioned I have answered, when tortured I have given thanks." *

The Numidians stirred the glowing mass of fire to such a heat that they themselves shrunk swiftly back. Again rose the martyr's voice clear on the night, whose darkness was dispelled by the fire that consumed him, while a smile of supernal joy irradiated his countenance: "I thank Thee, O Jesus Christ! that Thou hast deigned to comfort me." Slowly consuming, life lingered in his tortured frame. The night waned: Laurence already saw the gleaming of a dawn which would usher in the endless day; and, while every nerve was stung with unspeakable agony, while heart and muscles melted in the fiery glow, and the marrow of his charred bones withered, he cried out: "I thank Thee, Lord Jesus! that I am found worthy to pass through Thy gates."

It was over; the passion and pain, the bitterness of the worst that could be done by human cruelty instigated by fiends—their malignity aggravated by the knowledge that to harm only the body was the limit of their power,—all was past as a

dream, and Laurence, like gold refined by the fire, entered with stainless garments into the Land of the Living, to receive the palm and crown he had so valiantly won.

The satisfaction of Valerian was incomplete; he had compassed the death of Laurence, but had failed to reach and drag down the invincible spirit, which had soared above him to the end. He felt baffled and vengeful, and retired to his ivory, silk-draped couch to seek oblivion in a drunken sleep.

The body of Laurence was not removed from his iron-grated, fiery couch when life became extinct, but was left to burn until the smouldering coals turned to ashes; and when the dark hour just before dawn wrapped the scene in deeper shadows, the guards, either drunk or overcome with sleep, or perhaps gold, no longer kept watch; there was no sound except the wind among the palms, that sounded like a low-breathed threnody. Two or three dark figures now emerged cautiously from the shadows towards the sacred remains; with a quick movement, yet reverent and tender, wrapped them in rich stuffs, and glided away as noiselessly as they had come. It was Hippolytus and two other Christians, all disciples and friends of Laurence, who bore away his charred body, and concealed it in the Garden of Cyriaca, in a place they had prepared for it.

In the three days that followed, Hippolytus set his affairs in order, liberated his slaves, and distributed his goods to the poor. Not too soon were his arrangements completed, for on the evening of the third day his house was surrounded by soldiers; he was arrested, and taken before the procurator, on the plea of being a magician, and of stealing the body of Laurence. He admitted that he had done so, not as a magician, but as a Christian. The pretence of a trial followed; he was tortured, cajoled; they appealed to his military pride, to his love for his family; and all the horrors that awaited *them* as well as himself, in case he should prove obstinate, were depicted to him; and last of all came a message from the Em-

* "Acts of St. Laurence."

peror, offering him honors and riches if he would abandon his new delusion and return to the worship of the gods. But he rejected all for Christ, and submitted to the most cruel tortures, counting all things as nothing for the sake of his Divine Master.

His family, with the slaves who had been converted by the preaching of Laurence in the dungeons under his house—among them the old man who had been miraculously restored to sight by the holy Deacon, together with his son—were conducted outside the Via Tibertina, and put to death before the eyes of Hippolytus. But his constancy remained unshaken; his fervor only increased; and, finding him impervious to every attempt made to seduce his faith, Valerian Emperor sentenced him to die, but not by any of the usual methods; this was to be something novel, inspiring, and would delight Rome as a revival of something classic as well as tragic.

On the appointed day, everything being prepared, with the Emperor and all Rome for spectators, two unbroken horses, with wild, fiery eyes, were led forth, their ears laid back, their red nostrils expanded, their veins and muscles strained like cords in their eagerness to break from the restraints of the stalwart Dacian soldiers, who held them back. Hippolytus was not appalled by what he saw before him; he had learned how to die, and joyfully yielded himself to the soldiers, who now seized and bound him between the horses, suddenly released by the Dacians, and, given a stinging blow on their flanks, which was scarcely needed, they sprang forward, plunged and reared to free themselves from their strange incumbrance, then dashed madly away. But before their wild race was over, the spirit of Hippolytus was reunited with that of Sixtus, Laurence, and the martyrs of his own household, who had so brief a time preceded him.

Gods of Rome! have your eyes grown dim, your ears heavy? Have your magicians lost their vaunted skill? Can they no longer work their mighty spells? Have your augurs ceased to read the dreams and

portents that shadow coming fate? What strange lethargy has stolen over ye? Does the perpetual incense rising from your altars make ye drowsy, or does the crimson mist ascending from the blood of the holy ones slain in your honor veil from ye the near future and the coming destruction? Can ye not hear the tramping of the armed host marching down through the pleasant Etrurian vales towards the Tiber,—a host led by a cross of flame in the heavens, under which in characters of fire is writ: "In this sign conquer"?

Do ye not see, O gods! the great, splendid army of Maxentius—whose proud boast is that he has extinguished Christianity—waiting for the advance of the foe on the hither side of the Tiber, where it flows between Latium and Etruria? Although the time is not quite five decades distant,* it is not yet too late—if ye *are* gods—to prepare your thunderbolts to destroy the invader. But ye will not awaken, and the hostile armies meet,—the one led by the Cross, the other by the Eagles which have never known defeat. The shock and clash of battle shake the earth and rend the air; Maxentius, wounded and pursued, sinks in his heavy armor under the swift-flowing Tiber; the Eagles fall and are trampled in the dust; the Cross triumphs, and advances to establish the throne of Christ on earth, on the seven-hilled city of the Cæsars.

But the vision does not arouse ye, great gods! Ye dream as if your thrones were founded on eternity, forgetting the Seer from the Euphrates, and his mysterious words on Mt. Phogor, in the land of Moab, seven hundred years before Rome was founded: "They shall come in galleys from Italy; they shall overcome the Assyrians, and shall waste the Hebrews; and *at the last they themselves also shall perish.*"†

* Valerian, 253-260. Constantine, 306-337. Between Valerian and Constantine 46 years.

† Numbers, xxiv., 24.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHARITY is the salt of riches, without which they corrupt themselves.

True Patriotism.

BY S. L. E.

IT may interest the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" in the United States, whose native land has been so providentially dedicated to Mary Immaculate, to see with what intensity patriotism and the love of God may be united in the human heart. The following burning words of Paul Féval, written to his father after a pilgrimage to Montmartre, bear striking witness to this, and teach us how to pray for our country, that it may belong entirely to that God for whose sake its holy discoverer sought its shores nearly four hundred years ago:

I am just come from the provisional Chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at Montmartre. As you knew that I had wielded the pen in my day, you said to me: "Write us something about what you saw." And I replied: "I saw nothing."

I had entered a chapel already filled. How it happened I know not. A glow of fervor seized upon my soul, and I saw naught but my own joy. I knelt between a holy old man, who had fled from his country of Lorraine to spend his last days in the French fatherland, and a young priest who teaches our soldiers how one lives worthily in order to die worthily.

Mass was celebrated in profound recollection. Before the Gospel our pastor uttered some ardent words, which spoke of France to God. Our hearts were all full of God, and were beating for France; while from above a chant rang out, vowing to the wounds of the Heart of Jesus the wounded heart of France.

Ever those names, "Jesus! France!" And ever: "Heart! Heart! Heart!" Basely they lie who accuse us of not loving our country because we adore our God. Our fathers before us, in the great days of our glory, united these two loves—religion and patriotism—in the victorious shouts of their combats; and when France was queen of the world these were the words that shone out everywhere, written in the blood of our

chevaliers: "God and our Fatherland!" "Jesus! France!" "Son of the Eternal God! Eldest Daughter of the immortal Church!" "Divine Heart! Sacred Heart! lift even to Thyself the humiliated heart of France!"

Then they came, all who were there, to feast at the altar on the Bread of Angels. Then again, suddenly, the pulpit woke. A voice, sonorous as a trumpet of the faith, recited, proclaimed rather, and acclaimed the Litanies of the Heart of Jesus. Here was eloquence, enthusiasm, transport; a vast emotion was roused, increased, and spread. To the depths of my being something was burning—incense and remorse, grief, triumph, sacrifice.

There was *God* in the air! This poetic form (oh! pardon the word! Consider that I have lived on poesy)—this form of the litany, more lyrical than the ode, more lofty than the hymn, more tender than the canticle, more royal even than the psalm, dilates the entire being by a miracle of expansion. Lift up your souls! *Sursum corda!* It is the divine Word, woven in long folds of gold. Wave, wave, like a banner, the vibrating list which unrolls the praises of the all-powerful Heart!

* *

And, believe it, there is glory still, and heroes and martyrs, under that garland of sublime cries. We are not dead! No: the field of God's soldiers has not yielded yet its final harvest. Heart of St. Louis, heart of Jeanne d'Arc, heart of Du Guesclin, of Bayard, of Condé—heart of France! O great, O valiant and unhappy heart! pierced by the stranger, dishonored, tortured by barbarism, recollect thyself, warm thyself once more; believe, hope, and mount up to the very Heart of thy God, where is open an invincible refuge!

My father, I have heard nothing, seen nothing, save this; but I have brought away with me a robust hope, and a consolation which no words can tell. At the moment when I was leaving, Paris, despite the broad day, was disappearing behind a thick mist: a striking figure of the combat incessantly going on, in this illustrious and fatal place,

between the darkness and the light. A single ray pierced the enshrouding gloom: it was the spark struck by the kiss of day from a cross of gold on the summit of a church. *O Crux ave! O light, salvation! Spes unica!* Unparalleled ray! thou wilt suffice, O thou symbol of humanity which gives light, and of victory in death!—O lighthouse lighted by God Himself, thou wilt suffice to guide our blinded France towards the brightness of the future!

It is so. I believe it. While I was beholding at my feet Paris, the giant grovelling in its shadow, I heard above my head your inspired voice, my father, imploring as one who commands, repeating to the Sovereign Heart of the Man-God: "Have mercy! have mercy! have mercy upon France!"

Beautiful Customs of a Catholic Land.

The Rev. Richard J. M' Hugh, in The Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

PERHAPS in no country, not even Ireland, are the beauty and sanctity of the Church seen to better advantage than in "The holy land Tyrol," as her children, with affectionate pride, designate her; for in no other land to-day are Church and State wedded in such happy union as in the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and in the Empire itself, it may be safely said, no other State has won such renown for its sterling fealty to "*Kaiser, Gott und Vaterland*," as the mountain-girdled home of the patriotic Hofer.

The loyalty of the Tyrolese peasant to the Church has become proverbial; his name, like that of his unfortunate Irish brother, is but a synonym of Catholic; his lively faith, untainted with the faintest suspicion of any modern heresy or fashionable "philosophy"; the almost primitive simplicity of his manners; the unquestionable honesty of all his dealings, and the stainless purity of his morals, are the admiration and delight of all who behold them; while they serve not a little to prove to the Protestant world that cleanliness of heart and uprightness of character are not altogether incompatible with the teaching of the "Priests of Rome."

To the readers of the *Record*, and to those of

them especially who live in parts, like America or Australia, where the Church, as yet only in her lusty infancy, is striving to beat down the barriers of bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance, a short description of some of the religious customs of a land where the Church has flourished for fifteen centuries, and is still loved, respected and obeyed by her children, may not be devoid of interest; while the example of those privileged ones who enjoy in full the blessings of our Holy Mother may not be wanting, let us hope, in its salutary lesson to their less fortunate brethren in distant lands.

At the outset of my paper it may be appropriate to remark that the people of the Tyrol always begin the day in that most excellent Christian manner—by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. If they failed in this it would show them to be but very lax and careless Catholics indeed; for there is no village, howsoever small, in all the land, that can not boast of at least one beautiful little chapel, where the Saving Host is daily offered up to His Eternal Father. In the towns and cities the opportunities of hearing Mass naturally are ampler still, and as early as half-past four in the morning the bells can be heard pealing through the misty air from dome and spire of the church and convent, calling upon man to lift his waking thoughts to his Creator. From this hour, when even the birds are still sleeping in their nests, until nine or ten o'clock, on week-days and Sundays alike, it is easy to find some church in which Mass is being celebrated; and the throngs of faithful worshippers that fill the sacred temples at any time between these hours is a sight truly edifying.

Thrice a day, at the proper hours, the *Angelus* is rung; and as the first stroke of the bell is heard chiming on the air, recalling to the Christian soul the wonderful mystery of the Word made Flesh, the people, whether at home or in the streets, in the shop or market place, bow their heads, and, with reverent lips, softly recite:

"The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary,
And she conceived of the Holy Ghost."

Every heart that is at all susceptible to the benign influence of religion must be impressed at the ringing of the *Angelus* bell; for its mysterious effect is still the same, whether its chimes be heard along the vine-clad slopes of Andalusia or amid the snow-capped peaks of the Tyrolean Alps.

All through the Tyrol the tourist from Protestant lands is surprised to find the quiet country lanes, the rugged mountain passes, the very streets of the cities, adorned here and there with shrines of Our Lady, crucifixes, and statues of saints to whom some special devotion is paid. Every bridge has its modest effigy of St. John Nepomuk, the heroic priest who braved the anger of the tyrant Wenceslaus IV., of Bohemia, rather than violate the secrecy of the confessional, and received in consequence the crown of martyrdom by being thrown into the Moldau at the baffled King's command; and every house, almost, has a rude picture of St. Florian, the guardian of dwellings against fire, painted on its walls. "O God, through the intercession of Thy servant Florian, protect us Thy children from the dangers of fire!" is an inscription often seen over the main entrances of private houses.

This pious custom of giving honor to the Most High, and seeking the patronage of His saints in a public manner, not long ago, as the readers of the *Record* are aware, obtained throughout the greater part of Europe; but in many countries still claiming to be Christian, the portraits of the saints have disappeared during the past years, and the crucifix has gone down before the impious arm of the modern Iconoclast. In Catholic Tyrol, however, the image of the Crucified Redeemer has not yet yielded its place to the effigy of Apollo, or the statue of the Virginal Mother to the figure of Diana or the Cyprian Queen. Maria-Theresian Strasse, in Innsbrück, has a beautiful specimen of Christian art, consisting of a magnificent shaft of highly-polished granite, crowned with a marble statue of the Immaculate Conception, and relieved at the base with life-sized figures of SS. Joachim, Anna, Joseph, and John. In passing these pious representations, the peasant respectfully bares his head and offers up a brief and silent prayer.otive lamps burn continually before many shrines, and in harvest time the first two ears of corn plucked in the field are suspended from the arms of the nearest crucifix, in thanksgiving to the Son of God for having removed, by His Sacred Passion and Death, the curse of the flood pronounced upon the earth and all its fruits, and for having restored the world to its primal peace and favor in the eyes of its Creator. A mark of respect shown towards the Blessed Sacrament by the Tyrolean farmers is worthy

the imitation of all Catholic men. Not unmindful of the Prisoner of Love concealed within our tabernacles, they never fail to lift their hats in passing a church, and, indeed, not unfrequently turn towards it and genuflect. When the priest carries the Viaticum through the streets the people on either side kneel, with uncovered heads, until he has passed; and in garrisoned towns, whenever the Sacred Host is borne past the barracks, the guard is turned out to present arms to the King of kings. Little acts of piety like these, after all, are what serve to keep the faith alive in our breasts in all its apostolic fervor, and secure to our souls many special graces from the Most High.

Early on summer mornings, when only the highest peaks are flushing with the rosy light of dawn, the village girls, pushing before them little carts, laden with vegetables and fresh-laid eggs, come down from their mountain-heights to the market in the city. Having disposed of their tempting stock, and made whatever purchases are necessary for their humble life, they form into little companies, and set out again for their aerial homes. And how, think you, do they while away the two or three weary hours of their difficult ascent up the rugged Alpine slopes? Not with idle gossiping or feminine small-talk; not in discussing the gorgeous feathers or shimmering silks exposed in the shop-windows of the city. Ah! no: foreign to the heart of the Tyrolean maiden are the thoughts of such frivolity. Strange as it may seem to the worldly-minded, it is nevertheless an interesting fact, that the hours of their return are devoted to reciting in unison the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady; and only that bright Angel who guards the heavenly exchequer may say how many fragrant garlands of never-fading flowers have thus been woven by those pure and simple village girls, and laid, a grateful offering, at the feet of the Immaculate Queen of Virgins.

In the salutations that greet the pedestrian in his holiday rambles through a Tyrolean village there is something suggestive of the first days of Christianity. "*Grüss' dich Gott!*" (God salute you), and "*Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!*" (Praised be Jesus Christ), are among those most frequently heard. "Praised be Jesus Christ!" is certainly a most beautiful and appropriate salutation for Christians, and when one hears it for the first time one seems to be suddenly transported by some magic

agency back to the very days of the Apostles. I was in the hospital not long ago, in a neighboring city, and I remember what a sweet awakening it was, morning after morning, as the modest little Sister entered with my breakfast, and called me back "from dreamland unto day," with her softly murmured ejaculation, "*Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!*" These were the first words that fell upon my ears at the opening of each new day, and the last I heard when day was over; for as the gentle Sister smoothed my pillow for the night, and sprinkled me with holy water, her parting words were ever, "*Schlafen Sie wohl! Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!*" Truly, a people in whose hearts and upon whose lips the blessed name of our divine Saviour is thus with reverence ever found, may turn from this poor world when that Saviour calls them, with souls strengthened with all the hope and love and confidence such faith as theirs must necessarily inspire.

An American friend of mine lately received an invitation to a Tyrolese wedding. As it is unique in its way, and will serve as a further specimen of the deep piety that pervades these people, it may not be altogether inappropriate to give it insertion. It was printed on common paper, and read as follows:

PRAISED BE JESUS CHRIST!

ESTEEMED AND BELOVED FRIEND:—Having entered, through God's will, into holy and honorable espousals with Maria G—, I hereby humbly invite you to be present at our marriage, which will take place on the eighth day of the Spring month (*i. e.*, March 8), in the most worthy House of God at V—. A breakfast will be served at the house of our honored pastor, and a dinner at the inn of our excellent townsman, Joseph H—. May everything tend to the greater honor of God and the holy Sacrament of Matrimony! Trusting you will honor us with your presence on this joyful occasion, and recommending you to the protection of God and the Blessed Virgin, I am, etc.

C. J.

Like unto this, methinks, might the invitation have been that was issued for the marriage-feast given of old in the little village of Cana in Galilee, which of all marriage-feasts was blessed by Heaven; for, as we read, "the Mother of Jesus was there; and Jesus also was invited, and His disciples."

Briefly and at random I have touched upon a few pious customs that attract the attention of the stranger in this happy land; to describe in full the deep religious current that sends

its purifying waters through the daily life of the Tyrolese; to speak of the thousand and one little acts of devotion that distinguish them in the field, at the fireside, or in the shop; to dwell upon the exterior pomp and interior fervor with which they hail the oft-recurring festivals of the Church, would require more space than I may ask of the *Record* in a single number. But I may say in conclusion that I never mingle with these simple-hearted peasants, or see them at their labors, their devotions, or their rustic merry-makings, without thinking that in them is realized the fervent aspiration of the prayer:

"*Actiones nostras, quæsumus, Domine, aspirando præveni et adjuvando proseguere; ut cuncta nostra oratio et operatio a te semper incipiat et per te cœpta finiatur.*"—Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord! our actions, and carry them on by Thy gracious assistance; that every prayer and work of ours may begin by Thee, and through Thee be happily ended.

Catholic Notes.

Within the past few years three of the most active and virulent persecutors of the Church in several cantons of Switzerland have met with such terrible deaths as to attract general attention. One of these was the notorious Froté, of the Canton of Berne, who pursued with intense hatred the Catholics of the Jura, especially the clergy, whom he called vermin. He died insane, almost eaten alive by vermin. The second was M. Keller, of Argovie, who distinguished himself by a tyrannical career of oppression towards the Church during forty years. His last appearance before the public was marked by a tirade against the Church, in which he scoffed at the Pope, and the excommunication which he boasted of having incurred several times. He died an idiot, abandoned by everyone. The third was M. Vigier, whose career was marked by his speeches against the Church and religion, and the number of minds led astray by his seductive words. He died recently a terrible death from cancer of the tongue!

It will bring joy to the hearts of Irish Catholics the world over to hear that a church is about to be built in Rome in honor of St. Patrick, and we are certain they will exert themselves to have it rank first among the

national churches of the capital of Christendom. A beautiful site in the late Villa Ludovisi has been selected. The Holy Father, with whom this noble idea originated, has headed the subscription list with the handsome offering of 4,000 lire. The project has been entrusted to the Very Rev. Father Glynn, Prior of the Irish Augustinians, of S. Maria in Posterula. In compliance with the express desire of Pope Leo XIII., Father Glynn will make an appeal to the bishops and the faithful in America, Australia, and the British possessions, in behalf of his undertaking.

There are at present thirty-three foreign Cardinals and exactly the same number of Italian Cardinals. According to the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, this never occurred before in the history of the Papacy.

Palace and hotel cars, as well as sleeping coaches, are now run with the express trains on the railroad between Paris and Lourdes. The introduction of these "modern improvements" will no doubt prove very acceptable to the invalid pilgrims seeking relief from their sufferings at the shrine of Our Lady.

The Paris correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, writing of the observance of the Feast of the Assumption in France, remarks:

"With much truth might it be said that this Feast of the Assumption is the National Festival of France. In no other country in the world is the Virgin-Mother more widely and sincerely honored on this anniversary, and among no people does the recurrence of this great religious solemnity give rise to more fervent sentiments or more elevating thoughts. As the journal which has the largest circulation in the country felt constrained to remark on the morrow of the Feast, in the course of a short cynical article, 'it is the Feast of every French family, whether its members be practical Catholics or not.' The devotional feelings of the nation are stirred to their profoundest depths; and even to those who have lapsed from the Faith, and have wandered into the ranks of its enemies, the commemoration brings with it remembrances and associations which touch the tenderest chords of their being. On Sunday last the numberless shrines raised to the honor of the Mother of God throughout this ancient land, whether in the gorgeous Cathedrals of the cities or the humble churches of the hamlets, had been richly decked by loving hands with fairest and choicest flowers, supplemented here and there by glittering gems of priceless value. Through the aisles of thou-

sands of temples the sweet strains of the '*Ave Maria*' arose amid the perfumed breath of myriads of flowers; and the divine music of the human voice mingled with the mute expression of the floral poesy of earth in one grand canticle of praise and supplication, that was borne aloft on angel-wings to the celestial throne of the 'Mother of Fair Love,' and the 'Bright and Morning Star' of humanity."

We deeply regret to have to chronicle the death of the distinguished Catholic scientist, Professor Frederick S. Barff, which occurred at Buckingham, England, on the 11th ult. His experiments and discoveries in chemistry, many of which have been at the same time brilliant and useful, have opened up an entirely new field of research, and won for him a foremost place in the world of science. He was Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Academy, in the ill-fated Catholic University of Kensington, and until his health failed taught the same branch of science at Baumont College. Besides being a distinguished man of science, Professor Barff was also a scholar and an artist, and the frescos in the church at Stonyhurst remain as one cherished memorial of his skill as a designer. He was a member of many learned societies. Professor Barff was born on Oct. 6, 1824. After receiving his degree at Christ's College, Cambridge, he took orders in the Church of England. He became a Catholic in 1852, and remained a faithful and devoted son of the Church to the close of his life.

On the 23d ult. the corner-stone of the new department of St. Vincent's Hospital at Santa Fé, New Mexico, was laid with imposing ceremonies by the Papal messenger, Mgr. Straniero. There were also present the Most Rev. Archbishop Salpointe, the Rt. Rev. Bishops Machebeuf and Bourgade, and a large number of priests. Santa Fé is well known as a health resort, and the object of this new building is to afford better accommodation to the many invalids who seek the invigorating climate of the locality in the Fall, Winter and Spring.

Ratisbon (or Regensburg), in Bavaria, is a place where the culture of true church music is fostered. Ratisbon owes its supremacy in this department of art to the active presence of a learned priest named Haberl, editor of the collection of Palestrina's works, published by Breitkopf & Hartel. To forward this cause,

M. Haberl makes researches in the archives in Rome, and while in Ratisbon he superintends his school of sacred music.

The convent of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, established recently at Louvain, has already won its way to the pious affections of the people. The Sisters throughout the day and the night, without the least interruption, recite the Rosary, in turns, before the Blessed Sacrament and the image of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. In an audience given on the 10th of March, 1884, his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. bestowed unqualified praise upon the Institute, and expressed a hope that convents similar to that at Louvain might be established and encouraged in other lands. The convent at Louvain is under the jurisdiction of the local Archbishop.—*Catholic Standard.*

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Father Pompallier, a worthy and much beloved priest of the Society of Mary, rector of the Church of the Holy Name, Algiers, La.

The Rev. Michael J. Doherty, a well-known priest of the Diocese of Springfield, and for many years rector of St. Bridget's Church, Millbury, Mass.

The Rev. Anthony Leitner, of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, rector of St. Valerius' Church, New Berlin, Wis.

Sister M. Eulalie (Gaynor), Superioress of the Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Newport, Ky., who was accidentally burned to death on the 27th ult.

Sister Mary of St. Clementine (Roach), and Sister Mary of St. Teresa (Rafferty), both of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who were called to their reward last month.

Mr. Dennis Sheridan, a prominent and worthy citizen of Cumberland, Md., whose death occurred on the 20th ult.

Miss Mary Reddin, a devout Child of Mary, who rendered her pure soul to God on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Sarah A. Moody, of Wilmington, Del., whose happy death took place on the 8th ult.

Mrs. Catharine Dages, of Montgomery, Ind.; Catharine Ryan, Waukon, Iowa; William Maher, Bawnmore, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland; Mrs. Catharine Clarke, Pawtucket, R. I.; and Miss Mary McElroy, Charlestown, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



"The Unknown Martyr."

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

IT stood in the long gallery—
A picture of a maid,
Crowned with a simple wreath of flowers,
In quaint old dress arrayed.

"The Unknown Martyr," it was called;
For, so tradition told,
The maiden died for Jesus' sake
In the dark days of old.

Holding the faith she knew was right,
Aye, even to the end,
Her very name was blotted out
By father, mother, friend.

Yet still her portrait held its place
In the old gallery,
And lo! the lesson of her life
Was there for all to see.

For centuries those true, brave eyes
Taught every passer-by,
For the dear Christ who died for us
How best to live or die.

"The Unknown Martyr" called they her;
Hers is undying fame
As long as lasts this world of ours;
And Jesus knows her name.

Norine's Promise.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

Years had rolled by; again and again the verdure had sprung afresh on the grave of Sister Benedicta. Norine had grown into a beautiful woman, and presided in her father's stately mansion. She had travelled with him in foreign countries, had mingled in the fashionable society of large cities, but

had never forgotten the solemn promise made to her dying friend,—a promise which had exerted an ennobling influence over her youth, and given her whole existence an exalted and inspiring aim.

At first, in the enthusiasm of immature years, Norine tried to argue with her father, presenting to him propositions which seemed to her clear and irresistible; but he only laughed at her simplicity, and, if she persisted, would express his sentiments in such a stern manner as to frighten her. Finally, the poor girl resolved to confide her cause to God and His Blessed Mother, and trust in their goodness and mercy. Countless were the Holy Communions she offered for her loved parent, countless her ejaculatory prayers. The shrine of Our Lady was never without her offering of choicest flowers, and no one in need ever departed from the house unassisted.

The gay world wondered why Norine de Réville, young and beautiful as she was, should rise early, pass long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, visit the sick, and help the Sisters of Mercy in distributing her alms to the poor; why her own room was destitute of luxurious ornaments, her toilet so simple; and why, although highly accomplished in every branch suited to her sex, she should frequent society only when duty compelled her to do so. None but her Guardian Angel knew her secret.

Still, Norine's prayers and good works seemed to be of no avail, so far as her father was concerned. His heart was closed against the sunlight of grace and the winning smiles of his devoted daughter. Amusements, resorted to at first as a means of diverting his thoughts from his bitter disappointment, then pursued because loved, had smothered the light of faith, and he persuaded himself that he did not believe, because belief would oblige him to act accordingly. He could hear the Christian Brothers denounced as hypocrites without feeling any resentment, and laugh with scoffers at the Little Sisters of the Poor; his mansion became famous for grand dinners and well-furnished wine-cellars, his stables

for thoroughbreds and expensive vehicles. Liveried servants frowned on the beggar at his gates.

One day Norine mentioned the family name of Sister Benedicta.

"She was a cousin of ours, I think; was she not, papa?"

"Yes, dear. She was a beautiful, romantic creature, and had a charming voice. On the stage she might have equalled Malibran." Then, looking up at the haughty, imperious countenance of Mrs. de Réville's portrait, he went on: "My mother did not fancy Lucy, though she admired her voice. It is sad to think she threw herself away by entering a convent! That voice was never meant to sing the *Miserere* in plain chant." And, picking up his newspaper, he began to read. That was all he remembered of his first love—"she might have been a *prima-donna*!" Meanwhile Norine recalled the scene in Sister Benedicta's cell.

Although Mr. de Réville loved his daughter tenderly, her words and her pious example were a great restraint upon him. "If she would marry!" he thought, and he sought some desirable party who would relieve him of her guardianship and responsibility. Norine did not object to enter the married state, but she was resolved never to accept the hand of any but a practical Christian, and this she gave her father clearly to understand. Mr. de Réville shrugged his shoulders. "Another headstrong one!" he remarked; "but, after all, she may be acting wisely." After a time the good, practical Catholic chosen by Divine Providence presented himself, and Norine became Mrs. McMahon.

III.

Twenty years glided by, and brought Norine to the autumn of life. But, though the beauty of youth had faded, and age had scattered silvery hairs among the brown tresses, her countenance still beamed with the calm serenity that characterized her earlier years. She had enjoyed all the happiness this world can give to the good,—a happiness ever incomplete because mingled with grief, which finds its way into life's cup

just as sombre threads find their way into skeins of golden fibre. As a young wife she confided to her husband her solemn promise, and he united his prayers with hers. As a mother she taught her lisping babes to pray for her cherished intention. Mr. de Réville found a happy home with his devoted daughter, but no sign of conversion manifested itself. Indeed, they were often obliged to feign an interpretation to his utterances, lest they might scandalize the little ones, who tenderly loved him, and ministered to his wants with the most charming delicacy.

One day Norine was alone in the parlor with her father, who was dozing in his great armchair before the blazing hearth. The morning journal had dropped from his hand to the floor, and Norine had laid aside her needlework to re-read two letters from her absent boys. Thomas gave a description of a spiritual retreat that had just closed at the *Gesù*, and in conclusion he said: "Dearest mother, I did not forget to remember the object of all your prayers when I received Holy Communion yesterday." "Darling Tom!" murmured the affectionate parent, kissing the page, and laying it aside. Andrew's missive was from the Naval School at Annapolis, and, after a long list of technical terms, in which the fond son gave a detailed account of his daily actions, he concluded with, "Do not fear, dearest mamma: I never, never forget to pray for the soul of one so dear."

At this moment a huge brand fell from the andiron, and aroused the venerable grandparent.

"Where is Maurice?" he inquired, as he reached the tongs to Norine.

"He is out skating, father. If you like I will play back-gammon with you. The boy will not return till noon, as his class has a holiday."

"I prefer that you would read to me the last debate in Congress, on the Tariff. Here it is." And he designated the column to his daughter, who began reading aloud, with deep interest, the excited discussion of distinguished Congressmen.

Suddenly the door-bell rang violently. Mrs. McMahon dropped the paper, greatly alarmed.

"Why, what's the matter, Norine? You look so frightened."

"Really, I can not say, father; but there is something foreboding in that bell."

Going to the vestibule to inquire of the porter, she saw Mr. McMahon entering from the street, and ran to meet him, with a strong presentiment that all was not well.

"Do not be alarmed, wife. Maurice," he stammered—"Maurice—they are bringing him to the house." And a deathly pallor overspread her husband's face as he fell into the first chair. "Maurice rescued a boy from drowning, and his head is wounded—there is a deep cut in the temple. Be courageous now, dear; he lives, and God is able to restore him to us."

The agonized mother hurries to the door to meet the body of her son, borne on a litter by charitable friends and neighbors. A surgeon arrives promptly, and dresses the wound. Father A—— also hastens to the scene; and the kind-hearted domestics, while rendering every possible service, pray for their generous young master. The father of the rescued child also enters the apartment, so speedily transformed into an infirmary.

Norine, kneeling before an image of the *Mater Dolorosa*, sees as in a dream the surgeon dressing the wound, hears her Maurice reply to his questions in mournful tones. His half-opened eyes and limp form prove him to be greatly exhausted. Soon Father A——, approaching, lends his ear attentively during a brief space, then, raising his hand in benediction, proceeds to administer the holy oil. Prayers for the agonizing follow. At length the voice of Mr. McMahon whispers: "Beloved wife, God wills this sacrifice; go to Maurice!" And he supports her swaying form to the death-bed of her darling.

At the loving voice of his mother the patient seemed to regain the consciousness he had lost after receiving the Sacraments. Death had marked Maurice for his own,

and the lad seemed to be fully aware of it. "Adieu, dear father; I did what you taught me." Then, perceiving the father of the child whom he had saved, he stretched forth his hand, bade him not yield to the anguish so plainly depicted on his features, but remember him lovingly to the little James. Next, looking at his mother with love beaming from his countenance, he said: "Mamma, let us offer our sacrifice for my beloved grandfather. Tell him—"

He can not finish the phrase—his eyes are fixed in death—his breath is chilly—in a few seconds the weeping mother holds in her arms the lifeless form of her darling boy. Long she clings thus to the remains of one so precious, so suddenly snatched from her maternal care, and seems insensible to the words of Christian sympathy proffered by her husband and the friend of the family, Father A——. Finally, they conduct her away. She hears the sobs of the aged grandfather; for Maurice was the pet of his old age. "My God!" she murmurs, "would that our great sacrifice could avail for my father's conversion! Mary, Mother of Mercy, come to my aid in this dark hour!" At length Faith triumphs: she becomes calm, and fully resigned to the adorable will of God.

Two days later the funeral *cortege* of young Maurice, composed of a large number of relatives and friends, slowly wended its way to the new Cathedral cemetery, and a band of loving school-fellows strewed palm-branches on his early grave.

In the evening of that solemn day Father A—— called to console the afflicted household. To the sorrowing mother he said: "True, God has sent you a heavy cross, but He has heard your long and earnest prayer. Divine grace has done its marvellous work. This morning, while the corpse of Maurice was still here, Mr. de Réville sought me in the tribunal of penance." (A cry of holy joy escaped from the still weeping mother.) "Yes," continued the priest, "he said to me: 'I can no longer resist the appeals of conscience, too long stifled or neglected.' Rejoice, then; for in a short time your father

will receive Holy Communion for his beloved grandson. God never sends an unmixed chalice."

"O Benedicta! O Maurice!" cried Norine, "it is you who have gained this signal victory—but at what a price!"

"Bless God," resumed the good Father; "He has separated the family here below only to reunite them all in a happy eternity. Bless His Holy Name, who doeth all things well."

One of the Benevolent Deeds of Pius IX.

In 1824 a young Italian gentleman named Gaëtano, aged only seventeen years, was unfortunately captivated by revolutionary ideas, and drawn into a conspiracy formed in Rome. He was condemned, but as they were conducting him to the place of capital punishment, a young priest, filled with compassion for his dreadful fate, entreated the executioner to grant a few minutes' delay. Hastening to the Vatican, the priest threw himself at the feet of Gregory XVI., and conjured his Holiness to commute the sentence into imprisonment for life. The favor was granted, and the condemned prisoner was conducted to the Castle of St. Angelo.

Twenty-two years later the young priest became Pope, under the title of Pius IX. He had never lost sight of poor Gaëtano, and shortly after his coronation repaired to the Castle, in the costume of a simple priest. The jailer, not being acquainted with the new Pontiff, gave him a rude reception; and not until the visitor presented a permit signed by an influential personage, granting an hour's private interview with the prisoner, was he suffered to see him.

"What does your reverence want with me?" inquired Gaëtano, ungraciously, as Pius IX. entered his gloomy cell.

"I come, sir, to bring you tidings of your mother."

"Of my mother! Does she still live? I imagined that she had long since died of grief."

"Not only does your mother live, but she has commissioned me to come hither, and bring you present consolation, with the hope of better, happier days."

"Then God has at last heard my prayer. All the angels are not in heaven, for certainly here is one beside me."

"Why did you never write to the Holy Father and entreat him to grant your pardon? A political crime, committed at the age of seventeen, in the thoughtlessness of youth, has long ago been expiated by the woes of prolonged imprisonment."

"Father, I did write again and again to the Pope, humbly confessing my faults, and imploring forgiveness; but not one missive ever received a reply."

"Write once more, my son."

"They will never present my petition to the Sovereign Pontiff."

"Try again. Gregory XVI. is no more; address yourself to Pius IX."

"Ah! I see. But I do not know any one who would trouble himself to see that the Pope actually receives my letter."

"I will do it; I have daily access to the Vatican. Write to him now; here is paper and pencil."

The supposed priest, having taken the prisoner's petition, said to him: "Now, do not be anxious, my friend; have great confidence in God and His Blessed Mother, and meanwhile do not forget to pray hard for Pius IX."

Just at this moment the jailer entered, and, uttering a profane phrase, cried out: "*Padre*, you are abusing your permission! Your hour has passed. Be off, or I shall be obliged to make you go."

"I see no cause for such irritation," said the visitor, sternly; "least of all for your profane language. You forget, too, that you are addressing a priest. What if the Holy Father should hear of this?"

"Well, what if he should? I think it safe to say that his Holiness does not trouble himself much about me, and I trouble myself still less about him."

"I perceive you do not know him," was the reply.

After leaving the prison, Pius IX. went at once to see the Governor of Castle St. Angelo.

"Ah, here comes some new grievance!" muttered the irritated Governor, between his teeth; then aloud: "Well, good-morning to your reverence! What's the trouble now? Let us hear quickly, for I've not a moment to lose."

"Governor, I come to ask pardon for the prisoner Gaëtano."

"Indeed! only that? Why, sir, you must be jesting. No one but the Pope himself can grant such a favor."

"It is in the Pope's name, and by his order, I demand it."

"What proof have you to show for this? My charge requires great precaution, you can readily understand."

The august visitor then wrote the following order, which he presented to the surprised but obedient official:

"I enjoin upon the Governor of Castle St. Angelo to set the prisoner Gaëtano free without delay; and, further, I require him to dismiss his jailer."
"PIUS IX."

However, as the jailer promised to avoid profane language in future, and to reform his brutal manners, he was appointed to another office. And it is said he was faithful to his word.

A Lover of the Blessed Virgin.

St. Charles Borromeo said the Office of the B. V. M. and the Rosary daily on his knees; he fasted on Our Lady's vigils, and at the sound of the *Angelus* he would dismount from his horse and kneel in the muddy road, to recite it with due reverence. He instituted processions in honor of Mary on the first Sunday of the month, and instructed his flock to bow the head at mention of Her sweet name. On Saturdays a bell rang in every parish, to summon the people to church to sing Our Lady's Antiphon; and over the porch by which they entered was hung a picture of Her, whom St. Charles revered as truly the Gate of Heaven.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886. No. 12.

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An Annual Miracle in a Village of the Apennines.

AMONG the most remarkable manifestations of the sanctity of the servants of the Most High God is undoubtedly the extraordinary power still possessed, even in our own day, by their bones, their tombs, or merely the slab or stones which have sustained the weight of their bodies, of distilling an odoriferous oil—a miraculous manna, itself productive of most marvellous effects. At the close of the 4th century St. John Climacus, Abbot of the Monks of Mt. Sinai, relates in the Fourth Step of his “Ladder of Paradise” (*Klimax*, whence his name,) that on visiting a monastery of Syria, shortly after the death of a holy monk named Mennas, he was witness to a great miracle. “Whilst we were celebrating the divine service,” he writes, “for this venerable monk, on the third day after his death, the spot in which his remains had been entombed was suddenly penetrated with the most exquisite odor. The abbot permitted the coffin to be opened, and we perceived, flowing from the soles of his feet, as it were two currents of most sweet-smelling balm.”

In the 8th century, from the tomb containing the body of St. John the Almoner, Patriarch of Alexandria, who died in the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, distilled a miraculous oil, which was used by the sick for the healing of their maladies. The

biographer of this charitable pontiff further relates that in his own time, in the Isle of Cyprus, the tombs or “confessions” of several saints were remarkable for a like prodigy. The body of St. Walburga, Abbess of Heidenheim, which since 1870 lies in the city of Eichstädt, still gives forth drops of an oleiferous liquid, which is collected in small vials. The supernatural power of the sainted Abbess is so well known throughout Germany, that in Christian imagery St. Walburga is always represented holding in her hand a vial similar to that which all pilgrims bear away with them from her tomb.

In 1087 took place the translation of the remains of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, from Lycia to the Port of Bari, in Apulia. Those who raised his body found it bathed in a limpid oil, which has never ceased, unto the present day, to flow from his tomb, whence it is still collected with the utmost veneration, and, under the name of the “Manna of St. Nicholas,” is applied with great efficacy for the cure of diseases. Tradition says that immediately upon the burial of the sainted Bishop, in his monastery of Myra, his body exuded, from the head, a miraculous liquid resembling oil, and from the feet, water; but since 1719 it has flowed only in one form, known as the *Manna di S. Nicolà*.

The prodigies wrought by this oil were innumerable, as we read in the Breviary of Toledo:

“Cujus tomba fert oleum
Matres olivæ nesciunt;

Quod natura non protulit
Marmor sudando parturit”;

whilst the Office of St. Nicholas shared, with that of St. Martin of Tours, the glory of being celebrated throughout the entire Church, an honor at that time accorded to no other confessors. Annually, on May 8, a great *feſta* is held at Bari, and during that day and the seven days following the Church of S. Nicolà (founded in 1087, by Robert Guiscard, to receive the corpse of the holy prelate) is crowded with pilgrims, who throng thither from Albania, and from Russia, of which S. Nicolà is the patron saint; and, after a short religious ceremony, they are given to drink water mingled with this healing “Manna,” which they receive kneeling.

We read in the Life of St. Lutgarde (a Cistercian nun of Brabant, deceased June 16, 1246, who, though never canonized with the ordinary ceremonies, is nevertheless recognized as a saint in the Roman Martyrology, under the date of June 16), that her soul and her body were so inundated with divine grace that even during her life her fingers distilled a white, perfumed liquid, similar to oil. The body of St. Rose of Viterbo, who died in 1255, has since that time remained incorrupt, and throughout the lapse of years has emitted a whitish manna, which has been fruitful in miracles. When the tomb of St. Felix of Cantalice was opened, some time after his death, in 1587, the coffin containing his precious remains was found filled with a most odoriferous liquid. Twelve years after the death of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi (1607), a clear, perfumed oil escaped from the crevices of her marble sepulchre; whilst in the tomb of the Blessed Cardinal Joseph Maria Tomasi, of the Regular Clerks Theatines, deceased 1713, and buried in his Titular Church of S. Martino ai Monti, was found a considerable quantity of the like oil, which is preserved untainted up to the present time.

The erudite and pious Görres, in his “Mystique Divine” (Vol. I., iv.), mentions a vast number of saints, and beatified

or venerable servants of God, of both sexes, whose bones seem endowed with new life, thanks to the supernatural oil flowing therefrom, which renders their sepulchres glorious, and which, as in the case of St. Paschal Baylon, O. S. F., resists even the action of quicklime; the body of the Saint being found eight months subsequent to his death, though embedded in lime, to be wholly intact, and swimming in oil.

The traditions of the Benedictine Order attribute a privilege of a like nature, and, if possible, still more extraordinary, not to the mortal remains of the Patriarch of the Monks of the West, but to the figure of his body, which is miraculously impressed in the rock at Roiata—a small village in the Apennines, of some 800 inhabitants, not far from Subiaco; the first abode of St. Benedict, and, until the iniquitous suppression of monastic orders at the hands of Italian Revolution, one of the sixteen towns and villages forming the appanage of that far-famed abbey. It is about fifty-six miles distant from Rome, and, to judge from some remains of walls, built of large, rectangular bricks, seems to occupy the site of an ancient city, possibly an *oppidum* of the Hernici, and as far back as 967 appears, under the name of *Luroiate*, in a diploma of Otho I. confirming the property of the Abbey of Subiaco; whilst in the chronicles of that monastery mention is made of one Rao de Roiata, who swears fealty to the abbot; and in 1183 the same chronicle records that a certain Casto and his son held, under similar terms, the tower, or stronghold of Roiata.

The Spanish historian, Prudentius of Sandoval, Abbot of Notre-Dame de Najera (Navarre), writing towards the close of the 16th century, relates, on the authority of still more ancient authors, the circumstances of this marvellous prodigy, in his work on the monasteries of Castile. The compiler of the “Benedictina Susitana” reproduces the narrative, which is thus translated from the original Portuguese in the *Messenger des Fidéles*:

“The holy Patriarch, repairing one da

to the monastery where he dwelt, reached a place named Roiata, the inhabitants of which refused him hospitality, under plea of securing their village from the scourge of the plague then ravaging Italy. It being already late, the servant of God was constrained to sleep in the open air, and to repose on the naked rock. The spot whereon he stretched himself to rest took the figure of his body, which remained impressed in the yielding stone, even the print of the heel being clearly discernible. Yearly, on March 21, Feast of the Saint, from every pore of this rock issue minute drops, in the form of sweat, styled by the neighboring peasants 'Manna,' or 'Sweat of St. Benedict' (*Sudore di San Benedetto*), which they collect in vials as a miraculous liquid, preserve with the utmost reverence, and utilize most devoutly for the cure of all maladies, especially for diseases of the eyes. Wonderful prodigies are related of this supernatural sweat."

The Sicilian monk, Tornamira, confirms this recital, assuring us that in his time—that is at the end of the 17th century—the miracle of Roiata was annually repeated. Finally, the learned Canon Janucelli, in his exhaustive work on the Abbey of Subiaco, states that this yearly prodigy continues to the present day, and relates the particulars of the miracle in almost the same terms as those used by Sandoval in the 16th century.

We do not know to what time in the life of St. Benedict to attribute the origin of this marvellous occurrence; possibly to that of his departure from Subiaco for Monte Cassino, or perhaps to the epoch of one of his journeys to Terracina, where, says St. Gregory, the servant of God had founded a monastery; or again to that of one of the excursions which his charity for his fellow-men, or the needs of the other twelve monasteries established in the vicinity of the Sacro-Speco, obliged him occasionally to make in the neighborhood of his solitude. Be that as it may, for more than three centuries several historians of the Benedictine Order testify to the reality of the continuance of this marvel, of which the little vil-

lage of Roiata is the theatre, on March 21 of each year. An altar covers the miraculous stone, which is further secured from injury by a grated enclosure furnished with a key; the whole being within a small chapel, erected in honor of the Saint shortly after the verification of the prodigy. Crowds of devout pilgrims flock thither.

Dom Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes, had learned something of this miracle during one of his visits *ad limina Apostolorum*; but neither the authors he consulted nor the persons he questioned could indicate, precisely, the true position of the spot, buried as it was in the Apennines; nor did he gather the special details of the wonderful occurrence until some years later, when a monk of Solesmes, Dom Louis David, then resident in the Abbey of St. Paul Without-the-Walls (Rome), and having charge of the Benedictine *alumni* of that monastery, made in the Autumn of 1860 an excursion to Roiata, where he saw and venerated the supernatural imprint made in the rock by the body of St. Benedict, and received from Dom Frederic Sala, chaplain of the little parish, a vial filled with the oil which had sweated *a saxo durissimo* on March 21 of the preceding year. On his return to Solesmes, Dom David consigned to the care of his abbot the precious "manna." Dom Guéranger could no longer doubt the truth of the miracle, but, in order to obtain the fullest certitude, he sent one of his religious to Roiata, to be present there on March 21, the day on which flows the *Sudore di San Benedetto*, and who was thus enabled to testify, *de visu*, to the astounding nature of the phenomenon thus annually repeated.

It suffices for a soul to be in suffering to bring Our Lord nearer to her in some way. He listens like a watchful parent to every cry that ascends from earth, and to His loving Heart it is not only the voice which cries: it is all sorrow, all suffering, all trial; and Jesus hears with a loving, tender compassion. He does not always heal—for sorrow has its mission—but He always consoles and encourages.—*Golden Sands*.

The Wreath and the Flower.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

I.

] CULL'D my Queen the choicest blooms
That grow in poet's garden;
For well I knew who thus presumes
Need never ask Her pardon.

I wove a wreath of honeyed flowers,
The brightest and the rarest.
But one was left to sun and showers—
The simplest, yet the fairest.

I thought, because 'twas found beside
The highways and the hedges;
In knots where quiet streamlets glide,
Or lone on rocky ledges;

'Twas all too common for a crown
As rare as I was wreathing:
Yet none so fitting Her renown,
Or richer fragrance breathing.

II.

My wreath, 'twas every sweetest name
Of cunning love's devising:
A garland some would scorn to frame,
As 'neath Our Lady's prizing.

And that one flower of common growth,
Yet fairer than all other?
A word no lips are ever loth
To voice—the name of Mother.

SHE, of all mothers, needs must love
This tender name most dearly.
No angel-note She hears above
Can touch Her Heart so nearly.

For—more than any music when
Her mortal children sigh it—
The Lord of angels and of men,
Her Maker, calls Her by it!

III.

Then, radiant Queen, thou fairest fair—
Who with a smile undoest
All other chains thy captives wear—
Of true-loves thou the truest!

If I, among thy bondsmen least—
This heart so oft betrays thee—
May yet, as now, on *thy* Heart's Feast,
A chaplet weave to praise thee:

'Mid rarer blooms I deftly twine
From wealth of poet's bower,
A dewy gem shall frequent shine,
That one sweet, simple flower.

So, for thine eyes, the wreath shall mean
(Small matter what for other):
"My dearest love, because my Queen—
But more, because my Mother."

Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, 1886.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIII.

IT is doubtful if there is any pang, among the infinitely various sufferings of human life, keener than that with which a young and upright soul learns for the first time that shame has touched it. And if this shame comes through one whom it has trusted and honored, the blow falls with a force that sometimes destroys all faith in human nature. The blow which had fallen on Philip Thornton did not have this effect, but it filled him with a sickness of the spirit impossible to describe. Dishonor seemed to come so close—to touch, to lay hold upon him, as it were—his very name was stained with it, and the money which he had spent so freely—the golden key that opened all doors to him—was the direct fruit of it. He felt as if he could never hold up his head again in the sight of men. And to be obliged to judge, to condemn, the uncle who had been as a father to him—this necessity in itself contained infinite bitterness for his affectionate and grateful nature. To escape from it, he tried to take refuge in a vague hope that Mr. Thornton would be able to explain the circumstances which bore so dark an aspect; yet even while he thought this, he knew that he had no expectation of the kind.

He passed several days of mental suffering before Mr. Thornton returned. He was so changed by it—so pale, so absent, so manifestly out of spirits,—that Mrs. Thornton, who had been incensed against him by

Constance's report of the conversation between them, felt her heart melt and her indignation subside. She leaped to the natural feminine conclusion that he was suffering because the marriage prospect had been interrupted, and she said to herself that no doubt the offensive condition which he had made was "a dictation of the priests." In that case—in any case—she felt sure that her husband would summarily make an end of it; and, pending his interposition, she allowed herself to be softened by Philip's changed aspect.

Philip, on his part, had almost forgotten that there was a question of marrying Constance, and he treated her so entirely as usual that the young lady, who by no means shared her aunt's opinion with regard to him, was moved to exasperation. Did he mean to show her that he cared nothing for her refusal? Her pride could find no other reading for his manner. He might seem pale and out of spirits, but the instinct which seldom deceives a woman told her that she had nothing to do with this condition. He might, indeed, be grieving (so she reflected, with a smile which did not become her lip,) over the prospect of losing even a part of the fortune which should have been theirs jointly and undivided; but he must be aware that the lion's share would be his; for was he not a Thornton, while I am only an outsider, as far as the Thornton money is concerned!" sighed Constance.

She did not sigh this only to herself: she imparted it to Mr. Bellamy one day when they were particularly confidential, and she told him the history of Philip's proposal—proposal it could be called. Bellamy listened with an impassive air. They were sitting in the garden together, and he was drawing cabalistic characters on the gravel with his stick while she spoke. But when she finished he looked up, and his eyes betrayed that his impassiveness was only outward.

"If that is the state of the case, Constance," he remarked, "why should you not consent to marry *me*?"

Constance flushed, but it was evident from her composure that this was by no means the first time that the question had been addressed to her.

"My dear Jack," she said, "what has 'the state of the case' to do with your position or with mine? I have pointed out to you at least a dozen times, and you have always ended by agreeing with me, that we are much too poor to think of marrying."

"I have ended by agreeing with you?" repeated Bellamy. "I am not sure of that. I have agreed certainly that you know best whether or not you care to risk matrimony with me and my moderate means. But that we are much too poor to think of marrying—that I have not agreed to. For myself, I am quite willing to risk it; though I can not feel it right to urge you to make a sacrifice that you might regret."

"That I certainly *should* regret," said Constance, frankly. "Remember that once in my life I have known what it was to be poor. I was only a child at the time, it is true; but one does not forget some things. I am not, therefore, like the romantic girls who, brought up in luxury from their cradles, know nothing of what poverty means, and rush blindly into it. I have no assurance that my uncle would give me anything whatever, unless I marry Philip. You see I am no Thornton."

"Not yet," answered Bellamy; "and I hope you never may be one. As for the fortune, however, I do not believe that Mr. Thornton would leave you portionless, after regarding you so long as his adopted daughter."

"Adopted only to serve as a wife for Philip," said Constance. "I have always understood my destiny. But really Philip's condition, and his manner of making it, were too much even for me. I have no religious prejudices; no doubt Romanists can be saved as well as other people; but the idea of being called upon to become one was too absurd. What provoked me most, however, was the insufferable degree of assurance which the laying down of such a condition proved. As if I would be glad to

be taken on any terms that pleased him!"

"Well, you have undeceived him," observed Bellamy. "And now—what is to be the next move?"

"There is no move possible for me," she answered. "I have only to wait, and see what Uncle Thornton will say."

"In short" (with a perceptible inflexion of bitterness) "you are simply a puppet in the hands of Mr. Thornton!"

"I suppose it seems so," she replied. "But, you see, he has power to make or mar all my life. If he would leave me or give me a share—only a share—of his fortune, I could then marry whom I pleased."

"And if he does not?" said Bellamy, looking at her intently.

She colored under the look, but answered, steadily: "Then I shall have to marry some rich man, who may not be as unobjectionable as Philip. That reflection has always kept me from rebelling against the destiny arranged for me."

"Your wisdom and your philosophy are certainly admirable," said Bellamy, with a tone of mockery in his voice. "I feel deeply how very foolish and romantic I must appear in your eyes."

"And I feel that I appear very mercenary in *yours*," she answered. "But I can not help it. I know as well as I know that I am existing that if I were foolish enough to marry you, without any more means than we possess at present, your regret would be as great and as lasting as my own. Indeed it is likely that it would be much greater; for no man who lives as you do could resign himself cheerfully to the narrow straits and cares of poverty. Oh! Jack, I know them, and abhor them! Never, never can I face them voluntarily!"

"I shall never again ask you to do so," said Bellamy, gravely; "for I see that if I gained your consent it would only be to make you miserable. And, perhaps, you are right. For people brought up as we have been, the experiment might prove—a mistake."

"It would!" she cried. "For those who have always been accustomed to narrow

means, there is no hardship in facing comparative poverty; but *we* should have to change our whole mode of life, and I—could not endure it."

"So," said Bellamy, returning to his characters on the sand, "it is to be Thornton, if he gives up his condition, or some other *rich* man?"

"Unless Uncle Thornton will secure me some fortune of my own."

"And in that case?"

"Ah! in that case—" she paused an instant, then finished softly, "I should marry *you*."

Meanwhile, unconscious of the disappointment in store for him, Mr. Thornton was journeying homeward. He arrived a day or two after the week he had granted Philip was expired, and the latter was, therefore, not surprised to be summoned without loss of time to give his decision. It was in the evening. Uncle and nephew had met for the first time at dinner, and afterwards, instead of following the ladies into the drawing-room, Mr. Thornton requested Philip to come with him into the library.

The young man obeyed. The matter had better be over, he felt; and yet his heart sank as he followed his uncle into the room, which had begun to have such disagreeable associations for him. It was filled now with the softly-diffused light of an argand lamp, and seemed a place for study and meditation rather than for such a conflict of opposing wills and passions as Philip's prophetic soul told him must inevitably be the result of the disclosures which he had to make.

Mr. Thornton sat down in his usual chair and looked at the young man, who paused and stood, leaning one shoulder against the carved mantel, before him.

"Well," he said, "it is not likely that you have forgotten the subject of our last conversation here together. What have you to tell me?"

"I have to tell you," Philip answered quietly—for this seemed to him a very unimportant matter compared to what was behind—"that, after reflecting upon you

wishes, I decided to comply with them, if Constance would consent to become a Catholic. I felt that not even to gratify you could I run the risk of an utter want of sympathy between my wife and myself on that important point. I asked her if she would be willing to take a change of religion into consideration—to examine the Catholic faith. She replied that she was not willing to do so, and therefore I am reluctantly obliged to inform you that I can not, on my side, think of marrying a woman who refuses even to look into the truth."

This speech left Mr. Thornton for a moment positively speechless with astonishment and anger. But it was not long before the latter found words. "What!" he cried, "you have the audacity to tell me that you will not marry Constance because she does not choose to embrace your religion? You must be mad! Do you think that I will accept such a paltry excuse, or allow a demand, that you had no right whatever to make, to interfere with the execution of my plans?"

"My dear uncle," said Philip, calmly, "there is no good in our exchanging angry or excited words. You have told me your wishes, and I tell you respectfully but firmly I am unable to comply with them. There is an end of the matter, for I can not recede from my position. My mind is quite made up on that point."

"It is *not* an end of the matter!" replied Mr. Thornton, bringing his hand violently down on the table beside him. "You were ever more mistaken in your life than when you imagine so. Do you suppose that, after all that I have done for you, I am going to allow you to thwart me in a matter so important as this—one on which the disposition of my fortune depends—and lay down conditions as if you were master of the situation?"

A hot reply rose to Philip's lips, but he checked it. After all, much *had* been done for him, and the memory of past benefits made him forgive the ungenerousness of the taunt.

"It is impossible for me to say how much I regret that I can not return all your kind-

ness—kindness which I feel deeply, and gratefully acknowledge—by gratifying you in this matter," he said. "But it is altogether out of the question. Constance and I are really not sympathetic in any respect; but this point of religious difference goes so deep—strikes so into the very roots of life—that it can not be ignored."

"I suppose the priests are at the bottom of this sudden attack of religious fervor," said Mr. Thornton, with a sneer. "You have listened to them, now listen to me. Either you must give up this absurd freak, and agree to marry Constance without any more folly, or I shall change my intentions, and leave my fortune entirely away from you."

"That is a threat which has no power to move me," answered Philip. "I do not desire any share in your fortune."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Thornton, with a stare of wrath and incredulity. "Since when have you learned to despise wealth?"

"I do not despise wealth in general," replied the young man. "It is a great power, for good as well as for evil. But"—he suddenly grew very pale—"I can not desire for myself wealth that has been in any degree unjustly obtained."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Thornton, in a voice almost inarticulate with rage.

"I mean," Philip answered, "that I have heard the story of Robert Percival."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—FROM BAALBEK TO BEIRUT.

INTO THE VALLEY OF LITANY.—Half-way between Damascus and Beirut is Shtora, a hospice where the traveller eats poorly and sleeps not at all, but he may pay as good a bill here as in any port under the Eastern sun. At Shtora you turn suddenly and decisively to the right, pass through a broad, green valley between two ranges of snow-capped mountains, and ride for seven

hours. In the tail end of the seventh hour, along with the sunset, you fall upon the flanks of a steppe where stand the magnificent ruins of old Baalbek. That is what we did, M—— and I, in company with a dragon-man, who was worth his weight in gold, and was inclined to speculate on his market value.

We chased a thunder-storm down that glorious valley. At first the mulberry trees sheltered us, but we rode out of them into the meadows, where flocks were feeding, and where the storm trailed its crape-like skirts of rain. Then we dashed forward in the track of the tempest. Two or three villages, Mohammedan or Maronite, detained us not a moment; for the air was so charged with electricity that horse and rider alike longed for the wings of the wind. By and by the valley spread out before us like a prairie—a prairie turned up at the sides; and there was nothing in all the landscape to fix the eye upon and rest it for a moment.

Then the storm suddenly turned on us, and spat great, cold rain-drops in our faces, and the wind drove us back on our haunches, and we had fifteen awful minutes of struggle and suspense that brought us to the edge of a shallow ravine, where a khan was hidden, and where we sought food and shelter, and found them both at our service. There were but three walls to the khan; it was as fine as a stable, and as fragrant. We were stalled along with the beasts, and fed at the same time and by the same hands, and with as much or as little consideration for our bodily comfort. For an hour we shivered over the embers that had been coaxed into a blaze on our arrival, and that enveloped us with clouds of thick, blue smoke. My *nargileh* lost its flavor, and I was glad to cover my face with the blankets that lay near me, and drop off into a deep but direful sleep. Your Syrian khan is not always the artistic retreat that sounds well in song and looks well in a picture.

Down at the mouth of the valley, above the clouds that fall upon its breast, towered the hoary-headed Hermon, king of mountains. To the west loomed Anti-Lebanon,

topped with antique cedar groves, and thickly peopled with Christians; to the east the twin range of snowy-crested peaks shut out Damascus and the desert, beyond which Palmyra sleeps her eternal sleep. All about us cattle fed upon the broad, green-carpeted steppes. The distant mountains echoed faintly the artillery of the retreating gale.

●BAALBEK.—We arose, remounted, and made a brilliant charge upon the walls of Baalbek, that were soon discovered at the very top of the valley. Baalbek, a temple sacred to Baal and all the gods,—a temple four thousand feet above the sea, in the midst of a green garden at the top of the beautiful Valley of Litany;—Baalbek, the proud mother of sun-worship and moon-worship, from whose high altars curled the smoke of the sacrifice, but where later the Apostles of the one true God set up their standard of the Cross. When it had been thrown down, in its turn, the followers of the Prophet entered into the Holy of Holies, and the voice of the *muezzin* rang out from the summit of the citadel: "Come to security! Come to prayer!" But the prayers were said out at last, and the Turks made a fortress of one of the world's wonders. Whatever loveliness was left in the once wonderful temple, these bearded barbarians stamped out with the heel of scorn.

From the most distant times Baalbek was the chief seat of sun-worship, and was for a time known as Heliopolis. Its temple contained a golden statue of Apollo, which on certain annual festivals was borne about upon the shoulders of the citizens. Trajan consulted its famous oracle before entering on his second Parthian campaign. Under Constantine the temple became a Christian church; but in A. D. 748 the Arabs sacked the city, and its total destruction followed in A. D. 1400. What the Arabs, Tartars, and Turks had spared was almost completely annihilated by a terrific earthquake in the year 1759. The once splendid city is now reduced to an insignificant village of a few hundred impoverished people.

The stupendous proportions of some of the foundation stones of the temple give

name to the structure—Trilithon (three-stoned). These three stones, thirteen feet in height and as many in thickness, are respectively sixty-four, sixty-three and one-half, and sixty-two feet in length. The gods themselves must have wrought here—or devils; and perhaps it is for this reason that no one is permitted long to inhabit this Temple of the Sun.

A fanciful tradition records that Baalbek was built by Solomon to charm one of his Sidonian wives. The *genii* under his command were pressed into service,—the males building the walls, and the females bringing the stone from the quarry close at hand. As one of the stone-bearers was approaching the temple, she learned that her brother had been crushed to death by the fall of a portion of the walls; and in despair she dropped her burden where she stood, and no one was ever found able to remove it. The block still lies in the quarry, and measures fourteen feet in height and breadth, and sixty-eight in length.

The last change has come to Baalbek. Goats climb its tottering walls in search of the lichen that is rooted there. Cattle are pastured in the grass-grown courts; husbandmen till the soil that has accumulated in the royal chambers; and the robust cabbage, the burly beet, and the homely but hearty artichoke thrive in the fat dust of the thrice-dead past. A wall that is apparently the work of a colossal race; a chamber rich and lovely even in its utter decay; a cluster of superb columns, the last remnant of the beauty that was once enthroned here (and these columns at the point of destruction, for one or another of the mountain gales will dash them into the dust)—such is Baalbek of to-day!

The lads of the neighboring village play quoits with fragments of marble chipped from the statues that stand in noseless and forsaken rows; groves have sprung up about the temple, and a cold mountain stream sparkles and sings along its base. This is the most melancholy, the most mysterious ruin imaginable; and at twilight, as I watched it from the brow of a neighboring

hill, that cluster of slender columns stood up against the sky; and as the evening star threw an enchanting ray across them, I could not resist comparing them to shattered lute-strings. What melody they once gave forth! and now how the winds sweep the sacred chords but call forth no response! That instrument was once so cunningly touched, it moved to love or wrought to madness the passionate heart of the listener. But the soul that conceived it, and the spirit in which it was conceived, have long since perished out of sight, and the flight of the gods left but the shattered strings, from which the voluptuous music has passed for evermore.

THE LEBANON.—After surmounting the first crest of the range, the winding trail leads us through gorges trembling with the thunder of ice-cold cataracts; through deep and wild ravines; along giddy heights, where one false step would have hurled us down to death in the abyss a thousand feet below. Numerous villages dot the mountain valleys, and some of them are nestled far up among the wintry crags of the higher range. Thousands of monasteries are planted among the rocky gorges and upon the sunny hill-sides. Most of these are the homes of Maronite monks; a few are of the Armenian Order, but the Maronites—the descendants of the early Christians—predominate throughout the Lebanon.

The Druses haunt some of the glens—the high-horned women, and the barbarous men who did some bloody work in common with the Mohammedans during the reign of terror in 1860. The Druses are ever at war, and but for the Turkish soldiers, who keep them in subjection, they would give the Christians little rest, even in Lebanon, the stronghold of Oriental Christianity.

As for the cedars, they are fine old fellows—a dozen or so of them; and they bear up against the bitter Winter with miraculous fortitude, considering the fact that they are believed to have stood at the time when their fellows were cut down and borne away in floats and by camel and drag, to roof the Temple of King Solomon at Jerusalem. It

is intensely lonely on the mountain-top. The cedars called "the saints" stand apart, and shelter a small hermit chapel. A grove of some thousand trees is not far distant; but the thin air, the hiss or hush in the melancholy, drooping boughs, the winding trail that comes out of the cloud over the last summit, and disappears in the mist that enshrouds the peak before us—is it any wonder that we pressed forward at a reckless pace, and rested not until our eyes once more fell upon the hot, palm-fringed shore, and swept all the waters of the splendid sea?

BEIRUT.—I know of nothing more beautiful, as a landscape picture, than a bird's-eye view of Beirut from the west slope of the Lebanon. The sapphire sea dotted with snowflake sails, the golden shore, the paradise of palms and pines—here they meet together and dream over that fantastical poem of Heine; the mosque domes and minarets that shine like ivory in the sombre green of the groves; the mellow peal of bells rolling up on the summer gale, and that gale heavy with the delicious breath of orange and citron and blossoming vines—surely it is a comfort to tarry for a few last days in so sweet a land as this.

For ten days I was a prisoner in Beirut, awaiting the steamer for the North. The heat increased almost hourly; it became a burden, and at last it was only tolerable, out of doors, very early in the morning, or after twilight in the evening. Even the great pine groves that invoked the muse of Lamartine, and still charm the smokers and coffee-tasters of Beirut, failed to comfort me. The Café Chantant, down by the sea, where the Viennese girls, whom I saw at Port Said, play nightly—the shady, shabby terrace overhanging the sea—is infested by Greeks; it is the one place of public resort in Beirut, and many a time I sat there under the palm-boughs by the water's edge and watched the sun go down into the deep, and heard the gun from the flagship, and saw the bunting slide down from the peak. Then the stars came out and the moon rose, throwing a white light upon the rocks,

that resembled the first fall of snow. A few bathers still strode into the waves, singing, unless the orchestra were then rendering some strain of Strauss, that must have rung sadly enough in the ears of the homesick girls who played it.

In the sunshine I have seen columns lying under the sea near one of the numerous cafés; columns crusted with mussels and swathed in long ribbons of sea-grass—probably remains of the baths established by Herod Agrippa, who embellished this "Berytus" with baths, theatres, and gladiatorial circuses. There are towers on the sea-shore built by the Crusaders. But few other traces of the past remain, and nothing that points to the earlier history of the port.

It is a long leap from Phœnician times—the times of the Canaanitish "Gibbites"—to this year of Our Lord, when the steamer is overdue; but let us take it. It is getting too hot for me in Beirut. I bake by night and boil by day. I hear the voice of ten thousand birds in the lemon grove under my window; I hear the splash of the fountain in the marble court; I take my dinner upon the housetop at twilight, and find half the town doing the very same sort of thing. The fair Jewess in the next block nods at me over the chimney-pots, because we are always up under the stars together; the fat Turk on the roof below me gives me a profound *salaam*, which I return to the best of my ability. We are all uncommonly sociable at twilight; and no wonder; for there is a surpassing loveliness in sea and sky and air, that attunes our souls to harmony.

Nothing can be finer or more refining than the deep and profound repose of the twilight of the East. Yet we have had our trials in the hotel, notwithstanding. Our fat little landlady flies about in stiff and ample skirts, that rattle like paper at every step she takes. Our little landlady has a son, who lately let slip a foolish word, and he had to pay the penalty of his folly. It seems that a native Christian had sought refuge from the tax-gatherer under our metaphorical wings. He was discovered

sized by the soldiers, and borne away to prison. The landlady's boy, hot-blooded and glib-tongued, made several remarks concerning the Prophet, highly offensive to the ears of the Mohammedans. This occurred about 10 a. m. The boy was of French parentage and a French subject. A steamer chanced to be up for Marseilles. The poor fellow was instantly banished for life; and that steamer bore him away in the afternoon, leaving his grief-stricken parents to mourn the loss of their only child, and to pay a fine of some hundreds of francs. And now our poor little landlady is so sorry, that the starch has all gone out of her skirts, and she wanders about the house looking like a big top with the hum carefully extracted. Meanwhile the Turks are crucifying dogs against doors in derision of Our Saviour's Death, and we hear horrible rumors of approaching slaughter, a repetition of the barbarities of 1860. Such is life under the crescent when the Turks have smelt blood.

The last night in Beirut the moonlight flooded the garden under my latticed window, and the light was so green it looked as if it had been filtered through an emerald. On the other side of the house lay a mysterious orchard of figs and pomegranates; a few cypresses in the distance were as black and as stately as obelisks; the far-away mountains soared to heaven, and were as vapory as banks of clouds. In the midst of the garden stood two Arab towers, illuminated, and with their great arched windows glowing like half-moons. I heard the tinkling lute-strings, the throbbing drums, and sweet, wild flute-notes; and from time to time the joyous laughter of girls filled the garden with a music such as the followers of the Prophet delight in—and there, though we be Christians, we can strike hands with them heartily and honestly. It was my last night in Beirut. It began like a dream of delight, it ended in a hot sirocco, that filled the air with red sand-clouds, and made the palms of my hands tingle and my eyes smart with pain.

For hours I had tossed on my sleepless couch, the victim of dumb mosquitos, that

drop on you like sparks of fire; of a mouse in the corner; of swift flashes of heat-lightning, and a vision of stormy seas. But on the morrow the wind perished, and Beirut was consumed in her own furnace heat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVII.—A LETTER FOR LAODICE. FABIAN BACK FROM UMBRIA.

SEQUENCES.

NEMESIUS' letter to Laodice, which had been confided to the old steward, was given to Admetus on the following morning, with strict injunctions to obey the instructions he received concerning it. As the latter dropped it into an ingeniously contrived pouch, concealed in the folds of his tunic, his brave, bright eyes gave assurance that he comprehended, and would be faithful to his trust; then, without question or delay, he left the villa.

When the youth reached the imperial palace his business was roughly challenged by the official at the great portal.

"I have a message for the Lady Laodice, to be delivered in person," he answered, modestly.

He was permitted to enter—for no one would venture to interfere with or obstruct the affairs of Laodice, were they great or small,—and directed which way to go. After being stopped and questioned here and there by officers of the palace, he reached the anteroom of her apartments, where he encountered the major-domo of her establishment, to whom he stated his errand. Not pleased at being interrupted in an angry discussion he was holding with a tradesman, about some overcharges he had detected in his accounts, he roughly bade the intrusive young stranger go in and wait. Yes, it was evident to Admetus that he would have to wait; for, although persons were passing to and fro, they were too intent on their own errands even to notice

his presence; and he leaned against a column to rest, and bide his time.

Several female slaves, the personal attendants of their lady, now strayed in, and, meeting in a group a short distance from the lad, began to chatter and giggle, and throw saucy glances around in quest of admiration, as well as of any incidental thing that would serve to raise a laugh. They caught sight of Admetus, posed like a fair statue of Hylas against the column, all unconscious of his own classic beauty, and certainly without desire of attracting such attention; and one of them, a pretty, young jade, with a significant wink at her companions, danced towards him, and asked what might be his business there at so early an hour. He told her the same thing he had told the others who had questioned him. She laughed good-naturedly, and, with a grimace, hoped he had taken his breakfast before leaving home, as her lady had not yet risen, and might not do so until noon.

"I will wait," he answered, quietly, hoping the girl would go away and leave him alone with his thoughts; but she was ripe for mischief, and beckoned her companions around her to amuse themselves at the expense of his simplicity.

For a little while they thought they were having everything their own way; for his answers to their silly questions were literal and brief; but, quickly penetrating their purpose, he turned the laugh against them by a few good-natured sarcasms, and a sharpness of humor that admonished them it would be best to leave him to himself. But they were loath to yield him the advantage, and tried their best by cajolery and banter to induce him to confide to them the message of which he was the bearer, declaring that their lady always expected such things to be delivered to her the moment her eyes were open; and if they were delayed, whoever was nearest felt the point of her stiletto, while the others were punished with the lash.

But Admetus was unmoved; it might be as they said, but fidelity to duty was part

of his religion, and he continued to evade their curiosity, until, finding their attempt a failure, they left him.

Thankful to be rid of the silly, shameless creatures, the youth found shelter in the embrasure of one of the great windows, where the ruffled plumes of his spirit were smoothed by meditating on the holy things in which his soul delighted. His thoughts wandered away to the dim galleries of the Catacombs; he heard the sweet, solemn hymns floating through the darkness; he saw the starlike glimmer of tapers where some sacred function was being celebrated, and upon his ear rose and fell the plaintive chaunts of the Church as the torn, broken bodies of the martyrs were deposited like precious jewels in her treasure-house, embalmed by her tears, and glorified by her joy at their victory over death and hell.

The soft touch of a hand upon his shoulder recalled the young Christian from his waking-dream, and he saw a slender, dark-visaged man, whose narrow, glittering eyes were fixed upon his face, standing before him. A sombre-colored mantle, the hood of which was drawn over his head, partially shading his countenance, fell from his shoulders; and so impassive did he look, that, until he spoke, Admetus doubted if it were he that had touched him.

"My mistress, the Lady Laodice, is informed that thou hast a message for her. Thou wilt follow me to her presence," he said, leading the way.

Glad that a successful termination of his confidential errand was at hand, Admetus required no urging to follow his guide. From the antechamber they passed through several spacious communicating rooms, all richly furnished in the luxurious style then prevailing in Rome,—each more superb than the last,—until the one that terminated the suite was reached. Here the Cypriot—for it was he—paused, and blew a soft note on a small whistle that hung from his wrist. The heavy curtains were drawn back instantly, and a voice bade them enter. Daylight was excluded from this apartment by hangings rich with gold embroidery,

and it was only by the radiance of the perished lamp, suspended by fine gilt chains from the ceiling, whose rays glimmered on the most salient points of the splendid appointments, that an idea could be formed of its magnificence.

On a couch, over which was thrown lightly a coverlet of white silk, threaded and fringed with silver, reclined the beautiful Laodice. Her dark, indolent eyes half veiled by their fringed lids, glanced carelessly at Admetus, as, under the guidance of the Cypriot, he advanced towards her. Raising herself on her elbow, she said, haughtily:

"What message can such as thou have for me, that could not have been given without the intrusion of thy presence?"

"I have only obeyed orders, Lady."

"Whose orders?" she flamed out.

"A letter has been confided to me to deliver into no hands except those of the person to whom it is addressed," he answered.

"A letter!" she exclaimed; "show it, that I may see if it is for me."

"Tell me first who thou art, Lady, that there may be no mistake," was the firm reply.

"Tell him," she said to the Cypriot, while a thought and a hope as swift as light sent a quick tremor through her frame.

The Cypriot announced her name and rank.

"It is for thee, *madama*. Forgive me if I have been over-cautious," said Admetus, as he placed the letter in her hand.

Laodice made a quick sign to the Cypriot to withdraw, and thrust a gold coin into the hand of Admetus, which the lad would have refused but for the thought of some half-starved children he knew of, whom it would afford him the means of relieving; for their sake he accepted it with a gesture of thanks, which she did not notice, and left her presence.

When alone she tore open the letter, snapping the silk cords and scattering in fragments the waxen seal that secured it, so wildly eager was she to reach the contents,

and realize the hope on which her very life seemed to hang. But when she read the brief lines that shattered her dream, that covered her womanly pride with humiliation, and pierced her heart with the keenest pangs of disappointment, she turned her face to the wall and wept bitterly, and in her despair grasped her stiletto with the intention of ending it all by one suicidal blow; for how could she endure a blighted life?

However, having reached this passionate climax of emotion, a revulsion set in, and grief gave place to rage. She had placed herself at the feet of Nemesis, to be scorned and pitied, while he boasted of his love for another; to be insulted by his cold wishes for her happiness, and his assurance of forgetfulness. That is how she read his manly, honorable, delicate words; and the more she thought them over the more furious she grew, and her wild, passionate love was turned to deadly hate.

Later in the day the Cypriot was summoned to her presence. Not a trace of the storm of passion she had passed through was discernible; her attire was more than usually rich and becoming her countenance more haughty, and her wonderful beauty more regal. If there was pallor, it was concealed by artfully-applied cosmetics. Her most costly jewels glittered over her person, and rare perfumes floated around her. She, with some other ladies of rank, had been invited to the imperial table that evening, to sup with two foreign princes who had just arrived in Rome, and were the guests of the Emperor; and she resolved to appear at her fairest, and show no trace of the eclipse that had darkened her life.

The Cypriot slave entered and stood before her, his head bowed, his serpent-like eyes cast down, his dark, slender hands folded under his wide sleeves, waiting, yet intently alert. She spoke to him in a low voice, and if her instructions were brief they were also emphatic; then she emptied gold in his palm as an earnest of future rewards, and not as a bribe to be faithful to her behests; for Laodice knew the measure

of his fidelity, or imagined she did, and would have trusted her life to him. She dismissed him, and once more at her bidding he started, like a sleuth-hound, on the track of the noble Nemesis.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Sonnet to Our Blessed Lady.

BY VITTORIA COLONNA.

A Maria, Nostra Donna.

VERGINE pura, che dai raggi ardenti
Del vero sol ti godi eterno giorno,
Il cui bel lume, in questo vil soggiorno,
Tenne i begli occhi tuoi paghi e contenti:

Uomo il vedesti e Dio, quando i lucenti
Spiriti facean l'albergo umile adorno
Di chiari lumi, e timidi d'intorno
Stavano lieti al grande uffizio intenti.

Immortal Dio, nascosto in uman velo,
L'adorasti Signor, Figlio il nutristi,
L'amasti Sposo, ed onorasti Padre:

Prega Lui, dunque, che i miei giorni tristi
Ritornin lieti; e tu, Donna del Cielo,
Vogli in questo desio mostrarti madre.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Virgin most pure, who never knewest night,
Living within the true Sun's deathless day,
The golden gleam of which, thro' all thy way,
Made glad thy beauteous eyes with joyous light:

With thee the God-Man dwelt, when angels
bright
Lit up His lowly home with lustrous ray,
And, filled with awe, pleased homage sought
to pay,
Yearning His will to work, be what it might.

Thou the Eterne, veiled by our human screen,
As Lord didst fear; didst cherish as thy Son;
Didst love as Spouse; as Father didst adore.

Pray that my troubled stream of life may run
Back to its happy source; and, Heaven's great
Queen!

Thy Mother's love thus show me evermore.

W. H. E., IN *The Irish Monthly*.

Advocata Nostra.*

ON the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1886, a group of smiling eyes and happy faces surrounded a good Jesuit Father, in the beautiful grounds of an academy for young ladies, situated among the Alleghany Mountains. The summer day was in its glory. Soft winds stirred the leaves and drooping flowers; birds flitted swiftly by, their shadows on the broad walks alone telling their passage. High noon had been in the far-up heavens, where the intense blue and the dazzling light blinded the eyes; but in the west, where the brightness was advancing, great, white, golden-edged clouds waited for the magic of sunset to flush into that splendor that "can not be written or told."

Under the deep shadow of the friendly oaks and beeches, and close to a rustic shrine of St. Joseph, sat the group we have mentioned, and the Jesuit had just spoken. "I will tell you," said he, "a story that was told to me—no mere fiction, but a true though remarkable narrative; one the memory of which is stamped so deeply on my heart, that I think I shall never forget it. A few years ago I was giving retreats in Ireland. Near Dublin I visited a certain convent of nuns, at the request of a friend who had a relative there. The Mother Superior was an English lady—very business-like, practical, and cool; so much so that it would be an impossibility to suspect her either of enthusiasm or extravagance. With great kindness I was shown through the various parts of the institution—large buildings devoted to laundry purposes, etc., where numbers of young women were employed under the watchful eyes of the Sisters. After seeing the house, I was conducted to the little cemetery some distance off. Passing through this quiet, humble resting-place of the dead, with the mounds marked only by little crosses of conventual simplicity, I did not notice that the Superior was leading me

* The incident here related is entirely true.

to a new-made grave. It was the last one of a long row, and its fresh, yellow clay told that it was very recently made indeed. Standing beside it, she told me a tale, strange and terrible, yet consoling, the memory of which, as I said, will never leave my heart. In the quiet, matter-of-fact way that compels belief, she began:

"In that grave lies the body of a poor girl whom we buried a day or two ago. She had been with us twelve years, and was one of our best workers—the most skilful ironer we had, although she was totally blind. I believe she is a saint with God to-day. I will tell you her history. She did not know her parents, but was the adopted child of some good people of the city, who cared for her, instructed her, and brought her up with parental affection. The little girl was a model of virtue, and was especially devout to the Mother of God. She loved to call the Blessed Virgin *her* Mother. When she was about eighteen, passing through the city on some errand, she was detained at a street-crossing long enough to receive the insolent stare of some officers who were passing, and to hear the exclamation of one: "Look at that girl's handsome eyes!" It was only a moment's work, but the poisonous dart entered deeply into that guileless soul. "Handsome eyes!" she muttered to herself; "I didn't know I had handsome eyes." When she returned to her room she consulted her little mirror, and, with swelling heart, said to herself: "He was right: they *are* handsome eyes! I was blind not to know it before. I know it now, and others shall know it too."

"From that hour a terrible change came over her. Love of admiration, love of dress—vanity, led her away step by step; she sank from one depth to another; she became a sinner of the vilest kind. Her friends cast her off, and then she tried to drown her shame and guilt by drink. Staggering through the streets, pouring forth curses, she became a known and abhorred name for infamy. Constantly arrested and imprisoned in drunken brawls, the wretched creature seemed lost to all human influence, and,

more like beast than woman, dragged on a horrible existence.

"One evening she was found in a fearful state of intoxication in the public street. Dragged to the jail, she was flung into a cell, and left to recover from her drunken stupor. During the night the guard heard a piercing shriek proceeding from her cell. No attention was paid to it, for such sounds, it seems, are common inside prison walls. Another agonizing cry, and then dead silence. Still no heed was taken: *she* was beyond sympathy. Next morning two guards went to conduct her to court, to receive her sentence; they unlocked noisily the iron-barred door, but, though accustomed to awful sights, they stood aghast at the one before them. In the middle of the floor, in a pool of blood, lay two human eyes. Seated on the side of the iron bed, with her hands clasped, and the blood streaming out of her eyeless sockets, was the prisoner—sobered indeed, quite calm and collected, and with a certain dignity about her that none had observed for many a day. She rose and stretched out her hands to the guards. "You have come to take me to court," she said, quietly. "I am ready; I deserve far more punishment than I can receive. You must lead me; for, you see, I am blind!"

"The sight of that pale—awful face, with its sickening wounds; the streams of blood on her long hair, on her garments, on her clasped hands, appalled the rough men; they gazed in speechless horror. At last one of them found voice to say: "Girl, who did this to you? how did it happen?" "I will tell you nothing," said the prisoner; "lead me out." The prison officials gathered round. Questions and threats followed to no effect. There was only one answer—"I will tell you nothing. Make my sentence as severe as you can; I deserve it all, and far more."

"At last the prisoner was brought before the judge, who had listened to the story with manifest annoyance. His stern and severe examination elicited not the least information, only the humble words: "I am deeply guilty; you all know my crimes. Treat me

with all the severity you can." Refusing the services of a surgeon, she only stanchd the blood that flowed from her frightful wounds, and baffled all the curiosity of spectators by the constant reply: "I have nothing to tell. I am deeply guilty. May God have mercy on me!"

"There was an awkward pause in the learned court. The prisoner was perfectly sane, and there was a sort of majesty about her that awed those present. Without doubt, this was a case fitter for the halls of a reformatory than the cell of a jail. So, at last, the judge decided to send her here. We placed her in the hospital, and cared for her. No one questioned her—no one referred to the sad past. When her wounds were healed she began to make herself useful, and so quick and skilful did she become, even in her blindness, that before long every one was anxious to have her services. Her life was the most silent, the most holy, the most prayerful I have ever seen. Being blind, she could be observed at all times; and for twelve years she has given us such an example of sanctity, that we counted her presence a blessing to the house, and her loss will be one that can never be repaired.

"Her last illness," continued the Superior, 'was brief. The night she died we were all with her. She called me with a strong voice, and said: "Mother, I have never spoken to any one of what happened to me the night I lay in the prison, twelve years ago. I want to tell you before I die, that you may let every one know of the love of the Mother of Mercy for her erring children. When the officers threw me on the bed in that prison cell, I was stupid with drink, and knew nothing. Suddenly I thought I had died, and was standing before the judgment-seat of God. I was judged and condemned to hell. I saw all the crimes of my wicked life rising up like a huge pyramid, but the pyramid was reversed: the broad part was above, in frightful width, and it sloped downwards on both sides, until all rested on a single point, and on that point was one word,—'Vanity.' I

gazed horror-stricken. Just as the demon stretched out his clutches for me, a white-robed, beautiful Lady, shining like the sun, came swiftly, and threw Herself at the feet of my Judge, pleading—yes, pleading for me. 'Give her one more trial, My Son,' She said; 'she once loved Me, and she was faithful for many years! Let Me be her Advocate.' My Judge quickly raised Her up, saying: 'My Mother, this is no place for Thee. The sentence is passed.' But the Mother of Mercy only pleaded: 'One more trial, My Son!'

"It seemed to me," the penitent went on, "that there was silence in heaven. I felt as if I were suspended over hell by a single hair. I heard my Judge say: 'Be it so, then; for Thy sake, one more trial.' And I awoke with a wild shriek. I was sober then, Mother; a cold sweat was on every limb. The prison cell was dark enough, but I knew I was awake, and that God had been there. When I collected myself enough to think, I went back over my life, sin by sin, year by year, until I reached the beginning of my fall. It was the sin of vanity, caused by the words of an officer in the street—'Look at those handsome eyes!' The words came back, and pierced my heart like red-hot iron. I screamed aloud in my bitterness, and, with the strength of horror at my folly, I tore out my eyes with my fingers, and flung them from me! You know the rest, Mother. Pity me, and pray for me. I go again before my Judge, but the dear Mother of Mercy will be with me, and in humble trust I cling to Her."

"The voice of the patient, so strong in the beginning, grew almost inaudible, and I saw she was in her agony. In the solemn awe of that revelation we said the prayers for the dying, and she breathed her last sigh, clasping the crucifix, and with an expression of majesty and sweetness on her face that thrilled us all to the very depths of our souls. We buried her here, and I feel, as I think of her, that she is among the saints in Heaven."

"This," continued the good Jesuit, "was the story I listened to, standing by that

new-made grave. It has touched you all: judge how it affected me, standing almost in the very presence of that life of penance. I could not speak. I shall never forget the feelings of that moment. Often I recall them; and the more I think the more my heart glows with love for the great Mother of God, our Advocate before the throne of Her Son, who never forsakes those who have once loved and served Her—even, I say, after years of wandering in sin."

There was a long silence. The birds sang overhead; the branches waved gently in the breeze; every face was stamped with solemn yet tender thought. At last the hush was broken by the convent bell for Benediction. The group went slowly to the chapel, but every heart carried to the foot of the altar deep thanksgiving for the mercy of God, and sweet tears of love for the tender Mother of Jesus, who ever pleads at His throne as *Advocata nostra*.

MERCEDES.

Catholic Notes.

The Holy Father has ordered that a new prayer, of his own composition, be substituted for the one the recital of which, after Low Mass—preceded by three *Aves* and the *Salve Regina*, with versicle and response—is obligatory upon the entire Church. An invocation addressed to the Holy Archangel St. Michael is also appended. The prayer is as follows:

Deus refugium nostrum et virtus, populum ad te clamantem propitius respice; et intercedente gloriosa et Immaculata Virgine Dei Genitrice Maria, cum beato Josepho Eius Sponso, ac beatis Apostolis tuis Petro et Paulo, et omnibus sanctis, quas pro conversione peccatorem, pro libertate et exaltatione sanctæ Ecclesiæ, preces effundimus, miseris et benignis exaudi. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

O God! our refuge and strength, propitiously regard Thy people crying unto Thee; and, through the intercession of the glorious and Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, Her blessed Spouse St. Joseph, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, mercifully and benignantly hear the prayers which we pour forth for the conversion of sinners, and for the liberty and exaltation of Holy Mother Church. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

The invocation:

Sancte Michael Archangele, defende nos in prælio; contra nequitiam et insidias diaboli esto præsidium.—*Imperet illi Deus*; supplices deprecamur: tuque, Princeps militiæ cælestis, Satanam aliosque spiritus malignos, qui ad perditionem animarum pervagantur in mundo, divina virtute in infernum detrude. Amen.

O St. Michael the Archangel! defend us in battle; be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we suppliantly beseech; and do thou, Prince of the celestial host, through the divine assistance, thrust into hell Satan and the other evil spirits, who go about through the world to the destruction of souls. Amen.

These prayers are to be said kneeling by the celebrant, alternately with the people. There is an indulgence of 300 days attached to each recital.

The *Figlia di Maria* states that in a late audience accorded the editor of that periodical, the Holy Father, hearing that the Pious Unions already aggregated to the *Primaria* number over 2,500, warmly praised the zeal of the various directors, adding that when Bishop of Perugia he had much at heart the furtherance of associations in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and had issued a pastoral letter expressive of his desire that the Pious Union of the Children of Mary should be canonically erected in each parish throughout the diocese, which command being carried out, the Daughters of Mary were ever the model of Christian women. Now since by the grace of God he had been placed at the head of the Church, he reiterated the like recommendation to the world at large, and wished it made known that he earnestly hoped to see Pious Unions everywhere established and flourishing.

The Austrian pilgrims, who visited Lourdes on the Feast of the Assumption, left a beautiful banner as a *souvenir* of their pilgrimage. On one side is a large Latin cross, in the centre of which is to be seen an oval medallion, bearing the image of the Queen of the Rosary, with an inscription invoking her aid. On the arms of the cross are medallions, showing images of the patrons of the different provinces of Austria. On the reverse is an escutcheon, with the inscription, "All ye holy saints of the lands of the Monarchy, pray for our Imperial House and for Austria!"

M. Berthier, of the French National Institute for Deaf and Dumb, deceased in Paris last month at the venerable age of eighty-three, wrote many books, among them a life of the famous Abbé de l'Épée, and was a member of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Society of Historical Research. M. Berthier was the first deaf-mute to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which was bestowed upon him for distinguished services in the cause of education.

The calendar preserved in the Abbey of St. Andrew at Villeneuve (near Avignon) is dated as being of the year 390; it contains the following:

Die XV. Augusti, Assumptio Sanctæ Mariæ.

This fact of the festival having established its place in the Roman Calendar in the fourth century shows that observance of, and belief in, the fact of the Assumption was of much earlier date.—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

Archbishop Kirby, rector of the Irish College in Rome, is said to have shed tears of joy on being told of the new church about to be raised in the Eternal City in honor of St. Patrick. In congratulating Prior Glynn, and forwarding a liberal donation, the venerable prelate writes:

"It is with singular pleasure I hear of your intention to build a church in Rome in honor of our glorious Apostle, St. Patrick. I am sure this noble thought will cause a thrill of joy in the heart of every Irish Catholic who shall hear of it, as it will fill up a void so long felt in the Eternal City, which is adorned by churches in honor of the patrons of different countries, whilst the Apostle of Ireland has not in it even a public oratory in his honor. It will be your proud privilege, with the cordial and generous co-operation of all who have shared in the fruits of St. Patrick's labors, to fill up this void by the erection of a church in his honor in Rome, where he received the authority and blessing of St. Celestine to bear the light of the Christian faith to our forefathers, to whom he bequeathed, together with this treasure, the admonition that by the fact of their baptism they all became Romans—spiritual children of the Mother who by Patrick generated them to Christ: '*Ut Christiani et Romani sitis.*'"

The Baptist Missionary Society of America, after nine years of zealous endeavors and a good deal of expenditure, have finally decided on giving up Greece as the field of their mis-

sionary labors: the total number of converts, after so much time and expense, amounting to—zero!

Sister Gabriele, of the Sisters of Mercy, who, in the most self-sacrificing manner, has devoted nearly the whole of her life to the nursing of the sick, celebrated, the other day, the fiftieth anniversary of her religious life at the City Hospital of Coblenz. The German Emperor drove to the Hospital to congratulate Sister Gabriele in the most gracious manner, and remained with her for half an hour. The Grand Duchess of Baden sent a congratulatory telegram.—*Catholic Times.*

The American College in Louvain, which lately entered upon the thirtieth year of its existence, has supplied the Church in this country with 2 archbishops, 6 bishops, and 358 priests.

Among the passengers of a steamer which left Bordeaux for Brazil a few weeks ago were eight Sisters of Charity. One, Mother Dubost, is the *visitress* of the Order for the provinces of Rio, Bahia, etc. This venerable nun is in her ninetieth year, and has made fifty voyages to South America since 1848, when she introduced the Sisters of Charity into Brazil. She has herself passed more than half of the seventy years of her religious life in that country. Mother Dubost is a native of Paris. She embraced the religious life at the age of nineteen. After her novitiate she was sent to labor in an orphanage for abandoned girls at Versailles; and since that period she has worked like a true Daughter of St. Vincent in orphanages and hospitals in the hot Brazilian climate, having left her post but five times to make, in the mother-house in France, the retreats prescribed by the rule of her Order. Mother Dubost is still hale and vigorous.

New Publications.

M. DUPONT, AND THE DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FACE. Translated and Abridged from the Work of M. l'Abbé Janvier, Director of the Confraternity. By Julia C. Walsh. Cincinnati: 171 Sycamore Street.

This little pamphlet gives a most interesting sketch of the career of a holy man, and of the popular devotions of which he was the

zealous apostle. A life spent in charity and active virtue, such as is seldom witnessed in these degenerate days, can not be made the theme of contemplation without good results on the mind. Many devout practices, now become familiar to Catholics of the present century, may trace, if not their origin, at least their widespread popularity, to the zeal of this Christian hero. Among these is the devotion to the Holy Face of Our Saviour, according to the impression left upon the Veil of Veronica (as it is popularly called; but the impress itself is the "Veronica," and the name of the holy woman who offered the veil is unknown), copies of which are nowadays so widely diffused. Another devotion—the Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—is due, it seems, altogether to his initiative. The medal of St. Benedict also owes its present celebrity to the efforts of M. Dupont. A long life of seventy-nine years, spent in acts of devotion and kindness to his fellow-men, was at length rewarded by a happy death, and his home has become a sanctuary and a place of pilgrimage.

This little work commends itself by its interesting style, and the lady who has translated it must be congratulated on the excellent result of her labors. It should be in the hands of all.

A HAND-BOOK OF CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS AND STORIES OF THE SAINTS, as Illustrated in Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. Edited by Katharine E. Conway. With Descriptive Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

Mrs. Jameson's well-known works, "Legends of the Madonna," and "Legends of the Monastic Orders," cover much of the ground taken by our present authoress, and we must be pardoned for saying that Mrs. Jameson is superior in style. In the book before us, however, we have the results of later research, and legends of saints not belonging to monastic orders. The field, therefore, is wider, and the alphabetic arrangement renders it more useful as a work of reference. The object, like Mrs. Jameson's, is to explain those works of Christian art which are admired by all, and yet understood by so few. The legends are given in their mediæval form, which often seems grotesque to modern habits of thought; but it must be remembered that the work is not devotional, only artistic; and, as a hand-

book for those who take an interest in works of art, is of great value. Finely illustrated by wood engravings, and beautifully bound and printed, it is worthy of the excellent publishing house from which it issues.

THE PIRATES OF THE RED SEA. Recollections of Travel. Translated from the German of Karl May. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1886.

We hope these "traveller's tales" are true, since they are published as such; and, after all, truth, they say, is often stranger than fiction. But one draws many a long breath while reading of the hairbreadth 'scapes of this rash adventurer, who swims into the sacred interior of a Mussulman home by the channel intended to convey water thither from the Nile, until he finally reaches "a new obstacle. 'This was a leaden plate, pierced with holes, closing the canal, and serving as a kind of filter." He was then under water, and would have been asphyxiated had he attempted to swim back to a breathing place. Happily—shall we say happily?—the leaden plate gives way. He is constantly getting into tight places of this description, for no apparent purpose except to get out again.

His translator has not done him justice, we believe. Not having seen the original, of course we can not affirm conclusively; but some very interesting descriptions—that of the "chotts," for instance—are marred by an obscurity which may not be the author's. Besides, he says "deliver up," when he means "deliver," more than once; also, *Mussulmen*, but, fortunately, not *Germen*; "we love both thee and he" (page 299), and otherwise betrays a want of ear for grammar. On page 48 we read: "I turned completely round over the poor animal's head, which I pushed away in spite of myself, who instantly disappeared." Those addicted to the deciphering of cuneiform inscriptions may, after prolonged attention, come to the conclusion that "which" in this sentence relates to the animal's head, and "who" (*horribile dictu*) to the animal (a horse) himself. But common folks will never know. It will, however, increase the marvellous effect of the work on their minds. We recommend it to all who, worn out and dejected by the impossible, as found in such works as those of Munchausen, seek at least a foothold to which their mental faculties may cling,

with the assurance that sanity is yet among the things that are. Got up in very neat style, fancy covers, clear type, and neat wood-engravings to illustrate the text.

THE JUDGES OF FAITH. *Christian vs. Godless Schools.* By Thomas J. Jenkins. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co 1886.

This pamphlet is, as its title-page tells us, a collection of "Papal, Pastoral, and Conciliar rulings the world over, especially of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, with retrospective essays on the struggle for Christian Education." It is addressed to Catholic parents, and the large number of copies already in circulation is proof of the just estimation in which it is held by those for whom it has been compiled. The heart of the author is evidently in his work, and he has the sympathy of the clergy and hierarchy as well as that of all good Christians.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 МАСН., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Thomas E. Neville, rector of St. Malachy's Church, Pittsburg. He was a true priest, particularly esteemed as a lover of the poor.

Mrs. D. Allen, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA," deceased in Philadelphia on the 8th ult., after a long and severe illness.

Mr. Andrew Byrne, who breathed his last at Youngstown, O., on the 14th of August.

Mrs. Edith M. Surmeyer, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a precious death at Quincy, Ill., on the 31st ult.

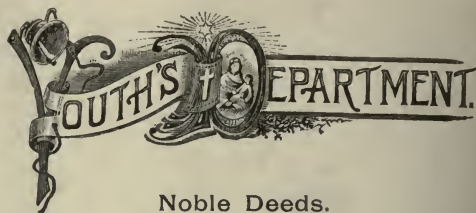
Mr. Philip Smith, of New Haven, Conn., who departed this life on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, of the same place, whose happy death occurred on the 12th of July.

Mr. Anthony Clarke, of Baltimore, who passed away on the 4th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments. The death of this noble Christian gentleman is deeply mourned by a wide circle of acquaintances and a devoted family.

Daniel Grimes and Mrs. D. Grimes, Tipperary, Ireland; Laurence Mooney, Ellen Mooney, Edward Mooney, Catharine Mooney, Thomas Lee, Julia Lee, Thomas and Mary McGill,—all of Milwaukee, Wis.; Michael Donovan and Miss Catharine Hogan, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. M. Boyd, Springfield, Co. Roscommon, Ireland; Mary Holton, Michael Guilfoyle, and William M. Nicholas.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.



Noble Deeds.

NOBLE deeds that lift man higher
From this sordid world of ours
Are like golden beams that waken,
From their slumbers, lovely flow'rs.

Fruitful seeds from generous actions
Plant themselves in sands of Time,
Bearing bright and grand examples,
Like effulgent lights that shine.

Yes: like stars they light our pathway
To a wondrous height sublime;
That, by courage, faith and patience,
We may to that haven climb.

Every purpose that looks upward,
Every noble thought that burns,
Puts a barrier between us
And the things a true heart spurns.

Virtues spring from Love's own bosom—
Jewels they from heaven rare;
And like angels they surround us,
Borne from a diviner air.

God's love bathes the soul in beauty,
As a fountain's limpid spray
Cloth'd in colors of the rainbow,
By the sunshine's dazzling ray.

Right triumphant over evil
Blooms in fresh, eternal youth;
And, as darkness flees from daylight,
Error shuns the sight of Truth.

ASBURY.

The Birds of Heaven.

"Once upon a time" I had a dream. It was so beautiful, so comforting, and so tender a lesson, that I think I ought to tell it.

I was in great trouble. Our dear father had died not long before, and our mother had fallen ill and helpless soon after his death. We girls had suddenly been brought from a very happy, sheltered, easy life, and

set adrift in the busy world, to see to everything, do everything, and earn everything for ourselves. We knew nothing of business, we knew nothing of labor, we knew nothing of strangers, or the manner of dealing with them. Of course our troubles were more than imaginary, and they were hard to bear. At last there came a time when hope seemed absolute folly: we *could not* surmount this next difficulty.

I shall never forget the day I came to this conclusion. We lived in a very comfortable house in a pleasant part of the city, and I was walking home to it from an interview with a business man, who aided me with all his power, and cheered me with all kindness. But even he could not see light ahead that day. He could only send me home with kind words and vague phrases.

"We'll see! we'll see! Nothing will happen to-morrow, at any rate. Keep up your courage! keep up your courage! You are good children—good girls, both of you. We'll see! It will all come right."

But I was past such comfort; I was utterly miserable, and too broken-hearted to have faith in anything. As I walked on wearily, I saw only the horrors of the streets. Such filth and poverty, such cruelty and sickness, such babies and such mothers, and such homes! Thus the poor dwelt, and we were poor. Oh! what was before us! Over and over it all my wearied brain toiled on, and along the muddy, dismal streets my tired feet slowly drew near home.

The bricks and cobble-stones of one street had all been torn up and scattered since I passed that way a few hours before, and workmen were busy with trenches and pipes and great flat stones. I picked my way through the disorder, because it was the nearest way home, too miserable to care for the mud, the slips, the splashing, and scarcely noting that I was in front of the parish church—the *Gesù*. I was so unhappy I was wicked, and never remembered to turn my head and give even a passing thought or a silent word of thanks to our dear Lord, patiently waiting upon the altar within. But He reminded me of it, I am

sure. I reached home at last. There was nothing to say, nothing to do but wait. We had a sorrowful supper, a gloomy evening, and went hopelessly to bed. I was so tired I fell into a deep sleep immediately, and then I had my dream.

In it I was walking over that broken and unpaved street, only it was—as is always the way of dreams—a thousandfold worse than I had seen it in truth. The mud seemed hardly thicker than water, and black and noisome. There were great gaps and chasms, in some of which men were at work, cowering and sullenly,—men who looked up at me with cruel eyes and evil mouths, and seemed to threaten me without uttering a word. From stone to stone, amid the greatest desolation and ruin—for I could see only empty and crumbling houses on either side, where it had always been so crowded and noisy and busy,—I picked my way in growing terror and perplexity. But I was going towards the church, not from it; and I came, after a long while, to a narrow curbing of stone, supporting the iron fence around it. I clung to the rails, and slowly and painfully worked my way towards the gate. How long, long, long the time seemed until I reached it! All the time I had no thought of seeking comfort for my fears, or shelter from danger in the church. It was only to me what any other building would have been. I was not, even in my dreams, seeking Our Lord. I was simply carrying my trouble with me, and the way lay here.

I came to the gate at last, struggled round the great iron post, and stood on firm ground. The brick pavement before the high steps was just as I had always seen it, and the same old people—one old woman, with a little plaid shawl over her white cap with its wide border, as I had seen her every day for a year,—were slowly going up to the church doors. As I came to the foot of the steps, they all stood quite still for a moment, and then turned slowly round, and looked beyond me with awed, pale faces. There was suddenly an awful noise everywhere—strange and tremulous, and terribly grand. It rolled nearer and nearer, not

alone as thunder rolls, but as though the "fountains of the great deep were broken up," and pouring towards us from the bowels of the earth. It became dark—a livid darkness, worse than the forerunner of a storm. I can not describe it so that any one could see it even in his "mind's eye" as I saw it, hurrying and trembling as I was on the steps without the church.

As I stood on the last step, the great doors flew open, wide and high as the church itself, and afar off I saw the gilded shrines of the relics of the saints on the altar gleaming and glowing like a pure flame. But they did not seem to light the air around them, or to dispel the awful darkness. Only from the sanctuary lamp, crimson as blood, trembling, quivering, yet burning steadily upward, there streamed one long, bright ray, into which I felt drawn and held. It led me slowly up the aisle through a silent, swaying throng I could feel but could not see, and I stood at the foot of the altar. I knelt down. All was still for a moment. The horrible noise and tumult was deadened and held off by the sacred walls. Then a voice near me, but I knew not where nor whose,—a sweet, soft, tender voice like nothing else I ever heard, said, very low, but oh! so clearly: "And yet there is room!" Only that.

Suddenly there came the rush and whirl of wings. The light around the sanctuary lamp grew wonderfully vivid and far-reaching, and I could see thousands and thousands of tiny birds, around me and over me and before me, hurrying in through the great doors, and casting themselves upon the altar steps in a perfect ecstasy of delighted rest. They were only common little sparrows—dusky balls of brown feathers, with bright, little, far-seeing eyes; but the vast numbers, and the movement, and the strange, unreal, dream feeling, gave them a singular dignity and pathos in their united action. There was no struggle, no haste, no fear. They just hovered and settled, one after another, one after another, until the altar steps, the floor, the railing, every place near the altar was warm and palpitat-

ing with them. And, oh! the little contented chirps and twitters, the nestling and rustling of the downy little breasts, and the frail, little, folded wings!

There came down upon all a sweet, brooding peace. At longer and longer intervals the silence was thrilled, not broken, by a faint bird voice—a half-uttered, tender, bird's beautiful thanksgiving, or loving greeting. Darkness was still there, the noise was without, the throng of unseen watchers was around the birds and me, but I minded nothing. I had not a fear, not a desire, not a longing. The birds and I were safe. God had us. I felt it in every atom of my being; and then I slept as I never slept before.

When I awoke my care was all gone. It never came back. The dream had comforted me to my very heart's core. I thought of it all day, with longings unutterable to visit the church, and when I reached there the impression only deepened into greater vividness. It was like going into a dear home, where rest untold was sure to abide. "The little birds sang east and the little birds sang west" their sweet thanksgiving, in voices I alone could hear as I knelt in the very spot of my dream.

Years have gone by since that time. The "dark days" never came to us at all. In ways no man could have foreseen, help and comfort and strength and wisdom came to us as they come to the birds—out of God's dear Hand.

I have never forgotten the lesson of my dream. I love with a warm affection the tiniest, chirpiest, sauciest sparrow I see, because of that night we watched together in a vision, and the birds sang with never a fear nor a doubt of the morning coming "in due season." And there is not a spot on earth quite like the altar steps of the dear and blessed *Gesù*.

We all know that, as a general thing, we must not tell our dreams, nor talk of them, nor, above all, put faith in them as having a meaning. But we may get a lesson from anything, and Our Lord comforts us as He pleases. It was surely from Him the lesson and the comfort came to me, and surely it

was He who led me, even in my sleep and by the shadowy links of a dream, back to His own words so many years ago: "Fear not, therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows."

The Short Life Fulfilling a Long Time.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Holy Saturday morning the letter-carrier brought a small parcel bearing a Florida postmark, and, opening it, we found a box full of roses in bud, almost as fresh as when gathered, so carefully had they been packed; and on a card, written in a bold hand, which had trembled a little from weakness:

"HAPPY EASTER TO MISS STARR!
FROM TOM PRINDIVILLE."

"Poor Tom! it is his last Easter on earth," I said, the tears starting as I read; and, kissing the fragrant buds as if they had come from the hand of one already translated, I placed them in a dish so that each bud would touch the water, and each stem show through the crystal. Swift as light my memory gave me the pictures it had kept faithfully for twenty years, and Susan Watson stood before me in all the beauty of her maidenhood—the clear, dark eyes, so mildly expressive; the lips as rich as the opening rose-buds; the oval face; the open brow, from which the dark hair was smoothly parted; the figure and whole aspect buoyant yet gentle. She had come from a town not far distant, with her aunt, to take lessons in my studio, and for more than a year she was, in herself, a living suggestion and inspiration to the study of beauty; while her own work showed such a sense of it, both in nature and art, as to make her one of the most delightful of pupils.

The lessons ended only a few days before her marriage to Thomas J. Prindiville, one of the promising young men of the "North Side," and the story of the wedding, as it came to me, was like an idyl in its simplicity. The country church stood on a corner of her father's domain, and one fresh May morning the young bride and

bridegroom, with their numerous friends, walked over the greensward to the church, the light wind that blew the apple-blossoms now and then from the boughs lifting the *tulle* that veiled her blushing face. The Nuptial Mass and Benediction over, they returned the same way, only the veil was lifted and thrown back, and there was an exultation on the face and in the step of the bride as well as of the bridegroom. It was such a wedding as Evangeline would have had in Acadie, had no eviction sent her and her Gabriel into the world, to find each other only at death.

The next picture was the figure of this young wife, her little boy Tommy at her side, bowed over her young husband who lay in the sleep of death—not in his costly casket, but on a couch among his kindred; still one of them, and only the wasted features telling of the stroke of death. There had been long months of hope and fear, but no Southern clime could restore him; and in a few months, heart-broken, without making a struggle for life, the mother was taken from the boy who had stood with her as she knelt beside his dead father. We almost wondered to see the little fellow growing up with rosy cheeks, and a light-heartedness, too, that told how tenderly the child was being reared, so that he had never missed a caress which father or mother would have given him; and the pictures by which he remembered them were those of their happy wedding day, in the time of blossoming orchards. But the blight, though hidden, was still there. Like his mother, he took his lessons in the studio until he had grown to be a tall boy. Just then the blight began to show, and in his seventeenth year his mind and heart had a certain precociousness, a thoughtfulness, a tenderness, an aspiration we may say, beyond his years.

His cheek had an October flush, which reminds one of death; and when the eighteenth year—the Winter of 1885-6—came, all college plans, all ideas of vocation or profession, yielded to the necessity of a Winter in Florida. He returned during the Paschal days, and on the last day of

June—the last day of the Month of the Sacred Heart—he breathed out his young life as peacefully as father and mother had done so few years before him; sustained by the same faith, the same hope, the same Sacraments, and exchanging the beautiful hopes of innocent youth for the everlasting realities of heaven. It all reads like a poem, all sounds like some strain of music, the pain only putting it in a minor key, and giving a pathos which makes us weep; but our tears fall gently even on his grave.

But the poetic beauty of this simple story is not all. Underlying the boyish vivacity, and the gentleness of a nature essentially noble, was a wellspring of supernatural beliefs, traditions, habits, inherited in some degree, but developed and confirmed by the careful education he received from those who stood to him in the place of his parents; for, had he been deprived of these influences, how soon might not the inherited graces and spiritual gifts have disappeared! But now he had kept to the very last not only the innocence which knows no sin, but a spiritual-mindedness which forbade its approach. From his first confession to his last he had never need of urging. It was a duty, and as such he complied with its requirements; but it was something more: it was a source of spiritual safety, of spiritual joy, to be sought rather than avoided; and his Communions, from first to last, were precious privileges, by which were to be secured not only blessings for himself, but to those souls to whom he owed a filial service, and who were never forgotten.

Then his Rosary—it was never outgrown; and the *Angelus* never sounded unheeded by Tommy in his most light-hearted years. In the midst of play-fellows, a far-away look came into the laughing eyes; and in his aunt's family he never failed to call their attention to it. The Sunday Mass of obligation did not finish the Sunday for our youth, growing too tall for his years, with the soft down of coming manhood on his lip; for Vespers and Benediction he dearly loved, and was never happy unless he was accompanied to them by some one of the

household. There was a quality in his piety which gave forth, at evening as well as morning, the perfume of praise and the incense of thanksgiving.

Are we wrong in believing that the story of such a life is one that will touch many a youth beginning to feel that devotion is "becoming" only to the very young or the very old; all the more from the fact that this life was lived in their own midst, under the very influences surrounding themselves, which are too often made an excuse for the neglect of what should not only be complied with as duties, but laid hold of as privileges, not to be bought with any price less than that which has given us the sure hope of a blessed immortality?

A Pretty Story of the Sistine Madonna.

Raphael, so the story goes, was one time painting an altar-piece, which was, for the nonce, veiled from the curious gaze by curtains while the paint was in process of drying. The artist, weary with his work, had fallen asleep before the closed hangings; but, though his body slumbered, his wondrous mind still wandered through the realms of fancy; and as he lay in sleep he saw the curtains open, and standing between them, surrounded by myriads of cherubim, a glorious vision of the Madonna and Child. For a moment only the apparition lasted, and then the painter awoke to find the curtains closed before the altar-piece.

Next day he received an order to paint a Madonna for the Sistine Chapel, introducing Pope St. Sixtus. Raphael, still haunted by the remembrance of his dream, resolved to paint what he had seen. He sketched the Madonna and Child surrounded by angel heads, with the green curtains drawn back on both sides. St. Sixtus knelt down in adoration, his tiara resting on the altar ledge. St. Barbara occupied the other side of the painting. The picture was complete; the vision was there, and the requirements of the order fulfilled. Still something was wanting. The bare ledge troubled the artist's eye, till one day going to his studio he saw two boys leaning on the side, looking intently at his work. He seized the happy moment and fixed them on his canvas as the adoring cherubim.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886. No. 13.

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Cor Purissimum.

BY M. R.

HEART of Jesus! there is one—
 One only Heart where Thou canst see
 Thy perfect image, as the sun
 In crystal lake may mirrored be.
 No storm disturbs that mirror's face,
 No cloud obscures its silver sheen—
 Green marge, blue sky, we there may trace
 In fainter blue and softer green.

That mirror fair is Mary's Heart.
 O Virgin Mother, meek and mild!
 Remember that to me thou art
 What mother is to feeble child.
 The tenderest love that e'er heart warmed
 Doth God to mother's breast impart
 For babe the sickliest, most deformed,—
 And such am I to Mary's Heart.

Our sinful hearts are stern and hard
 Towards brother, sister, in their fall;
 The Heart that sin has never marred
 Is kinder, meeker far than all.
 Thy Heart, O Mary! will not spurn
 What Love Divine can still endure;
 To thy Son's Heart with hope I turn—
 Plead for me there, O Heart most pure!

THE whole of Mary, and all the benignity of Her queendom, and all the glory of Her exaltation, and all the splendor of Her graces, and all the mysteries of Her motherhood, are because of the Precious Blood.—
iber.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIV.

THE two men regarded each other for fully a minute in silence after those words were spoken. Then a sudden change came over the elder man. He who had been as hot as fire now grew cold as ice. "I begin to understand," he said. "I have not been as blind as you perhaps imagined. After your appeal to me some time ago on behalf of the person whose name you have just mentioned, I caused some inquiries to be made. I heard of the existence of a very good-looking young woman, and I also heard of your acquaintance with her, although you had assured me that you possessed no personal knowledge of those people."

"What I told you was true," replied Philip. "I had then no personal knowledge whatever of them. It was afterward that I became, by accident, acquainted with Miss Percival."

"Ah! afterward!" said Mr. Thornton, with the same cold sarcasm. "That leaves your extraordinary intercession in her behalf unaccounted for; but it is quite sufficient to account for the sudden religious scruples which interfere with your marrying Constance and for the insult which you have just permitted yourself to insinuate toward me. Understand," he went on, fix-

ing his eyes on the pale face of the young man, "that it is a matter of complete indifference to me what the Percivals may say regarding me; but that *you* should listen to their slanders, and venture to repeat them to me—that is something which I can not overlook."

"Miss Percival—I do not know, have never even seen, her mother—has never mentioned your name to me," said Philip. "My acquaintance with her is exceedingly slight, and I solemnly assure you that it was not from her that I heard the story which has given me so much pain. A person totally unconnected with the Percival family told it to me as it is generally believed. If," he continued, with agitation—"if you can disprove it, you will lift from my mind and heart the heaviest burden they have ever known."

"Do you think," demanded Mr. Thornton, contemptuously, "that I shall condescend to disprove for you—for you indeed!—slanders to which you should never have listened!"

"It is not for *me* that I ask you to disprove them," Philip answered, "but for your own honor. Surely you do not know what men say and believe of you! Shall I tell you what they say? It is hard—but you ought to know. They say"—looking with pained eyes into the face so steadily regarding him—"that you knew the value of the stocks in which Robert Percival had invested, even while they were depreciated, and that when they had become as valuable as he anticipated you still retained the property which he had given up to make good your loss."

"Well," said Mr. Thornton—and his cold tones made a striking contrast to the agitated accents of the other—"and what if they do say this? They might say much worse, and I should not think it worth a moment's notice."

"But your good name?" urged Philip; "your reputation for integrity, surely you think that of importance?"

"My name is good on 'Change," replied the other, brusquely. "Everyone knows its

worth *there*. I have no time to trouble myself with considering how it is valued elsewhere. I do not find," with a sarcastic smile, "that people are given to shunning me."

"No," said Philip. "There is a part of the world—a large part—that condones anything in the man who is rich and successful. But it does not seem to me that a man of honor could be satisfied with that kind of respect. He would also want the good opinion of men whose opinion is worth having. My dear uncle"—in his earnestness he stepped nearer the elder man—"I beg you to consider for a moment what such charges as these mean, how they affect your position in the eyes of men who are not dazzled by wealth. For my sake, if not for your own, explain them, deny them, if they can be explained or denied."

Perhaps Mr. Thornton was more moved than he wished to betray by these words and the expression of the young face looking down on him. It may have seemed to him in some sort a Nemesis—this pale, set countenance with its pleading eyes. At all events, his own eyes dropped for the first time.

"For your sake!" he repeated. "You certainly deserve a great deal from me—you who have not only set my wishes at defiance, but who make yourself the mouth-piece of my enemies!"

"Put me out of the question, then," said Philip, too intent upon his point to answer the last charge, "and for your own sake give me the right to deny these statements."

"What is there to deny?" said Mr. Thornton, looking up again and speaking with much irritation. "It is quite true that when I found myself on the verge of ruin through the unprincipled speculation of my partner, I forced him to reimburse me for the losses I had sustained. His property of which so much has been said, did not cover those losses; but after much struggle and mental anxiety I pulled through. Long afterward the stock which had been left on my hands as waste paper appreciated in value, but what then? Was I bound to

re open a closed business and unsettle my affairs by accounting to the Percivals—the man himself was dead—for what had passed into my hands in a perfectly legitimate manner? It would have been quixotic folly, and I am not a fool. Now I have answered you, and you may answer the statements about which you are concerned as you please, only understand that this subject is closed between us once for all.”

“Shall I tell you how I would like to answer those statements?” asked Philip, undismayed by the peremptory sharpness of the last words. “I should like to be able to say that, thinking of the higher moral law rather than of the failing human law that gives you the right to retain this property, you have accounted to the heirs of Robert Percival for all that passed into your hands, and have so cleared your name and your soul from any shade of wrong-doing.”

“Wrong-doing!” repeated Mr. Thornton. “Your insolence passes all bounds. I have listened to you quite long enough. Leave the room, sir! and remember that you need not present yourself to me again until you are prepared to comply *unconditionally* with my wishes.”

“I fear, then, that it will be long before I shall see you again,” said Philip, much moved. “I am deeply grieved that I should seem to make an ungrateful return for your kindness and generosity. I can only hope that some day you will recognize that your demand is unreasonable.”

“Unreasonable!” cried Mr. Thornton, who was growing very hot again. “I am to give you a princely fortune and exact nothing in return, forsooth! or, better still, I am to endow the Percival girl with a fortune in order that you may marry her! I repeat that I am not a fool, and I tell you that not a sixpence of my money shall ever go to the Percivals, directly or indirectly. Say that to heart, and now—go!”

He pointed to the door, his hand trembling with anger, and Philip had no alternative but to obey the gesture. He recognized that there was nothing to be gained by prolonging the interview in his uncle’s

present state of mind. He bent his head, therefore, and, without trusting himself to speak again, turned and left the room.

He went straight to his chamber and made immediate preparations for leaving the house. Mr. Thornton’s command coincided with his own wishes in this respect. He felt that it was no longer a place for him. He rested under the odium of refusing to marry Constance, he had alienated the feelings of his uncle, and he wished to profit no longer by money that had a stain of moral wrong upon it. All of these things pressed upon him as reasons to be gone, yet it was with a sad heart that he prepared for a leave-taking that might be final. Since he entered it as a boy of twelve, this had been a happy home to him; here he had received unvarying kindness, and benefits without number. Thinking of the last, his resolution almost failed, for he had none of that dominant self-will which makes resistance to the wishes of others rather agreeable than otherwise to some people. In his softened mood, in his deep horror for ingratitude, it is likely that he might have surrendered altogether as far as Constance was concerned if the recollection of the Percival matter had not made him glad of any excuse to escape the burden of unjustly-acquired wealth.

So, when his preparations were all made, he cast a look of farewell around the room that he might never enter again, and went down in search of Mrs. Thornton. Under no circumstances could he leave without bidding *her* adieu, although he was well aware that he was alienating her also. Fortunately Constance was out, spending the evening; but he feared to find Mr. Thornton with his wife. This proved an unfounded fear, however: the lady was alone in her sitting-room, reading a novel, which she laid down as he entered. Though she looked so serene, so steeped as it were in quiet, she had in fact been wondering what could detain her husband and his nephew so long. When the latter entered, she looked up with a glance of mingled relief and inquiry.

"Where is your uncle?" she asked. "Did you leave him in the library?"

"I left him in the library half an hour ago," the young man answered. "My dear aunt, I come to thank you for all your great kindness to me and to bid you good-bye."

"Philip! what do you mean?" she exclaimed, startled by his manner as well as his words. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, not far; only into the city for the present," he answered. "But I may not see you again for some time, since my uncle thinks it best that we should live apart, and I agree with him."

"Your uncle—thinks it best that you should live apart!" she repeated, incredulously. "You must be mistaken. You must know that he is devoted to you. I am not sure but that you are the person in the world he cares most for."

"I hope not," said Philip, gravely; "for I have been forced to disappoint him, and he can not forgive this. He has told me plainly not to present myself to him again until I am prepared to fulfil his wishes. So, you see, I have no option but to go."

Mrs. Thornton's delicate face grew somewhat cold; but she was a kind woman; she was fond of Philip, and her heart, as well as that of her husband, had been set on the hope of a marriage between Constance and himself. Therefore, although she was vexed with the young man for his insensibility and obstinacy, she determined to play the part of peacemaker, if possible.

"And why," she asked, "can you not fulfil his wishes? Surely, Philip, you are not so bigoted as to sacrifice your prospects in life, the opportunity of gratifying your uncle, and I may say even your own happiness—for I have too good an opinion of you to believe that you will be happy when you are separated from us all—to a narrow religious scruple? How can you be so unreasonable as to expect Constance to give up her religion for yours?"

"My dear aunt," answered Philip, who would gladly have avoided this discussion, but saw that there was no hope of doing so, "I do not expect Constance to give up her

religion. I only asked her if she would not examine the claims of the Catholic faith, in the hope that by examination she would be led to embrace it. You must agree with me that it is desirable that those whose lives are united in the closest possible manner should be united also in belief."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thornton, in the tone of one who concedes a doubtful point, "it is surely desirable, but it is not necessary. If two people are reasonable and liberal, there is no reason why they should not each go his or her own way without anything disagreeable at all."

"And the children probably would go *their own way* also," rejoined Philip, dryly. "It is necessary to look a little ahead in these matters. I suppose I do seem to you bigoted," he added, in a tone of regret, "but at least you will admit that I am the chief sufferer thereby. My uncle will probably make Constance his heiress, and she will be able to marry as she likes. Of course you know that she does not care for me."

"If she does not, it is your own fault," observed Mrs. Thornton. "You could easily have made her care for you; but you have neglected her in a manner that no woman—and especially a woman so much admired as Constance—could possibly endure."

"I am ready to cry *mea culpa*," replied Philip, who was nervously anxious to be gone; "but it is too late now."

"Nothing is too late," said Mrs. Thornton, rising, and laying her hand impressively on his arm. "You need not fancy that your uncle will make Constance his heiress. She is not a Thornton, and he will not dream of it. His heart is set on *you*. Only to-day when he came in he told me his plans for you—how he wanted to see you married, in the first place, in order that he might make his will, 'for I have had some symptoms of late that I do not like,' he said, 'and a man should be prepared for anything.' Then he wants you to go into politics, to become distinguished— Oh! Philip, Philip! how have you the heart to disappoint him so!"

Philip had not the heart to tell her the reason why, so he felt that the sooner this

trying interview was ended, the better. He took the hand that lay on his arm and kissed it.

"I can not tell you all the motives that actuate me," he said; "but I beg you to believe that they are strong, else I could never resist your appeal; I could never leave you to think me cold, hard-hearted, insensible to all your goodness. But I can not remain: it is impossible. Forgive me, if you can—and good-bye."

He turned quickly, and before she could utter another word, had left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—GLIMPSES OF ASIA MINOR.

GETTING UNDER WAY.—The farewells I had scarcely been said—we swung at anchor off Beirut, steam up, and the warning whistle screaming savagely at the tardy light of the shore-folk—the warmth of the last hand-clasp still tingled in our palms, when we dismissed Syria and all her manifold associations, turning eagerly and studiously to the charts of our new cruise. Soon does the prospect of a fresh experience bliterate the impressions of the past in the barbaric and bewildering East!

It was twilight. The shore was bathed in the soft radiance of the after-glow; Lebanon towered above us like a mount of glory; the land-breeze stole over the sea freighted with the delicious odor of citron groves. It was an hour picked out of ten thousand—a hour that one never forgets.

Near us three ships lay at anchor; their steam was also up; their decks swarmed with excited people, and an unbroken line of small boats and lighters passed to and fro between the ships and shore. The Sultan had called for help, and Northern Syria was drained. These barges bore some thousands of men (I forget the exact number) out to the ships that were to convey them to the seat of war. They were all

maddened with drink, and with the fanatical Turkish music that was heard on deck and echoed from the land. They joined the barbaric chorus, and thus took leave of the land they love with a lover's adoration, to meet their miserable fate at the front.

It was said in Beirut that there was not time, nor inclination either, to properly provision the transport ships, and that the soldiers were to be put on short allowance immediately. It was said also that when fever or an epidemic breaks out on a Turkish troop ship, the victims are immediately dropped overboard, as it is easier to sacrifice a few than to endanger the many.

Old friends met us at table that night,—friends who had dropped in upon us at Cairo, the Nile cataract, Jerusalem, Damascus, and almost everywhere. We steamed over the smooth sea together, and paced the deck far into the night, smoking, dreaming, chatting, comparing notes, and laughing to think how small the world is, and how the traveller is forever renewing the chance acquaintance, which, agreeable as it is for the time, is usually dropped without more than a momentary regret.

CYPRUS.—At dawn our anchor chain whizzed overboard, and the good ship trembled from stem to stern. We came to a standstill in a shallow sea, about the color of pea-soup, off the flat shores of Cyprus. The island is rather forbidding, all ashen-gray and dead. A few dusty palms and fewer cypresses rise above the low, white walls of the port, and they are the only greenish things visible. In the centre of the island, some miles back from the coast, rises a splendid mountain. I raked the ship to find some oracle who could give me its name. Of course our guide-gooks were all packed away. One never has a guide-book in hand when it is most needed. I ventured to pronounce it Olympus, but was frowned down by an enraged multitude not yet prepared for so glorious a spectacle.

All day long the ship rocked in an ugly chop-sea; but some of us, at the risk of a wetting, went on shore to stroll about one of the duller towns in the world. We re-

fused to purchase a half bushel of antique earthen vases for a mere song. Back for dinner, after a sand storm on shore and a spray bath in the little boat that bore us over to the ship again, we discovered that Mount Troadas—the old fellow towering 7,000 feet above the sea—is really the Cyprian Olympus. Out of these tumbling waters sprang the foam-born Venus. To this hour there is an annual festival in the island, much frequented by virgins, who are there sought in marriage. What is this but a modification of the ancient rites observed by the Cyprians? The feast, called the “Deluge,” is supposed to commemorate the birth of Venus, and all Cyprus on that day goes boating in honor of their beautiful but rather disreputable goddess.

The Cyprians were famous for their beauty. It was as much as a young man's heart was worth to go on shore in the old, old days. He may go now; for the maidens have grown peaked, and there is nothing left on the premises more tempting than a glass of weak lime juice, and a cigar so strong that it actually kicks in your teeth. Larnic, our seaport, is the ancient Chittim, the same that has been written of by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel. This fact is the only interesting feature of the place.

We put off to sea at sunset, and hugged the island all that night; for there are 145 miles of her. Olympus was star-crowned and beautiful. The burnt-offerings that ascended in that purple dusk were fragrant in the nostrils of the faithful; and there was something pleasant, though pantheistical, in the thought that those skies were once clouded with gods.

All the following day we steamed along the coast of Asia Minor. How agreeable it was to turn from the blue desert, the watery waste, and watch the huge mountains, the distant mist-filled valleys, and the cloud-like capes and promontories that bathed in the azure sea under the azure sky!

RHODES.—Another night, and in the early dawn that followed we came to a standstill in the harbor of ancient Rhodes. Coaling and the transfer of luggage made

night so hideous that half the ship's passengers turned out in a state of alarm. It was still dark. Nothing in the harbor was visible but a huge revolving light, that threw at intervals a ghastly ray across the ink-black sea. By and by a cloud parted in the horizon and disclosed the skeleton of the moon, which lodged for a moment among the black spars of a ship that lay at anchor near us, and then fell and sank like a corpse in the dark waters of the sea.

This was the island that Apollo called from the waves, one of the oldest landmarks in history, possessing one of the finest climates in the world;—an island that has been much shaken by wars and earthquakes; that was fortified by the Knights of St. John, and is still lovely to look upon, though the Colossus fell long ago, and was carted away, nearly a thousand years later, on the humps of nine hundred camels. A Jew bought it for old iron, and no doubt it was a bargain. Would you believe it?—there is no authority for stating that the Colossus, which was 105 feet high, stood over the mouth of the harbor with a foot on each shore. So perish one after another, all pretty fables of antiquity—and more's the pity!

SMYRNA.—Under way once more for a cruise of four-and-twenty hours among islands the most famous in the world. Another night, with the sea so placid that the image of each star floats unbroken on its oily surface. Another morning, and our engine suddenly stops, reverses, stops again; a lot of little bells jingle in the engine-room; our anchor chain whizzes overboard. What a jolly sound it is, and what a good, long breath of satisfaction a fellow draws after it!

On the instant I run to my side-light and have a picture all my own. I see back of the cumbrous brass frame of the bull's-eye, through which I stare eagerly, a flour-white city, reflected in the sea, which kisses its very feet;—a snow-white city, blown like a drift along the slope of green mountains; an antique castle on the mountain-top, and in the town below clusters of minarets looking like huge waxen candles, each tipped with a crescent flame. Off to the right a

great forest of sombre cypresses. How like a funeral pall it sweeps across the shoulders of the mountains! This is Smyrna—"infidel Smyrna"—a city of 200,000 souls, of whom 90,000 are Greeks, 80,000 Turks, and the others Catholics or Jews.

Our ship was soon deserted; the morning coffee was forgotten in the excitement of the hour; twenty caiques were laden to the water's edge, and as the *imbat*—the daily zephyr that blows the breath of the plague out of Smyrna—was rising, we hoisted sail and did the regatta business for about fifteen minutes in the most gorgeous style.

There are rugs and carpets in Smyrna; there are sponges, emery, chrome ore, madder-root, liquorice paste, opium, and attar of rose. Smyrna was a great cotton port before the rise of New Orleans; now it runs to mulberries and silkworms; but, after all, it is the fig of Smyrna which sweetens our memory of a brief sojourn among its booths and bazaars.

Would you believe it?—there are people who actually search for the site of the church writ of in the Apocalypse; Smyrna was one of the seven referred to by St. John. The obliging guides kindly point out one ruin or another, in order to supply the demand; but in the ancient Acropolis, on the slope of the mountain back of the town, there is a ruined mosque. This was originally a Christian church, and there St. Polycarp preached a little below it, on the site of the *stadium*, the Saint was martyred. A solitary cypress stands like a funeral shaft to mark the hallowed spot.

EPHESUS.—A railroad strikes out from Smyrna for the heart of Asia. It has not reached it yet, but it runs through Ephesus, 8 miles distant, and thither most pilgrims follow it. Even in this brief excursion you will among the fugitives and the heralds of the nomadic tribes that stretch all the way to China. There are real gypsies here, with their own tongue, their own religion, and with inimitable vices and virtues, likewise of their own. What is left of Ephesus is a crumbling tower, a few shattered columns, subterranean chambers, the outlines of Cy-

clopean walls, and a handful of troublesome people, who bore you with antique coins and bits of ancient pottery. The desolation of Ephesus defies description. Dramatic justice seems to demand the total annihilation of a city whose origin is attributed to the gods, though its chief temple was one of the seven wonders of the world; and the city itself was, next to Jerusalem, the holiest of Christian cities, and the most noted in Apostolic labors.

The Ephesus of to-day is a meadow, littered with fragments of marble, and in many places undermined. Even the primitive plow of the Levant would find it difficult to tear the sod in so strong a field. This was the refuge of Latona; the cradle of Apollo and Diana; the haunt of the great god Pan; the scene of the metamorphosis of Syrinx into a reed; the chief seat of the Amazons, where Bacchus contended with them, and Hercules defeated them. Ephesus contended for the honor of Homer's birth; she had her poets—Callinus and Musæus—and her schools of philosophy, painting, sculpture, architecture, metal work, magic, and afterward of Christian philosophy. The heroes of two thousand years visited Ephesus, and are associated with her history. Antony and Cleopatra held gorgeous revels in the splendid city, and, thence collecting players and musicians, they sailed for Samos in a fleet of barges, the sight of which must have recalled the days and the deeds of the gods.

The Christian history of Ephesus is no less remarkable. Almost within the shadow of the sacred grove where Pan piped and where Diana slew Orion; where the statue of Hecate was enshrined, the magnificence of which was so terrible that men were struck blind with the sight of it; where the Eleusinian mysteries and the mysteries of Ceres were celebrated—here Paul planted and Apollos watered; St. John the Evangelist, released from Patmos, found sanctuary and death in the bosom of the first of the seven churches which he had addressed in his Revelation. Tradition mingles with the fame of Ephesus the name of the Blessed

Virgin and of St. Mary Magdalen, as well as many others. But the Grotto of the Seven Sleepers is, perhaps, the most famous shrine in the vicinity; for it has been a place of pilgrimage during fifteen centuries, not only for Christians but for Mohammedans, who have a chapter on the Grotto in their Koran. To-day you may purchase in the 'Talisman Bazaar of Smyrna golden medals or precious stones engraved with the names of the Seven Sleepers, and these are warranted to act as a powerful charm against evil.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" was the cry that once rang through the glorious city, but the cry was raised for one who is greater than all others; and, though the city was "nigh unto the sea," and its port is one of the great inlets to the East, there is nothing of it left but a few marble-steps that are moss-grown, and a few chambers that are filled with mould, and all its history is as a handful of leaves that are scattered in the winds.

Having restored my soul with the figs and sherbet of Smyrna, I was ready to laugh at the burden bearers that stagger through the streets humped like camels; they all wear a kind of leather saddle strapped to their shoulders, that makes a platform back of their neck. They are as strong as giants, and trot off with astonishing burdens; anything, in fact, from a piano to a small cottage.

Boom! it was the gun from our ship, and a peremptory recall. We swallowed our coffee in a little ball of soft black grounds—the less liquor the more delicious the draught in the mouth of a Mohammedan—sprang into a caique, spread sail in a stiff breeze, and plunged over the tossing waves in a perpetual shower of spray: Smyrna, far astern, looked awfully pretty from the sea; but our visit reminded us of some impromptu picnic rather than of anything more serious; yet Smyrna was called in her day the Forest of Philosophers, the Museum of Ionia, the Asylum of the Muses and Graces, and she is now known as the pleasure-house of the seductive Smyrniot, whom "Eothen" calls the young Persephone, transcendent Queen of Shades!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To a Crimson Cactus Flower.

I.

BLOOD-RED, quivering, beautiful,
Wonderful, royal flower!
Throned on thy thorny branches,
Flashing in perfect power!
Crowned with the type of suff'ring,
Dazzling, lovely, and rare;
Bring to my heart some lesson,
Some touch of inspired prayer.

II.

Exquisite crimson blossom,
Why are thy robes so red?
Say, wast thou near the Martyrs
When their sacred blood was shed?
Tell me, didst bloom on Calvary
When the King of Martyrs died?
Perhaps that crimson glory
Fell from His bleeding Side.

III.

Perhaps thy thorny harshness
Covered the mountain high,
When His Cross, the first Good Friday,
Stood out 'gainst the angry sky;
Perhaps His Sacred Heart-Blood
Sprinkled thee like a spray,
And these blood-like stars of beauty
Are trace of Its gleaming way.

IV.

Mayhap the Angels took thee,
Bore thee to nearer skies,
Blessing thy rugged growing
With the watching of their eyes;
Writing upon thy branches—
Each radiant flower gem—
That suffering, even to bloodshed,
Is the *perfect* way for men.

V.

Suffering e'en as our Master,
Till life, like thy thorny tree,
Recalls the sorrows of Calvary
Or of sad Gethsemane.
Till the joy of His love shall fill us,
Like the bloom on thy rugged stem,
And Seraphs shall feast on the beauty
He gives to us, not them.

VI.

So, wonderful cactus flower,
I take thee unto my heart;

Sink deeply into my spirit,
And teach it that "higher" part.
And thy beautiful crimson blossoms,
Throned on their thorny tree,
Will ever be type of the lesson
Preached from the Cross to me.

MERCEDES.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

FABIAN was still in Umbria when Laurence and Hippolytus won their crowns and palms by sufferings so cruel that even Rome shuddered and sickened at the spectacle. He was enjoying through all his beauty-loving, sensuous nature the quiet solitudes and balmy fragrance of the wild, forest-clad hills, where no sound or rumor of the discordant passions of men and their conflicts could reach him, until, having regained the mental poise so rudely shaken by the tragic fate of Evaristus, he decided to return home. Fate and the Furies, he thought, having done their worst, he would from henceforth face the sunshine, and leave the ghosts of the past to oblivion. He little dreamed of what lay before him, and how near it was.

So one day Fabian walked into his palace as if he had left it only an hour before, refreshed himself with a bath, took his prandial meal, drank a cup of wine, and stretched himself upon the pillows of his couch, where he slept until late in the afternoon. When he awoke, fully recovered from the fatigue of his journey, he ordered his horse to ride to the villa on the Aventine, where he hoped to find Nemesius, from whom he would hear all that was worth knowing of what had been going on in the Roman world during his absence; and a softer expression stole over his handsome face as he thought of seeing Claudia, who held a deeper place in his affections than he himself knew.

He had a new pet for his little friend,

which he had purchased one day out on the hills from some hunters on their way down to their homes in the valley; they had brought it from the other side of the Apennines. It was a species of beautiful little antelope, *soft and furry, with great, mild eyes, and slender legs. When the hunters killed its mother, it was too young to stand alone, and they had borne it along in their arms, almost humanizing it by their care; so that when they were lucky enough to meet Fabian it was very tame, which fact increased its value. He gave them their price, and confided the little creature to the care of the peasant-farmer under whose thatched roof he sometimes slept, and who for a generous gratuity agreed to deliver it safely in Rome, whither he was preparing to go with his olives and sun-dried figs and honey-combs, —a long way to carry his products, but he got a better price for them there than at home.

The peasant faithfully fulfilled his trust, and Fabian was well satisfied on his return to find the pretty, graceful thing arrived and in good condition. He anticipated Claudia's delight in the possession of such a gentle pet, which she could fondle and love, and her amusement when he should relate all that he had treasured up—facts mixed with fable—for her entertainment; for he counted no stretch of the imagination or poetic license too great, if it won a laugh from her. He thought of her as still blind, and that it was his chief mission upon earth to make her happy, notwithstanding the cruel decrees of Fate.

Fabian was full of pleasant thoughts when he got in sight of the great bronze gates of the villa, but his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of quite a number of miserable-looking beings who had just issued from the avenue, followed by Admetus, with a basket on his arm, evidently intent on some errand. Hearing the clatter of hoofs on the stony road, the youth looked up in pleased recognition of the noble gentleman, who had always a kind word for him

* Known to us as gazelle.

whenever they met. He would have gone on his way, but Fabian drew rein, saying:

"Aha! is it thou, my *choragus*! Tell me, if thou canst, the meaning of yonder miserable procession."

"The times are very hard for the poor, sir, and there are many in Rome who are starving, and some of them come here for alms," replied Admetus.

"It would be more merciful to throw the poor wretches into the Tiber, and so end their miserable existence; but never fear: I will do them no mischief," he said, laughingly, as he noticed the quick shadow that fell over the boy's face. "I spoke in their interests, not my own; for life, my *choragus*, is not worth much even to the most fortunate. Are all well at the villa?"

Answering in the affirmative, Admetus would have passed on had not Fabian tossed him some silver, saying, "For thy poor"; and, with a whispered blessing on the generous pagan doner, he stooped to gather it up, and by the time he had secured the last coin, he was alone, and Fabian was already at the other end of the broad avenue.

When Fabian dismounted a slave led away his horse; he crossed the portico and went into the *atrium*, hoping to find Claudia there, as it was her favorite spot within doors; but all was silent, and only the beautiful lights and golden shadows dancing through the vines over the mosaic floor greeted him. He heard a footstep; it was one of the household slaves who had seen him enter, and come to know his pleasure. "The *donzellina* is in the gardens somewhere," she said, in reply to his question as to the whereabouts of Claudia.

"As I might have known, had I not been stupid," he thought, as he turned to go and seek her. He hastened through the fragrant alleys down towards the old Grotto of Silenus, expecting to find her and Zilla at the fountain, weaving fresh wreaths for the *Penates*. But another spectacle met his astonished eyes: he saw a number of pale-faced, scantily-clothed little children, some of them leaning over the low rim of the fountain, splashing the water with their

hands, while others rolled lazily on the violet-sprinkled grass, happy in the sweet odors and the sunlit beauty of all things around them.

Fabian stood bewildered by the sight, and began to think he must be under a spell of some sort. What could this mean? A swarm of beggars at the gate, and here, in the most private part of the gardens, reserved exclusively for the use of the family and their guests, infantile paupers of the rabble class apparently as much at home as if everything belonged to them! How could he know that these little creatures were the orphans of those who had suffered for Christ, whom Claudia, not knowing all, had taken under her especial care and made her daily companions? Poor, friendless and sick, she knew them to be the "little ones" of Him she loved, and this was sufficient to enlist her sympathies and endear them to her, and make her joyful in her ministrations to them.

Claudia was near the grotto, training up some vines over a trellis that a recent storm had displaced, concealed from observation herself but able to see all around her through the green net-work. She heard footsteps, and, glancing through, she saw a tall, handsome stranger approaching, who stopped to gaze curiously on the children, and then cast his eyes around as if in search of something else. She was there alone and unprotected, and a tremor of dismay paled her face; but perhaps he would pass on and take no notice. But instead of passing on, Fabian, who knew every spot she loved, came straight towards her as she stood mounted on a moss-grown stump, holding up the vagrant vines. Seeing that discovery was inevitable, she dropped the vines and stood revealed, an image of loveliness against the dark foliage of the background.

"Have I found thee at last, my pretty dryad?" he exclaimed, in his pleasant, laughing way.

A flush overspread her face, and as she looked gravely and steadily at him a strange, puzzled expression came into her eyes; but she did not move, she only whis-

pered a prayer in her heart for protection.

"Let me assist thee, *cara mia*; give me thy hand. What! shrinking back from me! How have I offended thee, *cara donzolina*?" he asked, amazed.

"Thy voice sounds like Fabian's—but—" she began, in a low, tremulous voice.

"I *am* Fabian. What spell has come over thee not to know that it is I!" he exclaimed.

"I know the voice of Fabian, but his face I never saw. I was blind—"

"Was blind!" he cried.

"Yes: I was blind from my birth, and if thou art truly Fabian, forgive me for not knowing thee when my eyes for the first time beheld thy face! Thy voice is the voice I know so well."

"I *am* Fabian, *cara mia*; I call all the gods to witness, and none other, and am beside myself with joy! The gods have been at last propitious to thee and given thee sight! I will build a new temple in their honor! Oh, my beautiful one! it is the most joyous thing I ever heard of. Let me look into thy eyes! How they sparkle! how they drink in the light with a flash like wine! I am in a devout humor with the gods, and will never doubt them again!" exclaimed Fabian, in tones of exalted emotion.

"The gods did not give me sight, Fabian," she answered, gently.

"How then—what great physician healed thee?" he asked.

"Jesus Christ gave sight to my eyes; all at once, as the holy water of baptism was poured on my head, the blind darkness was gone," she answered, her voice full of sweetness, her eyes radiant with faith.

A shock that chilled his blood passed through Fabian; he turned sick and faint, and dared not trust himself to speak. Pagan philosophy offered no shield to avert a blow like this; its feet were of clay, which crumbled before his eyes, leaving him for the moment bereft of strength. The child's blind eyes had been opened by one of those startling miracles so often wrought by the thaumaturgic skill of the Christian priests, and it was evident that she had fallen under

the spell of their delusions. With this conviction there arose instantly and vividly before him the frightful results that were almost certain to follow.

"And thy father, *cara mia*?" he at last found voice to ask.

"Oh, Fabian! hast thou not heard? He is a Christian!" she replied, her countenance glowing with happiness.

"I am but just back from the wilds of Umbria," he said, quietly.

This was the last thing that Fabian would have thought of had any presentiments of evil been haunting his mind. He remembered his long conversation with Nemesisus relating to the ancient and curious predictions of an expected One, who would revive the glories of the Golden Age, and make mankind like unto the gods, and his scornful incredulity; it was only a few brief days ago, and it seemed incredible that so sudden a transformation could have taken place. Nemesisus a Christian! Rather would he have heard of his death; rather a thousand times would he have found the beautiful child, standing there in her fearless innocence before him, dead and beyond the reach of all harm.

Fabian felt as if he had been away a hundred years instead of a fortnight; and had he only known of these dreadful changes in time he would never have returned to Rome, but hied away to some corner of the earth, where it would be impossible for the news of how it all ended to reach him; for well he knew that in times like these a man so distinguished as Nemesisus could not become a Christian with the least hope of escaping discovery, and death attended by cruelties too barbarous to think of. Nor could it be supposed that his child, whose blindness had made her an object of tender sympathy and commiseration in Rome, should suddenly receive her sight without its presently being known.

Should the impending war with Persia soon break out, then there was a hope; for Nemesisus—his apostasy unsuspected—could lead his legion away to do battle under the Eagles for the defence and glory

of the Empire, as many Christian soldiers had done in times past, while he would find a safe retreat for the child; but, alas! how fatal would be delay! for her misfortune was too well known to the Emperor, and all who had ever seen or served her, for such a wonder as that which had occurred to be long concealed.

Fabian's mind was torn by contending emotions—not that he cared for the change in its religious aspect, but because he dreaded the consequences for these two who were so near to his heart. He would not disturb the serene happiness of the beautiful child by question or argument; he would restrain himself until he could see Nemesis, to lay before him the peril in which they both stood, and suggest measures by which they might escape the fate that threatened them.

It had only taken a few moments for these tumultuous thoughts to sweep through Fabian's mind, but they left him shaken to the centre of his being, yet outwardly calm. At last he said, gently:

"And how does the world look to thee, *cara mia*?"

"Oh, Fabian! I have not words to say how beautiful it all appears to me; and when I think of Him who made it, my heart almost bursts with love and gladness," replied Claudia, while the long, white-blossomed sprays she had gathered up to weave in the trellis drooped from her hands.

"And I—how do I look to thee, *cara*? tell me, if it will not wound my vanity too much," he said, trying to speak in the old way.

"Thy face is strange to me, Fabian," she answered, while a delicate glow suffused her countenance, "and sad; but thy voice is the same I always loved to hear. By-and-by I shall be used to thy face, and love it too."

"How is Grillo?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Grillo is very well; and, now that he knows me, follows me, and sometimes lays his head upon my shoulder, and fans me with his long ears," she said, with a little laugh.

"Grillo has the wisdom of a sage: he makes the best of the situation, and neither pines for thistles, or risks his prosperity by unreasonable freaks. Bravo! for the king of the donkeys," said Fabian, laughing; but his words had a covert and bitter significance. "I thought of thee every day, *cara mia*, while I was up yonder among the hills, and have brought thee a pet that will rival poor Grillo in thy affections—a gentle, graceful little antelope from Grillo's country, perhaps his cousin; but I see so many strange companions around thee," he said, waving his hand towards the pale-faced children near the fountain, "that I fear he will not find favor with thee. Tell me, *carina*, who they are and whence; for they are so unexpected and out of place that it seems they might have been rained down, like frogs, out of the clouds."

"They are the little ones of the dear *Christus*; they had none to care for them, Fabian, and were sick and hungry, and I am allowed to keep them at the villa; for they had no homes of their own, and now they are getting strong and merry. Oh! it is a great favor to have them," replied the child, in low, tender accents; "for He loves them, and it makes me glad to serve them for His sake."

"I hope thou wilt love the little antelope, then, for my sake; it is a pretty creature, with eyes as soft and bright as thine, and diminutive enough to be carried about in thy arms; and, better still, *carina*, it doesn't laugh like the blast of a trumpet, as Grillo does," said Fabian, veiling the bitter pain of his heart under an assumption of the old gay manner. He would ask no question that would seem to be a recognition of the astonishing changes that had taken place in his absence, but, as we see, put them aside as childish fancies unworthy of notice, although he gauged the gravity of the situation to its bitter depths.

"Thank thee, dear Fabian, for thy kind thought of me, and I will love the little creature for thy sake; I love Grillo and my doves, but there's room enough for thy pretty stranger," she answered, with a bright

lance. "But come, let us go and find Symphronius that he may order thy favorite dainties and wines."

"I can not accept thy hospitality to-day, *cara donzellina*. I will see Symphronius a moment, to leave a message with him, then hasten away to an engagement in Rome; meanwhile remain where thou art to finish the task I interrupted, and be happy with thy frogs," he said, laughingly, as he nodded towards the children, and walked swiftly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sœur Gabrielle's Chaplet.

BY E. V. N.

POET, musician, painter and sculptor, Jules Veldon appeared to have been destined to unvarying success and to unwonted honors of every description. Distinguished by the earliest efforts of his pen and pencil, he had never known any of those moments of discouragement and mortification which from time to time fall to the lot of almost every genuine artist. His kindness and generosity gained him a host of friends, and he contemplated the future without a single misgiving. Trusting to his good fortune, he enjoyed life fully: he would now invoke the muses of song and poetry, now throw upon his canvas the marvellous creations of his fertile fancy, and, when weary of these, seize the chisel and display genuine skill in fashioning stone or marble. It really seemed to his ardent admirers that the gifted youth need but will the production of a masterpiece and at once his idea was originated and completed.

His success in portrait-painting alone would have soon yielded him a princely fortune; for he not only sought the true effects of color, light and shade, but aimed also at making the soul beam forth in his pictures, and hence his work did as much honor to his heart as to his amazing talent. His was the triumph of the ideal in art.

One day M. Losnay was announced to Veldon. The artist had occasionally met

this gentleman at entertainments given by a common friend, and had been impressed with his smiling, happy countenance. But to-day there was a sadness on his visitor's face which could not fail to attract attention.

"My dear sir, I came to ask a favor of you."

"Dispose of me as you please, M. Losnay."

"I have an only daughter, my pride and her mother's delight—a creature too perfect for earth. Two years ago she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity."

"What a sacrifice!"

"True, and one more absolute than I then imagined," continued M. Losnay, whose voice became husky and tremulous. "My daughter is attacked by an incurable malady; a few months, perhaps only a few weeks, is all that medical aid can promise us of a life so dear. When we gave our child to God's service, we fancied that she was, so to say, lost to us; but the heart consecrated to Jesus Christ retains the liberty of all pure, tender, and legitimate sentiments. Sœur Gabrielle seems to love us with even a deeper affection, and hence she sympathizes in our too human regrets. We can at present see her a while every day; we know that she is happy, and that happiness is all from heaven. But, alas! our precious one is doomed to die."

The eyes of the artist filled with unbidden tears.

M. Losnay went on: "I should like to have her portrait taken for her mother. I shall scarcely survive the shock long. What dreams of hope I had indulged in for her before she manifested to us her secret, holy desire! God required the sacrifice, and we made it without murmuring."

"God can work a miracle in her behalf," observed Veldon.

"That is true; it will be one, if I bear her loss with resignation. But I am intruding on your valuable time. My daughter is very weak; I do not think that she could drive as far as your studio."

"I will gladly go to her under your guidance," the artist replied.

The carriage of M. Losnay conveyed the gentlemen rapidly to the Rue de Bac—to that religious house in which heroines of charitable devotedness are formed to their exalted vocation. They were admitted to the apartment of his dying child, where, resting in an arm-chair, she was conversing in low tones with her mother. An angelic smile hovered around her lips. Jules Veldon stood outside for a moment, his eagle eye glancing over the frail form of the novice. He thought he beheld a vision of paradise, a seraph in human guise. Sœur Gabrielle appeared to be looking beyond the terrestrial horizon to a higher and nobler life, in which the best joys of this exile are infinitely surpassed, and all its pains forever banished and forgotten. M. Losnay introduced the artist to his wife and daughter.

"Since Mother Superior has given permission I am willing to gratify my parents," said the Sister, with great simplicity.

Veldon set to work at once. In the solemn silence of that apartment, in which each inmate's thoughts dwelt upon death, Sœur Gabrielle alone preserved an aspect of peace and serenity. In the religious state obedience ennobles the commonest actions. While her parents contemplated her with affection, mingled with intense sorrow, the novice meditated on sacred things; and the painter, at once fascinated and despairing, asked himself whether he should succeed in tracing the grace and sweetness of the Sister's smile, or the supernatural calm of her large, intelligent eyes.

After a few sittings the portrait was completed. Jules Veldon felt sad as he gave the last touches to that pale type of sanctity. He had soon learned to enjoy his daily visit to the convent. Its atmosphere, so very different from that of the bustling scenes around his studio; the pious recollection of the Sisters as they passed noiselessly to and fro; the clinking of their rosaries; the joyous activity with which they fulfilled their various employments—all these things impressed him strongly; and when at his home he alluded to them as charming novelties, his friends would say:

"Take care, Veldon! you will become a Trappist."

But Veldon had no such desire. He was so absorbed with the thought of the grief of M. and Mme. de Losnay that he could only pray for them when, on entering and leaving the convent, led by the portress, he paid a visit to the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle.

"My task is completed to the best of my ability," said the artist to the parents of the dying girl; "but I feel that in trying to seize the charm of a pure soul ready to take its flight to the eternal home, there is a limit to man's capacity."

"I should be glad to offer you some proof of my own gratitude," murmured the dear invalid. "Will you accept this chaplet as a *souvenir*? It has been made expressly for you, and has been blessed and indulgenced by the Holy Father. When you meet with success, recite the chaplet in thanksgiving to God, the Author of all talents; when you are unsuccessful, prayer will help you, and make you feel resigned. Art may become a priesthood; prayer is the safeguard of the artist. Will you not pray, my friend?"

Jules Veldon promised Sœur Gabrielle that he would pray daily. Had the Sister the power of second sight? Certain it is that she had touched the secret wound in the soul of this son of Genius and Success—he *never prayed!* Carried onward by the vortex of forbidden pleasures, forgetful of Christian duties, Veldon complained sometimes of a void in his heart. The novice, wholly ignorant of his manner of life, had indicated a remedy for that occasional weariness of soul, and thus, when on the brink of the grave, she had exerted an apostolic power.

Three days only had elapsed when Sister Gabrielle was summoned to meet the divine Spouse of her heart. The artist accompanied her parents, friends and the poor, whom the angelical child had loved, assisted and edified, as they followed the long train of Sisters, who, carrying lighted tapers and chanting the *Benedictus*, laid her to rest in the cemetery. The tears of the poor were

the best eulogy of the holy novice, who had caused Mercy and Charity to spring up and blossom in her youthful footsteps.

"Ah!" said M. Losnay to Jules Veldon, pressing his friendly hand as it was stretched out to bid a mournful farewell, "what a loss! She told me I *must* live, and carry out her zealous plans for relieving the sick and miserable. Her last words were: 'I am going to the good God; our souls are not parted: they will be forever united in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.'"

The memory of the dying Sister was deeply imprinted in the heart of the artist. He composed stanzas in honor of her beautiful death; he chiselled a marble bust of her, full of truth and feeling, which occupied the place of honor in the private apartment of the bereaved mother. Soon, however, other impressions gradually effaced those that had seemed to be indelible.

Fame still followed Veldon like a shadow; the days became too short for the fulfilment of the orders of he received, and also for accepting frequent invitations to convivial entertainments. The chaplet was not used, the promise to pray was forgotten.

One evening the successful artist was seized with a singular wish to be alone—singular, because he was at the moment enjoying a glorious triumph before the eyes of all Paris. A connoisseur in art had visited his studio, and pronounced the most enthusiastic eulogies on the works that Veldon intended to send to the *salon*. Everyone who visited the galleries declared Veldon's pictures far more meritorious than the others, and thus the opinion of one became the verdict of all. The soul of Jules was cloyed with this succession of eulogies, tired of the incense offered to pride. He resolved to seek an asylum from those temptations to vain-glory, so revolting to a superior mind. He denies himself, therefore, to everyone, even his familiar friends; and seizing a volume, he plunges into the subject treated in its pages, forgetful of the brilliant honors that the so-called *élite* of Paris had determined on that evening to bestow upon him.

Ere long he reaches a portion of the book

in which the leaves are still folded as they came from the bindery. He opens a drawer, and fumbling about for a paper-cutter, his hand falls on the neglected chaplet. "What!" he says to himself, "have I left that relic of a pure and saintly soul to be tossed about in this fashion!" As he raised the glittering pearls, chained with lustrous gold, to place the chaplet in its oval cover, a phrase that Sister Gabrielle uttered fell upon his memory with a mystic force: "Art may become a priesthood; prayer is the safeguard of the artist." What would the holy novice have thought of the much-admired pieces of canvas which had won for him the praises of the world of fashion? Would not her chaste eyes have turned aside from them with horror?

Struck with the thought of his infidelity, Veldon knelt before his long-neglected crucifix, and promised God that he would never again use his talents, except for the glory of the Giver; and now, to those who express wonder at the pious tone of his writings, at the statues of saints and angels that alone grace his studio, at his paintings, to which a monk might set his signature, he answers with simplicity: "The gifts of God belong to the Donor."

In his frequent Communion M. Veldon never forgets to thank God for his mission to the pious novice who, as he says, 'led him into the true path of earthly honor and of eternal glory.'

A Visit to Knock.

The Rev. John C. Henry, in The Catholic Review.

"**I**S your reverence going to Knock Chapel?" was the question put by a stout, ruddy-faced man, as we stepped on the solid stone platform of the clean, whitewashed little station of Claremorris. On our replying in the affirmative, he took charge of our baggage and escorted us to Hughes' Hotel, in the principal street of the picturesque village. A jaunting car, with an athletic young man at the lines, soon awaited us, and away we went to Knock. Yes, to the Knock we had read about, and the crude sketches of which we had so

often met with on the "top floors" of so many of the tenements of New York city. Our steed was by no means of the 2.40 persuasion, and early on the journey of seven miles gave evidence of a certain methodical gait that neither coaxing nor the active encouragement of the whip could change. Perhaps it was through a customary deference to the desire of the pilgrims who pass over the road to see as much of the surroundings as possible, or it may have been an assumed gravity of movement suitable to the occasion that influenced the ancient quadruped to restrain his mettlesome qualities. However, we had plenty of time to study the country on all sides.

Knock is a parish situated in a wild and desolate part of the County Mayo, and to eyes accustomed to the luxuriant foliage and woods of America looks like a desert, the only relief to the scene of bog and barren hill being a few stunted shrubs here and there. As we proceed over the rugged road we pass thatched cottages at long intervals, and a good Irish face will look out and salute the priests, but we ride miles and see and hear no one. The silence is painful. "Where are the people?" one of our party asks. From another the answer comes grimly: "In America." We met some boys riding on donkeys, with baskets of turf hanging on each side of the animal, as it plodded patiently along. They were healthy, sunburnt youngsters, and urged their beasts forward vigorously. Occasionally we discerned on the brow of a hill, where the land was not so poor, a residence of some pretensions, and on inquiry were told it was the house of the landlord's steward. As we rattle along, half a dozen policemen rush out of their roadside barracks and stare at us until distance separates us from their officious inspection. The driver now tells us that from the top of the hill we are ascending we shall get a view of Knock Chapel, and we prepare ourselves to enjoy our first sight of the shrine Our Blessed Lady has deigned to establish in the Island of Saints. "There it is! there it is!" all exclaim, as the well known outlines appear before us.

The church is in the form of a cross, with a square tower, just as we often gazed on it in the engravings so much met with in America. As we approach nearer the sacred edifice, we are surprised to see it such a commodious and well-built structure. But the gable wall takes

all our attention. Before we come near its sacred precincts we enter the chapel to make a visit to the Holy of Holies. All inside is plain and scrupulously clean. The floor is of cement, with only a few private pews, while the very primitive looking confessionals are seen one on each side. The principal altar, if not possessing great beauty of design, has a simple charm about it that awakens devotion, and the bouquets of wild flowers placed by the school-children tell of the faith that is already budding into blossom in their little hearts. There is a very neat altar of Our Lady of Knock which the good pastor, Father Cavanagh, has erected with the donations of the faithful pilgrims. The sanctuary lamp burns nightly, reminding us of the Divine Presence. Many are kneeling before the small and very plain Stations of the Cross. As we bow before the altar we are deeply sensible of a holy influence pervading the place.

We now went out to view the gable end of the building, on the surface of which the Apparitions were seen. It is thirty feet in width and about thirty-five feet in height, surmounted by a plain, white cross. We were told that recently an addition was put to the tower, and that it was now seventy-five feet in height, and contained a fine-toned bell. The cement that originally covered the entire gable has all been removed by order of the pastor, and strong boards put up in its place. This was a necessary precaution, as the pilgrims would very likely, having finished the cement, have attacked the building itself in their eagerness to possess a particle of the material on which the sacred shadow of Our Lady fell. The cement is in the safe keeping of the priest, who gives a portion to all who desire it. A strong iron railing, projecting ten feet from the building and across its entire width, encloses the holy place from intrusion. A really beautiful statue of Our Lady is placed against the gable wall in the centre of the space, and before it, outside of the railing, the faithful pilgrims perform their devotions.

But what do we behold inside the railing? Can it be possible! Are all these crutches, sticks and various supports for suffering humanity genuine evidences of the power of faith through the intercession of Mary Immaculate! The pious pastor of the district testifies to the truth of the cures of which these are the silent proofs. Turning to an intelligent, well-dressed

man, who was on his knees devoutly reading the "Glories of Mary," we remarked that faith in the power of the Blessed Virgin Mary certainly produced its fruit here. He replied that he was an example of it himself. He then narrated to us that three months previous he had come to Knock to obtain relief from an affection of the eyes, which were so inflamed and ulcerated that he was unable to endure the light, and had given up all work for his family. He made a novena to the Comfortress of the Afflicted and applied the cement. No relief came then, and he returned to his home in a distant part of the country. His faith was strong, however, and at his home he persevered in his petition, with the result that he was completely healed. He was now making a second visit to the shrine by way of thanksgiving for the favor granted him through God's goodness and the intercession of Mary. We looked into his cool, clear blue eyes and saw not even a vestige of disease remaining.

The following is the account given of the Apparitions which have made the Chapel of Knock attain world-wide renown: On Aug. 21, 1879, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, the vision was seen on the gable, and consisted of three figures—the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. John the Evangelist. The two Saints stood in a posture of reverence on each side of Our Lady. On the right of St. John was a lamb recumbent, behind which was an upright cross, with what seemed to be an altar in close proximity. A brilliant light surrounded the figures, without, however, illuminating the immediate vicinity. A second Apparition was seen the following January, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, noon. Light appeared on the gable, and a pillow was seen supporting a figure whose identity could not be made out clearly.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam appointed the Rev. A. B. Cavanagh, the Rev. J. Waldron and the Rev. U. J. Bourke a committee to investigate the truth of these Apparitions. They are men of the profoundest learning and many years of experience. They received with every caution the depositions of the most intelligent of those who witnessed the vision and gave the matter of the cures their closest scrutiny, and after mature deliberation concluded there was reason to admit that the appearances were supernatural.

We knelt down before the statue of Our

Lady and offered our petitions. We remembered dear friends in far-off America who had requested us to present their requests at Her Irish shrine. Many others were around us; and the sweet words of the Rosary, with its home fireside recollections, were heard not only in English, but also in the grand old Gaelic of the Ireland of former days. We gave ourselves up to meditation, when suddenly the bell tolled solemnly from the tower. On looking down the road we saw a funeral approaching. "This is something to see," said one of our party: "a country funeral in Ireland." Slowly the *cortege* came near, the bell tolling at intervals. The open door of the chapel is passed into, every head is uncovered and bowed in reverence for the Divine Presence. A grave salute was given the priests of our party by the respectably-clothed men and women as they followed the body. Some were on horseback, with their wives seated behind them on the pillions of our grandfathers' days. "She was a very old woman," said our driver, "and was born and lived here all her life."

As we watched the procession wend its way up the hill to the little cemetery, the thought came to our mind what joys and sorrows of her country she must have known during her long life of ninety-five years. What a consolation it must have been to her when the shadows of death gathered around her to know that her children would lay her to rest by the side of her kindred! "Some people from America are buried here," said our guide. "They come to be cured, if it is God's will, and they die with us, and we lay them with our own dead." Gentle, sympathizing people of Ireland! This poor, sick stranger from America, dear to you, because from America, you make your own. What a meaning in the words: "They die with us, and we lay them with our own dead!"

One of the most pleasant memories of our visit is the acquaintance of Father Cavanagh, the accomplished pastor of the parish of Knock. On leaving the chapel we directed our footsteps to his modest dwelling. It is a one-story thatched cottage, with red and white roses climbing its sides in reckless luxuriousness. The windows and doors are painted green, and a bright brass knocker graces the latter. On entering we were shown to his little study, where the good priest gave us a genuine Irish welcome, and soon we felt quite at home. He is a splendid specimen of an Irishman, and an

Irish ecclesiastic on whose open countenance is stamped the evidence of the peaceful soul within. He speaks in a gentle, sympathetic voice, and impresses you with the truth that you are conversing with no ordinary man. He tells of the Apparitions of his poor little church with a reverence and earnestness that carries conviction to the doubtful. On taking our departure we asked for some of the cement, and as he gave it into our hands, he remarked: "Much of it goes to America. There is great faith in the power of Our Lady in your happy country."

It was now evening, and the roses were yielding their sweet perfume through the little cottage windows, as if in homage to the saintly priest who dwelt therein; and as we mounted our car the very air seemed filled with a solemn stillness becoming its proximity to where Mary Immaculate had appeared to the poor and lowly ones of Knock. Away we went over the uneven road, very much impressed with the scenes of the day; and as we climbed the high hill from which the last view of the chapel was seen, and gazed for the last time on the humble gable, now bathed in sunshine, and listened to the *Angelus* ringing sweetly from its tower, we could not help exclaiming: "Dear old Ireland, poor and persecuted, but rich in faith and that science which makes saints, we have this day experienced a joy that shall never be forgotten during life!"

Catholic Notes.

The great national pilgrimage of France to Lourdes was worthy of those of previous years; on the 17th ult., seven trains started from Paris, bearing away four thousand pilgrims. These were not only from the capital, but also from Amiens, Soissons, Arras, Cambria, Versailles, Orleans, and Tours. At Poitiers, where they stopped to venerate the tomb of Ste.-Radegonde, a holy queen of the 6th century, they were met by the pilgrims of St. Dié, Nancy, and Verdun; these latter were headed by their Bishop, Mgr. Gouindard. After a visit to St. Martin de Ligugé, the pilgrims proceeded to Lourdes, arriving there on the 20th with their fellow-pilgrims from the South. The zeal and piety of all were admirable; as usual, the charitable *brancardiers* (litter-bearers) devoted themselves untiringly to

the service of the sick, who numbered eight hundred. (It is a singular fact that the sight of so many diseases does not seem to depress those who do not go to Lourdes in search of health; this arises from the confidence which all feel in the powerful intercession of our Immaculate Mother.) Three Bishops presided over the ceremonies: Mgr. Berchialla, Bishop of Cagliari and Primate of Sardinia; Mgr. Gouindard, Bishop of Verdun; and Mgr. Billière, Bishop of Tarbes. The processions, followed by fifteen thousand lighted tapers, were indescribably imposing. During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament several sick rose and followed the Sacred Host up to the Basilica. Thirty-two remarkable cures are recorded.

A cable despatch from Rome last week announced the appointment of the Very Rev. P. A. Ludden, of St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. Y., and Vicar-General of the Right Rev. Bishop McNeirny, of Albany, as Bishop of the new Diocese of Syracuse. The same despatch also announced the appointment of the Very Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, Salt Lake City, Utah, as a titular Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Utah Territory.

Pope Leo XIII. has already created 7 archbishoprics, 25 bishoprics, 21 apostolic vicariates, and 7 apostolic prefectures.

M. Michel Eugène Chevreul, a distinguished French chemist, and a Catholic whose devotion to the interests of the Church has always been earnest and practical, attained the age of one hundred years, and was fêted by his countrymen on the 31st ult. It will be interesting to total abstainers to learn that throughout the course of his long life M. Chevreul never tasted strong drink. It is probable—and he himself considers it more than a probability—that his abstemiousness has promoted his longevity.—*Catholic Times*.

We should be ready to learn a useful lesson wherever we can find one, whether from friend or foe. The ancient proverb says, "It is lawful to learn from our enemies"; and we are both surprised and delighted to find, in happy contrast to the style of the utterance common on the lips of most modern scientific teachers, the following admirable remarks on the difficulties felt by all reflecting minds in reconciling

the existence of evil with the mercy and omnipotence of God, in the late Professor Jevons' "Principles of Science." After pointing out that some results of mathematical principles can not appear otherwise than contradictory to our common notions of space, the professor goes on to say:

"The hypothesis that there is a Creator at once all-powerful and all-benevolent is pressed, as it must seem to every candid investigator, with difficulties verging closely upon logical contradiction. The existence of the smallest amount of pain and evil would seem to show that He is either not perfectly benevolent or not all-powerful. No one can have lived long without experiencing sorrowful events of which the significance is inexplicable. But if we can not succeed in avoiding contradiction in our notions of elementary geometry, can we expect that the ultimate purposes of existence shall present themselves to us with perfect clearness? I can see nothing to forbid the notion that, in a higher state of intelligence, much that is now obscure may become clear. We perpetually find ourselves in the position of finite minds attempting infinite problems, and can we be sure that, where we see contradiction, an infinite intelligence might not discover perfect logical harmony?"

Mgr. Louis Bruno, Bishop of Ruvo and Bitonto, in Italy, during the epidemic of cholera, which still rages through his diocese, has given a striking example of that Christian heroism so characteristic of the children of the Church. The devotion of this prelate, distinguished alike for his zeal and learning, has been the constant subject of praise on the part of the liberal as well as the Catholic press. "From the beginning of the month of May, the time of the first outbreak of the cholera, up to the present," says a liberal paper of Naples, "there has not been a single person attacked by the plague who has not received words of consolation from Mgr. Bruno, and found his charitable hand ever ready to assist the distressed. Night and day, at Bitonto, at San Spirito, at Ruvo, he hastens to the bedside of the sick, and expends all his means in their behalf. In this way he has already disposed of his entire episcopal revenue, besides an especial appropriation obtained for him from the Government, through the offices of Minister Grimaldi, who, on the occasion of a recent visit to Ruvo, was moved at the sight of the zeal and self-denial of the eminent prelate."

A curious custom which prevails in Spain is connected with the first boots worn by an infant Spanish prince. These are always blessed, in order to invoke the Divine protection over the first steps of the royal wearer. In pursuance with this custom, the Queen Regent has just had a pair of bootikins made of white leather, embroidered with gold, for Alphonso XIII., which have been thus consecrated. The Queen, at the same time, has ordered 300 pairs of little boots to be distributed, in the king's name, amongst the poor children of Madrid.—*Weekly Register*.

An international congress of Catholic scientists is to be held at Paris in the Easter week of next year. The subjects to be discussed have already been drawn up. The first class comprises philosophic and social questions; the second, exact and natural science; and the third, historical studies. In the subdivisions of the first section conferences are preparing on the several contemporary philosophic schools, with an examination into the Idealist School (the Hegelians, Vacherot); the Agnostic School (John Stuart Mill); the Agnostic Idealist School (Herbert Spencer, Taine); the Naturalist School (Darwin); and the Materialist School (Büchner). The intention is to bring the examinations thoroughly up to date. In the section treating metaphysics and cosmology there will be an equal actuality which should arrest the interest of sincere thinkers of all schools. In the other classes, the high point to which the study of animism, vitalism, organicism, and all the more intimate problems of physiology, has been carried by certain Catholics on the Continent will give the conferences on these subjects a special value.

The life of the late Cardinal Guibert was one of unbounded charity and of great austerity, but, like all true saints, he was only austere to himself and indulgent to others. He gave away everything he had, and was wonderfully ingenious in finding means of diminishing his expenses. His carriage was a very humble affair, with only one horse. This was a great humiliation to the coachman, who thought the Archbishop ought to have a pair; to obtain them, he had recourse to a very pardonable *ruse*. He told his master the horse was old and worn out, and that a younger one

must be had. The demand seemed legitimate in the eyes of the Archbishop, so he gave the coachman leave to do as he wished. When the new animal was in the stable, the Cardinal asked Jean what he intended to do with the old one. "Oh! your Eminence, we shall keep him; harnessed with the other, he will be less fatigued, and will yet do a good bit of work." "I see what you are coming to, my good Jean," said the Prelate, with a knowing look; "but it won't do; by degrees you will be wanting a groom. Keep the new horse as you have bought him, and take the other to the Little Sisters of the Poor; he will be able to draw their cart." From that hour Jean gave up all hope of ever driving a pair.

The first printing press ever worked in any British colony was set up in Maryland by the Jesuit Fathers.—*Scarf*. The "Puritans under Clayborne" destroyed this press.—*Catholic Universe*.

New Publications.

KING, PROPHET, AND PRIEST; or, Lectures on the Catholic Church. By the Rev. H. C. Duke. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This work, consisting of a series of lectures on the constitution and mission of the Church, is intended principally for non-Catholic readers, and will, we think, attract the attention of those into whose hands it may fall, by the systematic method which the author follows in handling his subject, as well as by the evidences of careful research and painstaking labor visible throughout the book. It opens in a simple, natural style, with a brief account of the Creation, Fall, and Redemption of man, and then passes on to consider the testimony of the Church to herself, and the evidences of Holy Scripture as to her constitution and mission. One of the most valuable features of the work for those for whose use it is primarily intended consists in the quotations from the holy Fathers, which are numerous and judiciously selected. While we do not find much that is distinctly original in these lectures, we are pleased with Father Duke's style, and hope that this little volume will have the success which has not been always attained by larger and more exhaustive treatises on the same subject.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J. With Life and Death. New Edition. Same Publishers.

We hail with pleasure the appearance of the first cheap edition of the poems of that glorious martyr, Robert Southwell. They have been so long known and highly appreciated that any notice on our part would be superfluous, and we have only to thank Messrs. Burns & Oates for issuing the volume at a price which will bring it within the reach of all. It is a book that should be in the hands of Catholic readers everywhere.

—We have on our table a set of Murphy's Series of Illustrated Catholic Readers, seven in number. They are creditably illustrated, well printed, and substantially bound. The selections seem to have been made with discrimination, and the grading is much more perfect than in other series of readers that might be mentioned. In the books designed for higher classes extracts are given from some well-known Catholic writers, but the selections from Dickens, Charles Anthon, etc., are much more numerous. We think Catholic children should be made acquainted as much as possible with the writings of Catholic authors.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Very Rev. Moses Whitty, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Scranton and Rector of St. Mary's Church, Providence, Pa.

The Rev. Edward Coghlan, an efficient and worthy priest of the Diocese of St. Paul, deceased at Henderson, Minn.

The Rev. William M. Murphy, late assistant priest at St. Bridget's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Judith Burke, of Milwaukee, Wis., whose well-spent life was crowned with a peaceful, holy death on the 27th ult.

Mr. Peter Conlan, who passed away in the dispositions of a fervent Christian on the 23d of Aug., at New Haven, Conn.

Miss Susie Moore, of the same city, a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic, whose death occurred on the 4th inst.

Mr. M. A. Butler, of Pajaro, Cal.; Mr. Michael Cannon, New Haven, Conn., and Mrs. — McLaughlin.

May they rest in peace!



Ivan's Story.

In a part of Russian Poland where the laws dealt heavily with the Catholic population lived a peasant family who were noted for their honest, laborious lives and genuine piety. In spite of many trials and vexations, they had flatly refused to have anything to say to the Russian "popes" (priests) or their schismatic teaching, and had kept to the old faith, in which they were helped and protected by their landlord—himself a confessor for the truth—whose father had died in a Russian prison. They had one son, a clever, intelligent lad, gifted with that perseverance of character which may be said to ensure success in life.

One day this boy went with his father to plough some of their land, his business being to lead the team of oxen. After a short time the father was summoned home on some business, but told his little son to wait for his return. The boy sat down, and the coming of his father being delayed longer than he expected, he went to sleep. It was just twelve o'clock, *i. e.*, after the *Angelus*, which he had devoutly said, according to the universal custom of the Polish peasants.

Whether he fell asleep with thoughts of Our Lady in his heart, I can not tell; but during this mid-day sleep a beautiful Lady appeared to him, who told him that he was to build a chapel in her honor on a neighboring hill. The dream was so vivid that the boy woke with a start, and looked about everywhere for the Lady who spoke to him. He described her as radiant with light, and beautiful beyond anything he had ever conceived. Full of this vision, yet thinking it was nothing but a dream, he lay down, and, being very weary, fell asleep again. A second time the beautiful Lady appeared to him, repeated her command, and

gave him also various details as to the dedication of the altars in the church—one being for Her Divine Son and one for Herself, etc., and added that he must have a special picture painted for Her altar. Everything was set before him so clearly that he felt it was more than an ordinary dream or fancy, and when his father came back he hastened to tell him of the vision. The father, though a good man, was little inclined to believe anything exceptional or out of the way; so he scolded his son for his folly, and told him to mind his oxen, and not trouble his head about building churches. But the vision remained indelibly impressed on the child's mind, though he was silent out of deference to his father.

When the boy reached home he poured out his heart to his mother, who was a woman of lively faith and genuine piety. After listening to him attentively, she advised him to say nothing about it to any one save his confessor, but to endeavor by increased fervor to merit the favor which Our Lady apparently destined for him in the future. "If this dream be not from God, my child," she added, "it will come to nothing. But if it be His will that you should accomplish this great work, He will make the way clear to you by-and-by. In the meantime, the faithful practise of your daily duties will be the best preparation you can make for the accomplishment of Our Lady's wishes."

The boy followed his mother's advice, and every day increased in piety and goodness, and especially in devotion to the Mother of God.

After a few years his parents died, and he took a wife like-minded to himself and of the same earnest religious nature. Never was union more happy or more holy. They had between them about seventeen acres of land, which they cultivated themselves, living frugally and simply. God did not give them any children, and they felt that it was His wish that they should put by all they could for the purpose which we have mentioned, and which was one of the first things the young man confided to his wife

after their marriage. She entered into the idea heart and soul, and by her economy and good management they were soon able to save a considerable sum—he from the produce of his land, and she from her poultry and spinning.

After some years spent in this way the good couple agreed to open their box and see what amount they had gathered together. They did so, and found to their astonishment that it amounted to 70,000 roubles. What will not thrift and self-denial effect?

But now came the great difficulty. How could a simple peasant, utterly ignorant of any business save his own, set about building a church? and that in Russia, with persecution raging around them, and their sole protector, Count L——, being himself in exile in Siberia?

After many prayers and Communions, and fervent invocations to Our Lady, Ivan (for that was his name) determined to go to the chief town of the province in the Government of S——, and ask leave to build the chapel. With great difficulty he obtained admittance to the Governor, who, of course, would not hear of it, and ridiculed the proposal as sheer madness. Finally, he said to him: "If you want this extraordinary permission, you must go to Warsaw."

Nothing daunted, Ivan set off for Warsaw, and, strangely enough, obtained an audience of the Governor-General. This functionary was kinder to him than the Governor of his own province had been, but told him that he could not give leave for the building of any new Catholic chapel in Poland, and that he could only obtain this permission at St. Petersburg. This he naturally thought would entirely shelve the question. But he did not know the strength of faith.

Ivan at once made up his mind to go to St. Petersburg, and, after a wearisome journey, arrived there, entirely unprotected—humanly speaking—and not knowing one word of the Russian language. Yet he persevered, and with incredible difficulty made his way at last to the office of the Minister

for Public Worship, who fortunately understood Polish. To him he presented his petition for leave to build this wayside chapel. But the Minister replied that all wayside chapels or shrines had been for some little time forbidden in Poland, only churches being allowed. Ivan then boldly asked for permission to build a church. Astonished at his perseverance, and influenced doubtless by Him who moulds all human wills, the Minister granted his petition, but told him that he must submit the plans to the authorities in Warsaw.

Overjoyed at his success, which was contrary to all human expectation, Ivan returned to Poland, and sought out an architect, who had been recommended to him both as clever in his profession and as a good Christian. The architect was very much interested in the story, and drew out a careful plan, according to the sum he had in hand, including the interior fittings. To his bitter disappointment, however, these plans for some absurd reason were not accepted in Warsaw. Evidently the object of the authorities was to put a stop to the whole thing. But Ivan felt he had gone too far now to go back or be deterred by any obstacle. He determined to return again to St. Petersburg; knocked once more at the Minister's door, showed his plans, and actually obtained the Imperial consent.

He flattered himself that now his troubles were over; but his faith and perseverance were to be still further tried. The Minister told him that of course he must communicate with the Catholic bishop of his diocese. This he hastened to do, and joyfully returned to Poland, anticipating no further difficulty. What was his dismay when, on going to the Bishop, he flatly refused his consent! This unexpected opposition from a quarter where he hoped for cordial support and sympathy nearly overwhelmed even a courage like his. At last, by the intervention of the parish priest, the whole history of Ivan's faith and struggles to accomplish what he considered were Our Lady's commands was brought to the Bishop's ears, and Ivan, in consequence, was

again sent for, to the palace. The Bishop could not help being greatly struck at the faith and energy of this simple peasant; but he represented to him what grave difficulties there were in the way. The hill where he proposed to build his church was a lonely spot, far removed from any parish or population. Who was to serve the church when completed? and who would guarantee the necessary repairs, or the expenses required for divine worship?

Finally, Ivan agreed that 15,000 of his hard-earned roubles should be set aside for the maintenance of the priest and the services of the church. This and the heavy expenses consequent on his frequent journeys to St. Petersburg and Warsaw had reduced his 70,000 roubles to 50,000; however, it was sufficient for the erection of the church, but not for any internal fittings or decoration. Ivan was determined that no part of Our Lady's wishes should be left unfulfilled; but how was this to be done? He and his wife had reduced themselves to extreme poverty in their efforts to carry out their plan, and it seemed hard that, on the eve of its fulfilment, they should again be stopped for want of means to fit up the church, and especially to obtain the pictures for the altar which Our Lady had mentioned.

One day a person mentioned in Ivan's presence a society of young ladies in Warsaw, devoted to the work of supplying poor churches with vestments, vessels, etc. At once he determined to go and see whether he could not obtain what he so earnestly desired from this society. Arrived in Warsaw, he wandered up and down the streets, wondering where he could find this institution. At last, according to his usual custom, he went into a church to pray for light and guidance; and on coming out he was inspired to ask the question of a young lady he met, who was just recovering from a severe illness, and taking her first walk, leaning on the arm of her sister. She happened to be the daughter of the founder of this very society, Count L——, and so gladly directed him to the house. On her return home, to

her great surprise, she found Ivan seated in her father's room; and the Count said to her: "Mary, now we have found the church for which you will have to paint the picture of Our Lady which you have promised Her."

The facts were these. His daughter Mary had been dangerously ill with typhus fever, and at length inflammation of the lungs set in, which confined her to her bed for three months, and left her so weak that her life was despaired of, and she made every preparation for death. Then the family determined to make a novena of prayers and Masses to Our Lady. Mary drank the Lourdes' water, and made a vow that, if she recovered, she would paint a large picture of Our Lady for the poorest church in Poland. Contrary to the expectation of all the doctors, the patient began to recover from the moment the vow was made, and now she was considered convalescent, and had that very day taken her first walk. She had a remarkable talent for oil-painting, and that same morning was speaking of her vow and planning her new picture.

It happened that Count L—— had been in the rooms of St. Luke's Society at the moment when Ivan came in, and, astonished that a peasant should be thinking of ordering three altar-pictures, questioned him on the subject, and heard the entire story. Finding that he had spent all his money on the church, the Count at once proposed that his daughter should undertake the promised picture of Our Lady. The story was circulated; other offers of help followed, and very soon Ivan and his holy wife had the joy of seeing their church completed, and the wished-for pictures in their places above the altars.

We need not describe their thankfulness and happiness on the day of consecration; nor how the sneers of their neighbors were silenced when the history of the church and its founder was revealed by the Bishop in the sermon he preached on the occasion, wherein he pointed out what wonders piety, united with thrift and perseverance, can effect when a man thus acts in simple

faith and in obedience to a holy inspiration.

The peasant and his wife are still alive. Everything has prospered in their home, and it seems as if Our Lady had determined to restore to them all they so ungrudgingly offered in her service. A village has now sprung up, and a religious order has been established near the church; so that day and night the praises of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother are sung on that (formerly) lonely hill, and the "boy's dream" has become a reality indeed, and a source of blessings to countless souls.

How Theodoret's Mother was Cured of Vanity.

Theodoret, the eminent Church historian, relates that his mother suffered a great deal from a diseased eye. Having heard of a holy hermit, who dwelt in a cell near Antioch, she went to him in the hope of obtaining a cure. She was only twenty-three years of age, and very beautiful. Being fond of dress, she decked herself out in bracelets, earrings and other costly ornaments, trying by every means in her power to add to her personal charms and her consequence.

At the sight of all this pompous display, the man of God conceived the idea of curing the lady's vanity—an evil far more regrettable, according to his views, than her bodily affliction.

"Daughter," said the venerable anchorite, "were a painter, uncommonly skilful in his art, to execute a portrait, and were a man, altogether ignorant of painting, to give it some additional touches, can you suppose that the artist would not feel affronted? Then, my child," continued the holy solitary, "can you doubt that the Creator is offended at your seeming to tax His wisdom with ignorance, and His skill with awkwardness by endeavoring to improve and to perfect His work in your own person?"

"My mother," continues Theodoret, "cast herself at the feet of the saint, and thanked him for his salutary admonition.

Then she humbly solicited him to obtain from God the cure of her eye. Through humility, he resisted her importunities for a long time; but overcome at last, he made the Sign of the Cross upon her eye and it was instantly cured. As soon as my mother returned home, she threw away her cosmetics, cast off her meretricious ornaments, and ever after dressed in the neat, simple, and unaffected way which the man of God had recommended."

Pictures of the Blessed Virgin.

Some celebrated pictures are individually distinguished by titles derived from some particular object in the composition, as Ràphael's *Madonna del Impannata*, so called from the window in the background being partly shaded with a piece of linen; Correggio's *Vierge au Panier*, so called from the work-basket which stands beside her; Murillo's *Virgen de la Servilleta*,—"The Virgin of the Napkin," in allusion to the napkin on which it was painted. Others are denominated from certain localities, as the *Madonna di Foligno*; others from the names of families to whom they have belonged, as *La Madonna della Famiglia Staffa*, at Perugia.

ABOUT the middle of the 7th century the organ was introduced in churches by Pope Vitalianus; and a system of harmony was invented by Hucbald, a Flemish monk, whose theories were afterwards, in the 11th century, developed and in a measure perfected by Guido. In the year 1200 Franco introduced a defined method of musical rhythm by forms of notes; and a few years later there are evidences of musical development in England, when, in 1235, Odington, an ecclesiastic, wrote a treatise on music. From 1320 to 1500, Masses motets, and compositions in fugal style, were written by various authors; and in 1550 oratorios first appeared, originating with St. Philip de Neri.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

No. 14.

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The Completion of Gilding the Dome.*

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

THE gleam of earthly gold—how pale!
Our brightest light—how faint the shine
To eyes that, bless'd with Light Divine,
Are turned in pity toward the vale,
Where Eve's sad children bid Thee hail!
To cheer them with a glance benign,
Their sorrows with Thine own to twine,
And thus the Throne of Grace assail.

And yet, though poor the gift, 'tis meet
Humbly and gratefully to bring
All earthly treasures to Thy feet,
O Mother of the Heavenly King!
For earthly treasures by Thine aid
May turn to joys that never fade.

The Excellence of the Holy Rosary.

THE devotion of the Rosary, as it is now practised all over the world, is due to St. Dominic; but the method of counting prayers by beads, or pebbles, has been traced back to the Fathers of the Desert. It must not be forgotten that for many ages there were no printed books in the world; Christianity had been

preached for more than 1,400 years before the means of multiplying such books was discovered. Before that time all the books that existed were in manuscript; they were, for the most part, large and unwieldy, and, in price, far beyond the reach of private individuals, except the very wealthy. A few expensive prayer-books there were, in the oratories of kings and nobles; but the mass of the people had neither money enough to pay for them nor education enough to profit by them. Besides this, they found a peculiar pleasure in repeating the prayer taught by Our Blessed Lord Himself, as well as those other forms sanctioned by ancient usage and by the universal adoption of the Church, the "Hail Mary" and the "Apostles' Creed." When they could not procure or use a prayer-book, they said these prayers many times over, to express new desires of their hearts. And to preserve order and uniformity they were accustomed, in very early times, to count the number of prayers by dropping or laying aside a certain number of pebbles, so that, without distracting their thoughts from what they were doing, they could know exactly when they had come to the end of the prescribed devotion.

This is the simple history of the beads, which are now strung upon a wire, and made to slip through the fingers as the different prayers are said.

The Psalms have always been a favorite part of both public and private devotion in the Church. The daily Office said by the clergy and the religious orders is, in great

* The gilding of the dome of the University of Notre Dame, which is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin, illuminated by an electric crown and crescent was completed last week—the gift of a devout client of Our Lady.

part, composed of them; but before the invention of printing it was very difficult to obtain copies of them. Hence the thought suggested itself to St. Dominic to prepare a form of devotion that might represent the Psalms to those who could not read; for this purpose he made the Rosary consist of as many "Hail Marys" as there are Psalms in the Psalter. For this reason it is sometimes called the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin.

In the Psalms there is an endless variety of subjects; sometimes the language is plaintive, and expressive of contrition and of mourning; in another place it is triumphant, returning high praise to God for mercies granted and for deliverance obtained through His all-powerful assistance. In like manner, that the attention might be kept alive by a similar variety, St. Dominic proposed a series of subjects for meditation during the repetition of the prayers of the Rosary. These subjects are called its Fifteen Mysteries. They are chosen from the life and history of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and proceed, with ever-varying and growing interest, from the joyful event of His Annunciation, through His Birth and Presentation in the Temple, and the sorrowful scenes of His Passion and Death, to the glorious commemoration of His Resurrection and Ascension, the coming of the Holy Spirit, the decease and Assumption of His Virgin Mother, and Her eternal union with Him in heaven. Each successive Mystery gives a new meaning to the vocal prayer that accompanies it, though the form of that prayer is the same throughout.

Of the "Our Father," with which each Mystery begins, and of the *Gloria Patri* said at the end, it will not be necessary to speak at present. The "Hail Mary" is taken in greater part from Holy Scripture. The beginning, "Hail Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with Thee," is the language of the Angel Gabriel, when addressing the Blessed Virgin, and delivering his message of the Annunciation. "Blessed art Thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb," is the inspired utterance of the

pious Elizabeth when, filled with the Holy Ghost, she returned the salutation of Mary. The conclusion is the ardent prayer of the Church, that She who is so replenished with grace, so blessed in Herself, and, in Her union with Him who is "over all, blessed forever," may remember the children of Her adoption, and assist them now—in the trials and sorrows of life, its rough ways and its changeful events—and, above all, when all earthly support fails—in the solemn hour when their spirits shall return to God, to receive the recompense of deeds done in the flesh.

This prayer is short and simple, but it contains much more than a careless glance would discover. It is a monument of an event whose importance has never been surpassed in the history of the world—when an angelic messenger announced to one of the human family that the Eternal Son of God should become Her Son; it contains a record of the homage paid to Mary, and to Mary's Son and God, by a saint of the human family—Her aged cousin Elizabeth.

It is usual for the young to venerate the old, who, in return, love and protect them, and accept of their deference as a tribute due to years and experience. But the common course of nature was reversed in the visit of Mary to Elizabeth. The aged relative regarded it as an honor, immeasurably beyond her deserts, that the youthful Mother of her Lord should come to her. She looked up, with the venerable weight of years upon her, to one who had hardly emerged from childhood; she saluted Her, and pronounced Her blessed because of the blessedness of the fruit of Her womb, Jesus.

And if the first and second parts of this prayer are full of meaning, as records of past events, its significance is further increased by the consideration of the changes that have attended the unfolding of the designs of Providence. If Mary was "full of grace," and "blessed among women," before Her divine Son was born, with how much more appropriateness may She be said to be so now that He hath finished the work assigned to Him by His Heavenly Father

that He hath triumphed over the enemy of all good, and hath "entered into His glory"! If the Angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth thus emphatically proclaimed the honor of Mary in the dawn of Her propitious day, far more eloquent does this language sound on *our* lips, as the expression of Her glory in the progress and consummation of Her union with Jesus, in the light of the "perfect day" in which She lives and reigns. We have witnessed the end of what was seen only in prophetic vision, when the inspired language of this prayer was first heard from the lips of Archangel and Saint; prophecy has given place to history, hope to fulfilment, the first blossom of promise to the fruit of a mature and abundant harvest.

A great peculiarity and excellence of the Rosary is the combination of vocal with mental prayer, or meditation; while the lips pronounce the Angelical Salutation, the thoughts connect its language with the successive mysteries of the life of Jesus and His Blessed Mother. Hence arises an endless variety in the expression of that language, for its application to the circumstances of one Mystery imparts to it a meaning widely different from what belongs to it in connection with another. Thus, while we are meditating on the Joyful Mystery of the Annunciation, "full of grace" may be taken to signify the peculiar adaptation of the endowments of the Blessed Virgin to the marvellous honor in store for Her, the rich spiritual treasure already Hers, as a preparation for still more precious favors. But a very different meaning may be expressed by the same words when, in the meditation on the Mystery of the Ascension, they are applied to Her as if present at that spectacle of glory. "Full of grace" would then imply superabundance of spiritual riches. In like manner, the other parts of this prayer are susceptible of a corresponding change in meaning, as the subject of each meditation is varied.

In addition to this variety in the first and second parts of the "Angelical Salutation," a corresponding change in the application of its third and last part is produced by de-

voting the prayer of each decade to obtain some special grace connected more or less with the Mystery under review. Thus it is the custom of many to pray for the grace of humility while meditating on the Annunciation; for the grace of charity while meditating on the Visitation; for the spirit of poverty while contemplating the Nativity, etc. "Pray for us" then signifies: Obtain for us by thy powerful prayers the grace of humility, the grace of charity, the spirit of poverty.

It would take a long time to explain fully the excellence of this form of prayer. It is very dear to the hearts of the simple and unlearned children of the Church, who have a profounder instinct in spiritual things than belongs to many who are, intellectually, their superiors. Though the Rosary is much esteemed by pious people who are unable to read, it is also in frequent use nowadays among others who are not so dependent. Books will at times fatigue even the most diligent student; there are moments of exhaustion, when the mind refuses to fix attention on the thoughts of others. Circumstances, too, sometimes render it impossible to use manuals of prayer; as, for instance, when one is on a journey, or is kept awake at night, or while waiting upon others. At such times the devotion of the Rosary recommends itself as an easily available method of prayer. But above all other reasons, its own incomparable excellence makes it a daily practice of millions of souls—an excellence which has been further enhanced by the numerous indulgences attached to its use by the Sovereign Pontiffs.

The Rosary is, therefore, very precious to every Catholic. It is a mystic bond that unites him with his brethren all over the world. Day by day, all the children of Mary who use the Rosary assemble at the foot of Her throne to express their faith in Her Divine Son, their devotion to Her for His dear sake; their charity towards one another for Hers. How many trials are borne with a constancy unknown to natural fortitude through the grace obtained by this simple means! how many illuminations are shed on the path

of duty! how many objects of the heart's cherished desire attained! If the secrets of many hearts could be revealed, the triumphs of the Rosary in our times would bear comparison with those of former ages: Mary is still "Our Lady of Victory."

We are taught also to reflect, as we use our beads, upon the generations that are gone before us, professing the Catholic faith, who left this world murmuring the names of Jesus and Mary. Perhaps we have known some who, as life was ebbing, still kept the crucified image of their Lord before their eyes and the Rosary in their feeble hands. Their piety attracts us to what they valued so highly; we refuse to regard the contempt which the children of the world are apt to throw upon this beautiful devotion, as a vain superstition, or, at best, as something fit only for the illiterate. In the school of Jesus and of Mary, ignorance and knowledge have a meaning very different from that affixed to them in the schools of the world. Wisdom in the school of the saints is profitable for eternal salvation.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

"CAN you tell me," said Alice Percival to Graham, "what is the matter with Mr. Thornton?"

The two were walking down the street together, and they had just met Philip, who bowed, almost without lifting his eyes. After he passed, Miss Percival turned to her companion with the above remark. That gentleman looked a little surprised and not very well pleased.

"Is anything the matter with him?" he asked. "I have not observed it."

The young lady gave him a quick glance. "I thought you were a friend of his," she said.

"Oh, yes, I am a friend—though not exactly of the Daman and Pythias type," the other replied. "I do not see very much of

him, and I did not observe him when he passed just now."

"I have observed for some time how much he is changed," said Miss Percival, quietly. "When I first met him a few months ago, I thought him the embodiment of prosperity in its most inoffensive form—one with whom the world went so well that he could not imagine its going otherwise with any one else, and whose overflowing sunshine was agreeable and contagious. But of late he is greatly altered: he is pale and grave, and altogether different."

Graham looked less and less pleased. "I was not aware," he said, stiffly, "that you knew him so well as to be able to detect all this."

"I hardly know him at all," she answered, with the same quietness. "But this change is so great that it seems to me it would strike any one. I see him in the choir, you know; and I meet him now and then at choir-practice—although of late he has neglected that very much, greatly to Mr. Richter's disgust."

"Things are not going quite so smoothly with him as they were," observed Graham, overcoming by a great effort his reluctance to speak of Philip at all. "He has had a disagreement with his uncle, which has materially changed his prospects. That is enough to make him look grave; and if he looks pale, that is probably because he has been burning the midnight oil somewhat. He has entered on the study of the law with commendable assiduity."

"A disagreement with his uncle!" repeated Miss Percival. "I am going to ask you a singular question, Mr. Graham, and I beg that you will answer it frankly. Has this disagreement anything to do with his acquaintance with *me*?"

"With you!" said Graham, amazed. "Certainly not. How could you imagine such a thing?"

"Because his manner has changed so singularly to me," she answered. "For a time I thought I should have the rather ungracious task of repelling his advances toward friendliness—advances which I un-

understood very well sprang from the sunny frankness of his disposition, and his ignorance of any reason why I should not respond to them. But of late he avoids even the most trivial intercourse—such as an exchange of words about our singing—in a manner so marked that it is impossible to mistake the intention of it. If his uncle had heard of our acquaintance—slight as it was—and had objected to it, that might account for his manner.”

“No,” said Graham. “His disagreement with his uncle was on an altogether different ground; and as for the change in his manner to you, that also has a different reason from the one you imagine. His advances toward friendliness were, as you say, made in ignorance; but that ignorance is now at an end. He knows the true story of James Thornton’s conduct to your father, and feels that he has no longer any right to your acquaintance.”

“He knows it—does he?” she said, musingly. “I am half sorry. He seemed so full of confidence that there was no wrong involved. How did he learn the truth?”

“Well—I told him,” replied Graham. “The matter came up, and I thought he ought to know.”

She gave him another glance. “It was rather a disagreeable thing to tell,” she said. “I wonder you thought it necessary to do so.”

“He insisted upon knowing. I fancy that he had a suspicion of something wrong; and when I dropped a word or two reflecting on his uncle’s integrity, he demanded an explanation. I had therefore no alternative but to comply with his demand.”

“And how did he take it?” she asked, in a low tone.

“It was a severe blow to him, and he declared that he would ask his uncle to explain the suspicious circumstances. But if he ever asked him I imagine that the answer was not very satisfactory, for he has avoided me since then, and I am sure that he would have come to me at once if he had been able to clear up the matter—which is, we know, impossible.”

“So this accounts for the change toward me,” she said. “Yet surely he can not think that I hold him responsible for the wrong-doing of another.”

“No,” answered Graham, “he does not think so. He spoke with gratitude of your kindness and courtesy; but he also expressed his regret that he had ever forced himself upon your notice.”

“It was an unnecessary regret,” she replied, “for I have no recollection of his ever forcing himself upon me at all.”

Graham did not remind her that she had spoken a few minutes earlier of friendly advances which it might have been necessary to repel. He was silent, thinking that he did not like this interest in Philip Thornton, and that he would say nothing more about him. But in forming the resolution he reckoned without Miss Percival, who presently resumed:

“And you are certain that what he learned from you had nothing to do with his estrangement from his uncle?”

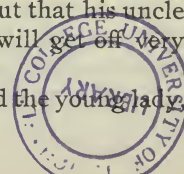
“There are not many things that one can affirm oneself to be positively certain of,” Graham answered; “but this seems to me one, because he came to me for advice about studying law, saying that he could not comply with some wishes of his uncle, who had therefore changed his intentions toward him. It was on that occasion the conversation took the turn I have mentioned, and I told him the story of your father’s business connection with Mr. Thornton.”

They walked on silently for several minutes, and Graham was about to introduce a new topic of conversation when Alice spoke again.

“I am sorry for him,” she said, in a tone as if thinking aloud. “He looks as if he had suffered.”

“That is not very uncommon in this world,” replied the now exasperated Graham. “We must all suffer sooner or later; and if Thornton has never to endure anything worse than finding out that his uncle is deficient in honesty, he will get off very lightly.”

“Many people,” observed the young lady,



coldly, would not suffer at all from such a knowledge. I am perfectly aware of that. But it gives me a good opinion of Mr. Thornton to know that he *has* suffered."

There did not seem to be anything to reply to this, so Graham held his peace; and a few minutes later they reached Miss Percival's door, where the subject was finally dropped. But although dropped it by no means left Alice's mind. She observed Philip with fresh interest the next time that she met him, and his changed aspect struck her more and more. She resolved that on the first opportunity she would speak to him, and show him that she did not regard him as identified with his uncle. But it was some time before this opportunity arrived; for Philip was very careful to avoid her, and their chance meetings were few. But at last accident came to her assistance.

The season was by this time far advanced. People were leaving the city for summer resorts, and among the rest Mrs. King prepared to go. The day before her departure Alice went to say good-bye. It was late in the afternoon. The sun had set, and after a very warm day a slight breeze had sprung up and cooled the air. The two ladies sat at the open window of the drawing-room, outside which the green foliage of some trees stirred softly, and talked of Mrs. King's plans for the Summer.

"And what are *you* going to do?" that lady asked at length. "You surely do not intend to remain here all the season?"

"In the vacation mamma and I generally go to the country for fresh air," Alice answered. "But we can not go very far. Travelling is expensive, and places of resort still more expensive. Then mamma needs special comforts, which must be secured, you know."

"I know that I should like to be able to throw some prosperity into your life and hers," said Mrs. King. "How dreadful it is that a creature born for a wide existence, as you certainly were, should be bound down to such a narrow one!"

"Its narrowness in outward circum-

stances does not trouble me at all," said Alice, quietly. "My mind and my soul have a wide life, and that is enough."

Mrs. King was silent for a minute, then she remarked: "I never knew until Mr. Graham told me that your adversity is not the result of misfortune, but of dishonesty, in your father's business partner. It seems to me that would make it harder to bear."

"Mr. Graham appears to take a singular interest in telling that story," said Miss Percival. "How did he possibly chance to tell it to you?"

"It was *apropos* of young Thornton," Mrs. King answered. "He came in one evening when you were singing together, and the sight did not seem to please him. To account for his evident disapproval, he told me why he thought it an undesirable association."

"Mr. Graham should certainly allow me to be the judge of that," replied the other, coldly. "Is it not strange that even Christian people think resentment in some cases an absolute duty!"

"A remnant of the heathen in us all," rejoined Mrs. King. "But it has been on my mind ever since to apologize to you for introducing Philip Thornton. If I had ever heard of this matter, of course I should have asked your permission—though I believe he came in upon us one day when we were sitting together, and there seemed no alternative."

"There was no alternative," Alice answered, "and I assure you I had no objection to knowing him. Why should I have any? He had nothing to do with his uncle's conduct in a business transaction."

"Very true," said Mrs. King; "but most people would not remember that. However, you are not like most people. You are made of quite special clay, as I always knew. By the by, have you seen him lately?"

"Only in the choir, and once or twice at Mr. Richter's. I have been struck by a change in him."

"There is a great change. That is the reason I asked if you had seen him. I hear

that he has broken with his uncle, or been discarded by the latter. And on what ground, do you suppose?"

Alice shook her head. "I can not even imagine."

"Did you ever see Constance Irving? You know what a beautiful girl she is. Well, she is Mrs. Thornton's niece, and it has always been understood that the two young people would marry. But suddenly everything has been broken off: Philip has left his uncle's house, cut society, and gone to studying law. Naturally people were curious to know the meaning of such conduct; and since everything is known sooner or later in this delightful world, it has transpired that he declined to fulfil his part of the contract unless Constance would become a Catholic. She refused, his uncle and aunt were indignant at the demand, and the young man was dismissed, to come to his senses or lose his fortune. How people do surprise one sometimes! Who could ever have imagined that it was in him to take so firm a stand on such a ground?"

Alice did not answer for a moment. She was thinking of some words of Graham's uttered a few months before: "He is one of those characters that float with the current, but have no strength to go against it. At present he is a Catholic—after a fashion—but some day the world will offer him an inducement, and he will give up his religion as his uncle has done." She had doubted the accuracy of this judgment at the time, and now she felt how much truer was her instinct than Graham's knowledge. A moment of trial had come, and instead of floating with the current, Philip had stood firm on a point where many Catholics, of much more apparent fervor, fail.

"People do surprise one very much sometimes," she assented at length. "It should teach us not to be hasty in judgment, I suppose."

"That is the moral to be drawn, of course," said Mrs. King. "But, consciously or unconsciously, how can one avoid judging? When one sees a gay, worldly young man, who appears to take life as lightly as

possible, can one reasonably expect him to develop religious rigor on a point that is not only treated carelessly by many serious Catholics, but that affects his whole future in a more than ordinary way? I confess I could hardly believe the story when it was told to me; but it came directly from Mrs. Thornton's sister, so I suppose there is no doubt of it. His fortitude in right-doing does not appear to have had a very enlivening effect upon him, however."

"Perhaps he is very much in love with Miss Irving, and feels the separation from her."

The elder lady shook her head. "I don't think he is at all in love with her: they have been too long and too familiarly associated. No doubt there is some attachment, and she is such a lovely girl that he could not dislike the idea of marrying her; but the great inducement, of course, was pleasing his uncle and securing his uncle's fortune. Most men would have done things much worse than marrying a pretty Protestant for that."

"It is a very painful position for him," said Alice, thoughtfully. "I do not wonder that he is so much changed."

Mrs. King suddenly leaned forward. A figure on the street had passed the window and ascended the steps of the house. The next instant the door-bell sounded. "*On parle du soleil et en voici les rayons*," said she, smiling. "There is Philip Thornton now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Irish Lamp at Lourdes.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHERE the lamps like jewels blaze
In our Queen's basilic blest,
'Mid those circling lights, *thy* rays
Are the brightest far, and best.

Glorious lamp from Ireland,
Brilliant star from Erin's Isle,
Gilding all the altar grand
With the splendor of thy smile!

Whose a dearer right than thine
To illume Our Lady's brow?
Who hath better right to shine
At Her virgin feet than *thou*?—

Thou the boon, the symbol bright
Of old Erin's zeal and love;
Of her faith, through Sorrow's night,
Flaming up to Heaven above!

Of her fond devotion's fire,
Fed with oil from Mary's name,*
Mounting higher still and higher,
Through long years of grief and shame.

Queen and Mother, bending low,
Bless this daystar from the West;
Other lamps may round Thee glow—
This is bravest far, and best.

Like St. Bride's immortal light,
That Kildare once joyed to see,
Bid it shine forever bright,
Type of Erin's hopes and—Thee!

—◆◆◆—
With Staff and Scrip.

—
BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.
—

VIII.—ATHENS.

EN ROUTE.—A night's sail from Smyrna brings the voyager to Syra. Piræus, the port of Athens, is but six or seven hours distant from Syra across the Homeric Sea. Syra is Greek to the backbone. The town climbs the steep slope of a high hill, so that the houses seem set one upon the other. They are all white and ugly. Not a green thing is visible; even the island is dust-colored and naked. Syra, with its pyramid of houses, looks as if it were built of cards; as if the first gust from the right quarter would carry the city off over the sea and scatter it on the four winds.

The harbor of Piræus is scarcely less unlovely. To be sure, you are pointed to the tomb of Themistocles, on the promontory, and yonder towers the Acropolis; and the peaks of Parnes, Hymettus and Pentelicus

are crowned with glorious light; but close at hand there are store-houses and custom-houses, and many a hovel that is suggestive of poverty and domestic filth.

Our anchor is no sooner overboard than swarms of natives storm us. Hotel runners hail us in all the tongues of Babel. Greek, real Greek, is poured into our astonished ears. It sounds bookish, and recalls the days when we nibbled the dry roots, too often in the extra hours that fall to the lot of the delinquent. This modern Greek sounds well enough and looks well enough, but it resembles the royal tongue of Homer only to the degree that the modern Athenian resembles his illustrious god-nourished predecessor. It is spurious, and to be guarded against. It is half a page of the Iliad dealt out in the limping lingo of the fellow at the foot of his form.

The omnibus that plies between Piræus and Athens is certainly preferable to the rail that likewise modernizes and disfigures the capital of Greece. The road is most interesting. You can scarcely turn your eyes without discovering some improvement—evidence of the new life that seems to be awakening in the heart of that long-slumbering nation, and of which, naturally enough, they are immensely proud.

The six-mile drive from the seaport to the capital is too soon ended, and the splendor of modern Athens bursts upon the beholder quite unexpectedly. Young Athens might easily be mistaken for a small German capital. The Bavarian influence is indelible; and though King Otho has made his bow and retired, and a new king and a new constitution come to the troubled surface, this modern Athens will probably increase and multiply in every phase and feature that is German until the last feeble remnant of the original race has burst with pride and mingled its dust with the sacred soil of Attica.

Athens has broad, glaring streets, full of heat in summer, and ever open to the caress of the winds from the stormy gulfs. There are rows of smallish German cottages, snow-white, two-storied, isolated, in

* "Thy name is as oil poured out." (Cant. i, 2.)

well-trimmed gardens. You are cunningly lured on to the *Grand Place du Palais*, and here in a single glance your eye takes in the galaxy of modern monuments that stand as indisputable proofs of the survival of art on the soil where it reached its highest perfection. Here you have the Royal Palace—which ought not to complain if it were mistaken for a woollen factory, and here also are three huge hotels, brilliant with balconies and bunting, and with a pension of twelve francs a day.

There are other buildings in Athens just as big and just as ugly. There are *cafés* without number, but not by any means without attractions, for the coffee of the Orient is here brought you in a semi-solid state, and the divine *nargileh* is unwound by the young man in the fez, who is not bad-looking, and is a tolerable shot. They will strike your lips at three paces, these pipe-boys, with a coil of hose on their arm and an extra half franc in their eye. Bad music of a windy afternoon in the *Place du Palais*, sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, mingled with the rumble of chariot-wheels, the click of festive glasses, and the hubble-bubble of the water-pipe at my lips and yours—is it not Athens?

Are we not in Greece? See the Franco-Greek names on the street corners—*Rue d'Hermes*, *Rue du Stade*, *Rue de Minerve*, *Rue d'Eole*, *Boulevard des Philhellenes*. The Greek names on the houses, the shop signs, the bulletin boards—do they not set you thinking on the half-forgotten cases? Is it not pleasant to know that the Gate of Adrian is within a stone's-throw—if one is a tolerable stone-thrower—and that the temple of Zeus Olympus (the Olympieum) is just above the English Church?

THE ACROPOLIS.—From the *Place du Palais*, from the top windows of the hotels, from the broad, straight street, one always comes sooner or later, by one method of locomotion or another, to the Acropolis. This also must be accidental; for time, that deals so tenderly with the treasures of antique art, has brought hordes of Iconoclasts to the summit of that forsaken altar, and there

they have dealt death and destruction to whatever was susceptible to the barbarous hand of man. It is not unlikely that in the flight of the gods mankind lost his reverence for the purely beautiful; they took with them that finer faculty—the sentiment is called feminine to-day, it may be considered infantile to-morrow—for the want of which the world is now suffering sorely. If I am somewhat obscure, I trust I shall be pardoned by all those who have approached Athens with due reverence, and have wished it to the old boy within the next four-and-twenty hours.

One takes coffee repeatedly, and drives again and again with this friend or that. One smokes religiously, listens to the vile music in the *Place du Palais*, sleeps late in the morning, after having done the Acropolis by sunrise; and the argument of the new Iliad seldom rises above this miserable round. If the Porch of Adrian or the Temple of the Winds finds a corner in the conversation, the one or the other is immediately laughed out of countenance by the young woman you met in Cairo and passed on the wing at Nazareth, but who is resting in Athens and has everything to talk of save Athens. The fellow who proposes to join you in the siege of Constantinople is a conscientious mole; but, bless him! he is dry as salt fish, and wrings the last dew of poetry from every subject that he touches.

Athens is a spot to sulk in. I have sulked in Athens in my day. England, Germany, and the United States have combined forces, and between them the little Greek that is left in Greece is of that nature which God alone in His infinite mercy can tolerate for a moment. In such a mood the finest ruin in the world would find no favor in my eyes.

But the wreck of that consecrated mount is so complete, so barbarous, that one can not walk without striking against the shattered marbles, and everywhere the finger of vandalism has profaned the fairest monument of time. Does any one conjure up the shades of the past from a sepulchre like this? Let me, rather, fly to the uttermost

parts of Attica—and that is only a little way—even to bee-haunted Hymettus, or to any convenient distance, where I can turn away from the insufferable stupidity of this young Athens, and look alone upon the Parthenon in the blue edge of the twilight.

THE PARTHENON.—It rises above the plains as chaste as a virgin of the temple; it seems to separate itself from the earth, to unfold itself in mystery awful and profound; to hold once more communion with the gods. The after-glow that illumines the inner temple rekindles the fires upon the flower-wreathed altars. I fancy I see the priestess, followed by her white-robed flock, and I think I hear the chant of voices and the wild melody of flutes. Or is it the piping of some shepherd boy sitting in the thyme and clover on the banks of the trickling Ilissus? Color—pure, transparent, luminous color—floods the fair temple, and in that heavenly light the gods descend and sit again in their seats, clad in immortality. The best inspiration of the artist can not approach the exquisite loveliness of this scene; but it is as brief as it is perfect, and night veils the silent temple in a shower of golden stars.

The climax is over, and over for better, for worse. In the next moment I find myself thinking of Pericles and Phidias as if they were merely fables, and trying to glorify Xerxes, but failing utterly in the attempt. The view from the Acropolis is no less splendid, but it must be indeed from it, not in it. What the moon does for white marble is too well known for me to dwell on. So, also, is the geography of all these splendid ruins. I can only add that after one has duly execrated the memory of Lord Elgin, as every one is bound to do so sure as he sees the wreck that noble lord accomplished; having been again and again over the same old drives, and some of them are really interesting; having concluded that Nike Apteros, the Unwinged Victory, had doubtless the best of reasons for deserting her Athenian worshippers, one is full ready to gird up his loins and depart—at least I was.

So it came to pass that having resolved to enlist in the ranks of the adorers of Minerva Parthenos, who overlooked all Greece and the outer world, and to cut Minerva Polias henceforth and forever, because her statue looked at home—and were she not wall-eyed she would to-day be sick at heart for the sights that are to be seen there; having bid adieu to Tom, Dick and Harry, the Governor, the Prince, two Counts and one Ambassador, I look my last on the gentlemen in petticoats from Albania, and wonder when the last vestige of the poetic, the picturesque and the artistic will have died out on this soil. Not long hence, I fancy; for the Acropolis is to-day a fitting type of the hopeless ruin of that ill fated race.

However, in the torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of our passion, with our toes heading for the Hellespont and our heels ridding themselves of the last particle of classical Greek dust, we must not forget, my friends, that Athens—not this cheap modern Athens, but the Athens that is dead and gone—was once a city set upon a hill, whose light could not be hid; was once the cradle of the arts, the temple and the throne of beauty, the glory of the world!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

THE old steward, oppressed by the heat, had just left his desk and gone to a window for a breath of fresh air. The very first object that met his sight was Fabian, coming with hasty steps towards his office. "It is the beginning of sorrows," thought he, while his heart gave a great thump; and he made the blessed Sign of the Cross upon his breast, commending himself to the protection of God. How could he tell Fabian of the great events that had taken place while he was absent? How find courage to announce that which would disrupt the friendship and love of a lifetime? He

advanced to welcome him, however, as he entered, with his usual kind, courteous greeting, but, as Symphronius remarked, without the genial smile and jesting words that had heretofore always characterized his salutations. It was a great relief to him, therefore, when he discovered that Fabian's object was to inquire where he should be most likely to find Nemesius in the city, and when he might be expected at the villa; but the old steward could give him no certain information on either point.

"My master," he said, "has obtained leave of absence from his military duties, and is occupied with his private affairs, which, having been neglected for years, require his attention; but if the illustrious signor will leave a letter I will send it by his messenger, who comes daily with words to little Claudia."

"Christianity, secrecy and mystery, always hand in hand," thought Fabian, as he seated himself to write to Nemesius, urging an interview wherever he might appoint; then, having secured the letter in the usual way with twisted threads of silk and a seal, he arose to go. No: he would take no refreshment; he was not feeling well, he told Symphronius, who wished to spread a dainty repast for him, and went away with the heaviest heart he had ever known.

Had not the persecution been raging, Fabian's latitudinarian principles in matters of religion would have enabled him to regard the conversion to Christianity of a man of such distinction as Nemesius as an eccentricity which he could have made a jest of; he would only have thought he had lowered his patrician rank, and possibly damaged his career by giving up old traditions and the religion established by the State, for new-fangled doctrines and delusions; otherwise, it would not have affected their friendship a single iota, at least so far as he was concerned.

Fabian had no veneration for the gods, but he thought that an established system of belief was conducive to individual and social order and public prosperity. Like the fasces of the lictors which, bound together,

no man could break, but disunited could be singly snapped asunder by a child, he saw strength in unity, and looked upon all innovations as disintegrating and destructive; but the persecution he thought worse than the innovations it attacked and sought to exterminate. And now the only friend he loved on earth had chosen this time to commit the supreme folly which could only be expiated by the sacrifice of his own life and that of his child. He was nearly distracted under the calm exterior which by a strong effort of his will he compelled himself to wear.

When at last Fabian and Nemesius met at the palace of the former the soul of each was tried to the very limits of endurance by what passed between them. Knowing Nemesius as we do, it is easy to imagine the courage, firmness and constancy with which he declared his faith, and related the circumstances that led to his conversion, and the warning, pleading arguments he used to persuade Fabian to cast aside his idolatrous errors, and accept the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. It is easy also to imagine Fabian's worldly, plausible, sophistical arguments in reply; his logic, sharpened by satire; his passionate philippics against Christianity, which, all summed up, meant that Nemesius was guilty of the most culpable foolishness in risking honors, fortune, life, and the life of his child, for a creed which the wisest philosophers of the times declared to be false and delusive.

He did not spare Nemesius, but his tears flowed even when his words were the most cutting and severe; for, like a skilful surgeon, he knew that to heal he must first wound. But Nemesius having counted all earthly things as dross and nothingness in comparison with the higher and eternal good for which he had relinquished them, the words of his friend were as "tinkling cymbals," and his arguments like water melting in the sand. It was only Fabian's pain that touched him, for he knew that it was the outcome of his great, unselfish love for him.

The interview had been peculiarly pain-

ful to both, for the tie between the two men was closer than that of brotherhood. A glorious recompense was assured for the sacrifice made by Nemesius; but for Fabian's, which looked not beyond earthly limits, there was only despair. The lamp above them glimmered low; and the dawn, now stealing faintly through the open windows, revealed on their pale countenances traces of the crucial pain they had endured—one marked by sublime resolve and lighted by divine faith, the other lined by the passionate sorrow of defeat.

"At least," said Fabian, breaking silence, "and while there is yet time, take the child and fly to some remote region for safety. My pleasure-galley lies at Ostia, and everything can be got in readiness before the sun sets to-day."

"I am a soldier, Fabian, and have always followed the Roman Eagles where they led, without question or thought of the perils to be faced; and now that I am a soldier of Jesus Christ, with His Cross for my standard, shall I do less? No: I will not fly," answered Nemesius.

"And the child—thy lovely Claudia! Why subject her to the same cruel fate so eagerly courted by thee? Oh, Nemesius! unfeeling parent! How canst thou bear the thought of her being killed by wild beasts, or cast into the flames? Gods! the very thought of it maddens me!" exclaimed Fabian, his face ghastly white.

Nemesius folded his hands and bowed his head; for here was the human, vulnerable part through which his nature was to be wounded unto death. He did not speak for some moments: he was silently offering the dread anguish that wrung his soul with generous love to Him through whose Passion and Death redemption had come to mankind.

"A few short pangs and then eternal life! I can ask nothing more precious for my little one, should He in whom we trust will it so," he said, at last. "My Fabian, let us not speak of this again."

"My life-long friendship for thee, my love for her forbids silence. Listen, Neme-

sius; I must speak. Since thou art so set on thy own destruction, confide Claudia to me. I love her as tenderly as if she were my own offspring. I will take her away to a home in one of the pleasant lands I know of, and all that I possess shall be hers; and she shall be guarded as the most precious treasure of my life," urged Fabian.

"Ah! my Fabian, how thou rendest my heart! By consenting to thy generous wish I should risk her eternal salvation. Better she should be safe in heaven than live without faith on earth; for she is of tender age; and with no one to encourage and guide her, tempted and warped through her affections, there would be danger of her losing the inestimable graces that are now hers. These grown weak, faith would gradually expire in her soul. No: I dare not consent," said Nemesius, in a voice that betrayed his emotion.

"Hast thou gone so mad that thou wilt even take no precautions for thy safety? Thou canst not long escape; thy position and fame are too distinguished for that which thou hast done to escape detection," exclaimed Fabian.

"I am in the hands and at the holy will of Him who created and redeemed me. I have no wish, no hope, no plan that reaches beyond that," he said, in grave tones, which had in them an exultant ring. "Remember, Fabian," he added, after a momentary pause, "that it was from thy lips I first heard the wonderful story of the divine *Christus*, which sunk deeper than I then knew, and led me to consider, even while I scoffed, the possibilities of its truth. He is indeed the long-expected Messiah of the world-old prophecies, the very Son of God, —the Saviour who has in our nature overthrown the adversary of our souls, and won from God that clemency for fallen man which He refused to the revolted angels. Thy passion for curious investigation has led thee unwittingly to a dim knowledge of the truth, wherein thou art privileged above many; this knowledge, supplemented by grace—which only awaits the action of thy own will and desire to receive it—will

open to thee the inexhaustible treasury of faith and holiness, with all its fulness and perfection of knowledge, whose divine heights without it no mortal can ever reach. Be persuaded, then, to throw aside all human motives, all vain philosophy, and seek only the truth as it is in Jesus Christ."

The words of Nemesisus were rendered more impressive by a sudden golden glow which at this moment the newly-risen sun flashed through a window, crowning his noble head as with a halo.

"My Achates!" said Fabian, with a wan effort to smile in his old gay, winning way; "I am not prepared either to discuss or accept mysticisms which have brought into my life its first real bitterness. The appearance of the *Christus*, coincident with the ancient predictions and the phenomenal enthusiasms resulting therefrom, I regard only as singular facts in the world's history—mental disturbances which seem to lie beyond the knowledge of natural laws. The only thing I am entirely sure of at this moment is my friendship for thee, my Nemesisus, which no mortal power can shake."

He arose, and threw his arm around the shoulders of Nemesisus, while tears dimmed his eyes.

"And yet, my Fabian, thou art willing to let death dissolve a friendship as dear to me as to thyself, by rejecting the only condition which would ensure its eternal continuance," said Nemesisus, with deep emotion, as he embraced him. "Now, farewell! I have an assurance that fills me with hope for thee."

And so they parted, Nemesisus going away towards the Via Latina, while Fabian flung himself upon his couch to seek repose after the agitations of the night, firmly convinced that he might as well, by a wave of his hand, expect to remove grim Soracte from its foundations as to endeavor to shake the constancy of Nemesisus in what was evidently to him a vital and eternal principle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I DO know God's patient love perceives
Not what we did, but what we tried to do.

Some Titles of the Blessed Virgin.

WRITING of the various titles given to Our Lady, and thence to certain effigies and pictures of Her, Mrs. Jameson, a Protestant, says: "Some appear to me very touching, as expressive of the wants, the aspirations, the infirmities and sorrows which are common to poor, suffering humanity, or of those divine attributes from which they hope to find aid and consolation. Thus we have":

Santa Maria "del Buon Consilio," Our Lady of Good Counsel.

S. M. "del Soccorso," Our Lady of Succor; Our Lady of the Forsaken.

S. M. "del Buon Core," Our Lady of Good Heart.

S. M. "della Grazia," Our Lady of Grace.

S. M. "di Misericordia," Our Lady of Mercy.

S. M. "Auxilium Afflictorum," Help of the Afflicted.

S. M. "Refugium Peccatorum," Refuge of Sinners.

S. M. "del Pianto," "del Dolore," Our Lady of Lamentation, or Sorrow.

S. M. "Consolatrice," "della Consolazione," or "del Conforto," Our Lady of Consolation.

S. M. "della Speranza," Our Lady of Hope.

Under these and similar titles She is invoked by the afflicted, and often represented with Her ample robe outspread and upheld by angels, with votaries and suppliants congregated beneath its folds. In Spain, *Nuestra Señora de la Merced* is the patroness of the Order of Mercy; and in this character She often holds in Her hand small tablets, bearing the badge of the Order.

S. M. "della Liberta," or "Liberatrice," Our Lady of Liberty; and S. M. "della Catena," Our Lady of Fetters. In this character She is invoked by prisoners and captives.

S. M. "del Parto," Our Lady of Good

Delivery, invoked by women in travail.*

S. M. "del Popolo," Our Lady of the People.

S. M. "della Vittoria," Our Lady of Victory.

S. M. "della Pace," Our Lady of Peace.

S. M. "della Sapienza," Our Lady of Wisdom; and S. M. "della Perseveranza," Our Lady of Perseverance. (Sometimes placed in colleges, with a book in Her hand, as patroness of students.)

S. M. "della Salute," Our Lady of Health, or Salvation. Under this title pictures and churches have been dedicated after the cessation of a plague, or any other public calamity.

Other titles are derived from particular circumstances and accessories, as S. M. "del Presepio," Our Lady of the Cradle: generally a Nativity, or when She is adorning Her Child.

S. M. "della Scodella"—with the cup or porringer, where She is taking water from a fountain, generally a Riposo.

S. M. "dell' Libro, where She holds the Book of Wisdom.

S. M. "della Cintola," Our Lady of the Girdle; where She is either giving the girdle to St. Thomas, or where the Child holds it in His hand.

S. M. "della Lettera," Our Lady of the Letter. This is the title given to Our Lady as protectress of the city of Messina. According to the Sicilian legend, She honored the people of Messina by writing a letter to them, dated from Jerusalem, "in the year of Her Son, 42." In the effigies of the *Madonna della Lettera* She holds this letter in Her hand.

S. M. "della Rosa," Our Lady of the Rose. A title given to several pictures, in which the rose, which is consecrated to Her, is placed either in Her hand or in that of the Child.

S. M. "della Stella," Our Lady of the

Star. She wears the star as one of Her attributes embroidered on Her mantle.

S. M. "del Fiore," Our Lady of the Flower. She has this title especially as protectress of Florence.

S. M. "della Spina." She holds in Her hand the crown of thorns, and under this title is the protectress of Pisa.

A Protestant at Lourdes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, writing from Lourdes, gives an account of a remarkable cure effected there on the 16th of July, Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the twenty-eighth anniversary of the last apparition to Bernadette. The writer, with hundreds of others, was a witness of the cure:

"Since my arrival at Lourdes I had been much impressed by the remarkable evidences to be seen of the intense faith of thousands of people in the supernatural origin of the fountain and the miraculous cures worked by its waters. Being on the spot, I was extremely anxious to witness some clear proof, as it is but natural one should desire, in such matters, to see and vouch for oneself; but I certainly had no idea that my wish would so soon be gratified. . . . Among the many arrivals on that eventful morning my attention was quickly drawn to a group who had driven up close to the Grotto in a carriage, containing a sick person, lying at full length on a mattress. She proved to be a young woman, twenty-five years of age, though looking much younger.

"I have seen many sick persons in my lifetime, but I can truthfully say that I do not remember ever seeing one more corpse-like in appearance. She was lifted gently from the carriage and carried into one of the bath-rooms adjoining the Grotto. The water from the fountain is led into them through an iron pipe, and they are so arranged that sick persons can be easily immersed in the water in its natural state and temperature, which is icy cold. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when she was carried, helpless and apparently almost lifeless, into the bath-room, and in less than an hour afterward she was able to walk unaided from the baths to the Grotto, a dis-

* Dante alludes to Her in this character:
 "E per ventura udi 'Dolce Maria!'
 Dinanzi a noi chiamar così nel pianto
 Come fa donna che 'n partorir sia." (*Purg.*, c. 20.)

tance of a couple hundred feet. Though able to stand and walk, she was still evidently very weak, and was placed sitting in a hand-carriage in front of the statue of the [Blessed] Virgin in the niche over the Grotto. She remained there for over two hours, hundreds of persons continually circling and pressing round to see and question her. She kept her eyes fixed on the statue, and seemed full of joy and gratitude for her release from a life of pain and agony; and when at last the time came for her departure for home, I shall never forget the deep look of affection and gratitude in those large, dark eyes as, with the tears streaming down her thin, wan cheeks, she gave one last, long gaze upward to the beautiful face of the statue. There was something painful in the sight—it seemed so like the tearing away of a loving child from her mother's arms.

"When she reached the carriage in which she had arrived, and in which still lay the mattress on which she had lain during her journey to the Grotto, one of the Fathers asked her if she still felt cured and able to walk. 'Yes, certainly, Father,' she smilingly answered, and immediately got up out of the invalid's chair in which she was sitting and, in presence of the large crowd of people assembled to see her off, walked and moved easily to and fro, and, unaided, climbed up into the carriage. 'This is undoubtedly a most remarkable and miraculous cure,' said a gentleman standing near.

"It is certainly a very wonderful and instantaneous cure,' replied the priest; 'but before it can be pronounced upon as a miraculous cure, it will have to be submitted to the medical tests and examinations usual in such cases, and the testimony of the physicians who have attended the case and other witnesses will have to be procured.'

"I shall now let the Countess de Puy, an English lady married to a French nobleman, and who has for years devoted herself wholly to the care and service of the sick brought to bathe in the waters of the Grotto, relate in her own words what took place on this occasion in the bath-room. As this devoted lady has had great experience in the baths, it is left to her judgment in a great measure whether it be prudent or not to allow the sick person to enter the water. 'The sudden shock,' she said, in reply to my question, 'is certainly very trying, as the water is so cold. Still, I have never

known of any accident occurring in the baths, although I have seen persons afflicted with almost every ailment our poor humanity is heir to placed in them. But this young woman seemed in such a dying condition that I was afraid to allow her to be placed in the bath, so we simply sponged her body over with the water. We had hardly finished doing so when she said she felt that she could stand by herself. I told her to try, and she immediately stood erect without support, and asked to be dressed, as she felt she was able to walk.

"We did not know how to comply with her wishes, as she had been brought without shoes or stockings, or any other article of clothing, except the long, white gown in which she had lain in the carriage, wrapped up in blankets. Fortunately we had a pair of slippers in the room, and some kind friends ran quickly and brought the other necessary articles of clothing. She was no sooner dressed than she walked into the adjoining room, and said she felt hungry and would like something to eat. In the meantime her uncle and brother (both priests) had been sent for; and when they saw that she was able to walk they burst into tears, and were so completely overcome with emotion that they were unable to join in and recite the customary prayers of thanksgiving.'

"You have, no doubt, seen many wonderful cures, madam, during the years you have waited here upon the sick?' I asked.

"Yes, sir,' she replied; 'I have seen strange things happen here, especially during the grand national pilgrimages, when we sometimes have as many as 500 and 600 sick persons to bathe. I have seen at those times persons placed in the bath, one putrid mass of sores from head to feet, come out completely healed, with scarcely a trace upon their skin. I have seen persons suffering from the most frightful-looking ulcers and cancers come out of the bath instantaneously cured.'

"But all the cures are not so sudden and remarkable?"

"Oh! no, sir. The greater number are gradual, and many are not cured until after repeated baths, while others do not experience any relief at all. But I have never known of any case having grown worse through the use of the baths. On the contrary, they seem, if not cured, to gain at least greater courage and resignation to bear their cross cheerfully for love of their divine Model and Master.'"

Catholic Notes.

It is worthy of note that our leading literary non-Catholic magazines, particularly those whose special aim is the publication of articles on "timely topics and questions of the day," have of late begun to set before their readers, discussions upon religious subjects. Thus, to mention one instance among many others, the *North American Review* recently published an article in answer to the question, "Why am I a Catholic?" in which a learned Jesuit writer clearly and concisely set forth the truth of the Catholic religion. The next issue of the magazine contained a paper by a Protestant writer seeking to defend the particular sect to which he belonged; and articles on similar topics are promised for future issues.

It goes without the saying that the object which the conductors of these periodicals have in view is popularity and an increased circulation. But the success of their efforts indicates a popular demand for some fixity of belief among non-Catholics, in whom that sentiment of religion innate in all men still exercises an influence. It shows that there is a growing desire for the truth on the part of those who are yet in the darkness of error; a greatly strengthened opposition to the spirit of infidelity, which day by day seeks to extend its influence among those outside of the Church. In other words, the fact of these publications is but another evidence of the speedy disintegration of Protestantism; another feeble attempt of a dying form of religion to retain its hold upon the people; another manifestation of a truth, fast becoming more and more striking, that the warfare which the Church of Christ upon earth must needs wage in the accomplishment of her divine mission is becoming more and more limited to the conflict between religion and no religion, between Catholicity and infidelity. The truth will surely triumph; but let us hope and pray that, as time rolls on, its victories may become more numerous and more glorious, that the light of its refulgent ensigns may illumine a constantly increasing number of followers.

It is reported that the Passionist monastery at West Hoboken, N. J., has been the scene of another wonderful cure. An old lady who had suffered for years from paralysis, and was

unable to walk without crutches, had been to confession, and was praying in the church, when one of the Fathers, after a prayer to God that He might lighten the sufferer's burden, took from its place on the altar a little ebony box containing a particle of the bones of St. Paul of the Cross. He blessed her with it, at the same time exhorting her to have faith, and the Saint might help her. The result was that the woman dropped first one crutch and then the other, and, after a heartfelt thanksgiving to God, went home from the church, leaving her supports where they had fallen. This will add another to the long list of cures that have been performed at the monastery, through the power of St. Paul of the Cross.

From New Jersey comes the welcome news of another conversion. Mr. Emmanuel Casanowicz, until recently Professor of Hebrew in the German Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Bloomfield, has formally renounced Protestantism and entered the Church. He will complete his theological education at Seton Hall with a view of receiving Holy Orders.

M. Chevreul, the great French scientist, whose hundredth birthday has been so enthusiastically celebrated in Paris, is a practical Catholic. He was born at Angers, on the 31st of August, 1786. The important services which this eminent chemist has rendered to science are well known; his discoveries have ranked him among the greatest of natural philosophers. It was fitting that the whole country, indeed the whole world, should unite in offering congratulations to a man of such remarkable talent, one whose faculties, it is said, are in no way dimmed by the weight of a century. But M. Chevreul's science and his extraordinary longevity are not his only claims to consideration: the amiable simplicity of his character and his genuine modesty, which make him wonder at being the object of such honors, have endeared him to his scientific colleagues and to legions of pupils.

The *fêtes* in honor of the venerable *centenaire* having merely consisted of receptions by various learned societies, the unveiling of a statue, endless speeches, a banquet, and, finally, a procession with lighted torches through the principal streets of the capital, some Catholics were painfully surprised that

no thought was raised towards the Creator and the Giver of all good gifts; but they subsequently learned with much joy that M. Chevreul is endowed with that gift above all others—sincere faith. The very fact that the programme of the celebration was drawn up without his being consulted explains the absence of any religious ceremony from such a solemn anniversary.

M. Chevreul's devotion to the Blessed Virgin is vouched for by a worthy priest, who relates the following anecdote: Some three or four years ago, the *savant* was passing through the little town of Dourdan, numbering about two thousand souls. In the afternoon of the same day the *curé* entering his church, perceived an old man kneeling before Our Lady's altar, saying his Rosary. Not wishing to disturb the stranger's devotion, he simply bowed, and retired to say his Office. When the old gentleman had finished his beads, he went up to the priest. "*Monsieur le Curé*," he said, courteously, "you are perhaps astonished to find a stranger in your church at this hour. I am M. Chevreul; I have missed the train, and while waiting for the next I thought I could make no better use of my time than coming to pray here to Our Lady."

On Tuesday, the 21st ult., the Festival of St. Matthew, the solemn ceremony of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. F. X. Katzer as Bishop of Green Bay took place in the Cathedral of that city. The sacred edifice, which had been beautifully and richly decorated for the occasion, was filled with an immense assemblage of the laity. The consecrating prelate was the Most Rev. Archbishop Heiss, of Milwaukee, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishops Ireland, of St. Paul, and Vertin, of Marquette. The other prelates present were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flasch, of La Crosse, who delivered the sermon on the occasion; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Seidenbush, of St. Cloud, and the Rt. Rev. Abbot Edelbrok. More than one hundred priests were in attendance.

Our Canadian exchanges give interesting accounts of the laying of the corner-stone of a memorial church to martyr priests at Penetanguishene. Father John de Brebeuf was sent by his superiors in 1634 to the country which is now known as the Province of Ontario. A chapel was built, and through his

efforts and those of Father Lallemant the whole Huron nation was converted to the Faith. For several years all was peace and happiness, till in 1649 the Mohawk and Seneca tribes of the Iroquois broke suddenly from their forests, burnt up the villages of the Hurons, and almost exterminated the entire tribe. The priests were captured near the site of the present town of Penetanguishene, and were put to death, after suffering such horrible tortures as make the mind sicken to contemplate. Their flesh was cut away in strips, roasted, and eaten before their eyes; they were in mockery baptized with scalding water; when they attempted to speak their lips were cut away, their tongues torn out, and live coals forced down their bleeding throats. Well may we quote the words of the Apostle, and say, *Quibus dignus non erat mundus!*—"Of whom the world was not worthy!" The Rev. Father Laboureau, parish priest of Penetanguishene, undertook the task of erecting a memorial church on the spot where the intrepid Jesuits were martyred, and on September 5th the corner-stone was placed in position, and the building consecrated to divine worship.

A despatch from Harrisburg, Pa., received just before going to press, announced the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Shanahan, Bishop of that See. He had been in ill health for two or three years, but his decease (on the morning of the 24th ult.) was entirely unexpected. Bishop Shanahan was consecrated on the 17th of July, 1868, and was the first Bishop of Harrisburg. May he rest in peace!

We understand that the proceeds of Miss Donnelly's Life of Father Barbelin, now in press and shortly to appear, are to be devoted to the renovation fund of old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. The work of restoring this beautiful old shrine has been going on for some time past; new pews, stained-glass windows, and paintings have been put in, and all that is now needed is the tiling of the floor. Most heartily do we wish Miss Donnelly's book all success, published as it is with so excellent an object in view. But it will merit a wide sale also on its own account; for it contains an exhaustive history, not only of Father Barbelin's times, but likewise of the early Jesuit missions in and around the Quaker City.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

Sisters Mary of St. Bruno, and Mary of St. Mildred, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who were called to their reward last month.

Sister Mary of St. Lawrence, of the Order of Mercy, who died a saintly death at St. Joseph's Hospital, New Bedford, Mass., on the Feast of Our Lady of Snow,

James P. Barr, Esq., a prominent citizen of Pittsburg, whose happy death took place on the 14th ult. He was editor and chief proprietor of the *Post* of that city, and for nearly forty years bore an active part in the commercial and political life of his district. He had won the respect of all classes of people, and the sorrow for his loss is as general as it is heartfelt.

Mrs. Clara Cassidy, of Waterbury, Conn., whose holy death occurred on the 15th ult. She was a lady of noble Christian character, and her spirit of charity was the admiration of all who knew her.

Mr. George J. Lynch, who met with an accidental death at San Jose, Cal., on the 24th of July. He received the last Sacraments, and passed away in peace and hope.

Miss Mary Henry, of Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass., who calmly breathed her last on the Feast of Our Lady of Snow.

Miss Anna L. Harris, of Louisville, Ky., whom God called from this life on the 9th ult. She bore a long illness with edifying patience and resignation to the divine will.

Miss Elizabeth A. Morrison, a fervent Child of Mary, who passed away on the 5th of September.

Mrs. Mary Boyle, of Chester, Pa., who departed from among the living on the 22d of August, fully resigned to the will of her Creator.

Mrs. Thomas McCloskey, an old and warm friend of Our Lady's magazine, whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 17th ult.

Miss Elizabeth Ryan, deceased at Evansville, Ind., on the 11th ult. She was a most fervent Catholic, and the example of her holy life was an incentive to the good and a reproach to the faint-hearted.

Miss Elenora Higgs and Monemia Higgs, of Philadelphia; Miss Susie V. Hayes, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Mary A. McGarry, Scranton; Mr. Daniel Regan, Boston; Miss Margaret O'Brien, New Haven; Mrs. Anna Flanigan, Philadelphia; Mr. Arthur Magee, Syracuse; Miss Margaret A. Reilly, Spencer, Mass.; and Mr. James Maguire, Sing Sing, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



What a Boy's Guardian Angel Did.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

Isn't it really too bad, my good children, that I have been writing for THE "AVE MARIA" now so many years and have never prepared a piece for the boys and girls? Well, they say it is never too late to mend; and so I shall now tell you a true story about a good boy's Guardian Angel.

There is a little town in Pennsylvania, at the foot of the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, and a church in it, with a congregation partly in the town and partly in the country around. It happened not many years ago that the pastor and his assistant were preparing the children for Confirmation. Among them was a boy of about eleven or twelve years, whom we shall call Tommy. He was a fine little fellow, just such a boy as you would like to have for a companion. But he lived a long way from the church, and his walk to instruction and back was not less than ten miles, and I think it was more. But Tommy trudged along like a man, and was never late, and was never behind the rest with his lesson.

At length the day came for them to go to confession. The Sisters, who taught the day school, had the children all in their places in the church after dinner, and the assistant priest was hearing the confessions in the confessional that stood against the wall between the altar and the door. One by one the boys and girls went in, and the priest was almost through. Not more than a dozen had to go, and it was getting on well in the afternoon.

At length it was Tommy's turn to go, and he went in like the rest. Soon he came out; and as he walked around to the altar and down the middle aisle to his place, to

perform his penance, some of the children began to say in a whisper of astonishment: "O-o-oh! Look!" The Sister made a sign to them to keep quiet. When the confessions were through, and the children had gone back to the school, the Sister called those aside that had been making the noise, and began to tell them how quiet they should always be in the church.

The little girls looked very innocently at the Sister, and said: "We couldn't help it, Sister. We saw an angel going along with Tommy from the confessional to his pew. As quick as he opened the door and started to his seat, we saw it, and it went with him the whole way. Oh! it was so pretty!"

The Sister thought this was very strange, and asked them separately what they had seen; for there were a number of children, all girls, who saw it. Then they each gave the same clear, straightforward story of what they had seen. Each one said she saw an angel, whiter than snow, in the air close over Tommy's head, and a little back of him; and it went that way till he came to his place. They watched it closely, and it had its wings stretched out as if it were guarding him against every danger, and it acted as if it loved him very much.

The Sister then told the priests, and they examined the children separately; but they had each the same story that they told the Sister. That night the Bishop came, and of course he was told of what had happened. The next day he also examined the children, and they told him the same thing. They were so innocent, and their account was so clear, that both the Bishop and the priests, who spoke to me about it, said they had not the least doubt but the children had really seen the good angel. And the Bishop said he felt certain that it was a reward which God had given Tommy, because he was a good, innocent child, and had come so far for instruction.

You may have sometimes read of the Angel Guardians of some persons appearing to them in olden times, but here we have one that appeared in our own day. And we need not think it impossible for

things to happen now as they did long years ago. God orders all things according to His good pleasure, for His own glory and for the good of His faithful children. Besides, we should remember that, whether we see our good Angels or not, they are still always near us. Every boy and girl, every man and woman, and the little babies too, have Guardian Angels, who take care of them at all times. When you are in school or at play; when you are in church or at home; when you are asleep or awake, your Angel Guardian is with you. You may be as sure of that as if you saw him. When the great St. Jerome thought of this, he cried out: "Oh! how precious is the soul of man that God should send an angel from heaven to take care of it!"

Just think for a moment. When a crowd of children are at school, or at play, or anywhere else, there are as many angels as there are children. What a pleasure it must be for these dear angels to see children live good and holy lives; to see them obedient, careful at their prayers, studious in learning their Catechism; truthful, honest, pure; to see them practise all the virtues that should adorn the soul of a child of God! But, oh! what a joy for them to go up to the altar-railing with the child of a pure heart, and there stand by it when it receives Our Saviour in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist! God does not grant *them* that favor, although He grants it to the least among you, my good children. St. John Chrysostom says that the angels surround the altar of every church, waiting patiently till Mass is celebrated, so that they may carry to our souls the graces which Our Saviour grants through the effect of the Holy Sacrifice. And when our lives are past, will it not be a happy day for the good angels when they carry our souls to God, and present them to Him, that He may crown them with glory for all eternity, and there make them the companions of the angels who watched over them so carefully during the trials and temptations of this miserable life?

We shall not stop to think of the poor Angels of sinners. It is too sad to suppose

that any one should wound the heart of so loving a companion. We shall merely stop long enough to make a good resolution that we at least will never do so. If the angels do so much for us, it seems to me that we should do something for them in return. What do you think about it, my good boys and girls? Well, I won't wait for an answer; for I know what you are going to say. St. Bernard tells us in a few words what we owe to our Guardian Angels. He says that we owe them reverence for their presence, devotion for their good will towards us, and confidence for the care they have of us. We owe them, first, reverence for their presence. When we remember that an angel from heaven is always with us, it is impossible for us not to have a loving fear lest we should do anything that would displease him. We are careful when in the company of persons whom we love or respect, and should we not be more so when an angel of God is by our side? Surely that child must be very daring and very ungrateful that would insult his Angel to his face.

Next, we owe him devotion for his good will toward us. If our dear Angel always finds his delight in being with us, in laboring for our temporal and spiritual good; if his only happiness is found in our getting on well, it is plain that we should be devoted to him, and find our greatest happiness in doing the good and avoiding the evil which his silent whisperings in our hearts tell us to do or to avoid.

Lastly, we owe him confidence for the care he has of us. Whom can we trust if not our Guardian Angel? All he does tells us that. We should then give ourselves entirely into his care, and should try to please him in everything. Happy is the child who is obedient to his Angel, and who has no companions disagreeable to him; who goes no place but where he can invite his Angel to go with him; who says no words he would not have his Angel hear; and who allows no thought in his mind but what his Angel will be pleased with; who tries, in a word, to be a fit companion for an angel of heaven.

The Church has always been anxious that her children should have a strong and tender devotion to their Guardian Angels, and for that reason she gives them every encouragement. As a proof of this, she has granted an indulgence of one hundred days for every time that any person says, at least with a contrite heart and devotion, the little prayer to the Guardian Angel, that may be found in any prayer-book. And she also grants certain plenary indulgences for the same prayer, the conditions of which you can easily learn. The Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels falls on the 2d of October—just about the time you will be reading this piece—and you must all make it a day of joyful thanksgiving to your holy Guardian, and to God for having given you so loving and faithful a guide.

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

I.

They were two *very* little mules to be turned out on a cold world (and that in war times, too!), but this was the way of it. When they were only a few weeks old the gun was fired from Sumter,

"... that echoed round the world";

and during their colthood the two great armies of the North and South were thundering at each other across the swamps, mountains and valleys of Virginia, down the southern length of the Mississippi, and fighting among the clouds of the Tennessee ranges. The land dropped blood, and the earth trembled under the tread of marching; the ground was cumbered with dead; and food and forage got scarcer and scarcer in the wake of the corps and divisions of Blue and Gray that swept back and forth as the tide of victory or defeat flowed or ebbed.

Not that this last mattered much to Ruby and Jet, for they were at that age when not even a future of plow, saddle, and harness could mar their fun or sober

their spirits; and they kicked up their heels, wagged their short, round tails, clapped their ears, and ran by the side of their patient mother, heeding little and caring less for wars and rumors of wars. Besides, *they* had plenty; for in the fertile region about Atlanta (fair jewel in Georgia's mountain crown!) abundance reigned; and, except that all the men and boys marched away, and large requisitions for corn, grain and stock came more frequently from first one Gray General and then another, peace might have made her nest in the shadow of the city's walls.

But one day there arose in the northwest a cloud as blue as an August thunderstorm. On its crest played the lightning of steel; from its swelling heart rolled the booming of artillery, and its track was marked by fierce flames that

"... burnt a hole in the night,"

as they licked and devoured store-houses, magazines, and munition-dépôts; for Sherman was marching to the sea!

Women and children fled before that mighty vanguard; for the line of march was the line of battle, and for days and weeks every dawn saw its charge and its stand, and every evening its advance and retreat, as the blue flood rolled on toward the bluer one of the Atlantic water far away.

Empty plantations were filled to overflowing one twenty-four hours, and the next deserted, and swept bare of forage, fowl, and stock. And one fine day Company M., of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, * "scooped" the two little mules near Covington, and the first *they* knew of life's burden was when their fat little barrels were bestrode by two dismounted troopers, whose horses had given out on the ride. They were heavy,

sturdy fellows, and prodded and pricked, kicked and belabored their small steeds; grumbling and swearing because the legs of one were quite too short, the other's quite too long. And how the regiment did laugh to see them drawn up like grasshoppers, or stubbing their toes so violently as almost to let their "mounts" walk from under them.

Well here was a pretty "how-de-do," and although Ruby and Jet had never heard of *Ko-ko* (much less the *Mikado*), they felt strongly that it was indeed "a state of things"; and that night over their forage, stiff, sore, bruised, they laid their ears together and consulted as to what they should do.

"I won't stand it!" snorted Ruby, with such fury that the mouthful of oats went down the wrong way. "I just won't! That heavy, two-legged brute has almost broken my back, and I know there are dents in my sides where he kicked me. I'll bolt! No,"—as Jet rolled his bright eyes at him—"No, there's no use talking: I *will*, and I have half a mind to break his neck before I do it, too!"

And every hair on his bright sorrel sides seemed to bristle.

Footsteps at their backs (for they were picketed in a fence corner) interrupted them, and a tall trooper and a small, slight lad stopped by them.

"O Hansel! ain't they cute little beasts! Am I really to have one of them?"

"Yes. Siegel's horse played out to-day, and he'll have to get yours. He's too long to mount on them things. Take your pick, and hurry up your cakes, for we've got to ride in three hours. You didn't care much for that horse of yours anyway, did you?"

"No," said the boy. "He travels all right, but he bucks like the mischief. Why sometimes I get all ready for the 'Flourish,' and the first thing I know he's humping up and coming down so stiff on his trotters that I feel as if my teeth were banging into my eye-balls. And I'd just like to know how anybody's going to blow with a horse acting like that."

* In this raid the whole of Kilpatrick's command was engaged, supplemented and reinforced by the 7th Pennsylvania, the 4th Michigan, and the 4th "Regulars"—as the members of the standing army are called—which were detached from Garrard's Division, on the left of Sherman's line; but as Jet belonged to Co. M. of the 7th, the fortunes of that troop will be followed rather than that of the whole command.

A smile flitted over the dark, sad face of the soldier; and he watched the boy kindly, as he walked from one to the other of the mules, examining them critically, patting their sides, rubbing down their noses, and handling their legs. Ruby's bright coloring seemed to catch his fancy; but Ruby was bent upon being cross, and at every approach he laid back his ears, snapped, shook his fat barrel, and limbered up his heels as if pining for a kick. Jet, on the other hand, was so reminded of his young master, who had marched away the year before (although only fifteen), and had never come back, that he rubbed his nose against the blue shoulder, and wagged his ears and tail like a dog; while his big, soft eyes, with their long, thick lashes looked straight into the blue ones, winking in such a funny way that the merry boyish ha-ha! rang out on the still night.

"Ain't he dandy, Hansel? I'll take him every time."

And Jet was led away, without ever having had a chance to say what he'd do at all.

II.

"Hello, Ned! where did you catch your Dutch canary?" one of the troop sang out, as he came up to the camp-fire with Jet.

"Settin' on a rail, singing with Heintzelmann's red-bird," said the youngster, readily, at which there was a shout; for Heintzelmann was one of the dismounted troopers, and he sat nursing his wrath and his aching shins near by.

Then Oester led his new "mount" to his own corner of the worm-fence,* got him a measure of oats, and fell asleep before Jet's nose was fairly in the sack. Towards eleven o'clock he was shaken up by Black Schwartz (as the grave, sad Thuringian was called, to distinguish him from several others of the same name in the regiment), and after half a minute of eye-rubbing, he scrambled to his feet, and blew the "Mount" till he looked like a cathedral cherub. The

earth seemed to heave as the men rose, with jingling of sabre and spur, and rattle of carbine and canteen; and in a few minutes the command was making at a sling trot for the railroad, where they hoped to cut off Hood's supplies, and so force him out of Atlanta, whose frowning works forbade assault.

Well, ahead went the little bugler, with such a light hand on the rein, knees so gently pressed on Jet's sides, and with such a friendly twist now and then at the long, smooth ears that the little mule snorted as much like a charger as he could, and made his short legs fly with such speed that he still led when the white-faced dawn stared at them out of the darkness.

Down the Sandtown road they rattled, with guidons flying, and spurs, sabre and carbine keeping up a subdued but merry trio; the men joking among themselves, and every mother's son of them pitying Garrard, whose duty kept him out of the fun.

Suddenly a yellow ribbon of a crossroad sprang into sight in the growing day, lacing the fields and cutting the pike at a clean right angle; and along that road, charging gallantly under the "red, white and red," came the Gray-coats, yelling their war-cry, and wild for a brush. Their charge cut our line in two, and for a lively half-hour there was a rain of steel blows that filled the air with fiery sparks and flashes, and, alas! alas! sowed the field and roadway with that which was redder than poppies, more precious than fine gold—the blood of brave men fighting for what both sides believed to be the right cause.

And here Ruby put in his first very bad conduct. When the flank charge broke our line he was with the advance, which pushed at full speed for the railroad, fighting as it went. Their path lay through a pine wood, and a bog, whose treacherous mud was pierced by a narrow stream. Across this last was laid a foot-bridge of logs, and over it many an iron-shod charger passed in safety; but Ruby—mad, excited and scared—took it so gingerly that he was [the] last

* Throughout the South these fences are in general use. They are made by piling rails "log-cabin" fashion in zigzag.

of Company M. on its traverse. Behind were three Butternuts,* flushed with success, and brandishing what looked to the frightened little beast like an arsenal of weapons, and to his rider like so many passports to a variety of southern prisons, each more awful than the other; and as they pelted along, they shouted: "Halt! Surrender!" But Heintzelmann shook his head, gave Ruby a savage prod with a pair of Mexican spurs he had mounted that morning, and laid a whistling whack along his sides with the flat of his sabre.

It was the last straw—a whole bunch of straws! Ruby gave a violent jump, bowed his back with such vigor as to burst the surcingle, and bounced into the bog; then, with an adroit wiggle, he slid from under his rider and saddle, and bolted, leaving them *planté-là*, to the ringing amusement of friend and foe alike. But luck was against him evidently (as it is against most bolters from duty); for while he clattered along, free, unburdened, unspurred, and switching a viciously-triumphant tail, a dismounted trooper caught his trailing bridle, vaulted on his unwilling back, and turned his reluctant head again into the thick of that hateful firing, above which flashed the sharp, sweet calls of Oester's bugle; and—once—resounded an awful bray, given by Jet, when his feelings as a mule got the better of his dignity as a cavalry charger.

It was full day now, and the embankment was won, but only for an instant; for as our troopers rose on the crest they were enfiladed by the Gray-coats, and as Ruby's new rider brought him up to the scratch, a withering fire raked the line. He didn't know anything about Shakespeare, but he felt strongly the advisability of doing quickly and at once what he thought it well to do; so he wheeled and sprang straight off of the embankment—a sheer fall of ten feet,—rolled over in the thick sand two or three times, and took up a bee-line for home!

* A name given the Confederates, because their homespun was colored with a dye made of butternut shells.

III.

"Well," grumbled his astonished rider, as he scrambled to his feet, "that's *one* way of dismounting that ain't down in the tactics, and I must say I don't want to introduce it. Confound the brute! look how he skedaddles!"*

And he gazed ruefully at the rapidly-vanishing speck, so like a pin-cushion, with four red legs waving wildly in the air.

But there was no time for comments. The Gray-coats rushed along like a sand-storm, and it was every man for himself, and then a long *detour* to join the other half of the regiment. Then came a rest? Not a bit of it! There was a pause long enough to take account of stock, catch fresh "mounts," tighten belts, gnaw a piece of hard-tack and nibble a bit of bacon; and then it was "Forward!" till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the advance-guard of the 7th collided with the advance-guard of the enemy—massed in the woods—to beat them back from Jones' borough, where enormous supplies were stored, and where the first serious blow of the raid was to be struck.

As the first shot began to fall, like the heavy advance-drops of a summer rain, Hartmann suddenly turned to his right-hand neighbor and said, abruptly (of all things in the world):

"I thought there were mocking-birds singing all around in the South."

"Mocking-birds, is it?" echoed the rollicking Irishman. "Well, maybe. But—glory to God!—it's the blackbirds ye'll hear sing this day. Listen to 'em whistle. Good afternoon to ye!" he said, doffing his cap, and bobbing his close-cropped head politely, as the minie and rifle balls whizzed past.

"Hello, Ainsworth!" he shouted to a young soldier in Company L.—a guidon—who sat looking anxiously, but fearlessly, ahead. "What's the matter? Ye look as solemn as if the fight was off. But be easy,

* A word which I am assured has a pure Greek origin, and meaning in army circles to run.

my boy, and cheer up; for there's lashin's of 'Johnnies' ahead. Whoop!"

And he bounced in his saddle, his eyes dancing and his mouth on a broad grin; for O'Keefe would rather fight than eat his dinner any day.

"All right," said Ainsworth, and a laugh chased the gravity from his face for a moment; then, as the regimental bugler—a swart Indian, with streaming elf-locks and wolfish eyes—raised his bugle toward his lips, he ranged up to Oester, laid his hand on the peak of the boy's saddle, and spoke earnestly to him for a few moments, handing him a small package as he did so, and then rode off, leading his squad.

Oester looked puzzled, and O'Keefe, as he came abreast him, said:

"A good boy, that Ainsworth; but did ye ever see such a solemn face? Looks for all the world as if he was making his will, and leaving his money to relations he didn't like, *ava*."

"Now," answered the boy, "that's down-right queer, O'Keefe. It's just about what he has been doing—making his will, I mean. He says he's going to be shot in this charge, that he'll be hit right here" (touching his forehead); "that he'll be killed outright, and maybe we'll miss his body in the confusion; and as he wants his mother to have all his valuables and this, he's given 'em to me to give the Colonel. If I get bowled over—"

"Oh, shut up!" said O'Keefe, brusquely; for he liked the boy, and—a true Celt—he was disagreeably impressed by a forecasting.

"Don't you think maybe there *is* something in it?" asked the lad, his candid blue eyes thoughtfully raised to the pugnacious face just now puckered with passing annoyance.

"No; I don't that! Ye are both goin' to live to be killed a dozen times over—"

"Tarantara-tara-tara!" suddenly rang the "charge" on ahead. Oester's bugle caught it up, and sent it flying along the line; and the blue wave gathered, rolled, and broke against the barricade of rails,

underbrush and felled timber, behind which crouched the fiery Death. It was clatter and rush, crash of rider and steed, shock of steel, and fall of horse and man. Then the barricade was carried, and Kilpatrick and his men went streaming down the river-bank to meet—flames!

The Gray-coats had fired the bridge; and as they vanished in the trees beyond, the shriek of shells began to pierce the air, and a mighty bad twenty minutes our men put in; for the Gray cannoneers had an uncommonly neat idea of a range, and grape and canister played wild work. But there was no loitering or seeking for shelter; for while one detachment put out the fire, another cut, dressed and hauled logs, and still another began to repair the old bridge and lay a new one on the few pontoons the command had with them.

During the rush O'Keefe was here, there, and everywhere (of course), expending the strength of ten men, and doing the work of half a one; and once, as he passed Hartmann, he shouted:

"How d'ye like these mocking-birds, me boy! And isn't it good lungs they've got and sweet voices? D'ye mind the neat little rhyme the childer say to the star? We'll be givin' it a new turn, I'm thinkin':

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little shell,
How I hate to hear ye yell.
To my head ye're quite too nigh.
I wish ye'd stay up in the sky.'"

And on he rode, with a laugh that was a tonic, and was among the first of the command that rushed into the teeth of the shelling batteries, with a shout that presaged victory.

But back yonder among the torn turf, the trampled shrubbery and the wreck of the scattered barricade, with his face turned skyward and a smile on his quiet lips, lay Ainsworth—dead! his forehead pierced by the bullet he had ridden out to meet.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* This presentiment and death are true incidents.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

No. 15.

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The Songs of a Catholic Poet.

IN the issue of the *New York Irish People* of March 9, 1867, a writer describes how "on the night after the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, the Federal army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits damped by the loss of many gallant comrades. To cheer his brother officers, Captain Downing sang his favorite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his dashing regiment, next by 'the Brigade,' next by the division, then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the Captain ceased, it was but to listen with undefinable feelings to the chant that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore."

The song which Captain Downing sang in the light of the bivouac fire on the blood-stained slopes by the river at Fredericksburg, and which was answered by those amongst "the boys in grey" who had a soft corner in their hearts for Ireland, was T. D. Sullivan's "Song from the Backwoods":

"We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way—
Here's good old Ireland!
Loved old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!"

The writer of these lines, which won, for

the nonce, a kind of truce between men who faced each other in arms, was the Rt. Hon. Timothy Daniel Sullivan, now Lord Mayor of Dublin, representative for that city in the English Parliament, and proprietor of the historic *Nation*, which for four decades has sustained the fame which the genius of Davis, Meagher, and Mangan achieved for it in the past.

The *Nation* has a history all its own, and when the story of the restoration of Ireland to freedom comes to be written, the place it will hold in the pages which tell of the lifting of a people out of bondage will be neither small nor insignificant. To the *Nation*, and to the Sullivan brothers, who took up the banner of green when the staff fell from the hand of Gavan Duffy, Ireland owes a debt of gratitude which she never can repay. To the late Alexander M. Sullivan, to the subject of this sketch, and, during many years, to Denis Baylor Sullivan, now one of the most prosperous and brilliant lawyers at the Irish bar, the people of Ireland owe a gratitude deep and lasting beyond anything even *their* affection can discharge. Through toil and sorrow, through the darkest and most dispiriting circumstances, the *Nation* has never faltered, but has held aloft the fiery cross of Irish nationality, and called the scattered sons of the Celtic race to the service of their motherland.

That T. D. Sullivan is a true poet, the following extracts from his poem on the "Death of King Connor MacNessa" will probably be the best proof:

"'Twas a day full of sorrow for Ulster when Connor MacNessa went forth
To punish the clansmen of Connaught, who dared
to take spoil from the North;
For his men brought him back from the battle
scarce better than one that was dead,
With the brain-ball of Mesgedra buried two-thirds
of its depth in his head.
His royal physician bent o'er him, great Fingen,
who often before
Staunched the war-battered bodies of heroes, and
built them for battle once more;
And he looked on the wound of the monarch, and
heark'd to his low-breathèd sighs,
And he said: 'In the day when that missile is
loosed from his forehead he dies.'"

In the pagan days of Ireland her warriors
were wont to mix with lime the brains of
those whom they had slain, and to roll this
substance into balls, which they preserved as
trophies. It was with one of these—which,
according to the legend, was stolen from his
own armory—that King Connor MacNessa
was stricken down. The state physician
of the great King declared:

"Yet long midst the people who love him King
Connor MacNessa may reign,
If always the high pulse of passion be kept from
his heart and his brain.
And for this I lay down his restrictions:—No
more from this day shall his place
Be with armies, in battles, or hostings, or leading
the van of the chase;
At night, when the banquet is flashing, his meas-
ure of wine must be small,
And take heed that the bright eyes of women be
kept from his sight, above all;
For if heart-thrilling joyance or anger a while
o'er his being have power,
The ball will start forth from his forehead, and
surely he dies in that hour."

Obedient to these behests, the King lived
the life of a pagan saint, abstaining from
all the things which had made life bright
to one who had no thoughts beyond what
he saw on earth.

"The princes, the chieftains, the nobles, who met
to consult at his board,
Whispered low when their talk was of combats,
and wielding the spear and the sword.

"And, sadder to all who remembered the glories
and joys that had been,
The heart-swaying presence of woman not once
shed its light on the scene."

So in solemn and self-denying fashion
lived King Connor, and

"So years had passed over, when, sitting midst
silence like that of the tomb,
A terror crept through him, as sudden the moon-
light was blackened with gloom.

"From the halls of his tottering palace came
screamings of terror and pain,
And he saw crowding thickly around him the
ghosts of the foes he had slain."

When the tumult had somewhat subsided,
the King sent for Barach, his chief Druid,
and interrogated him as to the cause of the
terrible convulsion which had shaken the
earth to its centre. The priest, inspired,
answered:

"'O King!' said the white-bearded Druid, 'the
truth unto me has been shown:
There lives but *one* God, the Eternal; far up in
high heaven is His throne.
He looked upon men with compassion, and sent
from His kingdom of light
His Son in the shape of a mortal, to teach them
and guide them aright.
Near the time of your birth, O King Connor! the
Saviour of mankind was born,
And since then in the kingdoms far eastward He
taught, toiled, and prayed, till this morn,
When wicked men seized Him, fast bound Him
with nails to a cross, lanced His side,
And that moment of gloom and confusion was
earth's cry of dread when He died.'"

Hear the miraculously converted Druid,
and remember, too, that the legend so beau-
tifully versified by T. D. Sullivan is one of
the oldest transmitted through the cen-
turies which have left Ireland little else but
legends:

"'O King! He was gracious and gentle; His Heart
was all pity and love,
And for men He was ever beseeching the grace
of His Father above;
He helped them, He healed them, He blessed
them; He labored that all might attain
To the true God's high kingdom of glory, where
never comes sorrow or pain.
But they rose in their pride and their folly; their
hearts filled with merciless rage,
That only the sight of His life-blood fast poured
from His Heart could assuage.
Yet while on the cross-beams uplifted, His Body
racked, tortured, and riven,
He prayed—not for justice or vengeance, but
asked that His foes be forgiven.'"

A holy anger was kindled in the heart of the monarch as the priest spoke, and, descending from his throne,

"The red flush of rage on his face,
Fast he ran through the hall for his weapons, and,
snatching his sword from its place,
He rushed to the woods, striking wildly at boughs
that dropped down with each blow,
And he cried: 'Were I midst the vile rabble, I'd
cleave them to earth even so!
With the strokes of a high King of Erin, the
whirls of my keen-tempered sword,
I would save from their horrible fury that mild
and that merciful Lord!'
His frame shook and heaved with emotion; the
brain-ball leaped forth from his head,
And, commending his soul to that Saviour, King
Connor MacNessa fell dead."

It will probably seem to many that the following verses, entitled "Fisherman's Prayer," should have had first place in an article appearing in these pages, not only because of Her in whose honor they are written, but also on account of their inherent excellence:

"The sun is setting angrily,
In threat'ning gusts the wind is blowing;
Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
Speed our small bark fast and free
O'er the homeward way we're going.

"We left the land as the morning bright
Purpled the smooth sea all before us;
We prayed to God, and our hearts were light,
We placed our bark in thy saving sight,
And knew thou wouldst well watch o'er us.

"But now the sun sets angrily,
From black, wild clouds the wind is blowing;
Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
Send our small bark fast and free
O'er the darkling way we're going.

"We fished the deep the livelong day;
The waves were rich, through God's good
pleasure;
We ventured far from our own bright bay,
And lingered late; we fain would stay
Till filled with the shining treasure.

"But now the night falls threat'ningly,
The sea runs high with the fierce wind blow-
ing;
Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
Our light, our guide, our safety be
O'er the stormy way we're going.

"We pass the point where the tempest's strain
Is lightened off by the land's high cover;

Our village lights shine out again—
I know my own in my window-pane,
And the tall church towering over.

"Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
With grateful love our hearts are glowing;
Behold, we bless thy Son and thee!
Oh! still our light and safety be
O'er the last dread course we're going."

Perhaps we may be allowed to quote the following verses from another poem, entitled "*Mater Ecclesia*":

"O Holy Mother Church! again
The tyrant seeks with scourge and chain
What tyrants often sought in vain—
Thy master and thy lord to be;
The foolish dream is in his brain
That he can make a slave of thee.

"His armèd hosts around him stand—
One word, one signal from his hand,
And freedom dies throughout the land.
But, let his front be fierce or mild,
Thou dost not bow at his command,
O mother fair and undefiled!

"Yet even he might surely know
That kings and conquerors come and go;
They have their days of strength and show,
Their systems flourish, and they fall.
Thou seest them perish, friend and foe—
Thou stand'st unchanged amidst them all.

"'Tis true that men of evil mind
Can wound and grieve thee, scourge and bind;
So did the rabble, fierce and blind,
To Him whose stainless spouse thou art.
The task is vain, their followers find,
To tear thee from His loving Heart.

"Thou seest the glory of His face,
Thou hast His words of light and grace,
Thy heart is their abiding place.
His Spirit in thy veins is rife;
No laws of tyrants bold and base
Shall ever rule thy holy life.

"O mother good and fond and wise!
Midst all the wrongs thy foes devise,
The loving sons who round thee rise,
To live or freely die for thee,
See, looking in thy glorious eyes,
But light and peace and victory."

The character of a poet can often be discerned in his songs, and to those who know the happy domesticity of T. D. Sullivan's life, or have ever seen the gracious lady who does honor to the ancient mayoralty house

of Dublin by her kindness to all who come within its portals, the following brief extracts from her husband's poems may not seem inappropriate:

"Pulse of my heart, draw nearer, nearer;
The world may darken as it will,
But time shall only make thee dearer—
Let me clasp thee closer still.

"No lands or gold had I to offer
When I asked this heart of thine;
And these rosy lips assured me,
In a murmur, it was mine.
Like a gush of heavenly music
Came that murmur on my ears,
Thrilled my heart with sweet emotions,
Filled my eyes with happy tears.

"Pulse of my heart, draw nearer, nearer;
The world may darken as it will,
But time shall only make thee dearer—
Let me clasp thee closer still."

The poems of T. D. Sullivan are not compendiums of abstruse psychological studies, nor attempts at portraying such idiosyncrasies of perverted human nature as many English poets of the present century have set themselves to depict; but are simply the verses of an honest Irishman, loving his faith and his country before all the world, to whom God has given the glorious gift of song as well as of great eloquence in prose. The nature of the man, honest, faithful, and determined, shines through all he has written. Read everything that T. D. Sullivan has ever published, and you will come to the conclusion that he is not a patriot because he is a politician, but rather a politician because he is, by conviction, a patriot. Few poems of the present day are more striking than "My Faith."

"I've heard enlightened persons say,
With show of logic keen and clever,
'The world will roll in the ancient way,
And the honest man will be down forever.
Honor and Truth are an idle dream,
Self is the rule good sense advises;
Worth will sink like dregs in the stream,
And the sun will shine on all that rises.'
But I say no,
It can not be so.
And if my reasons must be given,
So weak am I,
That my sole reply
Is, 'A just God lives on the throne of Heaven.'

"And when a nation's hopes are sold
For wealth, a name, a season's glitter;
When hearts whose hopes were high and bold
Drink disappointment cold and bitter;
When, sitting by his darkened hearth,
The peasant curses his betrayer,
And ere he leaves his native earth
Asks vengeance with his latest prayer;
I own I fear
That God's fine ear
The words will hear, and the long, wild wailing
From ruined home
And ocean foam,
Where coffin ships are sadly sailing.

"And when some light of the modern school
Comes kindly out with a fine oration,
And strives to show, by some new-found rule,
The approaching death of a grand old nation;
Or signs the fate, with a small crow quill,
Of a race that lived through fire and plunder,
Through war and want; and who answer still
For the land with a shout like mountain thunder;
So weak am I
That I join the cry,
The loud reply to our would-be sages;
And shouting say,
'In a different way
Do I read the marks in the Book of Ages.'

"And when some gentle friend despairs,
Sits by the wayside broken-hearted,
And, seeming quite sincere, declares
That the last good thing has just departed—
Says Heaven has ceased, as all may know,
The mould of men for its chosen mission;
That from some day last week or so
The world must remain in a sad condition;
That story too
Is strange and new,
And I hold true to my old opinions:
The ancient creed,
That God's good seed
Will always grow in His wide dominions.

"And though I am told it is wrong to feel
The burning glow of patriot passion,
That the national love is ungentle,
And we all must sail with the tide of fashion;
Erin! Queen of my youth's wild dreams,
Of my manhood's faith that faltered never,
Through sorrow's clouds, or hope's bright beams,
This hand and heart shall be thine forever.
My pride shall be
Deep love for thee;
My hope, a true son's aid to render;
My fixed belief,
That thy brow of grief
Shall yet be bound with a crown of splendor."
The poems of T. D. Sullivan should be

read after we have made the history of Ireland's past our own, and with a good record of the contemporary history of the island by our side; but there can be no doubt at all that, quite irrespective of all political feeling—with which we have, indeed, nothing to do in these pages,—they stamp their writer as a man of genius, as a true patriot, as a devoted Catholic, and as one who, it is sincerely to be hoped, will be spared to his country, to guide and assist her in the day when she undertakes the great work of rebuilding that national edifice which tyranny and corruption shattered. Ireland will then have need of the advice of the most liberal, the most generous, and the most prudent among her statesmen.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVI.

MISS PERCIVAL started, and made a slight motion, as if to rise from her chair; but almost immediately sank back again. Why should she avoid Philip? Had she not desired an opportunity to show him that his avoidance of *her* was unnecessary, and what better opportunity could be found than the present? Moreover, the thought occurred to her that it would be the last for some time, since Mrs. King was on the eve of leaving the city, and there was not the least probability of their meeting anywhere else. She kept her seat, therefore, and when Philip was shown into the dusky drawing-room—for sunset had deepened to twilight by this time—he did not recognize her until after he had spoken to Mrs. King. Then, glancing at her companion, he was startled to see Alice Percival leaning forward into the light of the after-glow, which still shone through the window, and holding out her hand with a friendly gesture.

It appeared for an instant as if he was not going to accept that frankly-offered hand, so much was he surprised; but before she could draw back, he had taken it into his

own, bowing deeply over it. Their hands had never met before, and he felt as if those firm, gentle fingers offered a pledge of amity which he could not refuse. However, he uttered only a word or two in reply to her salutation, and, sitting down, plunged at once into conversation with Mrs. King.

"Yes, I am going away," said that lady; "and quite time it is. The city will soon be unendurable. I wonder that you are here yet."

"I am not going away at all," Philip answered. "You know I have begun to work in earnest, and I must abjure pleasure for a time, at least."

"Scorn delights and live laborious days," said she, smiling. "But you must not forget that some recreation is necessary to enable one to labor to the best advantage. 'All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy.'"

"I have had my fair share of play," replied Philip; "and I must take my share of work now. Seriously speaking, I am very much interested in my studies, and I want to obtain my license as soon as possible. After that I can think of recreation."

"I am afraid you are studying too hard," said Mrs. King. "I can not see what you look like just now, but I have observed your appearance several times lately, and I thought you looking pale."

"Oh! I am very well," answered Philip, hastily, and changed the subject.

Alice leaned back in her chair, and listened without taking part in the conversation. It was not one that interested her, being chiefly about the merits of the different places to which Mrs. King was going, and with which Philip had an extensive acquaintance. After all, the opportunity seemed no opportunity. She had given him her hand—and evidently much surprised him by doing so,—but beyond that she had no power to show him the kindness and respect which she felt. Well, there was probably no real reason why she should do so; and her failure did not matter. She said this to herself with a slight sigh as she finally rose. The dusk had deepened, street-

lamps began to gleam: it was time for her to go.

"Why, Alice, how quiet you have been!" cried Mrs. King, as the tall, graceful figure came toward her. "What—going? Oh! impossible! You must stay and spend the evening with me."

"Unfortunately I can not," replied Alice. "My mother will be expecting me."

"When you intrench yourself behind your mother, I know there is no hope of moving you," said Mrs. King, with a smile.

While the two ladies exchanged their farewell words, Philip, who had risen also, stood behind his chair, apparently motionless, yet really in a state of extreme nervousness. Could he allow Miss Percival to walk home unattended at this hour? It seemed impossible, yet could he venture to offer to attend her? That also seemed impossible. He was hesitating over the question, when the young lady suddenly turned around, with a little bow said, "Good-evening, Mr. Thornton," and was passing by. Then he knew that he must at least give her the option of refusing his escort.

"It is late for you to walk home alone," he said. "If you will allow me, I shall be happy to attend you."

"Thank you," she answered, "but it is not quite dark—there is really no need—and you have not finished your visit to Mrs. King."

"Mrs. King will probably permit me to return and make my adieux," said Philip, who recognized by her tone that she did not object to his accompanying her; and if she did not object, he was quite sure that nothing else should prevent his doing so.

A few minutes later found them on the street together. When they emerged into the open air they found, as Alice had said, that it was not yet dark: the long twilight of June still held the world with that exquisite mingling of night and day which is so charming. A rosy glow lingered in the West, but overhead stars were shining out of a delicate sky, and the perfume of flowers in unseen gardens filled the air. Philip felt like a man in a dream as he walked by his

companion's side, and responded to her gentle advances. It was a pleasure the keener for its absolute unexpectedness, and for his consciousness that it might never be repeated. This consciousness made him, perhaps, a little absent, but he roused himself when Alice said:

"Mr. Richter makes many complaints of you, Mr. Thornton. He thinks you have lost interest in your music."

"So I have," Philip answered. "It has been rather a pain than a pleasure to me of late. I am thinking of leaving the choir."

"Oh! I hope not!" she said, quickly. "We have no other voice as good as yours. And why should you lose interest? It was not for your own pleasure that you entered the choir, I am sure."

"No: it was because I thought I might really be of use. But, despite your flattering opinion, I think there are others with better voices and more industry than myself."

"But industry is within our own power," she observed; "and I do not think that one should give up lightly what is done for the service of God. You seem to be developing industry enough in another direction," she added, with a smile.

"My studies, you mean?" he answered. "But that is a matter of necessity. It has become indispensable that I should do something for myself. I do not regret the fact itself: I only regret the reasons which led to it."

He uttered the last words half-unconsciously, but he was not sorry when he realized that he had uttered them. He had a strong inclination to speak openly to Alice Percival of the matter which concerned them both. As they passed under a lamp, he saw that she lifted her dark eyes to his face with a look which encouraged him to proceed. It was a look of sympathy, for she fancied he was regretting his separation from Miss Irving; but she was mistaken: there was no thought of Constance in his mind at that moment.

"Do you remember," he said, "the day of the railroad accident, when I told you that, so far as I was aware, there was nothing

to prevent our acquaintance? Well, I think it only right to tell you now that I have learned better since then—I have learned that there was much to render it, as you said, 'unfit'; and I have also learned to appreciate your kindness toward me. How much I must have annoyed you—I, who have no right to know you!—and how unfailing in courtesy and forbearance you were!"

"You did not annoy me at all," she answered in the same words she had used to Graham with regard to him. "But I am glad you thought me courteous. Why should I have been anything else? It never occurred to me for a moment to hold you accountable for the acts of another, or to allow the recollection of such acts to influence my opinion of you or my conduct toward you. What had you to do with the matter? Simply nothing at all. It strikes me that I have said this to you before."

"You have, but you also said that there was an unfitness in our acquaintance. I did not understand you then, but I understand only too well now, and fully agree with you."

"I think I also told you once what I meant by unfitness," she replied, quietly. "Our lives were cast in such different lines—we had little or nothing in common. And, then, so long as you were closely identified with your uncle, there was a propriety that seemed to forbid any intimate association. I have friends who would have looked upon it as in some degree compromising my father's memory."

It was not lost upon Philip that she spoke in the past tense. "But now I am no longer closely—or, indeed, at all—identified with my uncle," he said. "It cost me much pain to refuse to comply with his wishes, but there was no alternative which I could entertain. And I may tell *you* that I was glad of an excuse to shake off the weight of wealth stained by wrong. If he had consented to make restitution to you and your mother, I could hardly have refused to do anything that he asked. But he did not consent."

"Is it possible that you proposed it to him?" she asked, with much surprise.

"Could I have failed to do so when I learned at last the true state of the case? I urged him, for the sake of his own honor and his own soul, to right the wrong; but he would not listen to me."

"And that, then, was the cause of your estrangement?" she cried, with a flash of intuition. "Ah! I feared as much!"

"No," he answered, quickly; "the cause of our estrangement was different. I would not consent to marry Constance unless she became a Catholic. God forgive me if I was glad that she refused! It gave me an opportunity to make my own life, and to profit no longer by wealth unjustly acquired. I have only one regret connected with the matter," he added, after an instant's pause. "If there were a prospect that this money would ever come to me, I could then make restitution. But my uncle is so much incensed against me that I am sure he will find another heir."

"Do not regret what you have done on that score," said Alice, in a low tone. "Neither my mother nor myself could accept anything from *you*. Only he who committed the wrong can make restitution for it."

"He, I fear, never will," answered Philip, in a tone as low as her own. "His pride, his obstinacy, his love of money—all combine to steel him against the thought."

"Poor man!" said the girl, gently. "Do you know that I never see him—and, of course, I catch a glimpse of him now and then—without a painful sense of pity? To think that he will let a little money stand between him and a clear conscience—the esteem of men and the friendship of God! It is so terribly sad! The thought of restitution never occurred to me; but if for his own sake he were to make it, I would willingly agree to give the money away the next hour."

"It would be yours in justice," replied Philip. "Why should you give it away?"

"I do not think I should like to keep it. But it is scarcely worth while," she added, with a slight smile, "to discuss a contin-

gency that in all human probability will never take place."

"In human probability, no," said Philip; "but in the probability of divine grace it may. The only hope for my poor uncle is in that. Would it be asking too much of your charity to beg you to pray that he may obtain this grace?"

"No, it is not asking too much," she answered. "I will very gladly pray for him. See!" She paused and pointed to the window of a church which they were passing. "There is a light at the altar of the Sacred Heart. Let us go in and beg the grace for him now."

Philip eagerly assented, and they turned in under the shadow of the church porch. The doors were not yet closed, and they entered the building, which would have been altogether dark but for the lamp suspended before the high altar, and a red light which burned at the feet of a statue of the Sacred Heart.

When they knelt together before the latter, Philip felt more than ever like a man in a dream. The perfume of roses on the altar filled the church like the fragrance of divine love; the light of the jewel-like lamp fell on the benignant figure, and revealed its tender aspect; while soft depths of shadow brooded all around, save where the sanctuary lamp flung its golden radiance on the tabernacle door. He could not glance toward Alice, but he was intensely conscious of her presence; and it seemed too unreal, too strange to be true that she was praying for the man who had wronged her father, and who had condemned her own life to the blighting influences, the narrow restrictions of poverty and toil. He thought that such a prayer could not fail—it *must* be granted by Him whose Sacred Heart would recognize its accordance with His own precepts and example.

They remained in the church only a few minutes, and when they came out walked almost silently the short distance which brought them to Miss Percival's door. As they reached this, Alice paused and turned to the young man, who took off his hat with

the air of one ready to accept his dismissal at once.

"Since you promised to return to Mrs. King, I will not ask you to come in this evening," she said; "but another time perhaps you may like to be presented to my mother."

"I should be most happy—if you think Mrs. Percival would not object to receiving me," he answered.

"I do not think she will object," Alice replied. Then, holding out her hand again, "Good-night!" she said.

"You have made it a very good night for me," he responded, with much emotion in his voice, as he took her hand for an instant and was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Consolatrix Afflictorum."

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

YOU say you're unhappy, that life is a burden,

That Sorrow aye sits at the door of your heart,

That the past holds no memories, the future no guerdon

To sweeten her potion, or bid her depart;
Has the voice of affection no power to console you,

Assadly you bow 'neath the chastening rod?
Has the fair realm of Nature no charms to allure you

To seek in her labyrinths the footprints of God?

O come, then, with me, where a lamp dimly burning

Reveals the sweet face of Our Lady of Peace,
Where the hearts of Her children forever are turning,

Where care finds a solace and pain a release;
Where the perfume of roses with incense is blending,

Where sinner and saint bend a suppliant knee,

Where graces unnumbered are hourly descending—

To Mary's dear altar O hasten with me!

A heavenly stillness broods over the portals,
And lowly we bend as we enter the door,
Where the One Triune God condescending to
mortals

Has promised to dwell with His Church
evermore;

'Tis the calm Vesper hour, and the *Salve*
Regina

In tremulous sweetness vibrates on the air,
And hearts wearied out in the world's great
arena

Are lulled to repose by the Angel of Prayer.

There, prone at the feet of God's own Blessed
Mother,

Unburden your soul of its anguish and pain;
She'll bear it to Jesus, our dear Elder Brother,
She'll plead for you—She who ne'er plead-
eth in vain.

'Neath the folds of Her mantle She'll shelter
and hide you

From the tempest without and the tumult
within;

At rest on Her bosom, no ill shall betide you,
There your sorrow shall end, and your joy
shall begin.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
With Staff and Scrip.

—
BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

—
IX.—STAMBOUL.

AT THE GOLDEN HORN.—All night we
wallowed in the troubled sea of Mar-
mora, and came too early in the morning
upon the famous beauty of the Bosphorus. I
was wakened at 6 a. m. by the sudden ceas-
ing of the internal thunders one grows so
used to when steaming over the sea; and,
looking out of the sublime port in the upper
bunk, I saw—not a vision of Oriental splen-
dor, but only a London fog on a Thames
shore, and so I turned in again.

But not for long. You know the symp-
toms of a general break-up, that grow more
and more violent the nearer you approach
the land. Coffee was scarcely tasted; every-
body was plotting with his neighbor, and
in the midst of this hopeless confusion we
entered the mouth of the Golden Horn, and
were instantly boarded by swarms of boat-
men and commissioners.

Selecting our man, we took hold of one
another's hands and cast ourselves over the
bulwarks into a barge that tossed along side
the *Diana*. It was a good shot: we struck
in the hold of the barge; cried aloud in
chorus and wrung our hands, until all our
luggage was delivered up into the care of
our dragoman, and then we set out for shore
—the European shore, which lay about two
hundred yards distant.

The Turks received us with more con-
sideration than we had reason to expect.
We were not hamstrung, nor beheaded, nor
deprived of our wives and children. All our
luggage was allowed to pass the customs
with the slightest possible examination.
There was but one suspicious character on
the city front. One man eyed us with no-
ticeable caution, and there seemed to be a
motive in his watchful yet restless glance.
Presently he approached us and presented
his card. It read as follows:

"FAR-AWAY MOSES,
Dealer in Rugs, Embroidery, and all kinds of
Oriental Goods."

A few days later we met in the bazaars,
where he does the host with much dignity
and no little profit. He is a very intelligent
man, who speaks several languages, and
vibrates between Constantinople and Cairo.
He is sure to be seen here or there at the
height of the tourist season, dispensing
sherbet, coffee and cigarettes, and soliciting
patronage in a fashion which is, to say the
least, magnetic—and yet the greater share
of his popularity is doubtless due to the
notoriety he has achieved through the pages
of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

IN THE FRANK QUARTER.—Passing the
customs without a scar, we all foot it up an
exceedingly steep and badly paved street
into Pera, the Frank suburb of Constanti-
nople. Here there are better streets, and
sometimes very serviceable sidewalks, fine
stone houses, handsome stores, theatres,
cafés chantant, bootblacks, carriages, glass
arcades, and, in fact, everything you would
not expect to find in this latitude. From the
hotel window I look out upon the flashing
waters of the Golden Horn, and, crossing

one of the bridges that rest upon it, my eye is almost dazzled with the pomp of Stamboul. Like a harem beauty, she had veiled her face when we first approached her; like a harem beauty, we have no sooner turned away from her than she withdraws her *yashmack* of mist and reveals to our delighted eyes her unrivalled loveliness.

Pera is very Frenchy; but there is no need of coming to Turkey to enjoy a cheap edition of Paris, so we at once gird on our armor and set forth for Stamboul—Galata, the Frank business quarter of Constantinople, lies on the Golden Horn opposite Stamboul. Pera is just above Galata, at the top of a very steep hill. The Bosphorus flows past Galata and Stamboul, across the mouth of the Golden Horn, and separates Europe from Asia. We are in Europe; you would naturally suppose so when you walk the streets and come to an underground railway, that shoots you down an inclined shaft from Pera to Galata in about three minutes and a half. There is a whirl of business in the streets of Galata. The noise is deafening; the street-cars are dragged to and fro, driven by native drivers, who toot fish-horns with as much apparent pleasure as a child his penny trumpet.

THROUGH THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.—We cross a bridge of boats over the Golden Horn and enter Stamboul. A magnificent iron drawbridge was erected at a vast expense by an English company just above the present bridge. When the unfortunate Abdul-Aziz—whose favorite palace stands on the Bosphorus—grew nervous at the demonstrations of his people, he ordered the Turkish fleet of ironclads, at that time anchored in the Golden Horn above the bridge, to be moored in front of his palace. Two of the ships, in trying to pass the drawbridge, were so badly managed that they stove in a large portion of the bridge, and sunk part of it to the bottom of the Golden Horn.

The Bridge of Boats is one of the great thoroughfares of the world. It is thronged continually with representatives of almost every nation of the globe. Even in Stamboul—the hotbed of fanaticism, where to

this hour it is not safe for a Frank to go into the streets at night—in Stamboul the pavements ring with the flying wheels of the street-cars, driven at a reckless pace—reckless considering the stupidity, or perhaps I had better say indolence, or indifference, of the population swarming under the wheels of the car. Here we pass into the division of the car allotted to the men. There is a separate corner for the veiled women, who express great disgust if a man dares enter it.

From this moment our eyes are never at rest. Ten thousand sights distract us—the fountains, the mosques, the tombs, the courts, wherein a few trees afford grateful shade, and where generally there are half a dozen barbers busily shaving their customers—both barber and the barbered squatted upon the ground like frogs. Your Oriental barber hands you a shallow brazen bowl, with a deep indenture in the rim. You press your throat into this indenture, hold the bowl under your chin, and await with what composure you may the deluge of soap and water that is sure to follow. Fancy a dozen victims crouching in a row under a mimosa tree, each clutching his chin-bowl in an agony of suspense, while the suds streams from his beard and a little rivulet spouts from the point of his nose; the barbers meanwhile flourish their razors as if they were about to decapitate the poor fellows in the presence of an interested throng of spectators. Coffee, *chibouks*, story-tellers, and players upon flutes and lutes enliven the hours. This is a common spectacle in old Stamboul.

The Hippodrome now presents a dreary waste, strewn with dust and rubbish. You still trace the plan of an ancient circus, 900 feet in length and 450 in breadth, designed by the Emperor Severus, who left it unfinished when he learned that the Gauls were threatening Rome. It is written that in the time of Nicetas the images of gods and heroes, wrought in brass and stone, that stood within this hippodrome outnumbered the population of the modern city. The precious marbles have been carried away by

various sultans to ornament palace and mosque. The bronze statues, many of them masterpieces of antiquity, that had been preserved by the Christians against the fanaticism of these iconoclasts, all, or nearly all, were melted into rude coins; and now the dreary circus contains only a single obelisk of Egyptian syenite, the remains of a pyramid, originally 94 feet in height, and a brazen column of three twisted serpents, which Herodotus, Thucydides, and Pausanias saw in the Temple of Delphi. It was brought hither by Constantine, from the Forum of Arcadius, and has been mutilated by Mohammed the Conqueror and by other hands, so that its history alone makes it interesting to the eye.

The hundred and thirty baths and the hundred and eighty *khans* are so like the baths and *khans* that are found in the chief cities of the East, that Stamboul can hardly pride herself upon them. They are one and all forbidding when viewed from the street, but within they offer the chief delights of the Levant—delicious waters that cleanse you and babble to you, pipes that tranquilize you, and couches that invite you to repose. These luxuries are offered at so low a rate that there are few who may not enjoy them. The pipe is specially cheap. You bring your own tobacco, of the brand you most delight in, and a sou's worth will fill your *nargileh*. The *nargileh* furnished you at the *café* is lighted and relighted if necessary, and there you sit and smoke for a whole hour, or even longer, if your pipe is properly loaded; and for this great happiness you pay the pipe-boy two or three sous. For five sous you may play the gentleman for sixty minutes in the handsomest *café* in Stamboul.

Lounging among the shows in Stamboul, it is sometimes difficult to realize that you are in the famous capital of the East; there is a continual stir, a low rumbling, an earnest haste that is not characteristic of the Orient. The people lack repose. How different is the delicious silence of Damascus! Cairo, though it is Frankified, seems more in accordance with one's conception of

the languid and luxurious life of the East.

Seeking this tranquillity, we descend into the cool, dusky depths of the Cistern of Constantine, called *Binbirdirek*, or the thousand and one columns. The immense subterranean chamber is dry; and as we stood among the shadowy columns, half blinded with the eternal darkness of the place, men and children stole up to us like ghosts and cried: "*Backsheesh!*" Even from the graves of the earth comes that continual wail. These gnomes are silk-twisters, who pass their lives in darkness, and probably never get more than one thin slice of sunshine per day; it falls in at the small door in the roof, and this morsel has to be divided among many.

Above ground there are fragments of an ancient aqueduct, antique columns that once bore aloft the statues of the gods, and a singular mixture of architectural monuments—ancient, modern, Eastern, Western, and nondescript. There is a "Madame Toussaud" collection of shockingly-ugly effigies, dressed in cheap costumes, and purporting to be the faithful counterparts of the officers under the sultan of the ancient rule: the chief of the janissaries, the sultan's dwarfs, executioner; eunuchs, black and white, etc. Many a faithful sight-seer turns away from this ridiculous exposition, burdened with the secret conviction that he has been completely sold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

FABIAN was convinced that indifference to beliefs and dogmas, as taught by his favorite Pyrrho, was not a safeguard to tranquillity and happiness; far better for him, he now thought, had he adopted the stern philosophy of Zeno, which would have raised him above the passions and emotions of humanity. But vain regrets were only weakness, and there was nothing left him

to do but to fight his battle out as best he could, without taking the world into his secret.

On the following day he prepared to go his customary rounds—to the Forum, the Baths, look in, perhaps, at the Theatre, should anything new be going on, and make a visit or two. Never before had Fabian been so fastidious in the choice of his apparel, the draping of his toga, the splendor of the few jewels he wore, and the quality of the perfume sprinkled in his hair, curling in short, silky rings all over his statuesque head. Dismissing his servant, he made a critical survey of himself in his Egyptian mirror, and was annoyed to discover that he was unusually pale, and that there were dark shadows under his eyes—traces of the passionate emotion he had suffered.

"I will only have to smile the more, and be careful that my smiles do not become grins; then, if comment is made, I shall have to draw on my fever of a *lustrum* ago as the cause," said Fabian, turning away with a short, bitter laugh, which ended in a sigh by the time he stepped into his chariot.

He drove to the Forum,* and as he approached that portion of the immense structure assigned to the Vestal Virgins, a curtained litter, carefully borne by eight slaves, and followed by numerous attendants, whose countenances were sad and downcast, issued from the massive portal. The street-throngs made way silent and respectful; they knew that a sick Vestal was being conveyed to the palace of some matron of high rank,† to be nursed back to health, or, if Fate so decreed, to die. The litter passed; the living tide, that had parted and paused a moment, again mingled together, and with its dull roar of human voices, rumbling of wheels, and the foot-beats of horses, surged on as before.

The delay had only been momentary; a few paces farther on, and Fabian had thrown

the reins to one of his attendant slaves, sprang from his chariot, mounted the broad marble steps, and was sauntering leisurely through one of the lofty, pillared halls in the interior of the Forum, where he met a number of his acquaintance, singly and in groups, who saluted and welcomed him back to Rome with genial effusion. Each one had something to tell of how things, social and political, had been going on while he was away among the Umbrian hills.

Among other *on-dits*, he heard how an audacious Christian, named Laurence, had made amusement for Rome by outwitting the Emperor, who caused him to be roasted alive for his temerity; that Hippolytus, a man of distinction and wealth, well known and of high repute, had—incredible as it might seem—been seduced by the magic arts of the same Laurence, and publicly declared his belief in the *Christus*, while he contemned the gods; that his family and household, sharing his delusion, were put to death before his eyes—a well-merited punishment,—after which he was strapped between two wild horses, who tore him asunder, limb by limb, in their mad race.

How they gabbled and laughed as they talked it all over, as if it had been a new comedy or a gladiatorial contest, one supplying details omitted by the other, sparing no cruel horror, until Fabian had the whole story complete! They regarded both affairs as parts of a fine spectacular tragedy; they thought such examples necessary to strike terror to the minds of those wily conspirators known as Christians; while one—under his breath—asserted that Rome did not require the littleness and abasement of such savagery to sustain her grandeur and power,—savagery that not only brought reproach on her vaunted civilization, but retarded progress.

Fabian would have been better pleased had he heard nothing about it; his mind was too sore with dread for the only two beings on earth he loved not to feel every word touch his wound like fire; but he could not avoid it without attracting com-

* This great edifice was devoted to many uses besides that of the judiciary.

† As was the custom.

ment or seeming abruptly rude; he could only evade the subject by irrelevant remarks, and sarcastic criticisms more than usually pungent, which produced an impression that the whole matter was of such supreme indifference to him as not to be worthy of a second thought; as it would have been, in fact, but for the mental application he made of it in regard to Nemesis and Claudia, whose morrow held the rack, the lions, the flame.

Pleading engagements, Fabian left the company with his usual easy grace, and drove from palace to palace, to call on certain noble Roman ladies, to whom his visits were always as white marks on their calendar, and who afterwards declared that never had their amiable guest been so brilliant and winning, so gay and delightful as on this day. Conscious of this himself, he felt satisfied that he was wearing his mask bravely, and that his smiles were successful counterfeits.

As Fabian was leaving the palace where he had made his last call, followed by the admiring glances of lustrous eyes, a rose in his hand—the gift of the most beautiful woman in Rome,—and was stepping across the marble-flagged footway to his chariot, he was stopped by an acquaintance, who declared that he was the man of all others he most wished to see; for there was no one in the whole world who would so keenly appreciate that which he had in store for him, adding that he had been to his palace in search of him; and just as he was about giving up in despair, here he was.

"Has the Sphinx revealed her secret? It can surely be nothing less, my Tullius," answered Fabian, laughing.

"Something far better! That secret, whenever it comes forth, will be a grim one, depend on it; so I, for one, am satisfied to let her keep it hidden in her stony breast forever. But come: I am impatient for thee to enjoy a pleasure provided by the gods," insisted the other.

"If thou wilt excuse me, Tullius, I am really not in a mood for anything spectacular to-day, especially if there's a smell of

blood in it; for I am having some gentle reminders of my old fever—"

"No, by Appolo! It is whispered that there will be no more fights between the Christians and the lions; for it is said there are signs that the heroism displayed by the former is demoralizing the people. As to thy quartan-ague, or whatever else it may be, the spectacle I allude to will break its evil spell by its novelty; for nothing like it has ever been seen in Rome before. I learn this from the best authority. It is said to be something so idyllic as to remind one of a Greek fable. It is brought hither from Spain, and everyone is wild to see it. It comes on as an inter-act between the chariot-races and the Greek athletic contests, and after it is over we can go to the Baths of Sallust, to feast and amuse ourselves," rattled Tullius.

"Thou hast at least convinced me that I have yet a spice of curiosity left, and I yield myself to thy guidance. My chariot seats two; get in, and we'll soon reach—where?" said Fabian, really glad to accept anything that promised to divert his mind from its ever-present pain.

"The Flavian Amphitheatre, did I not tell thee? If we start at once, we'll be just in time to select seats," said Tullius, well pleased to have secured his object.

A quick drive brought them to the Flavian, which was surrounded by the usual mixed assemblage of all classes—senators, civic officials, priests, soldiers, freedmen, women, children, and slaves,—all pressing their way towards the entrances assigned to each grade; while the air resounded with a tumult of voices, laughing, cheering, swearing, and shouting; the crowd momentarily increased by the human tide that poured down the Via Sacra.

Fabian and Tullius edged their way skillfully through the throng, procured tickets for numbered seats, and pushed on, up the crowded steps to the interior circle of the vast Amphitheatre,* where without diffi-

* The Flavian Amphitheatre had a capacity for seating eighty-seven thousand people, with standing room for twenty-two thousand more.

culty they found their designated places. The ranges of seats assigned to the different classes—the first tier above the *podium* for the populace, the last and highest for women, while between ran the richly decorated galleries of the patrician and privileged orders—were fast filling, and crowds were still pressing up the *vomitoria* to occupy those that were vacant.

It was a magnificent spectacle, the thousands of human faces tier above tier, the masses of brilliant coloring, the flash of polished bucklers; here groups of high dignitaries in their rich robes and jewelled insignia, there gay young patricians attired in all the splendor of the latest fashion; everywhere beautiful, dark-eyed women in gorgeous robes sparkling with jewels; here were the *Flamines Diales*, in their distinctive dress; there, like a bank of snow among the variegated and glittering surroundings, the Vestal Virgins, veiled and draped in white; while overhead, the *velum*, slightly swaying and undulating in the summer breeze, intervened to shade the spectators from the heat and glare of the sun. The disk-like arena was smoothly covered with sawdust and coarse sand; the arched doors in the high, marble-lined *podium* which surrounded it, were closed; while beyond it an occasional sullen roar, a low thunderous growl, or savage bellowing, reminded one of the near proximity of iron-caged lions and other wild, ferocious animals.

Like a field of grain suddenly swayed by the passing wind, the vast assembly were all at once moved by a simultaneous impulse; every eye was directed towards the marble gallery opposite the main entrance; a shout arose, re-echoed by the enormous walls, and beating against the *velum*, straining its cords: "*Ave Imperator!*" as the Emperor, attended by his lictors and Imperial Guard, entered and took his seat on the *cubiculum*, or elevated chair he always occupied by right of his supreme rank. There was a blare of trumpets, then, as if by a spell, silence and expectancy fell upon the people.

Suddenly a doorway in the *podium* flew open. The portcullis was swiftly raised, and

a magnificent black bull, with white polished horns, wild, glaring eyes, massive head and neck, and thin, sinewy hips, bounded into the arena with a mad roar; dazzled by the light, the space, and the thousands of human eyes bent upon him, he stood dazed and motionless, but only for an instant; for the same door which had given him admittance was thrown open, and there dashed through a *cacciatore*, fancifully dressed, splendidly mounted, with spear at rest, from which fluttered a scarlet flag. He caracoled jauntily around the arena, displaying fine tricks of horsemanship, and the grace and beauty of his steed, which was light of limb, sinewy, bright-eyed, alert, with waving, glossy mane and tail.

By this time the bull, having recovered from his dull astonishment, became more alert, following with sullen eyes the horse and his rider, who waved and fluttered his scarlet flag as he dashed in narrowing circles around him. Suddenly and almost at the same moment the horse felt a prick of the spur, and sprang forward, as the bull, goaded by the point of the *cacciatore's* spear, and nearly blinded by the quick slaps of the scarlet flag across his eyes, was roused to a vengeful and ungovernable fury.

Then ensued, on the part of the bull, a series of plunges, attacks, and a hurling of himself like a thunderbolt on his adversary; and on the part of the *cacciatore*, a series of dexterous feints and hairbreadth escapes, due to his splendid equestrian skill. He was greeted with wild plaudits from the excitable spectators, until at last, when it seemed impossible that he could much longer escape being tossed and gored to death by his frenzied adversary, he made a sharp, sudden turn, and, before the infuriated, clumsy beast could check the impetus of his mad pursuit and double on him, reached the door by which he had entered; the portcullis was swiftly raised, and, waving his plumed cap towards the Emperor's gallery, he leaped through, and the bars fell with a clang in the very face of his enemy.

The bull, now wrought up to the desired pitch of brutal rage, did not stand on the

order of his attack when another mounted *cacciatore*, attired and equipped like the first, leaped into the arena; but he was either more reckless or not so skilful a horseman, or perhaps the bull's instincts were quickened by the magnificent fury he was in. The latter at last made a successful lunge; his sharp horns pierced and ripped the belly of the horse, who fell with his rider. In another instant, above the cloud of sawdust and sand raised by the fray, a fluttering heap of scarlet and yellow was flung in the air, and dropped with a heavy thud to the ground. Then sounded the plaudits of the people long and loud for the bull, who was romping around the arena, tossing the sand and sawdust up in yellow clouds, his savage bellowing resounding louder than the roaring of the human throats that lifted their bravos in his honor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favors of Our Queen.

ANOTHER RECENT CURE AT LOURDES.

ON the occasion of the great national pilgrimage of France to Lourdes, which took place a few weeks ago, and at which the processions were so indescribably imposing, thirty-two remarkable cures were recorded to have taken place; up to the present date, however, an authentic account of only one of them has been published. The following is the case:

Mlle. Celestine Dubois, thirty-six years of age, lives in Troyes (Aube), Rue Notre-Dame 74. Seven years ago, while washing clothes, a needle ran into her left hand, in the flesh beneath the thumb—that part called by medical men “*thenar*.” About one-third of the needle was still visible, but in an unskilful attempt to remove it it broke. Dr. Hervé, of Troyes, tried in vain to extract the part of the needle that remained, making an incision, and keeping it open for a month by means of a gentian root. Having failed to extract the fragment, he advised Mlle. Dubois to consult a surgeon, at

the same time warning her that an operation so near the artery might prove dangerous. The patient consequently gave up the idea of taking any further steps to effect a cure, and often suffered from a shooting pain in her right hand. This continued for four years, at the end of which time the whole hand grew stiff, and the thumb fell and became contracted on the palm of the hand. The fore-arm was extremely sensitive, yet without any swelling. Manual work now became impossible, and her general health was much impaired. Her condition grew considerably worse in the early months of the present year, when a swelling attacked the entire member, rendering it lifeless.

Following the advice of another physician, Mlle. Dubois decided to visit Paris, to undergo an operation; but previously to this she wished to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes, to implore of Our Lady, if not a miraculous cure, at least the success of the dreaded operation. Immediately before leaving Troyes, several medical men declared that the needle was still in the same place. During the journey the poor invalid's sufferings were so intense that at times she screamed with anguish; feeling distressed, however, at preventing her companions from sleeping, she contrived to repress these outward signs of pain; occasionally she would ask others to touch her hand, which seemed to be frozen. “Is not my hand like dead?” she said.

On alighting from the train at Lourdes (August 20), Mlle. Dubois, accompanied by a friend, Mlle. Recoing, of Troyes, went immediately to the Grotto, and thence to the bath-room, where she bathed her hand, but with no result. In the evening she returned to the *piscina* with as much confidence as ever, and again plunged her hand and forearm into the healing water. The pain she felt was excruciating, and forced her to withdraw her hand; nevertheless, she repeated the immersion several times, in the space of a few minutes, praying fervently all the while. On withdrawing her hand for the last time, Mlle. Recoing perceived

the needle forcing its way out at the extremity of the thumb, so that she was able to take it out quite easily. The little fragment of steel, two centimeters in length, was oxidated, as if it had passed through fire. At once the fingers became flexible; all pain vanished, still the swelling had not quite disappeared. It was only the next morning (Saturday), after an ablution at the miraculous spring, that the hand recovered its healthy appearance.

The happy pilgrim then presented herself for medical examination: besides the physician at the Grotto, Dr. de St. Maclou, three other doctors were present—Drs. d'Hombrès, Boissarie, and Lavrand. Mlle. Dubois' testimony was heard, as also that of five witnesses from Troyes, who were acquainted with her, and knew of the accident. The four doctors, after carefully examining her hand, could perceive no trace whatever of the infirmity, except a slight red line under the skin, at the top of the thumb, close to the nail. The needle, which had run into the palm of the hand seven years before, had worked its way up six or seven centimeters, leaving neither wound nor any sign of a gathering of matter. The day following Mlle. Dubois again presented herself to the doctors, who could only repeat their observations of the evening previous.

A Golden Fete.

BY H. M. S.

THE golden jubilee of Sister Mary Cornelia, Superioress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, which took place recently at the convent of that Order in San José, Cal., is an event eminently worthy to be chronicled in the pages of Our Lady's Journal—eminently worthy to be registered in the religious annals of the Pacific coast.

Many years ago this distinguished lady—a native of Liege, Belgium,—came, with other Sisters of her Order, to assist in the Indian missions of Oregon. After a long and exceedingly perilous journey, the devoted spouses of Christ reached their destination, and for years

labored faithfully and zealously, enduring unheard-of hardships and privations in that then wild and desolate region. There they established the pioneer schools of the Pacific coast, and numbers of savage children were instructed by the gentle and accomplished Sisters in the saving truths of Christianity and the arts of civilized life. They also founded an academy for the children of white settlers in one of the pioneer towns, and among their first pupils were the daughters of the distinguished convert and writer, Judge Peter H. Burnett, afterwards first Governor of California. An epidemic, however, broke out among the Indians, which destroyed nearly all their youthful neophytes, and the discovery of gold in the neighboring State of California attracted most of the white inhabitants thither.

The then newly consecrated prelate of the latter State, the revered and beloved Archbishop Alemany, realizing how potent their assistance would be in this new vineyard of his Divine Master, invited the Sisters of Notre Dame to establish themselves in California. They accepted the kind invitation, and built their first convent at San José, a growing town situated in the lovely valley of Santa Clara. Since that time (about thirty-five years ago) they have wrought faithfully and nobly in the grand cause of true education, and their academy—now a spacious and massive structure, surrounded by blooming gardens, and adorned with every modern embellishment—has been the *Alma Mater* of many of the accomplished matrons who are the ornaments of society in the Golden State.

The week beginning Monday, Sept. 13, was, therefore, one of golden jubilee, indeed; for therein were commemorated the fiftieth anniversaries of the religious reception and profession of the beloved Superioress, Sister Mary Cornelia. On the evening of the 13th the pupils who at present enjoy the tender care and instruction of the good Sisters, offered the tribute of an excellent entertainment, consisting of skilfully rendered musical and literary exercises. On Tuesday all enjoyed a delightful drive, in carriages provided by the kind Superioress, and on their return partook of an elegant repast, presided over by that amiable guide and her corps of efficient and tenderly beloved teachers. Thursday was the day of glad reunion for the former pupils. And a glorious day it was—a grand "gathering of

he clans'' from near and far. The first pupil who, thirty years ago, entered the pioneer academy (now an honored member of the Order), there met and exchanged greetings with her school companions of *auld lang syne*. Every year, even to the present, was well represented by the smiling ex-pupils Grey-haired matrons, not a few of whom are grandmothers, threw off the dignity of years, and the weary weight of cares and trials, and became happy school-girls again, for that one golden day; while the Sisters, with tender cordiality, welcomed and entertained their joyous guests, and called back, with them, sweet reminiscences of fondly remembered school-days.

Friday, the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession, was the crowning day of Sister Superior's golden jubilee. It was fittingly celebrated with a Solemn High Mass, followed by exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the whole day, ended at last by a grand *Te Deum* and Solemn Benediction in the afternoon.

Thus closed, with heartfelt thanksgiving to the divine Benefactor, the golden jubilee of Sister Mary Cornelia, who half a century ago pronounced the solemn vows that bound her to her Eternal Spouse. Faithfully has she kept that holy pledge, nobly has she wrought in the vineyard of her heavenly Bridegroom and Lord.

By a happy coincidence, the Mother General of the Order kept, at the same time, her golden jubilee in the Mother House at Namur, Belgium. The Holy Father, therefore, with paternal kindness, granted on this occasion a plenary indulgence to the entire Order throughout the world. May those two faithful handmaids of the Lord, who thus together breathed their holy bridal vows, after forming, for many years to come, the world's best sun-shine of golden words and deeds, receive their shining crowns and enjoy their well-earned rest in the blissful realm of Notre Dame—the home of Heaven's Immortal King and God!

THERE is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow.
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This be our duty, this our care.

Catholic Notes.

The following instance of preservation from sudden death by means of the Scapular is related by Dr. Pratt, a Catholic physician and magistrate, who has lived for some years in New South Wales. The Doctor is a convert, we believe, and a nephew of Sir John Lethbridge:

Some navvies were stationed at Tamworth in New South Wales. The foreman of the gang was a respectable man and a Catholic. He had in some way given offence to one of the men. Whatever the cause may have been, as soon as they met on the day when this occurrence took place, the navy stepped close up to the foreman, and drawing a revolver from his pocket fired at his heart, and the foreman instantly fell, apparently dead. Shocked at his deed, the navvy pointed the revolver at his own head, and blew out his brains. The witnesses of the occurrence immediately summoned Dr. Pratt, who, acting as a magistrate, brought the coroner with him. While the awestruck bystanders (a crowd had collected) were awaiting his arrival, the foreman slowly rose, and after a while stood up before them, to the consternation of everyone present. When Dr. Pratt and the coroner arrived, the man was stripped for examination; and it was found that there were several large rings of coagulated blood under the skin, and that the spot where the bullet had struck the breast was indented. It was further ascertained that the bullet had lodged in, and had been *arrested by, the Brown Scapular*, which the foreman always wore, and which was also singed. There were many persons present, of various denominations, and all expressed the greatest astonishment. The evidence was not disputed by any one, nor could it be; and the living testimony of the foreman, who was supposed to have been shot dead, has proved the fact beyond all dispute.

The Holy Scriptures attribute to the family and posterity of Cain—the first murderer—the earliest invention of the industrial arts, as if to show us that there is no necessary connection between worldly prosperity and the true knowledge and acceptable worship of God. Greater material prosperity is no proof of more perfect civilization. Man should be made to

look forward to his true home and destiny, by detaching him from a too close attention to temporal concerns; "for we have here no permanent city, but we seek one to come" (Hebrews, xiii., 14); or, as the great Dr. Johnson said in contemplating the Catholic ruins of Iona: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." We may also assert, in all truth, that in Catholic countries *mind* triumphs; in Protestant countries, *matter*. And if Protestant countries boast of their industrial arts, we can answer that in Catholic countries the fine or polite arts, which appeal to the intellectual faculties of man, have always been more successfully cultivated.

The persecution of the Christians in some parts of China still continues. On the 9th of September Mgr. Puginier, Vicar-Apostolic of Western Tonquin, sent a dispatch from Hong-Kong, addressed to the Superior of Foreign Missions at Paris, in which he stated that a few days before, at Tan-Hoa, 700 Christians were massacred, 30 villages destroyed, and 9,000 Christians reduced to a state of starvation.

There can be but few among our readers who are not well acquainted with the self-sacrificing career of the apostle of the lepers of Molokai, the Rev. Father Damien. The sketch of his ministry among the most unfortunate of his fellow-creatures, which appeared in THE "AVE MARIA" last year, has revealed to the world a living example of that heroic charity which thinks not of self, and which in this instance has risked the danger of a horrible death, and made a living martyr for the good of others.

In writing to this saintly priest some time ago, we told him if we could be of any service to him through our little magazine, we should be only too glad to help him. Now he writes us an interesting though pathetic letter, descriptive of the deep and fervent piety which exists among the wretched people to whose care, bodily and spiritual, he has devoted himself. Among other things he mentions that the one chief privation which they have to experience, in a spiritual point of view, is caused by the impossibility of preserving the Blessed Sacrament from day to day, as

they have no tabernacle decent enough for so holy a purpose. To meet his wants, the good priest requires two tabernacles made of metal, and of certain specified dimensions. We are sure that the mere mention of this fact will appeal to the charitable hearts of the many who have read of and sympathized with the great work accomplished by this self-sacrificing priest. We shall acknowledge all subscriptions to this purpose in THE "AVE MARIA," and forward the names of the donors to the Rev. Father Damien. Who would not wish to secure the grateful prayers of such a soldier of Christ!

A notable event in current Catholic history was the National Council of the Church in Scotland, which was held at the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus, beginning on August 17, and lasting ten days. Archbishop Smith, of Edinburgh, presided. There were present Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, and four other bishops, with their theologians; representatives of six diocesan chapters, and of the various religious orders and congregations in Scotland—Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, Oblates, and Vincentians. The Church is rapidly regaining her lost possessions in Scotland, thanks in large part to the notable influx of Irish into that country. The Council above noted was the first held in Scotland since the so-called Reformation.—*Catholic Columbian*.

The old mission church of Santa Clara, one of the largest and most important of the early missionary stations of California, is being entirely renovated; and we are pleased to learn that great care will be taken to preserve the original plan, even to the unique paintings on the walls and ceiling. Here it was that, nearly a century ago, the saintly Father Majin, one of the early Franciscan missionaries, announced the glad tidings of Redemption to the Indians, and here is his hallowed grave. He is spoken of by the very old natives as one of God's saints, and indeed the cause of his beatification has already been introduced at Rome by the Most Rev. Dr. Alemany, formerly Archbishop of San Francisco.

To this historic church is also attached the far-famed College of Santa Clara, under the charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, popular both on account of its excellent *curriculum* and discipline and its healthful location.

The *alumni* of Santa Clara, numbering some of the wealthiest and most prominent men on the Pacific slope, have commenced the erection of a memorial chapel, which promises to be the richest and best appointed in the State.

An honored and thrice welcome guest at Notre Dame last week was the Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, who kindly profited by the opportunity which a journey eastward afforded him of paying a visit to the institution where three years of his early student life (from '56 to '59) were passed. The distinguished prelate arrived on Thursday evening, accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Daniel Riordan, rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, and the Rev. W. B. O'Connor, of Stockton, Cal. On Friday he visited St. Mary's Academy, where a little entertainment was provided in his honor by the pupils of that institution. On Saturday a formal reception was prepared for him by the students of St. Edward's Hall, at Notre Dame. On both occasions he responded most happily in words of earnest, practical advice to the addresses presented to him. On Saturday evening he left for Chicago, after a visit which had been greatly enjoyed, as it will long be remembered by all at Notre Dame.

It is needless for us to speak of the great good already accomplished by Archbishop Riordan since his accession to the See of San Francisco. The energy and whole-souled zeal which had characterized his work in the ministry in the Diocese of Chicago, has in a greater degree marked his administration and borne rich and lasting fruits in the wider and more eminent sphere of action to which he has been assigned, and for which his learning and piety have particularly fitted him. We have been honored by his visit, and he bears with him the best wishes and prayers of many friends at Notre Dame, that he may be blessed with health and length of days to still further carry on the good work in which he is engaged.

New Publications.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH RHETORIC. Precepts and Exercises. By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. Author of "The Art of Oratorical Composition." New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The advantages of this book may be

summed up in two epithets: it is practical and comprehensive. Practical, chiefly because of the numerous exercises interspersed through its pages; and comprehensive in that, besides the elements of composition, it treats of such subjects as versification and the nature and varieties of poetry. What seems to us the best written and most useful portion of the work is the chapter on Essay-Writing, which, according to the present system of English instruction in our colleges, might well have a whole manual devoted to it.

Father Coppens has hardly been full enough, we think, in his treatment of style in literary composition, but the hints he gives are calculated to be of great service both to teacher and pupil. Such books as Blair's *Rhetoric*, containing as they do much valuable matter, are too bulky and ill-arranged to be retained as text-books, and we think that Father Coppens' work will be found a handy and convenient manual, as well by those who are engaged in teaching the difficult subjects of rhetoric and composition as by those students who wish to acquire the indispensable yet much-neglected art of writing clearly.

Der Familienfreund, Katholischer Wegweiser für das Jahr 1886. St. Louis, Mo. Prämie des "Herold des Glaubens."

Besides calendars, etc., this year-book contains some very interesting stories. We were particularly pleased with the historical sketch of the first martyr of the Iroquois nation, Stephen Te-Ganonakoa, who was baptized in his infancy by Father Jogues, just before the latter was put to death, and who, according to the prophecy of the saintly priest, "lived to be like the morning star, shining brightly in the night of his people." The illustrations of the volume are numerous and excellent. We recommend the *Familienfreund* to those of our readers who understand the German language.

"AVE MARIA." By Rudolph Forster. A. Waldteufel, publisher, San Francisco.

We feel somewhat disappointed, having to pronounce upon the merits of an "*Ave Maria*" which does not even mention Mary's most glorious title, "*Mater Dei*." We will only suggest to the author to substitute the omitted clause for one repetition—there are three—of the words "*ora pro nobis*."



Claudia before the Emperor.

A SCENE FROM "PALMS."

BY M. A.

SHE enters like a sunbeam fair,
 The little maid of seven;
 Looking as innocent and pure
 As spirit fresh from heaven:—
 A wreath of fragrant violets
 Amid her golden curls,
 Her snowy, silver-spangled robe
 Clasped with a zone of pearls;
 Her eyes beneath their silken fringe
 Are beautiful and bright,
 Though Nature has denied to them
 The blessed boon of sight.
 So in unconscious innocence
 She stands amid them all,
 The fairest creature that has e'er
 Adorned that princely hall.
 Even the Roman Emperor—
 Proud tyrant though he be—
 Seems spellbound at the vision fair
 Of infant purity;
 And by the shadow that has cast
 Her life in dark eclipse,
 Half reverently her dimpled hand
 He raises to his lips.
 O many a noble Roman dame
 Stands in that stately hall,
 But that fair child in loveliness
 Has far surpassed them all!

FATHER WOOD, an English monk at Rome, constructed the first pianoforte, in 1711.

HE who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.—*Nevins.*

IDLENESS is the plague of youth; never be without something to do.—*St. Philip Neri.*

TRUE merit, like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—*Halifax.*

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

IV.

Through the long afternoon the fight ran its length, but every hour brought our men nearer their objective point, and at 7 o'clock the Stars and Stripes swept into the little town of Jonesborough. Detachments were told off to fire the stores, but the majority of the tired men rolled from their horses, many of them falling asleep instantly, others smoking, others tying up "barked" legs and arms, others chewing their quids and "swearing strange oaths" as they fought the day over; and the regimental cooks boiled coffee and made savory messes of pork, hard-tack, and beans, flavored with gunpowder—which, by the way, is a very fair substitute for salt when you can't do better. It was up to a group clustered about one of these kettles that Oester trotted, slipping off his little black steed to give him a moment of much-needed rest.

"Where's Schwartz?" he asked, excitedly.

"What Schwartz?" answered Skelton, lazily, as he stirred his loblolly with a stick. "If it's Towhead, yonder he lies"—pointing to a young soldier, whose close-curling, blonde hair, white forehead, and peaceful, sleeping figure contrasted strongly with his sunburnt—sun-blistered—features (which were grimed with powder), and his torn, stained uniform. "If it's the Grey-Rat, yonder he is"—waving the dripping stick toward a fierce-eyed, shock-headed, elderly man, who came toward them, bending under a load of forage. "If it's—"

"No, no!" said the boy, stamping in his eagerness; "I mean Black Schwartz."

"Oh, him!" said Skelton, gravely. "I ain't seen him since the last brush out yonder, and I think likely he's there somewhere."

"Killed!" exclaimed Oester, with quivering lips. "Don't say that, Skelton; don't!"

"Well, but what else *can* I say?"—Skelton was literal.—"If he hadn't been, he'd have come in long ago."

"Maybe he's only wounded. I'm going out to see."

"Yes, and be gobbled by the Johnnies for a fool!" growled Skelton, returning to his stew. "You never can tell *where* them chaps'll turn up. There's one thing you can bet on, though; and that is, you'll find 'em when you don't want 'em, and where you don't expect 'em. Besides, lookin' for a wounded man in this here light is crazier than huntin' needles in a hay-stack."

But the boy had braced his belt, looked to his saddle-straps, and was off long before his friend finished.

"Well," gasped Skelton, "of all the young idjits ever *I* see! A *pair* of mules as beats creation!"

But the canny little beast and his anxious young rider were winding in and out the underbrush, warily, keeping a bright lookout for the enemy that didn't come, and stumbling at last on the object of their search, who sat leaning against a tree, one bony hand twisted in the grass, its fingers clutching at the earth in agony; the other pressed to his breast, over a red spot that spread and spread on the blue coat.

"O Hansel! I am so glad I've found you!" cried the boy. "We've come out to take you into the lines, haven't we, Jet?" And Jet wagged his ears, and pawed with his slender hoofs, as if eager to do his half of the labor of love, although he ached smartly from tip to tail.

Schwartz smiled half tenderly, half sadly. "No, lad: I've got my discharge. Death's white horse is the one I'll ride to-night."

"What do you mean, Hansel? Oh! you ain't as much hurt as that! It's—it's—such a little place!"

"Big enough for my soul to slip through." The tears sprang to Oester's blue eyes, and a lump rose in his throat. "You mustn't lie—you sha'n't die! Let me go back for the doctor. He'll be sure to patch you up."

No: stay here. It won't be long; it's

better so. I'm *glad*. Ilse and the child are there, and it's been long to wait."

"But, Hansel, dear Hansel, I *must* do something for you. Isn't there *anything* you want? It's awful to be doing nothing!" And he sobbed openly, too grieved even to try to hide it.

"Scratch a hole in the ground for me if you can, and cover me away from the buzzards. Put this in my hands. Keep the medal for yourself. I wish to God I could have the Sacraments! It's an awful thing to go red-handed before His face. '*Heilige Maria, bitte für uns!*'"

"This" was a rosary, black, well-worn, and shining.

"Read the prayer on the medal as often as you can.—Promise"—and the nervous fingers clutched his hand. "And say a 'Hail Mary' for me every day. It'll do you good, and God knows how it will help me!"

"I will! I will!" cried the boy. "But I don't know the last one. Say it once, and I'll try to remember."

And Schwartz gasped out the dear prayer, the blood spurting between like pulse-beats. Then his voice died away, and he lay back, with strange, grey shadows creeping under his eyes and around his mouth. Once he opened his heavy lids, and looked with startled gaze at the red glare that stained the night like a gaping wound.

"Morning! Why doesn't the boy sound the *réveille*? The night is over—the night is over and gone. Death—what is it? Death is swallowed up in victory. A victory? Is it blood I see creeping up and spreading like a lake?"

"It's the fire in the town back there, Hansel. They're burning up the stores."

"Fire! What fire?—Ah! I know: the fire of the red dawn, when men shall be judged—

"In the red dawn
Of the Judgment morn,
Mary, remember me."

Then muttering, "Christ of the Cross, forgive!" his voice again sank into silence.

The minutes hurried by, and the shy, wild things of the forest began to peep out;

a snake or two trailed its bronze length past, and here and there a crippled bird cried into the night. Suddenly Schwartz sat erect. "Here!" he answered to some inaudible roll-call, and—was dead.

For a few minutes the boy sat stunned. It was all so different from a death on the field, with the music of the charge cutting sweet and shrill through the rattle of musketry and roar of artillery, the mad hurrahing of the men, and the rush of half frantic horses.

Then Jet, who had watched him uneasily, came and took him by the jacket sleeve, and gently pulled it once or twice. Oester looked up, and, throwing his arms around the little mule's neck, cried: "O Jet! I *did* love him! Poor, poor fellow!"

But the haste and stress of war were on him, and, with the speed so horrible where we love, he began to dig his friend's grave, tearing up the turf and soft mould with the dead man's sabre, and digging with his tin plate and hands. Then he laid him in the shallow, rudely-hollowed trench, and, racked and shaken by the struggle, fell on his knees to cover up the kind face, with its open eyes and yet warm cheeks.

How long he crouched there he did not know, but heavy wings beat the air above him, and slowly circling nearer and nearer drew a buzzard—vilest of birds—its raw, red neck eagerly stretched, its harsh cry filling the spot with unseemly clamor.

This decided him, and hastily catching up the softest patch of moss he could find, he laid it (earth out) on the dead face, filled in the grave, and, in a sudden flash of wrath and grief, shot the bird with Schwartz's carbine as he hurried away.

V.

As Oester and Jet stumbled back to the lines, depressed and exhausted, a great cheering and shouting arose, mingled with the strains of brass and silver, the short bark of bass drums, and the clash of cymbals.

And what were the bands playing?

Why, from the Grey camp floated the notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which the loyal Blue applauded to the echo

(roaring the chorus until the forest trembled), and to which they responded by the rollicking strains of "Dixie." Then the Grey camp lifted up its voice in a deep-throated roar of applause, and when that subsided their bandsmen blew back "The Red, White, and Blue," which was answered by "Maryland, my Maryland!" and so on, with sometimes mingled choruses that came from neither Yankees nor Rebels, but from the brave hearts of American men glorying in each other's bravery, and ready to snatch the red rose of national pride from the bloody field of the day just past and the day yet to come—also ready to pitch in and whack each other soundly as soon as the occasion offered.*

Louder grew the songs and higher burnt the flames till midnight, when the one died to echoes and the other to ashes; and "Boots and Saddles!" "Mount!" and "Forward!" followed in rapid succession; and before the new day was half an hour old the command was tearing at full gallop toward Lovejoy Station. Like young Loch-invar,

"They stopped not for brake,

They stayed not for stone;

They swam every (river) where
Ford there was none."

And what a ride that was! The equinox was on, and the storm had burst about one o'clock. The water fell in solid sheets, and every "creek," "run," and "branch" on the route lifted up a threatening voice as it dashed, swollen and turbid, through its narrow, stony bed. The trees groaned and bent in the wind, and tossed wet, spiteful branches in the faces of the riders, sometimes giving ugly blows; for the blackness was Egyptian, and time was too precious to pick the way. There it was that Jet and his master got full benefit of their small stature and light weight; for the wee beast ran under the hanging boughs, Oester lying low on his neck; and as they raced along both were too plucky to notice the sharp,

* This beautiful and graceful incident is strictly true, as are all our citations of military movements.

soring scratches given by blackberry, raspberry, and cat-vines.

It was a sorry-looking command when the day broke—sodden, bare-headed, cut and bruised, haggard with want of sleep, pale with fatigue, and many a good uniform looking like “the rags and jags” worn by the beggars that came to town in Mother Goose’s ballad.

“Rents, is it?” said O’Keefe, with his jolly laugh. “Well, then, I should be callin’ ’em *rack-rents*!”

But the men were in high spirits, and when the bugles called “Halt!” they hardly waited for the steaming black coffee that their wise young commander gave them time to make and take. It had its effect, though; and horses and riders found that courage and patriotism are never the worse for a judicious mixture therewith of forage and rations, and the pace was decidedly mended after the brief rest.

As the column thundered down the high-road, Oester thought of his promise to Black Schwartz, and, being a boy of his word, he took out the medal to look at it and read the prayer. On its oval he saw a woman’s figure with outstretched hands, an ellipse of stars about her (like the statue of Our Lady at Notre Dame), a globe-segment under her feet, and crushed thereon a serpent. Outside the stars ran the words: “O Mary! conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.”

As he looked at it, Denbigh—a rough-and-ready fellow—sang out: “What you got there, younker?”

“A medal Schwartz gave me.”

“What sort of a medal? Let’s look.”

But the boy from some instinct put it in his breast, saying: “Some sort of religious thing, I think.”

“Religious? Bah, I thought so! That Schwartz was the biggest sneak I ever saw—a Catholic he called himself, but I know he breed—liars and hypocrites every one of ’em; chockful of superstitions, too; a low, priest-ridden lot, with a carpenter’s son for a God, and a fisherman for the head of their Church.”

“Halloo there!” said O’Keefe. “What’s all that? Who is it that are liars, and priest-ridden, and idolaters into the bargain?”

Oester’s face was scarlet. “I don’t know anything about Catholics,” he said; “but I tell you Schwartz was one of the best men I ever saw. He hadn’t a low grain in his body, and was the most truthful man in the world. *You* are the liar and sneak, Denbigh, and a coward too, to fling out like that at a dead man that can’t fight for himself.”

Denbigh’s coarse face grew purple, and he struck at the boy furiously. “You young hound!” he snarled; “I’ll give you the best tanning ever you got, the first chance I have.”

But O’Keefe, with his hat set jauntily on one side, his right fist poised daintily on his hip, and with a gleam in his Irish eyes, said: “Leave the kid, and listen to me, my boy. Will ye have the goodness to repeat that little speech of yours, and answer me question, if you please?”

But Denbigh, knowing the weight of O’Keefe’s arm, and not in the least deceived by his genial smile, muttered an ugly word, and sullenly looked straight ahead.

“Do now,” continued the Irishman, persuasively; “*do*. It will be safer; for ye seem to have a poor circulation the morn. Your face is as purple as a plum, and I’m thinkin’ you’ll be havin’ a fit or something, if you cork your feelings up so sudden. And I tell you”—his anger flashing out—“I’m achin’ to give you a warmin’ that you’ll remember to your dyin’ hour, you ill-conditioned brute!—yappin’ at good and holy things, for all the world like a mad-dog bayin’ at the moon!”

“Silence in the ranks there!” said the sergeant, and O’Keefe had to carry on his contention by looks, which he did *con amore* in a series of darting glances sharp as stiletos, and highly exasperating to their object.

At his first chance he asked Oester what was the row, and when the boy told him he said: “And so he is dead! Well, God rest his soul, and give me grace to die as well! He was a good man. And he left you the medal?”

"Yes, and what does that saying mean?"

"It means that Mary, the great Mother of God" (and the cap was reverently lifted from the bullet head), "was never touched with sin, but was born free from the curse of Adam."

"How do you know it?" and the blue eyes looked searchingly into the grey.

"Know it? For one thing, me Church teaches it, and the Church of God don't lie; and for another, me common sense tells me it has to be so."

"My common sense don't," struck in Beltzhoover, whom a shift in formation had brought along-side.

"Don't it now?" said O'Keefe, admiringly. "Well, your parsons do be sayin', 'The age of miracles is past.' But try and stretch your wool-sack enough to sense this: It would have been mighty unbecomin' and unnatural for God to have let His Blessed Mother be for a minute in the grip of the ould devil, as She would have been if She'd had original sin. Why, man, He *loved* Her; don't you know that? Think what that means, if you have a mother yourself, and then size up what the Lord could feel."

"Oh! come now!" said Beltzhoover, looking rather startled, "that's downright blasphemy to talk in that free-and-easy way about the Lord, as if He was just folks."

"It ain't either!" retorted O'Keefe; "for He was true God and true Man. But"—he broke off—"what's that now?" as the commanding notes of the "Halt" sprang from bugle to bugle, and the line pulled up, with a great ringing of spurs and accoutrements, and much stamping of horses.

"D'you see any Grey-backs?" he called out to Oester.

The boy shook his head, then said: "But there's something ahead there in the woods. By George!" he added, in sudden excitement, "I tell you that chap had better get out of the way"—waving his bugle toward a slender, plainly-dressed young man, who rode leisurely along, skirting the trees, trotting from point to point, and taking an

exhaustive survey of the situation. "The first thing he knows he'll be nowhere. Who is the little fool, any way?" he asked, impatiently.

O'Keefe's answer was a shout: "Ain't that a good one now? 'The little fool'! Why, it's 'Kil' [Kilpatrick] himself!"

"The General! He looks like a boy, and hasn't enough gold-lace to—"

"Dress out a second lieutenant? That's him to a T. No fuss no feathers, no blather-skiting. Ah! he's the boy! It's never 'Go!' with Kil; it's always 'Come on, boys!' and him ahead in the thick of the *shindig*. That's for the advance. When it's retreating we are, that's another story; *then* he's the last man— Dismount, is it?"—as the familiar notes flew into the air like a flock of birds startled by a hunter. "With all the pleasure in life. A fourth man? * Who said that? It's him that lied, then; for into this fight I'm goin'." And he dexterously pushed in between the two men ahead of him, tossed his bridle to the nearest, and was yards away in a twinkling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Innocence and Guilt.

An artist once painted a picture of a child whom he had seen at prayer. He called it "Innocence," and it hung on the wall of his studio for many a year, admired by all who saw it. When he was an old man, he determined to paint a companion picture and call it "Guilt." He visited a prison, and asked to see the most hardened criminal there, that he might take his portrait. A degraded wretch was shown to him; and while he was sketching the picture he talked with the man, and found to his horror that he was the same whom he had painted as a boy. Evil company had brought him to this end.

* In ordinary cases, when cavalry is dismounted for fighting on foot, every fourth man is detailed to stay in the rear and hold the riderless horses; when it is desired to engage the majority of the force, every seventh man is so detailed.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

No. 16.

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Golden October.

BY M. A.

A WELCOME to golden October,
As it comes with its freshening breeze;
With its mists and its clouds and its sunshine,
Its harvests and fruit-laden trees!
A welcome to Nature's great artist!
Such colors we rarely behold
As his vineyards of deep green and purple,
His forests of crimson and gold.

With fruits of the tints of the rainbow,
And flowers of the sunset's rich hue,
Chrysanthemums, marigolds, dahlias,
Lift up their bright heads to your view.
And welcome the nights of October,
When the Harvest-Moon, radiantly fair,
Comes forth like a queen in her beauty,
And glides through her empire of air.

All hail to our dear Guardian Angels!
Be honor and love to them given;
They their Festival hold in October,
Those glorious princes of Heaven.
And the Queen of the Rosary, bending
To earth from Her heavenly throne,
With Her court of bright angels attending,
October can claim as her own.

GOD here is a King in exile. When the restoration comes, how magnificently He will reward those who have proved themselves loyal through the worst!—*Father T. Larke, S. J.*

Our Unseen Guardians.

WE know of nothing more beautiful and touching, and, we may add, more edifying, than the extraordinary fact mentioned in the Life of St. Frances of Rome—that Almighty God, among other remarkable supernatural favors which He vouchsafed to her, gave her an Archangel to be her visible guardian during her whole life. We are told that on a certain occasion her young son Evangelista, who had died some time previously, appeared to her in a vision, accompanied by an Archangel enveloped in a halo of light; and the youth informed her that Our Lord had assigned this blessed spirit to be her guardian during the remainder of her earthly pilgrimage. The radiance that surrounded the Archangel was so dazzling that she could seldom look upon him with a fixed gaze. Sometimes, however—when in prayer, or in conference with her director, or engaged in struggles with the Evil One,—she was enabled to see his form with perfect distinctness.

The presence of this heavenly guide was to St. Frances a mirror, in which she could see reflected every imperfection of her nature. When she committed the slightest fault the Angel seemed to disappear, and it was only after she had carefully examined her conscience, discovered her failing, lamented and humbly confessed it, that he returned. On the other hand, when she was only dis-

turbed by a doubt or scruple, he was wont to bestow on her a kind look, which at once dissipated her uneasiness. When he spoke she used to see his lips move, and a voice of indescribable sweetness, which, however, seemed to come from a distance, reached her ears.

How delightful! we are ready to exclaim. What a blessed privilege thus to have a heavenly attendant to admonish, to guard and guide us, to console and comfort us under all our trials and difficulties! But have we not such an attendant? Not visible, of course—such a favor could only be vouchsafed to one endowed with the extraordinary sanctity which distinguishes a great saint, like the blessed St. Frances. But why should we fail to realize the full measure of benefit and consolation derived from our Guardian Angels, simply because we can not see them? We have faith: we believe without doubting that the world is full of angels, who, the Bible tells us, are “ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.” We know that each one of us has his special Guardian, appointed by God to watch over, to protect and guide us. Why is it that we do not realize their presence more? Is it because our faults—possibly our sins—drive them from our thoughts, as blessed St. Frances’ faults compelled her dear Guardian to fade from her sight?

But do even pious and devout Catholics—those who are striving to avoid sin and practise virtue—always realize the blessedness, the sweet consolation of devotion to and constant communion with their dear Guardian Angels? If not, why not? Is it not because they are not sufficiently careful to cultivate that devotion? They, perhaps, say a prayer to their Guardian Angel every day, but they do not take pains to cultivate a sweet communion and holy familiarity with him, which it is the privilege of every Christian to do.

In the charming *Life of Mère Marie de la Providence*, foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, we are told that she had a remarkable love for the Guardian Angels,

and with the beautiful ingenuousness of her simple confidence she used to ask her own Angel not only to defend her from evil, but to be the messenger of her pious wishes to others. For instance, when Madame Desmarquets, one of the mistresses of the school in which she was then a pupil, and to whom she was deeply attached, left the house at Lille, Eugénie (as she was then called) felt her loss most keenly; but the sadness, instead of ending in a useless depression, only stimulated her the more earnestly to desire the aid of her prayers. So on the Easter-Day following she asked her own Guardian Angel to communicate her wish to the Guardian Angel of Madame Desmarquets. She had no doubt that the message would be faithfully delivered; and to her great joy, though not to her surprise, she received a letter from her friend, with the following words: “Trust more and more, my child, to your Good Angel. You have been heard by mine; for on Easter-Day, as you had desired, I did not fail to recommend you to the Heart of Our Lord.”

As we have not, all of us, alas! the sanctity of Mère Marie, we may not always expect manifest, sensible evidence of the good offices of our dear Guardian Angels; but of one thing we may be assured—no sincere, earnest prayer to those heavenly spirits will go unanswered. It is their greatest pleasure to serve us, and if we keep the eye of our faith open we shall see that in a thousand ways they minister to us, and contribute not only to our temporal but also to our spiritual and eternal well-being.

How ungrateful to forget them, to ignore them, and to act as if they did not exist! or, if we recognize their existence, to treat them with coldness and indifference, or a heartless formality, which we should be ashamed to manifest even to a common earthly friend! Oh! if we could but once get a glimpse of the beautiful Angel who so patiently and lovingly attends us, how our hearts would be ravished with delight! how they would burn with desire to manifest their gratitude and love to him, and what an inexhaustible source of comfort

and consolation would his company be to us!

Well, what shall we do about it? What better can we do than to avail ourselves of the present month of October—which is consecrated to the Holy Angels—to refresh our memories with the doctrine of the Angels, and to stir up our hearts to greater devotion to those heavenly messengers of grace and salvation? We do not forget that it is also the Month of the Holy Rosary, but the two devotions need not clash. Mary is the Queen of Angels, and we may be sure that nothing will please Her better than that, while we renew our devotion to the Rosary, we neglect not the Holy Angels, who rejoice to do her bidding, and to communicate to us the graces and blessings which She obtains for Her devout clients.

As a means for awakening devotion to the Holy Angels, we do not hesitate to recommend the delightful little treatise of Father Boudon, called "The Glories of the Angels." This good priest was a genuine enthusiast in his devotion to those blessed spirits, and his little book is written with a fervor which can not fail to kindle a corresponding feeling in the heart of every devout reader.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVII.

ALICE was right in saying that her mother would not refuse to know Philip, notwithstanding that he bore an objectionable name, especially when she heard how frankly he condemned the conduct of the elder Thornton. Mrs. Percival was, indeed, much interested by Alice's account of their conversation, and, having few interests in her confined life, she was very willing to see the young man who had held a great fortune so lightly.

Therefore, to Graham's deep thought, of course, silent indignation and disgust, Philip became a visitor in the house where a short time before it would have seemed

impossible that he could ever be admitted. And it soon appeared that he was to be a favorite also, as, thanks to the kindness of nature, he had been a favorite everywhere during his life. Mrs. Percival found him delightful. The ease and grace of his manners, his unfailing deference and sunny disposition reminded her of men whom she had known in her gay and prosperous youth, rather than in her later years of sadness and adversity. What Alice thought of him was not so clearly apparent, but she evidently liked him sufficiently to make him welcome when he came. And Philip was ingenious in finding excuses for coming. Music was a standard excuse, and Mr. Richter found that he had no longer need to deplore his lack of interest or lack of practice.

As the summer days went on, increasing in heat, the fashionable world fled from the city, and Philip would have found himself stranded in social solitude, but for this new association that added so much to his life—which, indeed, seemed to leave nothing else to be desired. Certainly his existence was revolutionized in a way that he could hardly have credited had it been foretold to him six months before. His days, and much of his nights, were spent in hard study, and almost his sole recreation was to present himself as often as he dared in the Percival parlör, where the lights were usually turned low for coolness, the windows open to the summer night, and Alice sat playing softly at the piano. Some strains of music would always, he was sure, recall to him these evenings—tender *berceuses*, haunting *gondolieds*, into the midst of which she would now and then introduce a noble harmony taken from some Mass of the great composers. They were enchanted evenings, of which Philip did not pause to consider the possible or probable end.

Yet an end, in one form, came, when it was necessary that Mrs. Percival should be removed to the country. Mother and daughter went to a quiet boarding-house, half a day's journey from the city; and it was not long before Philip found that some change of air was necessary for him, too. Where

could he find it more economically or more pleasantly than at the place where Alice Percival was staying? He presented himself at first very diffidently, but the welcome which he received from Mrs. Percival set him at his ease, while it was evident that Alice was not displeased by his appearance. She met him with a simple cordiality, a quiet unconsciousness of any other meaning to his visit than that which he declared, that disappointed even while it relieved him. It was pleasant to think that he might go and come without incurring her displeasure, yet he would have liked to see a little trace of consciousness, a slight perception that it was herself whom he had come to see.

Meanwhile the Thornton house was closed—had been closed since the beginning of the Summer—and the family were in Europe. It was the first time Mr. Thornton had ever quitted his business—had ever relaxed that watchfulness of his many interests which was the secret of his success—had ever taken his attention long enough from stocks and bonds and railroads to think of the beauties of nature or of art. It was rumored that some significant signs of failing health had led to this tardy holiday, but the rumor did not reach Philip's ears. His uncle's absence was, under existing circumstances, a great relief to him, and he did not doubt that it was also a relief to Mr. Thornton to be absent from Riverport for a time. When he returned it might be possible for them to resume cordial relations without compromising his (Philip's) independence of position. This was the way he comforted himself for the sense of estrangement that weighed heavily upon him.

But nothing speeds time like occupation, and never had a Summer appeared to fly so quickly as this. He was startled when he realized that it was nearing its close. For the last time he prepared to go out to the country place where the Percivals were staying. Another week would find them back in the city; and, although he certainly did not regret this, he regretted the end of the days he had now and then been privileged to spend with them, of the rambles

through fields and woods to which he had looked forward so eagerly, of sunsets and moonrises surrounded by all the charm of pastoral life.

Now that the end of these things was so near at hand, Philip began to ask himself what was to be the result of this association which had added so much to his existence. He entertained no manner of doubt concerning the nature of the sentiment which he felt for Alice Percival, but he entertained the strongest possible doubt as to how she would receive any declaration of it. She had already admitted him to so much more than he could have anticipated—to her friendship and friendly intimacy,—that he hardly dared take into consideration the idea of presuming farther, of hoping that she would recognize and return his love. Her very kindness filled him with a sense of despair. She seemed always bent upon showing him that she did not visit upon him the wrong done by another, but he was sure that she had never for a moment entertained the idea of finding the Thornton whom she had tolerated converted into a suitor, far less of accepting a man who could offer her little or nothing beside a name that was the last she could possibly wish to bear.

When Philip reflected upon these things, he fell into depths of dejection; but he was too sanguine of disposition, too happily constituted in nature, to remain there very long. He said to himself that he would not look forward; he would enjoy the present; he would not grasp at a shadow which would probably elude him, and lose the substantial good that was already his. It was much—it was almost enough to be Alice Percival's friend, even without hope of becoming more. But, nevertheless, such hope lurked at the bottom of his heart. A French sentence that he had met somewhere was often in his mind at this time: "*Je jette mon passé dans la miséricorde de Dieu, mon présent dans son amour, et mon amour dans sa providence.*" He might leave it there with safety, he was sure.

In this frame of mind he made his preparations to go out to the country for the last

time. He was received, as usual, with the utmost kindness by Mrs. Percival, who told him Alice had walked across the fields to a little church, which they had several times visited together. "I think she has gone to decorate the altar," her mother added.

Philip, who knew that this was generally her occupation on Saturday afternoon, had no doubt of it, and said that he would go to meet her. He set out, therefore, and soon found himself near the rustic church in question. Entering, he saw Alice kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. He did not carry the Church calendar very well in his mind, but when he saw that she had placed on this altar a heart of crimson roses, transfixed by a sword formed of white ones, he knew that the next day would be the Feast of the Seven Dolors. He knelt and recommended himself, his future, and his hopes to the gentle Mother of Mercy, then followed Miss Percival when she rose and left the church.

She greeted him with a smile, and in the soft September sunset they walked across the fields by a path which followed closely a pretty, brawling stream. The thought which was uppermost in Philip's mind soon found expression. "I am so sorry," he said, "that this is one of our last walks in this pleasant place."

"I am sorry, too," she answered. "But, after all, if things did not end, we should grow tired of them; so it is better that they should end while one feels regret for them."

"Perhaps it is," he said, smiling; "but you know I am never quite able to imitate the cheerfulness of your philosophy. I should think you would dislike exceedingly to return to the city, which is still very disagreeable, and to the drudgery of teaching."

"I have found that the only way to get on in life with comfort to one's self or to others, is by accepting things as they come, with what courage and cheerfulness one can muster, and without considering whether they are agreeable or disagreeable," she replied, simply. "What good does it do to say to one's self, 'This thing is unendurable!' if it must be endured?"

"Oh! no good at all, of course; but how is one to help it? And sometimes it need not be endured, you know. Many people endure nothing disagreeable which they can avoid."

"But there must be things which they can not avoid, and the fact that they have never endured anything willingly must make unwilling suffering harder to bear. I am not sure but that, even as far as this world is concerned, those who follow duty, and do not shrink from sacrifice, have the best of it."

"It may be," said Philip, who could not help the shade of doubt in his tone; "yet to follow duty and not to shrink from sacrifice is often terribly hard to human nature. I wonder," he added, meditatively, "if I should have the strength for it? I have never been tried—yet."

"I think you do yourself injustice. You *have* been tried—in a measure, at least—and you have stood the test," she observed. "Have you not given up much, sacrificed much, from a sense of duty?"

"I can not feel that I have," he answered. "I really can not think that I deserve the least credit for declining to make a mercenary marriage, and gaining the inestimable boon of freedom thereby. I am afraid that if I had been in love with Constance, I might have thought less of the difference of religion."

"And I am sure that you again do yourself injustice," she remarked. "I am sure that for a great end—and a point of principle is a great end—you could make even such a sacrifice as that."

"You give me faith in myself," said he, in a tone which showed how much he was moved. "But you do not know—you can not tell how hard the sacrifice would be if it were demanded in such a form. I know—now."

His voice sank over the last word. It was scarcely audible, and Alice did not feel bound to answer. They walked on silently for several minutes, during which it seemed to Philip as if his heart leaped to his lips, and could with difficulty be restrained from pouring forth all that filled it. But he

feared that by speaking he might end this association, which he so much valued, and with a great effort he held back the words that burned for utterance. He was quite pale from the effect of the restraint which he had laid upon himself, when presently he spoke again.

"I hope that you are right. I hope that if the trial came I should not be lacking in the power to do what was demanded of me. But I am not certain of it, and you must not think too poorly of me when I say that I trust it may never come."

"The most confident people are not those who stand most firmly when the hour of trial comes," she said, smiling slightly. "But I, too, certainly hope that it may never come for you."

They walked on again silently for a moment or two, and Alice was on the point of speaking on another and indifferent subject, when she perceived on the path before them the figure of a child running toward them. "Is not that one of the children from the house?" she asked, quickly. "Can he be coming for us?"

"Coming to join us very likely," answered Philip, who objected strongly to having his *tête-à-tête* interrupted. "You spoil them by too much tolerance."

"I am afraid my mother is ill," said she, hastening her steps.

"Oh! no: he is bringing something; do you not see?" asked Philip. And indeed the boy as he ran waved some object in the air above his head.

"It is a letter—a telegram perhaps," said Alice. "It must be for you."

She was right. When the breathless boy reached them, he could only hold out the yellow envelope, which evidently contained a telegraphic dispatch, and which was addressed to Philip. With a word of apology, the latter opened it, read the enclosure, and then handed it to his companion. She in turn read these words:

"We have reached home. Your uncle is very ill and asks for you. Come at once."

"HARRIET THORNTON."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—STAMBOUL.—(Continued.)

THE SUBLIME PORTE.—But there are sights in Stamboul—yes, many of them, interesting and astonishing. Let us drop into the *seraglio*. The tongue of Stamboul is thrust into the midst of the waters of the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora. It is an oblong hill, crowned with white walls, domes, and minarets, and hedged about with groves of black, funereal cypresses. Here stands the *seraglio*, which was for fifteen centuries the abiding place of the Ottoman Emperors. It is now used only on state occasions, and the palace, the courts, and the innumerable tenements that cover the promontory—the ground-plan of the *seraglio* is nearly three miles in circumference—are battered, dusty, and out of repair.

The Sublime Porte is singularly ugly, and anything but sublime. The buildings that cluster about the several courts have not, for the most part, the slightest pretension to architectural beauty, or even dignity. The second court is flanked by a row of nine kitchens, looking very much like nine limekilns. They are domed, but without chimneys, so the smoke passes out through a hole in the roof. Here the sultan and his court consumed annually 40,000 oxen; and there were daily brought to the table 200 sheep, 100 lambs, 10 calves, 200 hens, 200 pairs of pullets, 100 pairs of pigeons, and 50 green geese. The late Sultan Abdul-Aziz was accustomed to feeding his family as bountifully, and still he was not happy! In the stables by the water side a thousand horses were formerly stalled, and among the cannon that sweep the sea and the mouth of the Bosphorus is one huge old fellow at whose hoarse voice Babylon surrendered to Sultan Murad.

The chief attraction of the *seraglio* is the treasury. Here, in a chamber by no means large, is gathered treasures such as one reads of in tales of *genii*. The actual value of this

store of jewels is almost beyond conception. Each sultan seeks to exceed his predecessor in the richness of his additions to the collection, and the result is a dazzling but not very impressive array of theatrical-looking properties, that might just as well be made of glass and tinsel—the effect upon the spectator would be as pleasing. Picture to yourself a carpet crusted with pearls, many of them as large as sparrow eggs; a throne of gold, frosted with pearls; draperies for the horses ridden by the sultans, embroidered with pearls and rubies; a cradle coated with precious stones; inlaid armor, jewelled helmets, sword-hilts—one of these is decorated with fifteen diamonds, each one as large as the top of a man's thumb; coffee trays of ebony, with a double row of enormous diamonds set close together; pipe-stems, *nargilehs*, sword-belts, caskets, and bushels of necklaces of the most splendid description, heaped together in glass show-cases, and flashing like fire-flies in the dark. The most costly article in the treasury is a toilet table of *lapis lazuli*, and other valuable materials, richly inlaid with precious stones of every description. The pillars that support the mirror are set with diamonds; the stem and claws of the table are covered with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, carbuncles, etc.; along the edge of the table hangs a deep fringe of diamonds, with immense *solitaire* tassels. The whole is a gorgeous—bore.

Multitudes of attendants are stationed through the apartment, and you may be sure that you are never left for a second unobserved by these watchful guardians of the treasure-house. How little faith has the infidel in the honesty of his believing brother!

What a relief it is to withdraw into the Kiosk of Bagdad—the private library of the sultan—to sit within eight walls that close about you like the exquisite panels of an ivory or tortoise-shell fan, under a dome of rose-tint and gold mosaic; and, shutting the doors of bronze, inlaid with pearls, against the world, one realizes, perhaps for the first time in his life, how pleasant a thing it is to be poor but honest! On the shelves of

the library there are several codices brought from the collection of King Matthias Corvinus at Buda, and there are dainty rolls and folios of parchment laid away, each in its separate case, and all looking very much as if they were not often disturbed.

From the Kiosk of Bagdad it is pleasant to look down into the deep garden of the *houris*, sloping to the swift Bosphorus, and to meditate on the lights of the harem that have suddenly gone out forever, quenched in that fatal flood; but, thinking on the stifled cries and the slimy shrouds dragged down into the pitiless deep, it is still pleasanter to rise superior to the situation, fee the custodian, and thank Heaven that you are not a *hourî*.

AMONG THE MOSQUES.—The City of the Sultan has three Sundays in the week, so also have most of the cities of the East. One observes this to a striking degree in the bazaars and market-places. On Friday your Moslem goes to mosque; he shuts up shop and gives himself to prayer and meditation, to coffee and the *nargileh*, among the tombs of his ancestors or on the shores of the Sweet Waters. On Saturday, which is the Sabbath, the Jews put up their shutters, visit the synagogue, and enjoy the gossip of the *cafés*. On Sunday the Christians go to Mass, and seek rational recreation in their best clothes thereafter; so that for three days the business of the town is somewhat checked.

The mosques are never crowded; people are continually coming and going, dropping their slippers at the threshold, and advancing in their stocking-feet toward the prayer-niche, where they prostrate themselves, stand, kneel, turn their heads to right and left, and raise their hands in a fashion that is so mechanical one can hardly keep serious until the sight has ceased to be a novelty.

There are mosques in Stamboul that rival St. Sophia in magnitude and splendor. The Mosque of Suleiman is considered one of the most glorious monuments of Osmanli architecture. The court facing the entrance is bordered on three sides by colonnades supporting three-and-twenty exquisitely-fashioned domes. A fountain with a cupola

stands in the centre of the court; the minarets spring from the four corners of an outer court. The effect is singularly chaste and elegant. Attached to this mosque are numerous endowments—three schools, four academies for the four sects of the faithful, and another for the reading of the Koran, a school of medicine, a hospital, a kitchen for the poor, a resting-place for travellers, a library, a fountain, a house of refuge for strangers, and a mausoleum. Several of the imperial mosques are as richly endowed. Mohammedan charity begins at mosque, and all good Mussulmans are very much at home in their houses of prayer. The fourteen great mosques are built upon the self-same plan. They measure 225x205 feet, and are inclosed on the entrance side by a forecourt, and in the rear by a garden, or cemetery.

THE MOSQUE OF THE DOVES.—Beside these imperial mosques there are about 220 others, built by individuals of inferior rank, and 300 or more chapels, some of which are chiefly frequented by women. The Doves' Mosque, or the Mosque of Bajazet II., in Stamboul, has for me a special charm. The building was completed in 1505. The court is exceedingly beautiful. You enter by gates elaborately decorated in arabesque; the cloister that surrounds the court is inclosed by a range of columns of porphyry and *verd-antique*, with capitals of white marble ornamented in arabesque. In the centre of the court is a marble fountain under a canopy, and sheltered by a cluster of fine trees. As you enter the court you hear the roar of wings, and for a moment the air is darkened with the sudden flight of myriads of doves. These birds, the offspring of a pair purchased from a poor woman by Sultan Bajazet, and presented to the mosque, are as sacred as was the ibis of old. A grave and reverend fellow, with a huge turban, sits under the cloister, and sells grain to the faithful and the fickle. The former feed the doves for charity; the latter, for fun.

While the fountain is knee-deep with swarming birds, and the trees clogged with them, and all the eaves of the cloister lined,

and even the high galleries of the slender minarets not unvisited by these feathered dervishes, you throw a handful of wheat into the court, and, like a thunder-cloud, the whole tribe swoops upon you with the rush and the roar of a storm. They crowd one another, and heap themselves together, and stand on their heads in their eagerness to get a morsel of grain. In a moment some one enters the court, and the birds take flight, stirring the wind in the cloister, and filling the air with soft-floating down. I almost envy the placid pleasure that the *granger* in the turban takes; for his way is easy and his burden light, and those doves are such delightful absurdities! There is his neighbor, against the next column, who sells rosaries and perfumes; and there is also the fellow at the gate who cries "Sherbet!" and clashes his brazen cups till they ring like cymbals; and there are loungers from dawn to dark, who drop in to see the doves of Bajazet plunge into the court like an avalanche of dusky, impurpled snow, and wheel out of it again, a winged cloud of smoke.

At this mosque on Fridays there is a distribution of bread to dogs, and the hungry ones come from all parts of the city to get their portion; but just how long this benevolence will be possible it is hard to state. With the exception of a few of the finer mosques, the ecclesiastical endowments are being taken forcible possession of by the Government. The Government begins with promising to pay an equal income to the rightful authorities, but this promise is at first only partially fulfilled, and then deliberately ignored.

SORCERY.—Near one of the mosques—in its actual shadow, where so many of the faithful find noonday rest and sleep—I saw a sorceress revealing her mysteries to a Bashi-Bazouk. This hag, who might have gone on as a witch in *Macbeth*, and been applauded for her capital make-up,—this lean and grinning ancient was crouching on all-fours, and studying a litter of shells, coins, buttons, broken glass, old nails, and other rubbish which she had just cast from her hand. Out of the chaos she spun a web

of fate that made the lad who was involved in it fairly shiver with delight. Our dragoon said that, on the whole, her revelations were not very compromising. She foretold a series of ordinary adventures, terminating in a final return to the parental roof, where love and a full cup, and the usual accessories of the last act in life's comedy, awaited that Bashi-Bazouk—"Bless you, my children!" (Curtain.) A few idlers gathered about while the sorceress grovelled among her enchanted trinkets, and as the climax approached she threw her arms about, widening the circle that had closed in about her. I believe nothing of much importance was said concerning the Eastern question. That Bashi-Bazouk was one of a tribe who are called "crack-brained," for so the word may be literally translated; but he showed nothing of the reputed inhumanity that has made the name terrible in the mouths of Christians. Still, I believe that the Turks are so constituted, mentally, morally, religiously, physically, that in wartime, if you were to capture a Turk and behead him in the cause of science, you would discover that his body "wriggles until sunset."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Vas Insigne Devotionis.

MARY the Dawn, but Christ the perfect Day;
 Mary the Gate, but Christ the heavenly Way.
 Mary the Root, but Christ the mystic Vine;
 Mary the Grape, but Christ the sacred Wine.
 Mary the Cornsheaf, Christ the living Bread;
 Mary the Rose-tree, Christ the Rose blood-red.
 Mary the Fount, but Christ the cleansing Flood;
 Mary the Chalice, Christ the saving Blood.
 Mary the Temple, Christ the Temple's Lord;
 Mary the Shrine, but Christ its God adored.
 Mary the Beacon, Christ the Haven's Rest;
 Mary the Mirror, Christ the Vision blest.
 Mary the Mother, Christ the Mother's Son:
 Both ever bless'd while endless ages run!

—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

WAS it over? Was this all? If so, it was a commonplace and small affair to those present, who had seen hundreds of savage beasts from the jungle and the desert fighting together there in the arena; who had witnessed the gladiatorial contests, and beheld Christians torn to death by lions and tigers. No, it was not all: a postern is opened; the wild plaudits are hushed, and a woman's voice, singularly clear and sweet, was heard floating like flute notes on the air; it grew more distinct and near, and a beautiful, dark-eyed maid, in the peasant dress of Spain, her arms and feet bare, her black, silky hair bound by a silver fillet around her head, falling loose over her shoulders, appeared on the scene, still singing a wild lay of her native valley.

The bull was standing, head down lashing the air with his tail—not spent, but waiting, his fury whetted for another victim—when the girl's sweet voice reached him. He listened, slowly lifted his great head, raised his bloodshot eyes, saw her advancing towards him; the angry, vibrant tail drooped; she drew nearer and nearer, and reaching out her arm threw it across his neck, and with the other hand smoothed his grizzled forehead and throbbing nostrils, still singing her peasant song. She laid her cheek on his dusty, sullen face, wiped the bloody froth from his mouth, and with gentle insistence led him away as one leads a lamb.

There was a sentiment in this unexpected *finale* of the spectacle which somehow took the popular heart by storm; a roar of applause filled the vast walls like a burst of thunder; even the Emperor signified his approval by sending some gold coins to the Spanish maid. And while they are venting their emotions it may be stated that her wild, sweet strain was not an incantation, nor her mastery over the great brute due

to magic arts, as many thought, but to the power of human kindness; for she had trained and cared for him since he was a weanling, sheltered and fed him in Winter, led him to green pastures and by pleasant waters in Summer, hung garlands of wild flowers on his horns, and been his good comrade and friend all the time, until he obeyed only her, and in his ferocious moods could be quelled by no other voice than hers. And so the two, bound together by this strange friendship, had been persuaded by certain purveyors of novelties for the theatres in Rome, who were travelling in Spain, to return thither with them.*

"It was not an inter-act after all, though rather pretty for a change. Shall we wait to see the chariot-races?" said Tullius, politely suppressing a yawn.

"I must beg thee to excuse me," replied Fabian. "I have seen enough to-day to satisfy me. Another spectacle would obliterate, I fear, the really pleasant fancies left by the charming one we have just witnessed. Ah! I see that bright eyes and fair hands are already inviting thee. Farewell, and many thanks for the pleasant hour."

The spectacle had been a living symbolism to Fabian, and he wondered if the ferocious, selfish, brutal world might not be better led by human kindness than by force and the shedding of blood; if yet from some distant realm a pure, simple, virginal soul might not appear, chanting hymns of peace to subdue to sweet submissiveness the ungovernable, tyrannical and cruel passions that dominated mankind. Had Rome sought by other means than the rack, the sword, the flame, to win the Christians from their illusive *dementia* to a proper sense of what they owed the gods and the Empire, how different might have been the results! He cared nothing for the Christians; the word had but one meaning for him now—Nemesius and Claudia; but barbarity of every sort was supremely disgusting to his refined nature.

Ah! could Fabian only have believed it,

the virginal soul had already appeared; the hymn of good-will and peace had echoed through the midnight skies of Judea two hundred and fifty-eight years before, to herald the birth of the Prince of Peace; and the only ears that had hearkened to the strain, and followed whithersoever it led, were the despised class known as Christians. Would he ever know?

The daily current of life glided on smoothly at the villa on the Aventine, although there were imperceptible changes which did not appear on the surface. The soft-eyed little antelope, which Fabian brought from the Umbrian hills to Claudia, had become perfectly docile to her tender care, followed her when she walked, gambolled around her, or lay contentedly at her feet when she rested, and reposed on its silken cushion by her couch when she slept. Its gentleness, its grace, and the tender look of its large, mild eyes, gave her pleasure, and the natural kindness she had for all dumb creatures ripened in this instance to affection. Through all created things, animate and inanimate, her heart beat responsive to Him who created them, without laborious effort to link cause and effect together, but with a great, innocent, spontaneous love, which flowed back to Him from whom, she now comprehended, all things that were had proceeded.

There was at this time a slight change in Zilla, almost imperceptible at first, but becoming more apparent. When first brought face to face with Christianity in the persons of those she loved, her strong soul was shaken; she felt that all she had ever cherished as most sacred was being outraged and disrupted by an incredible delusion; but after the first shock had passed, her intelligent mind vaguely suggested to her to endeavor to discover the cause and reason of the potent spell which the new religion exercised over, not only the simple and ignorant, but the learned, the distinguished—patricians, heroes, and those most noted for their refinement and cultivation. So now when Camilla came to the villa, instead of going away as she had done heretofore, she

* An incident like the one described was witnessed in Spain by a traveller of our times.

remained under some pretence or other, and in silence listened to her instructions and her conversation with Claudia.

Camilla, who had been from the first attracted by Zilla's statuesque beauty and unstudied dignity, and knowing something of her history and her long, faithful service, hoping to win her to Christ, always behaved graciously to her, and latterly in a spirit of quiet friendliness, which Zilla found impossible to resist. But Camilla's vigorous words, which, not being addressed to her, she could not with propriety answer, sometimes made her wince; as one day, almost without relevancy, the noble lady exclaimed, with fine enthusiasm: "Yes: this holy faith taught by Jesus Christ, this only true religion has alone been able to manifest that the gods of the nations are most impure beings, who desire to be thought gods, availing themselves of the names of certain defunct souls, or the appearance of mundane creatures, and with proud impurity rejoicing in things most base and infamous as though in divine honors, and envying human souls their conversion to the true God!* Such are the deceitful deities we once worshipped."

The words graved themselves on the mind of the silent woman, as the speaker hoped they would; but Zilla made no sign.

Every evening Claudia nestled in her arms when the day was spent, and poured out in her artless way the fulness of her innocent heart, her love for the dear *Christus*, and all that Camilla had told her of His wonderful life, from His nativity to Calvary, from Calvary to heaven, in all of which was blended the sinless Virgin Mother—*Advocata Nostra*—Her joys, Her sorrows, which no other sorrows had ever equalled. She told her of the angels, the fair ministering spirits of God, whom He appointed to guard the souls of His creatures from evil; and she never wearied of repeating over and over again, with every particular, the miracle of the healing of her blind eyes.

Zilla took it all to heart through her love; her child had been blind from her birth, but could now see—a fact which no logic or sophistry could subvert or change; but she was far from being prepared to assign the result to the *Christus* as a divine power. And when the possibility flashed across her mind, like a flicker of lightning over a darkened sky, that all claimed by the Christians ought indeed be true, she flung the thought from her as she would have done a serpent; for with it came a vision of torture and death for the child of her heart, which, between her love and dread, nearly drove her to despair.

It was one of Claudia's greatest pleasures to go every morning to speak to the poor, who came daily to the villa to receive alms. Followed by Zilla, with a light basket containing white bread and wine, she always carried in her own hands delicacies to distribute to the sick and aged. While passing among them one day like a ministering angel, the child heard two women talking to each other of friends and relatives of their own who had suffered for Christ; they spoke of Laurence and Hippolytus, and their glorious testimony in the face of torture and death. A shudder passed through her tender frame; it was the first she had heard of the cruel persecution; she did not quite understand, and refrained from questioning the women, who, she saw, were weeping, but resolved to ask her father and Camilla, and learn the truth from them. Zilla had also heard fragments of the same kind of talk, and with a wrathful, breaking heart she insisted on Claudia's coming away.

Among other pensioners, there had appeared one day a lame, bowed, white-bearded man; his manner was humble and unobtrusive, his words few. He was a Christian, he said, and his limbs had been broken on the rack. No one doubted him, and he received the alms given him with a blessing on the hand that bestowed it. He gleaned from his companions in misfortune, and without asking a question, information of the beautiful, golden-haired child whom

* St. Augustine: "City of God."

he saw so liberally dispensing gifts and sweet, cheering words to all, and how she had been born blind, but had miraculously received her sight through the prayers of the holy Pope Stephen.

The next time he appeared, he thanked all for their kindness, and said he would not come again, as he was going South to relatives who had offered to provide for him. Of their little they gave him part, and promised their prayers for his safety and eternal consolation, and he went away followed by their blessings.

The lame beggar was the Cypriot, the spy of Laodice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Souvenirs of Milan.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

ON the road leading to the Naviglio of Milan, the grand canal which connects the Ticino with the River Po, we find an altar where one of the noblest life-histories is told,—an altar which contains one of the most important records of the ecclesiastical costume of the 8th century.

The church in which this altar stands was built in 387, by the great St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and dedicated to SS. Gervasius and Protasius, martyred during the Neronian persecution, in the year 67. Posterity, however, has transferred the dedication to its founder, and called the church Sant' Ambrogio. It is the oldest ecclesiastical building in Milan, and utterly different from all others. A noble entrance gateway admits us to an *atrium*, or cloistered court, which in olden times of strictest Church rule the catechumens were forbidden to pass. This court consists of an oblong square, surrounded by arcades, six on either side, and three on each end. These arcades are supported on columns, the capitals of which are elaborately sculptured in the forms of early Christian art. The style is the so-called Lombardic, or round-columned Romanesque.

Fragments of fresco on the walls of this *atrium*, slabs, tombs, urns, and ruined altars, are grouped with reverent care; but the most interesting of all relics are the two cypress-wood panels from the gates of the Basilica Portiana,—gates which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius after his inhuman slaughter of the inhabitants of Thessalonica.

We enter the church, and find the interior as peculiar in its construction as the *atrium* approach. It was originally divided into three square portions by two semicircular arched openings, and small arches above, forming a *triforium*, or "dark-story." A fourth square, into which the nave leads, covered by the octagonal lantern-tower, terminates in a tribune, between which and the nave the high altar stands, and over it a *baldacchino*, supported on four columns of red porphyry taken from a Temple of Jupiter which once stood on Lake Maggiore. On either side of the nave are two columns of granite; the one on the left upholds a serpent of bronze, representing the Serpent of the Desert fashioned by Moses. It was given to the Archbishop Arnulphus by the Emperor of Constantinople, in the year 1001. The column on the opposite side upholds a bronze cross of the 9th century. The pulpit—a very ancient structure—stands on seven circular arches, and under this pulpit, within the arched circle, is a well-preserved Christian sarcophagus, said to be the tomb of Stilicho. Near the entrance to the choir are two marble slabs, which cover the tombs of Archbishop Anspertus, and the Emperor Louis II., who died in the year 875.

The high altar stands on the spot where St. Augustine was baptized by St. Ambrose, and where the kings of Lombardy used to be crowned with their iron crown.* The front of the altar†—formed of plates of solid gold, the sides and back of silver, richly enamelled and set with precious stones—is

* This crown, now kept at Monza, is of gold, but has inside an iron rim formed from the nails of our Blessed Saviour's Cross.

† Called the *paliotto*.

one of the most remarkable monuments of art which the Middle Ages have left to us. The front, in three divisions, containing smaller compartments, is filled with emblems of Our Blessed Lord, the Evangelists and Apostles, while the sides represent SS. Ambrose, Gervasius and Protasius, with Archangels, and the martyrs who suffered with SS. Felix and Nazarus at Milan, in the year 304.

On the rear portion of the altar are various scenes from the life of St. Ambrose, from the earliest record of his childhood—his sleep in the garden of his father's palace at Arles, with the bees (emblem of future eloquence) swarming around him—to the apparition of the angel calling St. Honorat, Bishop of Vercelli, to administer the Viaticum to the Saint on his death-bed.* Below this altar is a silver urn which contains the bones of SS. Gervasius and Protasius. St. Ambrose also rests beneath the altar in a plain marble tomb, yellow with time, and topaz-hued in the flickering flame of the golden lamp forever burning before the shrine.

The eastern apse, behind the high altar, is the oldest and most unaltered portion of the edifice. The vaulted ceiling is covered with mosaic figures on a gold ground, a superb specimen of the Byzantine style of architecture. The inscriptions beneath the figures of Our Saviour, SS. Protasius, Gervasius, Marcellina, and Candida, are partly in Greek and partly in Latin. In the centre is a marble throne called the Chair of St. Ambrose. It is the primitive throne of the Archbishops of Milan. From this apse we descend to the crypt under the choir—a crypt containing twenty-six red marble columns, with black capitals in the Doric style,—and opening from this crypt is the altar and shrine of St. Gaudentius.

The Chapel of San Satiro, the east end of the south aisle, was, in the time of St. Ambrose, the Basilica of Fausta, but afterwards received the name of San Vittore in Ciello

d'Oro,* from the mosaic on its ceiling. In this chapel are several strange-looking marble slabs, with emblems and inscriptions like the tombs of the early Christians in the Catacombs. The church is too dark to show its pictures to advantage, but among the treasures of the sacristy are many valuable missals and illuminated choir-books. An ostensorium in the form of a campanile, given by Azzo Visconti, is a superb specimen of the silversmith's art. The chief treasures, however, are the reliquaries which contain the bones of St. Ambrose. One of these is a small cross used in giving the blessing of St. Ambrose.

The last Mass, said at noon, was ended, when, guided by the kind sacristan, we descended through the crypt to the tomb of the martyrs in whose memory the church had been raised. We had seen the treasures of the sacristy, and expressed most earnestly a wish that we might be present when the blessing of St. Ambrose was given; but we had no idea that special blessing was attainable except on certain festivals. While kneeling beside the martyrs' tomb, lost in meditation upon the deeds of the great founder of the church, an old priest approached us.

"And you, my children, would you wish to receive blessing with this cross of St. Ambrose?" he said, showing us the jewelled crucifix. "But why?"

"To remind us to be brave and do our duty, irrespective of persons, as faithfully as did St. Ambrose," replied one of our number.

"Brave enough to rebuke imperial wrongdoing, if occasion demanded," said another.

"Better is he that ruleth his own spirit, my child," said the good Father, as he came still nearer with the saintly relic. Standing beside the one who had last spoken, he laid the crucifix against her forehead. "Only she that ruleth herself may venture to control others; to this end, my child, I will bless you."

* This altar was given to the church by Angilbertus II. about the year 835.

* St. Victor in Golden Heaven.

A few words spoken in Latin, the Sign of the Cross made upon forehead, lips, and breast, the precious relics pressed upon our lips as we murmured "Amen," and then priest, acolyte, and sacristan withdrew, leaving us to make thanksgiving at the martyrs' tomb.

A Modern St. John Nepomucene.

THE *Nacional*, of Lima, relates the martyrdom of another St. John Nepomucene, in the person of Father Peter Marielux, of the Clerks Regular, Ministers of the Sick. Father Marielux was military chaplain in the army commanded by the Brigadier Rodil, in the castle known as that of King Philip. The narrative states that after the military prestige of Spain had been destroyed by the battle of Ayacucho, and Callao was besieged by the victors, the good priest would not abandon Don Rodil.

In 1825, after nine months of siege, owing to default of provisions and the prevalence of the scurvy, discontent and discouragement were rife in the garrison, and rumors of conspiracy were whispered about. On September 23d the commanding brigadier received formal warning that at nine o'clock that night there would be an organized revolt, headed by Commandant Montero, the most influential of the lieutenants of Rodil; and in this mutiny his most trusted confidants were all compromised.

Rodil, without an instant's delay, arrested all the accused; but neither threats nor torture could wring from any of the party the slightest information—all obstinately denying the existence of the alleged conspiracy. To cut matters short, the Governor then decided to put to death the entire number, innocent and guilty, ordering them to be shot at nine o'clock that night—the very hour at which the conspirators had proposed to take his life.

"Chaplain," said Rodil to Father Marielux, "it is now six o'clock; within three hours your paternity must confess all these insurgents."

So saying, he quitted the casemate, and at the appointed hour the thirteen culprits were in the presence of God.

Notwithstanding this most rigorous punishment, Rodil did not feel secure. "Who knows," he reflected, "if I have not inadvertently spared the lives of some other conspirators, possibly even more dangerous than those who were shot? I can not rest easy. The confessor must certainly know all about the matter—Ho, there! call the chaplain."

The latter came, and was thus addressed by Rodil:

"Father, without doubt those wretches revealed to you in confession all their plans, as well as the elements on which they counted for success. I must know all these facts, and, in the king's name, I order your reverence to tell me everything, omitting neither names nor details."

"General," answered Father Marielux, "you demand of me an impossibility. I will never sacrifice the salvation of my soul by revealing the secrets of my penitents, were it even imposed on me by the king himself, whom God preserve."

The Brigadier, scarlet with rage, rushed at the priest, and, shaking him furiously by the arm, exclaimed:

"Tell me all, or I will have you shot!"

Father Marielux replied, with truly evangelical serenity: "If God desires my martyrdom, His holy will be done. The minister of the Altar can make revelations to no one whomsoever."

"You will not tell, then?" resumed Rodil. "Traitor to your king, your country, your flag, and your superior!"

"I am faithful both to my king and to my flag—none more so, though I say it. But no one can force me to be a traitor to God. I am forbidden to obey you."

Rodil hastily threw open the door, and shouted: "Ho! Captain Iturralde, bring hither four musketeers, with loaded muskets." And the four quickly appeared.

In the casemate where this memorable colloquy was held were several large cases, one measuring about two perches.

"Kneel, friar!" cried the enraged General.

And the priest, as if foreseeing that the case was ready for his burial, knelt beside it.

"Load! Take aim!" commanded Rodil. And turning towards his victim, he said, in imperious tones: "For the last time, in the king's name, I order you to make the required revelations."

"And, in the Name of God, I refuse to speak," answered the religious, in a weak but calm voice.

"Fire!" shouted Rodil.

A volley, a moan, and Father Peter Marielux, illustrious martyr of religion and of duty, fell dead, pierced to the heart by musket balls.

Further details inform us that the Fathers Ministers of the Sick, of the Mother-House of the Order in Rome, have now in their possession an authentic letter, recently written by one Signor Gardillo, wherein it is stated, on the testimony of the relatives of the martyr and of other persons present at his death, that Father Peter Marielux was first encoffined alive, then shot, and finally buried without his death being fairly ascertained; furthermore, that an exact picture of the martyrdom has been painted by Signor Augusto Rinaldi.

Advantages of the Holy Rosary.

BY the recitation of the Apostles' Creed, and the three vocal prayers—the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Glory be to the Father,"—of which the Rosary is composed, we petition for the most excellent and necessary virtues of a Christian life. These are:

1st. Faith, without which it is impossible to please God. We make a profession of this virtue by the recital of the Apostles' Creed. The three principal mysteries, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for salvation, are here expressly formulated; and all the other articles of our holy creed are contained in, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

2d. Hope. The two objects of this virtue—viz., grace in this world, and glory in the next—are expressed in the four last articles—"I believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting."

3d. Charity. This theological virtue—God being its object—is practised by the recital of the "Our Father," and is an act of perfect charity, since we pray that His glory may be spread over the whole world, that He may reign over all hearts by His grace, and that our will may in all things be conformable to His. The virtue of charity towards our neighbor is also practised in this prayer; for we can not pronounce the words *Our Father* without including our fellow-beings in the petitions which we offer to our common Father, and thus making the act perfect by praying sincerely that God would pardon us *as* we pardon others.

4th. The most excellent of moral virtues—that of Religion, by which we render to God and His saints their respective worship. Now, by the "Our Father" and the "Glory be to the Father" we render to God the worship *latría*, which is due to Him alone; and by the "Hail Mary" we honor all the angels and the saints in the person of their August Queen. The angels and all the elect who form Her celestial court delight in this prayer, and thus we unite our homages to those which they themselves offer in heaven.

Besides the occasion of practising these great virtues, the Holy Rosary is to us an inexhaustible source from which to draw all those graces which are necessary for the proper fulfilment of our other duties. We have a positive promise of these graces, on condition that we ask for them. And how can this be done more fervently than by repeating the Lord's Prayer and the "Hail Mary"? The Father can refuse nothing to this prayer of His own beloved Son, nor can the Son be indifferent to our appeals to His Mother. He can refuse *nothing*—no, nothing that is conducive to the salvation of our souls; for if we ask anything which God sees would be detrimental thereto, we

transgress the limits of the promise, and are not entitled to a hearing; because whatever is asked or given in the name of Jesus Christ must be to our advantage; and God loves us too dearly not to pity our ignorance and refuse whatever we ask to the contrary.

Among those graces for which we fervently pray there is one especially precious, truly inestimable,—one which will confirm us forever in the friendship of God, and ensure to us the possession of eternal happiness—a holy death. The Rosary provides us with the surest means of obtaining this, since by it our lips appeal one hundred and fifty times for the powerful assistance of the Mother of God at our passage into eternity. If we are faithful to this pious practice, at the end of a few years we shall have a million of “Hail Marys” to accompany us beyond the grave. What a motive of confidence!

Finally, in the devotion of the Holy Rosary we have an immense treasure, which the Sovereign Pontiffs have successively augmented, and from which we can plentifully draw in order to liquidate the temporal debts of our sins.

The Pilgrimage of Lough Derg.

Sacerdos Peregrinatus, in the London Universe.

THE ancient and renowned sanctuary of Lough Derg is an island on a wild but beautiful lake, hidden among the hills of Donegal. It is known as the Purgatory of St. Patrick. Whether St. Patrick ever visited the island is a disputed question; but while the weight of authority asserts he did, it is beyond all doubt that he placed St. Dabheoc, one of his disciples, over a church there; and it was the austerities practised by this servant of God that gave to it the character, which clings to it still, of a place of prayer and penance. From the time of St. Dabheoc until now there has been no interruption, unless for a very short period, in the stream of pilgrims from far and near to this holy retreat; and every year from June 1st until the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady (August 15th) hundreds of pious Catholics are to be found engaged in its exercises.

The pilgrimage of Lough Derg always occupied the foremost place amongst the many pilgrimages that have existed in Ireland, and was looked upon as the national pilgrimage of that country. Its fame was in nowise confined to Ireland, for there are records preserved of the visits of many distinguished pilgrims from the Continent. “There was a time,” says Malone, “when the pilgrimage to Lough Derg was scarcely less famous than that to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, in Spain.” It had been said that Dante’s *Purgatorio* was founded on Henry of Saltrey’s account of Lough Derg; Ariosto refers to the pilgrimage in *Orlando Furioso*; Calderon wrote a drama on it—*Purgatorio de San Patricio*; and Benedict XIII., while still a Cardinal, delivered a sermon in praise of its penitential spirit.

The pilgrimage, or “station,” as it was called, extends over three days, during which time the pilgrim observes a strict fast, taking each day only some black tea and dry bread, and occasionally a cupful of water from the lake, boiled, and sweetened with a little sugar. This last is known among the pilgrims as the “wine” of Lough Derg. The penances peculiar to this pilgrimage are as follows: A visit to the Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick’s Church; one “Our Father,” “Hail Mary,” and Creed at St. Patrick’s Cross, outside the same church; three “Our Fathers,” “Hail Marys,” and one Creed at St. Bridget’s Cross, at which also, with back turned to it, and with arms outstretched, the pilgrim three times renounces the devil, the world, and the flesh; seven circuits of St. Patrick’s Church, the pious suppliant repeating in each circuit a decade of the Rosary, adding at the end a Creed.

The pilgrim next proceeds to the “cells,” or “beds,” six in number. These are the ruins of the cells once occupied by saints, and are situated on a slope in the centre of the island. They are circular in shape, with openings for entrance and exit. Round each of these the pilgrim goes three times, saying three “Our Fathers,” “Hail Marys,” and one Creed; and these prayers he repeats kneeling at the entrance, in going three times round the inside, and at the crucifix in the centre. He then goes to the water’s edge, and there says, standing, five “Our Fathers,” “Hail Marys,” and one Creed, and the same on his knees. Returning, he says at St. Patrick’s Cross one “Our Father,” “Hail Mary,” and Creed; in St.

Patrick's Church, five "Our Fathers," "Hail Marys," and one Creed, for the Pope's intention, and concludes the first station by reciting five decades of the Rosary. All this is done three times each day, and occupies from an hour to an hour and a half.

The bells on the campanile surmounting the height down which the "beds" slope, call the pilgrims to St. Patrick's Church at six o'clock each morning for Mass, at midday for visit to the Blessed Sacrament and spiritual reading, at six in the evening for prayers and sermon, and at nine for Stations of the Cross. After Stations of the Cross, on the evening of the first day, the pilgrim enters into "prison"; that is, he goes into St. Patrick's Church, to remain there all night, keeping watch before the Blessed Sacrament, and saying the prayers of the "stations" for the second day. The second day is thus kept free for the preparation and making of confession, and the preparation for Holy Communion, which is received on the morning of the third day. If the pilgrim's time is limited, he may perform the whole station in such way as to include the day of arrival and the day of departure within the three days required; that is, he may arrive on the island in time to perform the stations of the first day before nightfall, enter the "prison" on the night of that day, on the second day do two stations of those for the third day, and so be enabled to leave early next morning. In this case, however, the pilgrim must "take his fast in with him" and "take his fast out with him"; that is, he must observe the fast on the day he comes and the day he leaves, wherever he may be. All this is done by the pilgrims barefooted, and in the case of the men bareheaded. The path round the church and "beds" is for the most part over rough rocks and pebbles.

Many set out with the feeling that they will never be able to undergo these severe exercises, but this feeling soon departs when they have once set foot on the island, and begun its station. Nowhere else will they behold such a sight. Persons of both sexes and of different states of life—priests and divinity students, sometimes even bishops, members of the legal, medical, military, and other professions; ladies of gentle birth and refined education, and the pious poor generally; men and women from districts in Ireland far apart, from England, Scotland, America (there have

been this year from America alone nearly five hundred pilgrims), and even Australia and New Zealand,—all moved by the same feelings of mortification and prayer, piety and penance, cheerfully performing the severe exercises of the place, seeking no miraculous cures for the body, but striving by the grace of God to heal the wounds of their souls, and lay the foundation of future holy lives.

Surely the pilgrimage of Lough Derg is unique and very edifying. Young persons of both sexes come here to pray for a religious vocation, or, it may be, for the blessing of God upon their approaching nuptials; the mother to pray for the happiness of son or daughter in America; the son or daughter to pray for the repose of a parent's soul; the devout Christian to make thanksgiving for some blessing received, or petition for some blessing desired; the holy to make advance in virtue; the penitent to make atonement for past sins; and, not unfrequently, the aged to make preparation for a dissolution that can not be far off.

Away from the world, lonely among the hills, on the bosom of the lake, drawing to its rocky shore thousands of Christians from all parts of the English-speaking world to take part in spiritual exercises so difficult to the world, this holy island is a revelation. It is here the earnest preacher will behold the realization, striking and complete, of the divine command to do penance; the pastors of the parishes in the country surrounding are ever ready to testify to the abiding character of its results. The pessimist, ever crying out about the decadence of faith and the disappearance of piety, will be obliged to confess that there is hope for the world while such a place is frequented by so many pious Christians, praying not merely for themselves, but also for the world; the effect is not only beneficial to the pilgrim, but is even encouraging to the pious observer. . . .

It is well remembered how the late Father Dalgairns, when making the pilgrimage, asked the prayers of his fellow-pilgrims for the conversion of an English statesman; these very soon after had the gratification of hearing that the Marquis of Ripon had been received into the Church. Let us hope that the Sanctuary of Lough Derg may always be a home of prayer for the restoration in England, and the flourishing continuance in Ireland, of our most holy Faith.

Catholic Notes.

Much has been said and written of late against the Jews, still none can deny that there are many among them who by their noble lives put to shame many a Christian. Foremost amongst these was the late Baroness James de Rothschild, widow of the founder of the French branch of that powerful financial dynasty. Her death, at the age of 82, has caused mourning far outside her own family. Her charities were princely, and were not confined to those of her own persuasion: no one ever applied to her in vain. Her funeral was very simple. She forbade either flowers to be laid on her coffin, or orations to be made over it. Five thousand persons followed the remains of this good woman to her resting-place at Père la Chaise; amongst the crowd were to be seen the *curé* in whose parish the Baroness died, the Sisters of Charity, and the orphans of Rueilly, to whom the deceased had been a noble benefactress.

The ferocious saying so recently attributed to the Tory party in England, as summing up their ideas of how Irishmen should be dealt with—this savage alternative of “Manacles or Manitoba”—*i. e.*, coercion or (forced) emigration,—reminds us of the insolent cry of the conqueror in Virgil’s Ninth Eclogue to the peaceful tillers of their native soil: “*Veteres migrate coloni.*” To think that a Christian people should merit the bitter taunt of Galgacus to the heathen Romans—“They have made a solitude and call it Peace”! (Tacitus, Agric., 30.) Hear, rather, what John Milton says (“Reformation in England,” Book II.,) of such an emigration: “I shall believe there can not be a more ill-boding sign to a nation (God turn the omen from us!) than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances at home, are enforced by heaps to forsake their native country.”

In the September number of the *Catholic World* appeared an ably-written article on the late Judge J. S. Black, of Pennsylvania. Judge Black was undoubtedly one of the greatest of American jurists, and his name must ever occupy a prominent place in the annals not merely of the State to which he belonged, but of the country which he so faithfully served.

Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and afterwards Attorney-General, he was a well-known figure in American politics. His high character and unblemished reputation stand out in noble contrast with the lives of many of the time-serving politicians of his day; and in his writings, which have been collected by his accomplished son, Mr. Chauncey F. Black, we see reflected on every page his fidelity to high aims and worthy purposes. Valued as they always will be by all who can appreciate fearless moral courage and unswerving devotion to a lofty standard of duty, these writings have a still stronger claim on our admiration owing to the noble charity which they discover, and which should make the memory of Judge Black beloved not only by American Catholics, but also by every Irishman.

It will be interesting to the readers of THE “AVE MARIA” to learn that Judge Black’s last appearance in public was on the occasion of the late lamented Bishop Shanahan’s lecture at York, Pa., on the “Infallibility of the Church.” The discourse made a deep impression on him, and, as he remarked to a friend, was one of the ablest and strongest arguments on the divine origin of the Church which he had ever heard.

The venerable M. Chevreul, replying to a friend who had expressed regret at the pagan character of the *fêtes* lately held in that *savant’s* honor, made the following religious declaration: “I am only a *savant*, but those who know me are assured that, born a Catholic, of Christian parents, I mean to live and die a Catholic.” When will people get out of the notion that when a man devotes himself to science he must necessarily cease to be a Christian?

We are pleased to learn, from the monthly bulletin issued by the Catholic Knights of America, that this excellent organization is in a flourishing condition, having a national membership of 15,400. This society was founded in order that its members might enjoy the benefit of cheap insurance without having to join secret societies. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Natchez, in a letter addressed to the clergy of the United States, praises the fraternity for requiring “practice of religion and honesty of life” as a test for membership; and urges the formation of co-operative branches.

As Bishop Janssens remarks, the Church has suffered much in late centuries from a lack of lay organizations, and we wish the association of Catholic Knights of America increased success.

Until last year it was comparatively unknown that among the unfortunate lepers of the Hawaiian Kingdom, segregated at Molokai, dwelt a self-exiled priest, whose life was devoted to the temporal and spiritual welfare of those pitiable outcasts. Now his fame is world-wide, and thousands of sympathizers in almost every civilized country people of all shades of religious belief and of no belief—are eager to have news of the apostle of the lepers; the interest in him having been intensified by the announcement made last November that he had fallen a victim to his admirable charity—had himself become a leper.

It was the happy privilege of THE "AVE MARIA" to reveal to the world this shining example of saint-like devotion to suffering humanity—of charity stronger than death. The sketch published in its pages last year, and afterwards reprinted in book-form under the title "The Lepers of Molokai," has been read far and wide, translated into Polish and, we doubt not, other European languages; and there are few newspapers anywhere that have not made some reference to the self-sacrificing career of Father Damien. Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, the writer of that beautiful sketch, and the editor of THE "AVE MARIA" must account it a blessing to be numbered among the friends of this saintly priest, whose gratitude is touchingly expressed in a recent letter. "We think of you and pray for you often," he writes; "and since the arrival of — our conversation has frequently been about Notre Dame and its noble University. I now receive many letters of sympathy; my answer is to send a copy of the little book."

We take pleasure in again calling the attention of the readers of the *Scholastic* to Mr. Stoddard's charmingly written sketch. It is a tale of woe, but with it goes the record of a life that is an honor to humanity and a new glory to religion.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

A young ecclesiastical student in Rome, writing of a recent visit to Nocera, a town full of memories of the great servant of Mary, St. Alphonsus Liguori, says:

"We were delighted and much edified with everything we saw there. Just outside of Nocera, at a small hamlet called Pagano, stands the house founded by the Saint, and attached to it the noble edifice designed by him, but built afterwards—now the Church of St. Alphonsus. Here repose his remains. The good Fathers have happily succeeded in redeeming this house from the hand of violence laid upon it by the Government. It is a noble pile, and its interior is in perfect keeping with its exterior. The corridors from floor to ceiling are adorned with all that can elevate the mind and heart to things divine. The house abounds in a great number of personal relics of St. Alphonsus, among them the little bed on which he breathed his last; it has never been disturbed since: everything remains just as it was when he lay there a hundred years ago, like a child, 'fallen asleep in the Lord.' Beside the bed we observed the old wheel-chair—a clumsy contrivance—in which this great servant of Our Lady was accustomed to make the circuit of the corridors when unable longer to walk; and near the window stands an old-fashioned piece of furniture that might have come out of the ark—the oddest thing you ever saw—a decrepit piano, on which he would now and then pour forth his soul. And, most memorable of all, there is the altar at which he offered the Holy Sacrifice; the plain deal-table on which he wrote his Moral Theology, and the ivory crucifix before which he penned that admirable little volume, 'The Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ.'

"This crucifix possesses a strange attraction; once looked upon, it can never be forgotten, so vivid is the expression of the countenance, so appealing the eyes; it is a masterpiece of art—nay, more: it has caught and fixed forever the expression of that inconceivable agony which wrung from the broken Heart of Our Saviour that awful cry: 'My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?' I do not wonder that a saint, gazing upon this admirably-wrought face, should have caught an inspiration to write such unctuous works. We also lingered at the window from which St. Alphonsus looked out upon Vesuvius, when at the earnest prayers of the people he made the Sign of the Cross, bidding its torrents of lava to recede. 'God is wonderful in His saints.'"

If never before, let the beautiful devotion of the Rosary be practised in the Catholic home during this its own October. It is to this devotion, so powerful in obtaining signal graces in the past, that the present Pontiff appeals for aid in averting the manifold calamities that threaten modern society.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

New Publications.

SHORT MEDITATIONS ON THE HOLY ROSARY. Translated from the French by a Member of the Order of St. Dominic. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Those who love the Holy Rosary will be glad of such a collection as is contained in this work. All the instruction necessary to a full and complete understanding of the beautiful devotion, all the different methods of reciting the Fifteen Mysteries, and all the indulgences are most carefully and exactly given. It is a treasury of pious thoughts, and, for those who need it, will add wholesome and holy diversity to the most familiar and universally accepted form of prayer. The devotions terminate with the "Communion of Fifteen Saturdays Preceding the Feast of the Holy Rosary." This is a devotion of which THE "AVE MARIA" has spoken more than once. A short form of meditation is here given for each Saturday, taking the Mysteries in succession, with a lesson from both the Old and the New Testament, and a short reflection upon them. It is explained, however, that for gaining the indulgences, Holy Communion alone is necessary on each of the fifteen Saturdays.

A HYMNAL AND VESPERAL for the Seasons and Principal Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year. With the Approbation of the Most Rev. J. Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The main object in the compilation of this volume was to provide a suitable hymn-book for Sunday-schools, and great care has been taken in the selections. They are thoroughly Catholic. Ordinary church choirs will find the Hymnal extremely useful; for the Latin portion has been very carefully attended to, the accents and pauses marked, thus ensuring accuracy of pronunciation and precision.

DEVOTION TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. A Choice Selection of Prayers and Exercises in Its Honor. New York: Stephen Mearns, 73 Barclay Street. Price, 5 cents.

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS, in Honor of the Precious Blood, for the Relief of the Souls in Purgatory. Price, 3 cents.

These tiny pamphlets, the first containing seventy pages of fine type, and the second only twelve, are admirably suited for use at the odd moments even busy lives can snatch

from the burden and heat of the day. The first was compiled at the Monastery of the Precious Blood, St. Hyacinth, P. Q., and is approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of that See. It is explanatory and devotional, containing as it does an account of the Confraternity established in that monastery, the exercises, prayers, indulgences, etc. It is a beautiful little prayer-book, full of sweet and lofty thoughts.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Father Majerus, a worthy priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, attached to St. James' Church, Baltimore. He was distinguished for his zeal, humility, and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The Rev. Father Mengarini, S. J., a co-laborer of the great Indian missionary, Father de Smet, whose holy life was crowned with a happy death, at Santa Clara College, Cal., on the 23d ult.

The Rev. George V. Burns, assistant rector of the Cathedral, Buffalo, who died suddenly on the Feast of the Holy Rosary. He had preached an impressive sermon on death the Sunday previous.

The Rev. John Monahan, the beloved rector of St. Patrick's Church, Norristown, Pa., who met with a sudden death on the 1st inst. He had attended a sick-call only a few hours before. His death is regarded as a public calamity in Norristown.

Mr. Thomas J. Connell, of Iowa City, Ia., who passed away in the dispositions of a fervent Christian on the 18th ult.

Mr. Matthew O'Connor, a native of Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland, whose happy death took place in Chicago on the 4th ult.

Mrs. Matilda McConnell, of Renovo, Pa., who was called to receive the reward of a good life on the 3d inst.

Thomas Murphy, of New York; George and Hannah Punch, Michael Hanifin, Milwaukee; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, San Francisco; Mr. Joseph Dunn, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Rachel Watter, Chest Springs, Pa.; Annie Fitzpatrick, Philadelphia; Mrs. James Short, St. Charles, Mo.; Michael Cullen, James Duffy, Mary Ann Hybert Mrs. Sarah Falvey, and Thomas Murphy, New York; Mrs. Mary Quinn, San Francisco; Mrs. Anne Brophy, Boston; Thomas A. Ryan, Greenbush, N. Y.; Mr. William Healy, Taunton, Mass.; and Mr. John Cornelly.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days
with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

VI.

That *was* a day, and grey indeed must be the head (grey even with the ashes of oblivion) and cold the heart that does not recall its dash, its triumph, its route, its valor, its glorious ending.

When the 7th pushed forward afoot, Lovejoy was only separated from it by a belt of forest. Beyond these trees lay the railroad, and the destruction of that road meant fulfilling the object of the raid, and opening the gate to the sea. So it was with light hearts and a joyous shout that the 7th and its companion regiments pelted down the slope, and—into the arms of the enemy.

Under the shadow of the great oaks the Grey line sprang into sight and life, and a leaden hail pattered through the grove, bullets finding billets in the trunks of men and trees alike. But the Blue line advanced steadily through it, their seven-barrelled spencers (carbines) belching out such irresistible arguments that the Grey horse (for the Confederate advance was mounted) drew off—but slowly, and contesting every foot of the way,—and finally swept over the railroad track, beyond which they again made a stand.

At the sight of the track, “the main artery of Atlanta,” strained muscles limbered, tired backs dropped their fatigue, stiff legs grew flexible, and at a double quick our boys charged on it, tearing it up and scattering it far and wide.

But, oh! dear, such a surprise party as they had! The night before, by the light of the burning stores at Jonesborough, dashing Pat Clairburn and his veterans poured out of Atlanta; and hardly had the boys in

Blue been five minutes at their work, when he pounced upon them, and in all too short a time was driving them back in a confused mass toward the main-road.

Helter-skelter they went, and, bursting through the trees, nearly stampeded the lead-horses; while Kilpatrick stormed up and down the line of retreat, trying to stop the rout, and the wild yell of the Grey-coats made the very air pulsate.

With loss of breath came return of common sense, and with that a halting, and an attempt to stand and re-form. And as the Chicago Board of Trade Battery swung around to the front, wheeling its glittering pieces through the green corn that bordered the main-road, and quietly beginning to unlimber and load in the very teeth of the enemy, every man felt it was giving him the chance he wanted to “up and at ‘em again.”

From the six bonnie guns of the Illinois men grape and canister began to fly, and the corn was reaped with a sickle whose edge was flame and whose stroke was death; but the Grey-coats threw themselves against the wall of fire again and again, until their ranks were plowed with lines of blood. Then there was a pause in the attack, and our boys, having shaken themselves out of the tangle and coil of the semi-stampe, began a struggle for some sort of regimental formation; the officers meantime holding a hasty council as to what answer should be returned to the summons to surrender sent in by Clairburn with a flag of truce.

Some of them advised for it, because the Grey line curved like a crescent about the Blue, its horns drawing closer and closer; it was an enemy's country they were in, and honorable terms were offered. But Kilpatrick was dead against it, and, as the majority went with him, the white flag fluttered back.

As quick a thinker as he was a charger, the young general had planned his cutting out before the Grey messenger had reached his commanding officer with his refusal. The men were deployed in an open field some three hundred yards back; every

eighth man was told off to hold seven horses, and orders were given to dismount and charge on foot. But as the line formed, an eldritch screech rent the air, and sharpnel began to drop in the ranks. Two batteries had opened in the *rear*; our boys were sandwiched, outflanked, surrounded.

A second council was held. To cut through was now imperative, and Colonel Minty* volunteered to lead the charge. Kilpatrick's grey eyes blazed; *here* was a man after his own heart! A few hasty words were exchanged, and the brigade was ordered into a field of broom-corn that stretched to the right, glistening in the sunshine, and tossing its brown tassels haughtily as the horses thrust in among its towering stalks (it stood nine and ten feet high).

In a few minutes the troops were in position, and every man took his horse in a firmer grip between his knees, and every heart beat as the dismounted troopers† marched forward, and began to throw down the panels of the fence to clear the way for the charge.

Ahead was an open field, gashed and cut into gullies by the wash-outs of years; over it the shells were yelling and bursting, and beyond it was a barricade of rails and earth, behind which were a force of dismounted cavalry and a battery, the latter trained so as to sweep the plain in a bee-line‡ with our troops. A flourish of trumpets announced "ready," and Kilpatrick, seizing his Division flag, § ordered the "charge," and rushed forward like a thunderbolt.

From the broom-corn came a dazzling

* Of the 4th Michigan, the regiment that afterward captured Jefferson Davis.

† Every fourth man this time. These had to watch their chance as the charge rushed by, and grab at their horses, mounting on the gallop.

‡ In the South—and I suppose elsewhere—when bees have gathered their allotment of honey, they take up a line so straight and direct for their hives that the negroes use the expression "bee-line" to indicate the quickest way to a given place.

§ This flag, I am told, was presented to him by his wife; he loved it next to the honor of his Division, and guarded both with equal care.

flash as the sabres were drawn and tossed aloft; then there was a noise

"like the rushing of a mighty wind,"

and the corn lay low as the command, with resounding throats and an awful sound of trampling hoofs, stretched at full gallop after him.

What a fight that was! The two lines crashed together with a shock audible above the roar of the cannon, and plunged and swayed like St. George's dragon, the Grey melting into the Blue, the Blue wedging into the Grey; small detached groups drifted "hither and yon," fighting like wild-cats with clubbed carbines, bare hands, or sabres that shore brain-pans and lopped off sword-arms, to the accompaniment of savage shouts or grim silence, according to the deadliness of struggle; and the uproar of bursting shells and the death-scream of rider and horse, as grape and canister replaced the shells and began to scatter ruin in their path, made it something to remember

"Till the sun grows cold,

And the stars are old,

And the leaves of the Judgment book unfold,"

as the Bedouin song puts it.

It was a crucial time for Jet and his master, especially Jet; for he saw at this juncture a sight so appalling to him that he *nearly* forgot his duty, and *quite* lost the stiffness of his upper lip for several minutes.

Trotting hard after the charging men came the camp-mules and the ambulances (for it was *sauve qui peut*, and no "safety in the rear"—there wasn't any rear, in fact, to speak of); and one of the former, a veteran named "Tommy," was leading the way with his accustomed dignity and indifference to danger. On his back were eight large camp-kettles, and hanging from these were coffee-pots and "spiders" *ad libitum*.

About midway the field a shell came howling along with a voice so particularly awful that he halted a second, looked up and shook his head—was it instinct?—and just as he looked down again it fell right on top of the highest kettle.

There was a sound like the bursting of

a nine-inch gun, an appalling scattering of iron fragments, hoofs, and coffee-pots, and then Jet shut his eyes and quaked like a mould of jelly. He might have rolled over but for Oester's cry of dismay, and the sudden blowing of the call to "church."

"Church!" It wasn't Sunday, no chapels were handy, and, although Jet was not up to *every* cavalry eccentricity, he felt pretty sure no one would try "open-air service" in a mess like this; but there was the call, and crowding on its echoing notes came the most stirring call of all: "To the colors! to the colors! taran—tara—tara—tara!" Then there was a fresh burst of speed from a squad of men, a mad whirling around the regimental flag, and a cheering that roused his curiosity in spite of the sinking sensation that ran through his barrel and quivered in his hamstrings.

What had happened was this: The color-bearer, in his eagerness to reach the barricade, had got so far ahead that a squad of Grey-coats had swarmed out and were doing their level best to tear him from his horse, and so pluck the flag away from him. His hat was off, his eyes half blinded by the blood from a cut across his head, and when Oester spied him he was clinging to the colors might and main, with arm, hand, leg, and teeth, and was fighting like mad. The boy's heart seemed to stand for an instant, and then the blood flashed through his veins like fire. What should he do?

The biggest man in the regiment was the Sergeant-Major—Hamilton Church; he was a stern disciplinarian, and Oester knew that in the very act of dying he would resent any deviation from routine or discipline—hence his musical pun, or play on the name. Sure enough, as the call reached his ears, Church turned with a black frown, and saw the little bugler's arm waving like a wind-mill toward the color-bearer; at the same instant "To the colors!" tore through the air, and in a few minutes he was off to the rescue with a squad at his back. And none too soon, for the bearer's sword-arm was severed, a bullet entered his breast, and as Church snatched at the drooping staff the

youth fell dead, with a smile on his beardless lips and a flash of joy in his dying eyes that held Death's film at bay.

It all did not take five minutes, and happened while the Blue-line was still rolling down on the barricade.

When the Bunker-Hill range was reached (I mean when the opponents could see the color of one another's eyes), the Grey cannoneers gave a last broadside, threw down their rammers, sponges, and ammunition, and fled. All except one man, a young Lieutenant*—a mere boy—who stood by his gun, loading and firing with a courage so superb, a coolness so admirable, that Minty's command "to spare his life, for a man like that was too brave to lose," did not need to be repeated to our men, who cheered him enthusiastically even as they spiked the piece he had served so grandly.†

"Ah!" thought Jet, as he wheezed along, "Ruby was wiser, I'm afraid. Here he is safe at home, and I am in a whirlpool of destruction. I don't like it—I hate it, in fact; and I believe I—I wonder if I *am* going to bolt?" for the heart of the little mule was as water within him.

But as the breathless rush subsided somewhat, a boyish hand was run down his streaming neck, and two boyish lips whispered in his long ear: "You darling! There isn't a horse in the troop can beat you. And Kil himself ain't pluckier."

Well, after that he just made up his mind he'd go until he dropped, and, unless his legs actually and uncontrollably ran away with him, he would stay with Company M. no matter *what* happened. And I can tell you that, after such an experience, that was being a hero indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* I have never been able to learn his name, and would feel grateful to any of the readers of the "AVE" who could give it.

† A similar gallant act was done by Lieutenant Van Pelt, of Loomis' Battery (Michigan), at Chickamauga; and a similar command was given by the Confederate commander, but the gallant youth was killed by a stray shot before he could be captured.

An Example of Honesty.

In a small town, about five miles from St. Petersburg, lived a poor old German woman. A little cottage was her only possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters on their way to the capital, her only resource. One evening, when some Dutch shipmasters had been supping at her house, she found under the table a sealed bag of money, evidently left by one of the company. As they had all sailed over to Cronstadt, the good woman put the money in the cupboard, to keep it till it should be called for. Seven years did she keep it, and, though often sorely pressed by want, her good principles overcame every temptation.

At the expiration of this time four shipmasters stopped one day at her house for refreshments. Three of them were English and one Dutch. Talking of various matters, one of the Englishmen asked the Dutchman if he had ever been in that town before. "Yes, indeed," he replied. "I know the place too well. My being here once cost me seven hundred rubles." "How so?" said his companion. "Why, in one of these wretched hovels I got tipsy, and left behind me a bag of rubles." "Was the bag sealed?" asked the old woman, whose attention had been aroused by the conversation. "Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain." "Well, then," said she, "by that you may be able to recover what you lost." "Recover it after seven years! I have no hopes of that." The old woman said no more, but she quietly slipped out of the room, and, returning with the bag, said to the Dutchman: "Perhaps honesty is not so rare as you think"; and, to his intense astonishment and delight, she restored to him his money.

—◆◆◆—

IDLENESS is the mother of mischief, but industry is a sure sign of prosperity.

LAY by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

No one knows what he can do till he is fully resolved to do what he can.

A Speedy Reward.

Bishop Grant, first Bishop of Southwark, liked to see holy things surrounded by tokens of outward respect; he had, for instance, a great devotion to the practice, so common in Catholic countries, of keeping lamps burning before the statues of Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother. He went one day to bless a statue of Our Lady in a convent, and, after remaining some time prostrate in prayer before it, he said to the superioress:

"Make a promise to Our Lady that you will keep a lamp always burning before Her image; I have known this pious practice to be blessed by miracles."

He then went to the school-room, where the children were assembled, and related the following fact, which had just occurred to a lady of his acquaintance. She was visiting a convent near London, and, observing a beautiful statue of Our Lady, she felt a sudden desire to have a lamp lighted before it; she mentioned this wish to the nun who was showing her over the house, and begged her to get a suitable lamp, which she would pay for, as well as for the oil which it would consume.

The Sisters were delighted, and promised to let her know the day and hour when the lamp would be first lighted, so that she might join in spirit with the community in saying the Rosary for her at that moment.

It so happened that when the letter came informing her of the appointed time, she was setting out on a journey with her daughter; she did not, however, forget the rendezvous, and when the hour came she took out her beads, and called her little girl, who was seated in front of her, to come and sit beside her that they might say them together.

Before they had finished the first decade they were startled by a frightful crash, followed by a deafening noise. The child, terrified, clung to her mother, who clasped her in terror, but still held tight her Rosary, and continued to recite it. In an instant their carriage was cloven in two, struck by the engine of a railroad train; the front part, where a moment before the child had been seated, was wrenched away and dashed down into a precipice, with a great portion of the train; while the other side remained safe on the rail, quite uninjured.—*The Young Catholic.*



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

No. 17.

[Copyright :—Rev. D. E. HUNSON, C. S. C.]

The Blessed Virgin's Place in Ancient Liturgies.

THE Apocryphal Gospels* reveal to us the ideas and sentiments which prevailed among the early Christians with regard to the Mother of God: they were sentiments of praise and invocation. All the Proto-Gospel of St. James, as well as the History and Gospel of the Nativity, shows the feelings of admiration and praise that were entertained for Her who was called "the Mother of Benediction," and of whom the people used to say that She would be the glory of future ages. Her miraculous conception, Her holy infancy, Her generous consecration to God, Her saintly life in the Temple, and Her unprecedented vow of virginity were favorite themes of pious conversation among the faithful. And is not the account which these apocrypha give made manifest by those *Orantes*,† some of which not only bear the name of Mary, but even the inscription, *Maria Virgo minister Templi Jerusalem*?

In like manner the Gospel of the Infancy is full of the invocations of the first Christians to Mary, and clearly shows us, by the

miracles mentioned therein, how greatly the faithful relied upon Her to assist them: "O my Mistress! come to my aid, and have pity on me." "O Mary! I know that the power of the Most High is with Thee, because Thy Son cured the little children when they touched Him." "O Mary! look upon my son, who suffers so cruelly," etc. Such were the sentiments of the first Christians during their lives, and with such did they approach the foot of the altar.

The paintings in the Catacombs and the Apocryphal Gospels thus bear mutual testimony to each other. The apocrypha are commentaries on the paintings, and the paintings are the consecration of the belief contained in the apocrypha. The latter convey to us the public sentiment, the former the object of this sentiment. But between the sentiment and the object there ought to be a language of a particular signification, which would explain and refine these sentiments, and adapt them to their object: this language is the liturgy. The apocrypha and paintings, by their reciprocal testimony, prove the existence of a contemporaneous—an apostolic—liturgy; for they virtually imply such an existence. As this apostolic liturgy has been recently discovered; and, as it is in perfect consonance with the apocrypha and the paintings, we are no more surprised at it than we should be at the discovery of a fact the existence of which reason had already demonstrated; and this rational demonstration, supplementing the discovery, strengthens it against the inter-

* There are three Apocryphal Gospels solely relative to the Mother of God, viz.: the Proto-Gospel of St. James; the History of the Nativity of Mary and of the Infancy of the Saviour; and the Gospel of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

† A name given to certain paintings in the Catacombs, representing the Blessed Virgin in an attitude of prayer.

ested objections of those whose prejudices such a discovery wounds.

Thus it is that the Apocryphal Gospels and the paintings of the Catacombs lend their support to the apostolic liturgies in favor of the worship of the Mother of God. But these liturgies are very well sustained by one another. They are known under the names of the liturgies of St. Mark, St. James, or some other Apostle, and have always been reputed of apostolic origin. The great objection raised against this antiquity of origin is that they were not written till near the beginning of the 5th century. The fact is true, but the inference attempted to be drawn from it is false. In effect, the same testimonies which prove that they were not reduced to writing in earlier ages also prove that they were carefully preserved in the Church by tradition. It was a mystery that the faithful wished to keep concealed from the pagans, which both priest and people handed down by common daily usage, the surest and most infallible means of preservation.

It is not necessary to reason on the authenticity of these liturgies as we would on the particular work of some Father or Apostle. Learned by heart and recited daily by Christians, they are a monument of the faith and practice of the whole Church, having not merely the authority of a holy person, but also the public sanction of pastors and their flocks, who constantly made use of them. What matters, then, the date at which the liturgy was put into writing, if previously, from the time of the Apostles, the Universal Church had it in daily use? The names of the Apostles had been legitimately given to these liturgies, and testify to their apostolic origin. The liturgy used in the Church of Antioch was very naturally called St. Peter's; that in the Church of Alexandria, St. Mark's; in the Church of Jerusalem, St. James'; and so on with the others. It is not pretended that these liturgies were actually written by the saints after whom they are named, but that they were handed down from them by tradition in the churches which they had founded.

What is certain is that the truth of their origin and the faithfulness of the tradition up to the time of publication are attested in two ways: materially and morally. Materially, by the conformity which is found in their liturgies among the different churches throughout the world; morally, by the incontestable evidence at the time of publication of their apostolic origin. And what evidence more decisive than those words of Pope Celestine to the churches of France in the year 428: "Give heed to the meaning of the sacerdotal prayers, which, *received by tradition from the Apostles*, are of uniform usage in all the Church, and from the manner in which we ought to pray learn what we ought to believe"?

Now, in these liturgies we find the commemorations of the Blessed Virgin in admirable conformity with the liturgical paintings of the Catacombs, and with the sentiments of veneration and confidence which the apocrypha express towards Mary. On almost every page of these writings we read: "Let us be mindful of Her, the blessed and extolled of all nations, the Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God." "Remember Her, O Lord God! and through Her pure and holy prayers pardon us, have mercy on us, graciously hear us!" "Blessed be Mary, and blessed be the Fruit of Her womb." "Through the prayers of the Mother of Life, Mother of God, Mary," etc.

But here another objection may be raised, which deserves to be examined. True, it will be said, we read these testimonies of the worship of the Mother of God in the liturgies of which you speak, and these liturgies may and ought to be considered as apostolic. But could it not happen, and for a good and legitimate reason, that these liturgies, without being materially altered, were from time to time interpolated with certain terms, in order to defend the faith of the Church against heretics? Is it not probable that the Council of Ephesus, in order the more effectually to condemn the Nestorian heresy, introduced some of these liturgical interpolations which relate to the divine Maternity of Mary, and is it not from

the like sources that all these glorifications of the Mother of God sprung up and mingled with the apostolic apocrypha?

We admit the truth of the fact which serves as the groundwork of this objection, but we deny its application against the liturgical testimony of the primitive worship of the Blessed Virgin. The title of "Mother of God" given to Mary does not date its origin from the Council of Ephesus: we find it mentioned previous to the 5th century in the writings of many of the Fathers—in St. John Chrysostom, St. Epiphanius, St. Ephrem, St. Athanasius, and others. It is also well known how bitterly Julian the Apostate was against the Christians for giving the Mother of Jesus this title. "You are forever calling Mary the Mother of God," said he. And, in fine, the displeasure exhibited by the people when a disciple of Nestorius contested for the first time the legitimacy of this title, proves that the faithful had been already accustomed to use it in their public devotions.

As far, then, as the Council of Ephesus is concerned, this glorious appellation suffers nothing in its claim to be of apostolic origin. We agree, however, that in protesting against the Nestorian heresy, it is probable that at the time of the Council the dogma of the divine Maternity was inserted and mentioned more frequently in the liturgies. But that is all. To conclude that all the eulogies and invocations of Mary which are found in the liturgies date from the time of the Council, is so contrary to their general text and to the primitive worship of Mary that the objection can in no way be sustained.

Besides, we have an argument which removes all difficulty. And it is even taken from the Nestorians' own liturgy—contrary to which, it is asserted, all the praise and honor given to Mary have been inserted in the apostolic liturgy. Of course, the Nestorians would not subscribe to their own condemnation, and therefore in their liturgy the title of Mother of God is not given to Mary, or has been purposely withdrawn from it—a convincing proof that this is

the point which caused them to separate from the Church. But if, in every respect except as regards this one appellation, they have retained all that relates to the worship of Mary as found in the apostolic liturgy, the difficulty arising from the interpolation of this worship after the Council of Ephesus is of little importance.

Now, the Nestorians, in their liturgy, which they call that of "The Blessed Apostles," have continued to honor Mary with a devotion of the most fervent kind. "Mother of Our Lord," says their priest, "pray for me to the only-begotten Son, born of Thee, in order that He may pardon me my transgressions, and receive from my infirm and sinful hands this sacrifice, which my feebleness offers on this altar, through Thy intercession, Holy Mother!" And in their prayer-books are numberless hymns to the Mother of Christ. So true is it, as a principle, that "all that has been even extravagantly said," to use the words of Bayley, "regarding Mary, naturally flows from Her quality of Mother of Jesus alone, as Nestorius wishes it." So true is it, as a fact, that this worship of Mary, which was practised before the Council of Ephesus, and maintained among the Nestorians, in spite of the schism which cut them off from the Church, finds even in this schism itself the strongest testimony of apostolic antiquity to which all classes of Christians refer it.

Thus liturgical evidence needs no support in this matter. It has, nevertheless, in the double testimony of the paintings of the Catacombs and of the Apocryphal Gospels a reciprocal support, making a triple and indestructible historical testimony to the primitive and apostolic antiquity of the worship of the Mother of God.

GOD should be the object of all our desires, the end of all our actions, the principle of all our affections, and the governing power of our whole souls.—*Massillon*.

EARTH is our workhouse, and heaven is, or should be, our storehouse. Our chief business here is to lay up treasures there.—*Grynoeus*.

God Keeps His Own.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

GOD'S own are we, His very own;
 He bought us, every one,
 And paid the ransom with His Blood—
 The Blood of God the Son.

Though sickness, poverty, and death
 Our lot on earth may be,
 Why grieve? 'tis but a wafted breath
 From Christ's dear Calvary.

Though all the powers of sin and hell
 Against our souls unite,
 Why should we fear? God keeps us well,
 At morning, noon, and night.

God keeps His own, He loves His own—
 He loved them to the end;
 We never can be left alone
 While He remains our friend.

Dear as the "apple of His eye,"
 And "precious in His sight,"
 Are they who make His word their law,
 His service their delight.

His own, His own, His very own,
 In life, in death, we're His;
 The angels sing around His Throne
 No sweeter song than this.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVIII.

IT was like a dream to Philip when he found himself in the night express, hurrying back to Riverport. Every other feeling was merged in that of concern for his uncle, and reawakened affection and gratitude. He was eager to reach him, yet the hour at which he arrived in the city (4 a.m.) made him hesitate to disturb the household. But the urgency of his aunt's message decided him to do so. "Come at once," she had said; and he could not bring himself to entertain the idea of the least delay.

Consequently, he was driven immediately to the house; and no sooner did his carriage stop, than the hall-door was opened by a servant evidently on the watch for him. "How is my uncle?" he asked, breathlessly; and the reply relieved his greatest fear. Mr. Thornton was better: he was resting easily; and one of the doctors had left the house, though another remained in attendance. Mrs. Thornton had gone to lie down, and the servant respectfully suggested to Philip that he should do the same. But the young man could not be satisfied until he had seen the doctor and heard his opinion.

"Ask him if he will be kind enough to see me for a few minutes," he said. "I will wait for him in the library."

He entered that apartment as he spoke. Lights were burning here as elsewhere in the house, and the aspect of the familiar room—the room in which he had last seen his uncle—smote him like a blow. He looked at the chair in which Mr. Thornton had sat the night they parted, and its emptiness seemed to bring over him a fresh and vivid sense of their estrangement. The sadness of alienation and the uncertainty of life were presented to him with a force which only the near presence or danger of death can produce. "Could I have acted otherwise?" he asked himself, mournfully, while he regarded the chair that in its vacancy seemed to reproach him.

Upon these thoughts the entrance of the doctor broke. He came in and shook hands with Philip, looking the while so grave that the young man's heart sank. He dreaded to utter the question which trembled on his lips, and which the doctor after an instant anticipated.

"You will find Mr. Thornton very ill," he said.

"Dangerously ill?" asked Philip, quickly. "Very dangerously ill," was the reply. "Indeed, I always think it best to speak plainly, and I must tell you that I have no hope of his recovery."

Philip fairly staggered under these unexpected words. His own vague fears had

been one thing, but this positive announcement was quite another.

"It is impossible!" he gasped. "There *must* be some hope of his recovery! Why, when I saw my uncle last he was in perfect health."

"Very far from it," said the physician, gravely. "Mr. Thornton has not been in perfect health for a long time, but he was very anxious that his condition should not be suspected. He went abroad at my earnest recommendation, because I thought that his mind should be relieved as far as possible of business cares. But his health was more fatally undermined than I thought. He was taken ill in Paris, then again in New York, and it is wonderful that he has reached home alive. His strength of will and his tenacity of life are both remarkable; but I do not think he can live more than a few days at longest."

Philip sank down in the vacant chair that a few minutes before had seemed to reproach him. "Does *he* know?" he asked.

"Yes," the doctor answered. "He is not a man whom it is possible to deceive. His mind is clear, and he insisted upon knowing how much life he could reckon upon. I told him, and he at once asked for you."

"That was—?"

"Yesterday, soon after he arrived."

"And when can I see him?"

"He will probably ask for you as soon as he rouses again. He is now under the influence of the opiates which we were forced to employ to subdue the pain he was enduring. I do not anticipate any very violent return of that. The worst is over. But he will now sink rapidly."

"Then," said Philip, starting to his feet, "I should see him without delay."

The doctor lifted his hand with a gesture of authority. "Have I not told you that he is under the influence of opiates?" he asked. "When he rouses, his mind will be clear, and we can keep up his strength for some time by stimulants. Do not fear: I will let you know as soon as it is possible for you to see him. Meanwhile you had better lie down and take some rest."

This was a recommendation which Philip felt altogether unable to follow. After the departure of the physician, he walked to one of the windows and opened it. Dawn was brightening in the East, and the cool freshness of the morning air came to his brow and eyes with a reviving touch. In the midst of the roseate glow which showed where the sun would presently appear, one bright star still gleamed and caught his regard, turning his thoughts to Her whose loveliest title is Morning Star. He remembered that on this day the Church made solemn commemoration of Her great sorrows, and his heart rose up, as it were, with a passionate impulse to implore Her powerful intercession for the soul so near to death, and bearing a weight of unacknowledged sin and wrong. To his mind, almost to his lips, came some lines of a poet who should have been more Christian than he was:

"Oh! when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike!
Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundstone of the great Mystery;
Fashioned like us, yet more than we!"

He thought of Alice Percival and her prayers. He knew that to-day her supplications would meet his in the sword-pierced Heart of Mary, and the consciousness gave him a hope—a sense of strength and powerful succor which he would otherwise have lacked. It nerved his resolution. Whatever else should be said or left unsaid in the ear of the dying man, he determined that he would make one last appeal to his conscience, one last prayer that he would call upon the Church for those great Sacraments which smooth the path of death, and open the gate of Paradise.

It was several hours after this when he was at last admitted to his uncle's chamber. His first feeling when he entered was one of shocked amazement. Could this be, indeed, the man whom he had seen last in robust health and strength?—this invalid, with his pale, wan countenance, his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes? The ravages of disease, the marks of intense physical suf-

fering, and the near approach of death, were so evident that he could not speak; he could only grasp the hand that was extended to him, while a gleam of pleasure came into the sick man's eyes.

"I am glad that I have lived to see you again, Phil," he said. "I thought once—over yonder—that I should not."

"My dear uncle," replied Philip, with a break in his voice, "you must know that I would have gone across the world to you at a word, a hint of your danger."

"Yes, I think you would," observed the other. "But you might not have reached—However, here I am, at home once more, though I have only come home to die, the doctors tell me. It is hard to die, Phil, when one has everything to enjoy here, and—nothing beyond."

Philip felt as if his heart were wrung by unavailing pity and pain. It was so terribly true. Everything to enjoy here, and beyond—nothing! This man, who had spent his life and sacrificed his conscience in the pursuit of wealth, had made to himself no friends with that mammon of unrighteousness. No deeds of charity had gone before him, no blessings of the poor would waft his soul to heaven. It was too late now for the amassing of such treasure, but he might yet do one deed of justice, which would lighten the awful reckoning to come. But how to suggest this without rousing the old anger and provoking the old refusal, Philip hardly knew. Yet he could not let the opening pass.

"Yes, it is hard," he said, in a tone charged with the deepest feeling. "But faith assures us that there is much beyond for one who believes and—repents."

"Faith!" repeated Mr. Thornton. "Ah! let me tell you that if a man has once relaxed his hold on faith he can not summon it back at will—not even though he be on his death-bed. I am certain of nothing, except that I must leave all that I see and know and possess, for—" [He paused, something like a spasm came over his face, his voice sank lower.] "If the things that I was taught and that you believe are true, for

what?" he asked, looking at the young man with an appealing glance.

It was a terrible question, but Philip dared not hesitate in his reply. He knelt down by the side of the bed, and took the sick man's hand. "For the judgment of God," he said. "There can be no doubt of that. But you have time to prepare for it. You can set your conscience in order, you can make restitution for any wrong that you have done, and you can find peace and forgiveness in the Sacraments which the Church offers you. My dear uncle, you have never renounced your religion, though you have long neglected it. Let me send at once for a priest."

The other shrank at that word. "A priest!" he exclaimed. "I do not wish to have anything to do with priests. They are—overbearing. Do you not think a man may have sincere repentance and be forgiven by God without a priest?"

"I should doubt," said Philip, gravely, "the sincerity of the repentance which refuses to approach God in the way that He has indicated as the way to approach Him. Repentance—sincere contrition—might be sufficient for one who did not know the way; but *you* know it."

Mr. Thornton uttered a sigh which was almost a groan. "If a priest come," he said, "he would exact too much."

Philip started. Had his uncle, then, more on his conscience than he suspected?

"Let us speak frankly," he answered—fortunately they were alone, Mr. Thornton having insisted on even the nurse leaving the room,— "I do not know what amount of restitution might be demanded of you, but if it were the half or the whole of your fortune, surely it would be well made to bring you peace of mind."

Mr. Thornton frowned. Even at this hour his pride rose. "It would not approach the half of my fortune," he said. "The mere money, you—none of you—would miss. But the acknowledgment—after all these years—that would be hard. See, Philip, might it not answer if I left in your hands the power to do whatever you thought right?"

Philip's heart leaped for an instant. Was it, then, to be his, the privilege of making restitution? But the next moment he saw that this was impossible.

"I do not think," he said, "that it would be the same thing. It would not be *your* act: it would be *my* casting, as it were, a reproach on your memory for what you had left undone. No, my dear uncle: let me implore you to do the thing yourself. If you meant in your kindness to leave me anything, take that for the purpose, and leave me nothing. I should be far happier in the thought that you had cleared your name and your conscience, than in the possession of any fortune you could give me."

The sick man seemed touched. His eyes softened as he looked at the pleading face bent over him. "You are not like most heirs," he said. "And this brings me to the chief thing for which I wanted to see you—for which I wanted to reach home. My will is not yet made, and there must be no further delay about it. Listen, Philip. If I do what you ask, for which you are so anxious, will you do what *I* ask, for which I am equally anxious—will you marry Constance?"

"Will I—marry Constance!" repeated Philip. His heart, which a moment before had leaped up so eagerly, seemed now to stand still. What could he say? To marry Constance meant to surrender all hope of happiness for himself. His whole nature cried out against it as impossible; yet even in the same moment he knew that it might be a thing to which he must submit—the costly sacrifice demanded of him to gain the end he had in view. A little before he would have said that he could not hesitate at anything to gain this end—to restore to the Percivals what was justly theirs; and, more, far more, to induce his uncle to cleanse his soul before going to meet his God. And now when the way by which this might be done was indicated to him, dared he hold back because his own happiness would suffer shipwreck? Some words of Alice Percival's when they had walked together the evening before, returned to his memory: "I am sure

that for a great end you could make even such a sacrifice as that." The occasion for sacrifice had come sooner than either could have dreamed, and should he prove that he was *not* capable of it? For what greater end could be imagined than to accomplish that for which they had both prayed?

"Well," said Mr. Thornton, looking at the pale face, which was an index of the struggle within, "how is it to be? I have no time to lose, you know."

Philip was well aware of that. The doctor had warned him that there should be no delay in whatever business had to be transacted. "I can answer for him to-day," he said, "but no longer." The decision, then, must be made at once. One short, sharp instant of longer combat, and then the young man spoke:

"Yes, I will do what you ask—I will marry Constance, if she will consent to marry me—if you will send for a priest, and make whatever restitution he holds to be just and necessary."

Mr. Thornton extended his hand. "You promise on your honor?" he said.

"I promise on my honor."

"Then send for a priest—I have no choice: whoever you please—and my lawyer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

With Staff and Scrip.

UNDER THE CRESCENT.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—STAMBOUL.—(Concluded.)

THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINE.—Constantine the Great surrounded his city with a wall thirteen miles in length, having eight-and-twenty gates and many a lofty tower. These walls still stand, tottering, and are wonderfully picturesque. In parts of the old fortifications you can see the breaches made by catapults and battering rams. Of all the gates, there are no two alike, and each has something of its own that is either beautiful or interesting. One of the pleas-

antest excursions about the City of the Sultan is the exploration of the walls and towers. There are cemeteries by the way, and mosques and a thousand *cafés* to beguile you. You may float under the walls in a *caïque*, for their very foundations are laid in the sea, on one side of the city; you may ride, or drive, or walk; you may have a distant view of the Mosque of Eyoob, where the Osmanli sultans gird on the sword of Osman. Eyoob was the standard-bearer and companion-in-arms of the Prophet, and was killed at the siege of Constantinople by the Arabs, A. D. 668. Mohammed II. having had the tomb of Eyoob revealed to him in a vision, the mosque and mausoleum were erected on the spot. They are far too holy for a Christian to enter, even in his stocking-feet; which is rather a pity, inasmuch as this mosque is one of the most magnificent of the many near the capital.

At the Greek Church, buried in one of the cypress groves, there are some miraculous fish, red on one side and brown on the other. These fish were in the frying-pan, perfectly resigned to fate, when Constantinople was taken. That was a little too much, and they leaped out of the frying-pan, browned on one side only. If you don't believe it, inquire at the Greek Church, and see these precocious wrigglers, swimming about in the fountain as gaily as if they were not well-done on one side and raw on the other.

At the Seven Towers, where the treasury was formerly kept, the walls are ponderous, and the interior of the court, which they enclose like some ancient garden, neglected and forlorn. There are stone stairways leading up to parapets, where the grass waves in the wind, and the poppies flutter their leaves like butterfly wings; where the huge, hollow towers are rent from top to bottom, but the vines that clasp them in their strong embrace keep the old fellows from falling. Trees force their way out of the crevices, and the place is alive with lizards. As quiet as a country dooryard in the sunshine, this ancient fortress was once the scene of con-

tinual slaughter, and there is hardly a stone in it but might mark the grave of some victim of tyranny or treachery, whose blood has stained this soil.

IN THE VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.—It is a long drive from Pera over the dusty hills to the Vale of the Sweet Waters; but on Friday afternoons the road is lined with carriages, and the groves on the banks of that pretty stream—the waters of which are worthily called sweet—resound to the music of many a mandolin and the gay laughter of women.

After mosque—the regular Friday duty of all Mussulmans is to say their prayers in state on that day—after prayers, the devout and the indifferent hasten to the Vale of the Sweet Waters, and give their souls to the luxury of life. The spectacle is both charming and unique; such a scene can only be imagined by the student of Eastern poetry; for it is one of the most joyous, brilliant, and picturesque that can be conceived of. It is a garden party, in carnival costume, held in the midst of green pastures, and beside still waters that rival those of the Vale of Cashmere.

As we drove into the mouth of the valley our road wound under luxuriant boughs dense with black shadows; on one hand a narrow stream flowed noiselessly; one shore was a bed of moss, the other a wilderness of foliage, through which even the birds might find it difficult to pass. White swans sailed up and down the stream; yellow leaves floated upon it; its waters were so clear and so tranquil that they appeared, even in the shadow, like a deep river of amber.

Deep in the valley there is a summer palace of the sultan. You see it in the midst of velvet lawns, among cypresses, and mimosas, and fountains—a cage of white and gold, such as might house the birds of paradise. Musters of peacocks cover the lawns, and strut about with their fan-tails spread, as proud as any Turk in the land. Some of these decorative but unmusical birds were posing on the pedestals and urns that stand in the garden—a highly effective but rather

theatrical display, for which the birds may be pardoned.

The stream broadens below the summer palace; the groves scatter themselves over the meadows on either side; a thousand *caïques* are in the water, crowding their way to and fro between the shores, laden with pleasure-seekers. The shores themselves absolutely swarm with women and children: it is their high holiday.

We enter one of the *caïques*, and seat ourselves cautiously in the bottom of it; nothing can be more uncomfortable or more insecure than these tottering, flat-bottomed, ill-balanced boats. The oarsman sits with his back to the bow, and is obliged to throw an eye over his shoulder every five seconds to avoid the possibility of a collision, and with this double duty on his hands he is certainly excusable for an occasional disaster. We had our bow stove in, and were drawn on shore as speedily as possible, to avoid being crushed in the immense throng of *caïques* that choked the stream for two or three miles, and rendered a cruise in the sweet waters far from enjoyable.

On the shore were multitudes of women wrapped in silks and satins of the brightest colors, and seated upon rich Persian carpets spread under the trees. These women were generally in groups of three or more, and were attended by Nubian slaves, who also wore the *yashmack* upon their faces, though they were as black as ebony.

Bands of singers, dancers, instrumentalists, magicians, snake-charmers, and storytellers wander up and down the shore, plying their trades and making the valley resound with the confusion of Babel. In every group the *nargileh* sent up its fragrant incense, and half the world seemed to be feeding upon honeyed fruits and drinking sherbet or *raki*. Doubtless this latter liquor flowed freely, for the tumult increased as the afternoon waned.

There were tents pitched in the smaller groves, and from these more reserved circles came gushing laughter, and the click of glasses, and the pretty patter of applauding kids. The Harem really *does* enjoy itself on

a Friday, even though that black giant of a eunuch is seated without the curtains of the tent.

The sojourner in Pera can touch the two extremes of Oriental enjoyment when he drifts over to Prinkipo of a sunny spring morning, and lounges in the semi-solitude of that slumberous isle, and when, weary of professional sight-seeing and of the hum of business in the Frank quarter of the town, he takes carriage or *caïque* and comes by land or sea to the Vale of the Sweet Waters, and enters for a moment into the spirit of the *fête*. Your practical Mohammedan goes hence to indulge his eyes with a vision of the joys to come; for is it not promised him who is faithful, a river and the flower of womanhood, together with meat and drink?

THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.—Somehow, one always gets back to the Bridge of Boats at the mouth of the Golden Horn, and perhaps there is nothing hereabout that is so delightful, and whose interest is so continuous. If the Styx were bridged, one might expect to find it no more crowded than this thoroughfare; and I doubt if a more motley multitude could be gathered together, even though it were personally conducted by Charon. I know that the costumes are bewildering; that one need never go farther to look for faces or figures; that the Ark, when it grounded on Mount Ararat, and poured forth its miscellaneous crew, could hardly have surpassed this Bridge of Boats in the infinite variety of its species.

Men and beasts travel together here. The way is lined with those itinerant bazaars that spread themselves at your feet and beguile you; but the next moment they are rolled together again, and borne away on the shoulders of the merchant, who doesn't seem in the least in earnest when he asks you to purchase his wares.

The fire brigade of this inflammable city is better than nothing; for it shows a willingness on the part of the authorities to afford the populace a cheap and perfectly harmless amusement, but that is about as much as it is capable of.

Constantinople is always in flames; it

has several times attracted the attention and the sympathy of the world, in consequence of the extent of its suffering. I had often wondered what means are taken to arrest the progress of so dangerous an element in a community that is perfectly at the mercy of it. At last my curiosity was gratified. Lounging on the bridge one day—listening to the delightful chant of a pair of sherbet-sellers, who went off every two minutes like a musical clock, and looking at the spectacular populace crowding to and fro—I heard an unusual commotion, and saw that a charge of half-naked infantry was cutting an avenue through the dense crowd. Then came five-and-twenty lusty fellows, who bore above their heads in triumph a small box—its size might have been two by four, and a couple of feet deep—with a garden hose-pump attached. If it were the Ark of the Covenant being hurried away to the mountains it could hardly have created more sensation in the bosom of the Constantinopolitan. The ten tribes leaped for joy; all the nations sang together. I joined the chorus, for it was impossible not to be infected by such universal enthusiasm.

On came another, and another, and yet another caravan, bearing its trophy aloft, and shouting the battle-cry of something which I was unable to interpret. It seemed to me that hundreds of these machines were hurried over the bridge. Some of them were returning at a moderate pace long before the procession was over. The companies saluted one another in great glee, and the enthusiasm of the hour was in nowise abated.

At last I asked what was the meaning of this extraordinary demonstration. It might have been a race of the youths of Turkey; or happy souls bearing tribute to the happy sultan of the unhappy Empire; but it was not. It was only the fire department of Constantinople on active duty; and the wonder is that there is a sole survivor capable of telling the tale, or a solitary stone left standing upon a stone on the hills of the Bosphorus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Office Divine.

Aperi Domine os meum ad benedicendum Nomen sanctum tuum.

VEILÉD nuns, who kneel in your choir!
O cowléd monks, who chant in the stall!
O lonely priests in your silent room!
O prelates in purple or scarlet,—all!
O *all* who the Office Divine recite!
Can you reach to your task's sublimest height?

The swinging globe in its dazzling flight
Rolls on to the tones of that *Matin* song;
The echoes blend in their glorious might
With the *Lauds* eternal chiming along;
Perpetual dawn on the world's great face
Wakes the psalmody grand in a new-born place.

And the *Little Hours*, tone after tone,
The earth takes up in a chorus grand,
And her tongues and races, speaking as one,
Shout the canticles forth over sea and land;
And a zone of praise from her confines fair
Clasps His Church to Christ in a mighty prayer.

The soft, bright stars of perpetual eve
Perpetual Vespers ever greet,
And eternal Compline rising to God
Fills the Elders' censers with odors sweet;
And endless choirs, in glad refrain,
Bear on through Heaven the lofty strain.

O *Mater Ecclesia!* Mother benign!
Rise up forever and sing thy love—
Thy wondrous Office—thy Psalms divine;
Mount up and blend with the songs above,—
With the "harpers harping before the throne,"
In the music no mortal ear hath known.

MERCEDES.

LOOK not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present,—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

THE golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

The Holy Man of Tours.

THERE is an impression among some that M. Dupont, the "Holy Man of Tours," was a clergyman. This is a mistake: he was a laic, and his example adds another to the long list of eminent laymen, who have illustrated the true spirit of our holy religion by lives of earnest zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice for the good of their fellowmen; thus showing what may be done by lay people, and encouraging others to imitate their example.

M. Dupont belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, and in his youth was of a gay and lively disposition—fond of excitement and pleasure, spending his abundant means lavishly, and, without disregarding the essential requirements of a Christian life, frequenting eagerly the fashionable *salons* of the great world of that time. Accidentally thrown in company with certain members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who were enjoying a gala day with some young chimney-sweeps whom they had under their care, he felt an attraction for that work, and asked the privilege of participating in it; and from this incident he dated his conversion. "Suddenly," he wrote afterwards, "a ray of light shone upon me, and made me realize the importance of the Christian life, and of attending to the indispensable affair of salvation. But it was necessary that grace should intervene." This grace intervened in good time, and transformed him into a most earnest, devout, and zealous servant of God and of his neighbor.

Devotion to his lonely mother, who had lost all her other children, and who needed his protection, prevented his entering the ecclesiastical state. He was appointed councillor in the royal court of Martinique, where the family resided, and when thirty years old he married a noble young lady, whose qualities and virtues fitted her in every way to be a helpmate for him. She was suddenly torn from him by death, leaving one child—a daughter, who grew to be a

beautiful young lady. To perfect the education of this daughter, he removed from Martinique to Tours, in France, which was destined henceforth to be the scene of his extraordinary labors in the special field to which Divine Providence had called him.

Having settled in his new home, and arranged with the superioress of the Ursulines for the education of his daughter, M. Dupont again thought seriously of embracing the ecclesiastical state. He was dissuaded from taking this step by his confessor and the superioress of the convent, who both assured him he could do more good by remaining in the world. From that time he occupied himself in all manner of good works, and so unusual was it for a young man of aristocratic birth, great wealth, and brilliant prospects to be decidedly and openly Christian, that his conduct produced a great sensation in the city. He was not only active in promoting every good work, but he strove with all his might to abate the public disorders caused by the vices and loose conduct of the age. Sometimes the sight of certain scandals inflamed his zeal, and led him to acts of vigor to which the people of Tours were little accustomed. One day, as he was passing along the street, he saw an immodest picture exposed at the door of a shop; on the impulse of the moment he stopped, thrust his foot through the canvas, and paid the price demanded by the owner, on condition that he would never again display such pictures to public view.

Blasphemy particularly excited his grief and indignation. He was travelling one day on the top of a diligence, seated by the side of the driver. The latter, suddenly yielding to an unfortunate habit, uttered an oath. M. Dupont instantly dealt him a vigorous blow in the face. Surprised and indignant, the man stopped his horse, and demanded an explanation of the insult. "Unhappy man," replied M. Dupont, with authority, "it is you who have insulted me. You have outraged my Father! Who gives you the right to insult my Father in this manner?" "Your Father!" said the blasphemer, as

much astonished by the words as by the blow. "Yes," said M. Dupont; "God is my Father and your Father. Why do you outrage Him as you have just done?" Then, with the eloquence of the heart, he made him comprehend how unworthy of a Christian it was to thus outrage his God. The man, confused and ashamed, confessed his bad habit, and promised to correct it.

So great was M. Dupont's abhorrence of the sin of blasphemy, that in establishing the devotion to the Holy Face—which has since become so widely practised—he made it a special feature of that devotion to make reparation to Almighty God for the blasphemies of thoughtless and wicked men.

The greatest blow of his life was the death of his beautiful and accomplished daughter. On a visit to Paris, this cherished child had expressed a strong desire to witness some play at the theatre. So impressed was her fond father with the danger and allurements of the world, that he prayed to God that, rather than allow his daughter to be captivated by them, He would call her to Himself. Our Lord seemed to take him at his word. The young girl became ill and died; and we know of nothing more touching and at the same time more beautiful than the death-bed scene, as sketched by M. Dupont's biographer. When she had received the Holy Viaticum, the father, who had been on his knees praying with fervor, rose, and, taking the hand of the dying girl, said to her. "Now, my daughter, you have received many graces; are you content?" "Yes, papa." "Do you regret anything on earth?" "Yes, papa." "What is it, dear?" "To leave you." "No, my child, that should be no cause of regret. You will not leave me—we shall not be separated: God is everywhere. You will be with Him in heaven, and you will see Him. I shall pray to Him here, and through Him I shall be with you. Two walls separate us at this moment; yours is about to fall, mine will one day fall also. We shall then be united forever." All present were in tears, and could not help admiring the heroic, Christian fortitude which enabled M. Dupont to

triumph over the natural tenderness of the parent.

The devotion to the Holy Face, with which M. Dupont was principally occupied during his life, and which he was instrumental in propagating extensively in many countries, was really inaugurated by a nun, within the Carmel cloister of Tours—Sister Marie St. Pierre—whom God chose for the purpose of establishing a Confraternity with special reference to the work of reparation for blasphemies and the profanation of Sundays and holydays. Intimately associated with this holy nun, M. Dupont saw, from the first, the great importance of this devotion, became deeply interested in it, and finally, with the permission of his superiors, opened a chapel in his own splendid mansion, procured a fine authentic copy of the Holy Face from the Veil of Veronica preserved in the Vatican at Rome, had it framed and placed upon the altar in his chapel, and kept a lamp perpetually burning before it.

One day a lady called to see M. Dupont on business. He invited her to pray before the Holy Face while he attended to the object of her visit. She was suffering very much from a malady of the eyes, and profited by the opportunity to ask for a cure. The servant of God knelt by her side, and they prayed together. On rising he said: "Put some oil from the lamp on your eyes." She dipped her finger in the oil and rubbed it on her eyes; as she turned she exclaimed, in astonishment, "They no longer pain me!" She was instantly cured. And from that time began a series of striking miracles, which spread the fame of the Holy Man of Tours throughout the world, and brought thousands of applications, both in person and by letter, asking for his prayers, and for some of the oil from the lamp before the Holy Face, which was the ordinary medium through which the miracles were performed. The oil was put into small vials, and it is said that the number of packages which he sent to all parts of France, and, indeed, throughout the world, was estimated at nearly 2,000,000.

For twenty years did this holy man dispense the extraordinary favors vouchsafed in answer to his prayers, and the amount of good which he did will be known only in eternity. It was especially as a work of reparation for the blasphemies of men that M. Dupont esteemed and recommended the devotion of the Holy Face. It had been revealed to the holy nun, Marie St. Pierre, that by applying one's self to the reparation of blasphemy one rendered to Our Lord the same service that the pious Veronica did when she compassionately wiped His Face, all covered with sweat and Blood, on His way to Calvary; and that Our Lord will regard those who thus honor Him with the same favor that He did that holy woman. "In proportion," said Our Lord to Sister St. Pierre, "to the care you take to repair the injuries inflicted on My Face by blasphemies, I will in like manner take care of yours, which has been disfigured by sin; I will renew upon it My image, and render it as beautiful as when it issued from the waters of baptism."

Who would not be willing to use all his endeavors not only to be careful of his own language, but also to induce all with whom he may be associated, and over whom he may have influence, to abhor and forever abandon the awful and disgraceful sin of blasphemy?

To the Blessed Virgin Mary.

[The following is a translation of a poem contained in an appendix to the poetical works of the Holy Father, recently issued from the Vatican Press.]

I.

Then Beelzebub himself,
Where furious burns the horrid rage of war,
With aspect fierce, forth belches from the depths
The dismal monsters of his dark abode.
Oh! quickly, bounteous Virgin! quickly bear
Needed assistance to my failing strength,
And with new courage gird my reeling limbs.
I pray Thee, O benignant Virgin! crush
With Thy subduing foot the serpent's head,

Who, with wide op'ning mouth and venom'd fangs,
Essays his reeking path of strife and blood
With you, sweet Virgin, as my guide and friend,
I'll do dread battle in the glorious cause,
And dare, with willing hands, aloft to raise
The dazzling ensign of the Truth and Right.
With you, sweet Virgin, as my guide and friend,
The foul and loathsome crew, with conquering sword,
I'll put to rout.

II.

"Hail, Virgin Queen! Hail, pious Mother!
Hail!"
How sweetly do those words sing in mine ear!
To me Thy holy Name, all fraught with hope,
Chaste love doth bring and visions of delight.
In misery's depths Thou art my guiding Star;
My soul, if tortured by devouring wants,
Doth sadly feel the anxious weight of woe;
If constant grief doth frequent press Thy son,
Him, bounteous Virgin, in Thy bosom clasp,
And kindly cherish with a mother's love.
And when, with rapid touch, Death's seal shall glaze
His weary eyes, and shut the world from view,
Close Thou them softly with Thy gentle hand,
And to the throne of God his fleeting soul,
O Heavenly Queen! restore.

WM. W. FITZMAURICE.

Favors of Our Queen.

A SUDDEN AND EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

THE parish priest of Monasterolo del Castello (Bergamo), Italy, writes as follows, under date July 21, 1886, of the remarkable cure of one of his parishioners, whose death was momentarily expected:

One of my parishioners, named Catherine Meli, was, to her great regret, obliged to leave the convent on account of ill health. She was ill four years, and was confined to her bed for the last three. Doctors were consulted, and no means left untried; but she gradually became weaker, and at last

could retain no nourishment, and during four months life was sustained by an occasional spoonful of milk and water.

Towards the end of last June her death was hourly expected, and she received Extreme Unction. Her resignation and readiness to die were most edifying; her only grief being that she could not receive Our Lord in the Holy Viaticum, as she was unable to swallow.

The Novena in preparation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart was just beginning; and she, with the nuns and some of her friends, resolved to offer it for the grace of being able to receive the Holy Viaticum, through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and the Ven. M. Teresa Eustochio Verzeri, Foundress of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart.

During the Novena she became worse and worse, and seemed at the last gasp. On the 2d of July, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, early in the morning, full of confidence, she asked for some coffee. But she could not swallow it. "Ah! see," she cried, "Our Lord will make me wait a little longer." At 10 o'clock a.m. she asked again for coffee, with a little bread; and, wonderful to relate, was able easily to swallow and retain it. A little later she took more food without difficulty, and even with appetite. "Ah! now," she said to those around her—"now I shall be able to receive the Holy Viaticum, and I shall die happy!"

Soon after this she became sleepy, and her mother left her alone: the rest we must tell nearly in her own words: "I had hardly fallen asleep, when I seemed to feel something painful taken away from my ulcerated throat and stomach; and at the same moment a gentle voice repeated three times: 'Get up, and go down stairs.' I awoke, and looked round to see who had spoken, but there was no one. I tried to rise; and, though previously it had required both mother and sister to lift me up even a little, now I found no difficulty in getting up, dressing myself, and leaving my room. The astonishment of my family, and of the friends who were in the courtyard, when

they saw me in the balcony, can not be imagined."

It is now three weeks since, and Catherine Meli continues well, rises early, has a good appetite, and goes about her daily work. No one can deny these facts, and I subjoin the declaration of the doctor who attended her.

PIETRO AGGOLA, P. P.

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

Catherine Meli, daughter of Bernardo and Maria Zambetti, aged twenty-two, dwelling here, ill for three years, and for more than a year under the care of the undersigned, suffered from neuralgia, loss of blood, epileptic convulsions, erysipelas, diarrhoea, and other ailments; no organ or function of her body was free from disorder. No expense, trouble or remedy was spared for the poor young woman, but all were useless; indeed, her sufferings increased from day to day, so that on the 2d of July her death was momentarily expected by all. She fell asleep, and after a few moments she awoke, and found herself free from all infirmity; her long lost strength came back to her as if by magic, and she was able to get up, to dress herself unassisted, and go down to join her family in the courtyard.

The undersigned declares that what is related above is the pure truth, and is ready to confirm it on oath.

DR. GIOVANNI GIORGI, Physician in charge.
Monasterolo del Castello, July 25, 1886.

Witness as to the truth of the above signature,

[Signed]

GIUDICI, Syndic.

The Pope at Home.

The Court and Society Review.

THE Pope, the papers to the contrary notwithstanding, enjoys perfectly good health. It is true that he has been suffering this Winter from rheumatism and general weakness; but, though these ailments have afflicted him for many years, they have not increased. Leo XIII. has frequently assured me that he is now stronger and better in health than before he was Pope. When Archbishop of Perugia, he was often suffering, and obliged to remain in bed for some weeks at a time.

Since he came to the throne he has not passed two consecutive days in bed; and, when you consider his age (76), and the amazing amount of work he does, this is truly wonderful. He is not nearly so tall as he looks, but he is so very thin that he seems almost a giant. His head is extremely small, but his brow most intellectual; he has a large nose, and vivacious coal-black eyes; his mouth, which is very wide, is curious and full of character; his hands are small and shapely. In manner he is winning and courteous; eager to please, and so good-natured and affable that it is with difficulty you can get a chance to kiss his hand. At what is called a private audience, he will put his hand familiarly on your shoulder or link his arm in yours, and walk you up and down the room, showing you his pictures and curios with the utmost *bonhomie*.

He talks very good French; but there is something about him which is awe-striking—almost terrible. Sometimes a light flashes across his face which fairly transfigures him. Whilst I was with him recently, he received a paper, and read it swiftly. What it contained I know not; it evidently pleased him, for he looked radiant with pleasure; but, instead of giving it to the attendant Cardinal to read, he put it in his breast, and, smiling in the most amiable manner, rejoined the group in which I stood. To the poorer people about the court, the guards and servants, he is kindness itself; and he is prompt to relieve suffering whenever he hears of it.

Leo XIII. is a learned man as well as a statesman: his literary style is purely classical, and he writes Latin which, in these days, it would be difficult to rival. He rises at six, says Mass, and reads his devotions until seven, when he breakfasts on coffee and dry bread; he then works at his letters until noon; then he takes what you English would call his "luncheon." An hour is next devoted to exercise in the gardens of the Vatican; but if it rains, the Pontiff walks in the library or in the Loggia of Raphael, frequently pausing to admire the paintings, for he is a great connoisseur of art. From two to three, ambassadors, diplomatists, and other distinguished visitors are received. At half past three the Pope re-enters his study, and is seen no more until next morning, except by certain privileged persons and officials.

At seven he dines, and sometimes after-

wards plays chess, but very rarely; for he will often spend the night in prayer, or in writing letters, or in correcting his encyclicals. His faithful valet has frequently found him in the morning fast asleep in his chair. He had not been to bed or changed his garments, and had passed the night writing until he had fallen asleep, exhausted, over his work. The wonder to everybody is how he manages to do so much. It seems superhuman. His memory is marvellous, and his knowledge of European political affairs very extensive. He reads all sorts of newspapers, and is extremely sensible of the power of the press. Above all things he is moderate and prudent in his views. "I always strive to be just," said he the other day; "and especially so to my enemies." The vast responsibility which weighs upon him he appreciates fully, and even fears. "There are many things I should like to do, but I dare not—the responsibility is too great."

The simplicity of his life is such that it does not cost him more than six francs a day for his personal expenses. He rarely partakes of more than one dish at a meal, and only drinks a very little common wine of the country, mixed with water. He is scrupulously neat in his person, and his white robe is like snow—spotless. As usual with most Italian priests, he takes snuff, but not to excess. He is very fond of children and young people, and is popular with them; but he also enjoys the conversation of learned persons, and when any celebrated scientist or literary man obtains an interview, it is frequently prolonged beyond the ordinary limits, in order to give the Pope an opportunity of enjoying what to him is a great treat—an intellectual chat. Taking him all in all, Leo XIII. is one of the most extraordinary men of the age, and well worthy of his great station, and the universal respect in which he is held.

Even as Archbishop of Perugia, the present Pope was renowned as a scholar, and had published thirty-five volumes on almost every conceivable subject. He is proud of his Latin, and has caused, as everybody knows, costly publications of his beautiful "*Carmina*" to be printed, and bound in the white vellum peculiar to Rome, as presents to the leading sovereigns and statesmen of Europe.

Although the position of Pope is great and exalted, nevertheless it is extremely monotonous; and its monotony is increased now by

the fact that his Holiness has elected to remain in the Vatican, and is never likely to leave it alive. Many, especially in England, wonder at his self-imposed imprisonment; but those who live in Rome can easily understand that it is a wise and prudent policy. The city is passing through a complete transformation, and is full of roughs from all parts of the country, who might easily be prevailed upon by the demagogues, who are working them for their own purposes, to insult and even injure him.

You doubtless remember the disgraceful scenes which occurred on the night when Pius IX.'s remains were removed to his last resting-place at San Lorenzo. Well, if such was the reception accorded to the body of the dead Pope, what, asks Leo XIII., might not occur to the living? Again, if the Catholics were too demonstrative in their mode of receiving his Holiness, it might be interpreted by the Liberals in a wrong sense, and lead to a counter demonstration, alike painful to the Pope and dangerous to the occupants of the Quirinal. Thus, although many would wish to see the once familiar gilded coach, with the Papal arms and the white-clad figure of the Pontiff inside, passing through the streets of Rome, it is perhaps best that they should not do so, and that, until the storm passes over, the Holy Father should remain quietly in his glorious palace and gardens, where he is safe from the zeal of friends and the malice of foes.

Catholic Notes.

Although the sanctuary of La Salette has been of late years somewhat neglected for that of Lourdes, yet numbers of pilgrims from the surrounding country are still faithful to the hallowed spot, where Our Lady appeared on the 19th of September, 1846. In the beginning of last month a pilgrimage came from the Diocese of Chambéry. It was composed of six hundred persons, who followed the ceremonies with edifying piety; among them was a father with his little girl of eight years, a cripple from her birth, whose cure he implored through the intercession of Notre-Dame de la Salette. Rev. Père Camille, director of the pilgrimage, excited the faith of his hearers by a few burning words: "Let us," he said, "unite our prayers to his, that Our Lady

may look down on this poor paralyzed child, and restore to her the use of her limbs, while her father plunges her feet into the piscina." All the pilgrims, with outstretched arms, joined the devout priest in reciting five *Paters* and five *Aves*; to this they added an act of contrition, to beg of God the forgiveness of their sins, that their prayers might be purer, and touch more efficaciously the compassionate Heart of Mary; then followed the Litany of Loretto. All eyes were fixed on the poor child, and all hearts were beating with fear and hope. Suddenly the father, with an inspiration of the faith that moves mountains, laid the two crutches of the little cripple at the feet of the statue, and then lifted the child out of the piscina. What was the poor man's joy at seeing his little daughter stand upright for the first time in her life! He took her by the hand, and she walked, barefooted, up the thirty-two steps leading from the fountain to the spot of the apparition, thence to the Basilica, where she knelt with her overjoyed parent in thanksgiving before the high altar. The child had never walked before, and had even never been able to stand on her feet. At the sight of such a marvel, every eye was moist with tears of joy, and cries of "*Vive Notre-Dame de la Salette!*" mingled with the chant of the *Magnificat*.

Perhaps the most devotional image of the Blessed Virgin to be seen in the whole world is the exquisite marble group of the Madonna holding Her Divine Infant in Her arms, with adoring angels around, which forms the *chef-d'œuvre* of Benedetto da Majano, over the tomb of the celebrated patrician Philip Strozzi, in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. It is a work of the 15th century. It was in this church that Mother Seton, while still a Protestant, received some of her strongest Catholic impressions, which led ultimately to her conversion; and it is a singular coincidence that the Count Strozzi of our day is the husband of one of her connections by marriage.

Devotion to the Holy Face seems to be spreading rapidly in this country. It is a most important devotion, abounding in graces, and fruitful of good works. A very interesting sketch of the life and work of M. Dupont, better known as the Holy Man of Tours, who was principally instrumental in establishing

the devotion, has been published; and, as there is an increasing desire to learn something of this history, we have thought it would be appropriate to give another brief biography of him in our columns; we do so this week, recommending all who are interested in the subject to procure and read the Life to which we allude.

The *Catholic Universe* quotes the following extract from an article on Oratorios, by the Rev H. R. Haweis, one of the leading clergymen of the Broad Church party in the Anglican Establishment:

"The great Roman Church, when she had the whole world before her, had this merit—that she was the home of the people. Her aisles were refuges, her vestibules were schools, her altars were asylums; her walls flamed with parable, her windows with allegory; her services were full of terror and joy; her pulpits rang with prophecy, her choirs with praise. Men could not do without her, could not keep away from her—patient confessor, sister of mercy, mother of consolation!"

The late celebrated Professor Vincenzi, of the Accademia Ecclesiastica in Rome, used to speak with enthusiasm of the piety and learning of Cardinal Manning, whom he had seen there as a student after his conversion. The Professor often heard him say that he had gone carefully through all the Fathers, but found the turning-point in his conversion in the writings of St. Leo the Great; there he discovered clearly the doctrine and practice of Papal Supremacy.

A good Christian should be guarded, correct, and pious in speech, for "In the multitude of words sin shall not be wanting; but he that refraineth his lips is most wise." (Prov., x., 19.) Beautiful, indeed, are the chapters in the Following of Christ on avoiding too great freedom in conversation, and on guarding against superfluity in words. How touchingly the devout author says, "I wish I had many times held my peace in company, and that I had not been in it!" Here is a good rule in rhyme:

If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak; to whom you speak;
And how, and when, and where.

The Abbé Ravaille, Rector of St. Thomas Aquin, Paris, has presented to the Rodez

Museum the bone of the right arm of Bayard, the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The gift was accompanied with documents proving its genuineness.

An edifying instance of the blessing that accompanies the use of the sign of our salvation came under our observation not long since. Several Catholic ladies were spending a few weeks at a boarding-house at Atlantic City, and they did not neglect to ask a silent blessing or to give thanks before and after each meal. A young colored girl, who had never received any religious instructions, waited upon them at table; and her astonishment was great at seeing all these ladies, who were strangers to one another, make the Sign of the Cross at the commencement and conclusion of each meal. At night when she returned home she asked an explanation of her mother, but that poor woman was as ignorant as her daughter as to what this strange custom could mean. Finally, not being able longer to restrain her curiosity, and constantly observing the repetition of the mysterious sign, she ventured to inquire its meaning of one of the ladies. The young lady to whom she applied for information was an ardent convert to our holy Church and a Child of Mary. She was but too happy to give the desired explanation of the use of the sacred symbol, and the girl was so impressed by her words as to desire to become a Catholic. Her instruction was at once commenced, but as the short stay at the seaside of Miss S— did not permit the full preparation which was necessary, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart assumed the delightful task, and were exceedingly edified by the excellent dispositions with which the convert received baptism, and made her First Communion. The girl has become an earnest Catholic, having thus been led into the True Fold by the glorious beacon-light of the Sign of the Cross.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

The promptness—holy eagerness—and generosity with which our readers have responded to the appeal for Father Damien is beyond praise, and we have been greatly edified by the perusal of their pious letters. What faith and charity they breathe! May God reward it! The apostle of the lepers will offer grateful prayers for his benefactors. The notice had hardly been published when \$5 was

received from "A Client of St. Anthony," in Chicago; the next mail brought another contribution of the same amount from Boston,— "the offering of the family of J. F. D." The following amounts came later, but all within the week:

"I," Philadelphia, \$5; A Child of Mary. Philadelphia, \$2; James P. Cummings, \$5; Catharine Doye, \$2; A Friend, New Haven, Conn., 50 cts.; M. Hanley, \$5; Mrs. Rose Moreland, \$5; Annie and Helen Crosson, \$2; Miss McDermott, \$1; B. T. Meyer, \$1; Eliza Hagerty, \$2; Mrs. Nora Kelliher, \$1; Miss Mary Leddy, \$1; Miss Hannah Buckley, \$1; Miss Mary Buckley, \$2; Sarah Fanning, \$1; D. P., Cincinnati, \$1; Mrs. Hogan and M. Schofield, \$5; "For Love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," \$5; Marie Esther Fleming, \$1; Maria Pia, \$1; Annie Smith, \$10; Mrs. Denis Walsh, \$2; Norre Pilon, \$5; "A Child of Mary's mite," \$1; Mary Keady, \$1; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," who asks the prayers of Father Damien for the conversion of her brothers, \$2; Mrs. W. Concannon, \$2; Maurice and Mary Gannon, \$1; through Very Rev. A. Granger, C.S.C., \$3 (friends, Mauch Chunk, Pa. \$2; S. J. M. G., \$1); A Family's offering, Osage Mission, Kansas, \$2; Marie Aloysia Squire (a little convert), \$10; a mother and daughter, \$10; J. McLaughlin, 80 cts.; Mrs. Roberta E. Shriver, \$2; J. J. W., Trenton, N. J., \$5; "A Widow's Mite," \$1; "Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," \$5; Mrs. B. Casey, \$1; J. M. Kilday, \$1; Mrs. Mary Kilday, \$1; A Friend, \$1; Miss Annie C. Kilday, \$1; A friend, asking prayers for a young man, \$5.

We regret exceedingly not to be able to present to our readers this week the usual instalment of "Palms." Extra space will be devoted to it in next issue.

New Publications.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE: THE STRENGTH AND DISCIPLINE OF THE SOUL. A Course of Lectures. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

With genuine pleasure we took up this latest work of the learned and saintly Bishop of Birmingham, knowing that a rich treat was in store for us. We were sensibly moved by the truly affectionate dedication to his old friend, Cardinal Newman, whose first public appearance as a Catholic was at Bishop Ullathorne's consecration, forty years ago. How different is the status of Catholics to-day in the land both love so well! God alone knows how much they have contributed, by pen and

voice and holy life, to make known, respected, and loved, the fair "Bride of Christ"—the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of God, not only among their own countrymen, but the world over. Naturally both are nearing the time when they will be called to receive the reward "exceedingly great" promised to those who "have fought the good fight, and kept the faith."

We can not suppress the sadness that comes upon us when reflecting that the pen of the great English Cardinal is all but powerless, and now his old and faithful friend tells us in his dedication that this is the last work of any importance that he shall ever write. But their trials and their triumphs, their words and their works, and above all the example of well-nigh every virtue, will be embalmed in the memory of generations yet to come. "The memory of him (the wise man) shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the Church shall show forth his praise." (Eccl., xxxix., 13, 14)

The book before us contains twelve lectures on "Christian Patience, as being the positive strength and disciplinary power of the soul." And no one who knows the well-established reputation of the author, will for a moment doubt that he has ably and exhaustively dealt with that virtue "which gives strength and discipline to all the mental and moral powers, and perfection to all the virtues." Very few there are who think Christian patience to be so far-reaching, so intimately bound up with the growth, development, and perfection of the other virtues; but a careful perusal of this book will enable them to realize, as never before, the transcendent importance of the virtue of patience in the spiritual life.

HENRY GRATTAN. A Historical Study. By John George MacCarthy. Third Edition. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., 104 Grafton Street. London: Simpkins, Marshall & Co.

"Let us seek truth, not ammunition for party warfare." This is a sentence in the introduction of this slim volume, which sets forth in four chapters the story of one of Ireland's great men. Surely no better spirit was ever brought to the study of history. The result is very satisfactory. Though short, the study is a clear and forcible one, and its brevity is a great argument in its favor. Any man has

time to read it, and any man may carry away from it facts that will serve to make him better acquainted with Ireland—an acquaintance very much needed at present. The Irish question is consuming a vast amount of time, is causing a vast amount of heart-burning, and it is worthy of it all. The misfortune is that such questions are not fully understood as a whole, and most persons take but little pains to add to their knowledge.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH; or Considerations on the Eternal Truths. The Way of Salvation and Perfection. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Centenary Edition, Vols. I. and II. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

This new edition of the ascetical works of St. Alphonsus is intended to commemorate the first hundredth anniversary of his death, which occurred on the 1st of August, 1787. It will comprise eighteen volumes—each complete in itself, and to be had separately—and be known as the Centenary Edition. It would be quite superfluous to speak of the excellence of the spiritual writings of St. Liguori—books which have converted and sanctified souls everywhere, and which our Holy Father Leo XIII. declares "should be found in the hands of all." We have only to observe that the editor's task thus far has been creditably performed, and to express the hope that the Centenary Edition of St. Liguori's works will be a very great success.

DEVOTION OF REPARATION TO THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, for the Insults and Indignities Offered It, and to Prevent Blasphemies and the Profanation of Holydays. Published with the Approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Price, 5 cents.

This little volume is a condensed edition of the larger and fuller work on the same subject, which we noticed some months ago. It will be very welcome to many, who have so entered into the spirit of this devotion as to find the greatest help and comfort in the prayers and devotions there set forth. It is another of those handy-volumes which may be carried in the pocket, until the prayers and thoughts have become so familiar by momentary glances, that a book is no longer needed to make use of them before the altar.

GERMAN CLASSICS FOR AMERICAN STUDENTS. Vol. V. Schiller's *Ausgewählte Briefe*. Selected and Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by Pauline Buchheim. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. Price, \$1.

To the student of German literature this little volume of 206 pages will be quite an acquisition. It gives an insight into Schiller's own character, and his criticisms of the celebrated men of his day and country are of great value and interest. The notes at the end of the volume are also serviceable, as revealing the circumstances under which the letters were written.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Peter W. Brannan, a worthy young priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, whose death occurred at South Bethlehem, Pa., on the 11th inst.

The Rev. Dr. Faure, of the Diocese of Buffalo, rector of St. Peter's Church in that city. He was held in high regard by priests and people.

The Rev. Richard Donnelly, the beloved rector of St. Joseph's Church, Medford, Mass., who breathed his last on the 7th inst.

Sister Mary of St. Thecla and Sister Mary of St. Walburga, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who peacefully departed this life, the former on the 30th ult., the latter on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Mary M. Tiebens, of Louisville, Ky., who died the death of the just, on the 1st inst. Her memory is in benediction by all who knew her.

Mr. Patrick Conor, a prominent and highly respected resident of Janesville, Wis., whose demise took place on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Nellie Killion, a fervent Child of Mary, who yielded her soul to God at New Haven, Conn., on the 2d inst.

Miss Catharine Heikey, of New Brunswick, N. J., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 5th inst.

Mrs. Mary Beck, of Green Bay, Wis., who passed away in the dispositions of a true Catholic on the 24th ult.

Sisters M. Bernard and M. Hilda, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Mr. Michael Murphy, of New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Catharine Taylor, and Mrs. Ellen Brennan, New Haven, Conn.; Henry S. O'Brien, La Salle, N. Y.; Mrs. M. A. Hayes, Mayglass, Co. Wexford, Ireland; and Thomas Bexter, Shingle Springs, Cal.

May they rest in peace!



A Story of the Madonna of the Chair.

John and Eddie Moore were merry little boys of four and five at the time my story opens. They were a source of great anxiety to their poor mother; for not a day passed that they did not narrowly escape danger to life or limb. But, with all their restlessness, they were good children. They had already been taught to love God and His Blessed Mother, and to fear displeasing them. When they did anything wrong their mother would say: "The Blessed Virgin is displeased with you." Then they would run under a table, or to some such hiding-place, to escape a supposed reproachful look from the picture (Our Lady of the Chair) which hung over the fireplace.

Being allowed to kiss this picture was a privilege they enjoyed when they had been very good, and it was always an object of special devotion. One day the little fellows were left alone by some circumstance, and they availed themselves of this opportunity to make a stage to reach Our Blessed Mother's picture. They drew two rickety stools to the fireside, and both climbed up, each trying to have the first kiss. John, being the elder, and much stronger than his brother, succeeded in mounting first; but, alas! when he was just getting the coveted kiss the stools slipped, and he fell into the midst of a blazing fire. The frightened screams of the children brought in their mother, who found poor John lying on the floor, some yards from the fire. His little garments were burned almost to ashes; but what was the poor mother's surprise and delight to find that the child was not in the least injured!

As soon as she succeeded in quieting the little ones, Mrs. Moore asked Eddie how he managed to get his big brother out of

the fire. He answered that he tried to pull him out, but could not, and then the Blessed Virgin came down and did it for him. The simple candor with which both children told this strange story convinced the pious mother that Our Lady had indeed saved the little fellow from the flames.*

Soon after this event it became evident that Eddie was not long for this world: he pined away, and went home to heaven before he had completed his seventh year. John grew to be a strong, sturdy boy, and gave promise of a brilliant future; but, alas! he was destined to cause many a pang to his poor parents before he realized their hopes.

At sixteen he began to show a wayward disposition, and his father, anxious to have him brought under discipline, sent him to college, from which he was soon expelled for breaking the rules. A temporary improvement resulted from this: he dreaded his father's anger, so he became penitent, and made resolves of good behavior for the future. Later on, when he had proved to some degree the sincerity of his promises, he was sent to the University at C—, to study for the bar. This was the object of the father's ambition, while it was also the long-cherished wish of John; and, it must be said, though he was an only son, it cost his parents many sacrifices to give him the education required for his profession.

For some time after the young man's departure all went well. His letters home were satisfactory, and there was apparently no cause for apprehension; but after a few months he became careless, and at length ceased to write altogether.

Matters stood thus when one morning notice came from the college to the effect that John had been absent from the lectures for some time, and, on being inquired after, was found to have disappeared. The grief of the poor parents may well be imagined. Tidings of him were sought far and near, but to no purpose, and as time wore on they learned to resign themselves to the holy will of God in their bereavement.

* An actual occurrence.

Fifteen weary years had passed away, and yet no news of the prodigal. "He must be long since dead," the poor father said. "If he were living he would have written some time or other; and what a consolation it would be if we had the certainty that he died a happy death!" "Never fear," the mother replied, confidently; "Our Lady always watched over him, and still continues to do so, I am sure. I feel She will obtain for us the consolation of seeing him before we die." The father sighed despondingly.

A few days later Mr. Moore dropped the newspaper he had been reading, saying: "A strange feeling came over me when looking through the promotions in the army. A young officer named John Moore, who distinguished himself in the late war, was promoted from the rank of captain to that of major. Could it be our John, I wondered! But, alas! it was only a father's fancy, too good to be true." So thought Mrs. Moore also, but she was silent on the matter.

One chill November evening the lonely parents were sitting by the parlor fire. There was no light in the room save what a blazing fire shed on the two aged figures. Mr. Moore had fallen asleep over his newspaper, and his wife sat opposite, plying her knitting needles. After a while she quietly rose to procure a light, but hearing a noise in the hall she turned to close the door. A tall, military-looking figure met her view. She approached to inquire what business the strange visitor had with her at so late an hour, but suddenly she stopped short and stood as if spellbound. It was only a moment's pause, but in that moment the mother recognized her long-lost child. She uttered a suppressed cry, and fell fainting to the ground.

A touching scene followed. Mr. Moore, roused by the noise, started to his feet, and found himself in the embraces of his son. Mrs. Moore came to herself in a short time, and the happy reunion of that evening compensated the family for their years of sorrow and separation.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

VII.

As the Blue horse swarmed in over the breastworks, spiking and dismounting the guns, the Greys threw down their arms, and tossed up their hands in token of surrender; but prisoners were the last thing our boys wanted, their one object being to break through that narrowing circle Pat Clairburn's generalship had drawn about them, so they held their headlong course. Seeing this, the Grey-coats quietly picked up their muskets, rifles, and carbines, and began potting them from the rear—a little game they kept up with spirit and enjoyment, until a charge at *their* backs of the Ohio Brigade diverted their attention in a way at once forcible and unpleasant.

And now the field of battle presented a spectacle very like a famous picture of France and England comparing notes on the Franco-Chinese and the Anglo-Egyptian campaigns.* Our boys were bursting through the network, the first line of Greys being in full retreat ahead of them; behind this (*our* first line) chased hotly the enemy's second line, which, in turn, was flying before the onslaught of the men of "La Belle Rivière";† and finally the latter were being peppered in the back by a third pursuing body of shouting "Butternuts."

It was an American edition of the Battle of Killiecrankie, where

"We ran, and they ran,
And we a' ran together."

And as the 7th pounded along, O'Keefe the

* I mean the picture in which they are watching alternate platoons of Gauls and pig-tailed Tartars running in a close chase round a circle on one side, while the Mahdi's men and the English helmets are doing the same on the other; the lion meantime fainting from fatigue, and the eagle lying on its back exhausted, with its claws in the air.

† The name given the Ohio by the early French explorers.

irrepressible jerked out: "Glory to God! we are just like the black draughts ould Sawbones used to give me in me youth, on Shannon's shore—to be well shaken before taken. 'The first we are, and the second I'm thinkin' we are goin' to be, bad luck to the Johnnies! Get up there, you lead-heeled screw!" he shouted to his horse. But as the straining beast plunged along, a ball struck him, and O'Keefe came a cropper that broke the thread of his discourse pretty smartly.

Not for long, however; for as he puffed after the command, together with dozens of other dismounted troopers (the fire just here was peculiarly fatal to the horses), a raw recruit, whirled out of his place and his wits by the shifting fortunes of the day, hailed him:

"Say, you! What regiment do you belong to?"

"Well," he answered, with a twinkle, "I started in the 7th Pennsylvania horse, but, begad, I've ended in the Irish foot!"

Then he grinned at the unsuspecting lout, and would have geyed him further, but a riderless horse galloped by at the moment, and seizing the opportunity—as well as the bridle—he sprang into the saddle, and with a joyous whoop was skimming after his comrades, when his own name shouted in an awful voice made him pull up.

"O'Keefe, help me out, if you're a man!"

And there lay Denbigh, his face livid, his eyes rolling like a madman's, the veins standing high on his forehead and his one free hand. His horse had rolled on him as it fell dying, and he was pinned down where the rush was thickest. His hat was off and trampled, one cheek was cut open, and hoof-marks were perilously near his head.

"Save you, is it?" said O'Keefe. "Why, man, I can hardly save myself!"

"Save me," repeated Denbigh, the foam standing on his lips. "Don't leave me here. I can't stay to be trampled to death—I won't!" And he struggled frantically.

"Look here," said O'Keefe—and not unreasonably—"I couldn't move that horse off you by myself, and if I stopped to pry

him up, the Johnnies would bag us both. I don't want to be a prisoner any more than you do. Have some back-bone about you. I'm sorry for you, but it's the luck of war." And he started on, for the wild yell—the war-cry of the Grey—sounded uncomfortably near.

"Curse you!" screamed Denbigh, with a string of appalling oaths. "I knew how it would be. You Catholics are all alike—prating and whining all the time about being better than other people, and then when it comes to the pinch doing nothing. Curse you, I say, and your God and your—"

"Hush up!" roared O'Keefe, reining in so sharply that his horse reared upright. "I've a mind to shoot you as you lay there, you vermin! D'you suppose such as I can be one of the holy ones of the Church? D'you think I'm up to bein' a mirror of piety, and a shinin' example of grace? Well, now, I just ain't, I can tell you. But there's this to it. They do say the devils go down before the Lord, and this devil that's grippin' my throat, and tellin' me to let you die in your tracks, is goin' down, for His honor and His Blessed Mother's, if it cost me my life ten times over. D'you hear?"

And he wheeled about and threw himself off at Denbigh's side.

The latter burst into a torrent of thanks, which O'Keefe interrupted violently with:

"Don't talk to *me*. If you say a word I'll leave you; for I'm that mad with your doin's and sayin's I'm most burstin'. You're about as pleasin' to me eyes as a yellow ribbon on St. Patrick's Day; and if it wasn't for one thing you might die in your ditch. And that is—you'll please to remember it, too, when your goin' to defame holy things, and sling mud at the Church—I'm savin' your life and givin' you liberty at the price of me own, for the sake of the 'Carpenter's Son' (d'you mind?), of the 'Fisherman Peter' (and that?), and for the sake of Mary Most Holy."

Roughly expressed, by a rude trooper in whose breast the Old Adam was on the rampage; but the man's intention was as simply and purely the honor and glory of

Him he served, and the Mother he loved, as if it sprung in the soul of a saint.

Then with a heave of his sturdy back he managed to shove aside the dead horse enough for Denbigh to crawl out, helped him mount, saw him ride towards the vanishing line, and, as he braced himself for a run, was seized by an advance squad of Grey, hurried to the rear, and one week after was in Andersonville.

VIII.

Meantime our troops burst through the woods and stampeded the lead-horses of the enemy, casting loose such of their own as were foundered, and mounting the blooded racers, whose clean limbs and long reach carried them just as swiftly and impartially as they had carried their owners a few hours before. The others they turned adrift, and bolted ahead. And as they went, Oester, who was blowing his heart into the inspiring "Forward!" suddenly threw up his arms, his bugle fell in a flashing curve, and he himself swerved from the saddle, going down into the very thick of the iron-shod storm that rolled its death and valor westward from the field.

The next thing he knew he was being dragged along, head and heels together, at a rate intolerable in his pain; and a stinging agony in his back made him squirm around to see what was the motive power.

It was Jet! He had seen his young master fall, and knew how impossible it was to stop; for he felt the irresistible stress of the advance on his quarters; but to leave the limp, boyish figure was more impossible; and the wise little mule dropped his head, grabbed Oester by the waistband (he didn't know, poor fellow! that in his anxiety he had grabbed a mouthful of flesh too), and made off with a flank movement that kept him on the edge of the column, and saved his life as well as Oester's. For, under ordinary circumstances, the stumbling beastie would have been ridden down or shot as a hindrance; but when the men saw what he was trying to do, they turned out when it was possible, and when it wasn't, reined in, so as to make the shock of collision as

light as might be, cheering him meantime with voice and word: "Go it, Blackie!" "Good for you, I say!" "Hi there, Jet!" "Hurrah for the little contraband!" and so on.

However, in spite of all this, hampered as he was, he fell behind steadily, and there is little doubt as to what would have happened (for the 7th was ahead, and to the other regiments one bugler more or less "would not count in the news of the battle"), had not the boy recovered consciousness, and managed to mount.

He was too dizzy and faint to sit up, and as he lay over on Jet's neck he spit out mouthfuls of blood, and time and again thought the world was reeling away into chaos. Then, too, there was such a strange refrain ringing in his head, shaping itself to the time of the hoof-beats: "'... now and at the hour of our death; now and at the hour of our death.'"

Where had he heard it? He couldn't think. Well, it seemed to fit; for he believed now *was* the hour of death.

Who said, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners"? Schwartz was dead, and—why, he was saying it himself! "'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.' . . . Hail, full of grace! blessed art Thou among women—Friend of the friendless—Refuge of sinners—Health of the sick—tender Reflection of the love of Jesus Christ!"

Who had said all these things, that flitted by like a flock of starlings? A crowd of soldier faces started out of the mists that blinded him, and there came a glimpse of a tent, in which stood a man in strangely shaped garments, that glittered, and had a great cross on the back. Was he the one? Yes, and then: "'There stood by the Cross Mary, His Mother. . . . She saw Him die—Her Son, Her God; and to His love She added the anguish of Her sinless Heart. . . . The Blood of Christ and the tears of Mary—that is what your souls were worth to Our Lord and His Mother. . . . 'Behold thy Mother'—thy *Mother!*'"

There it was again. A Mother who loved and pitied and prayed. Why had nobody ever told him about Her before, so he could have loved Her long ago? And—what was that white thing fluttering in the wind? “Without spot or stain, pray for us, who have recourse to thee.” That wasn’t quite right as to the words, but She, the Mother of God, was the one Schwartz’s medal said was without sin. Where *was* his medal? And in quick alarm he grasped for it. Ah, that agony! “And a sword shall pierce—” But the darkness he had been struggling against closed in on him, and he fell—thanks to God and Our Lady—at the side, *not* under the wheels, of the ambulance, whose white cover he had sighted just before.

“Is he dead?” asked the young surgeon in charge.

“Think not, sir,” said his steward.

“Up with him, then. Here, let’s see if he’s badly hit. Jove!” he added, under his breath, “that was a narrow shave! Here, Saunders, look at this.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the soldier; “that often happens among the Romanists.”

For the medal of Our Lady had caught the ball on its disk, and the flattened lead fell from the boy’s shirt as Doctor Harding opened it. Under the medal and all around it the flesh was discolored and contused, but not a scratch or break marred the young body.

“What’s that you’re saying?” asked the Doctor, sharply.

“I said, sir, that often happens among the Romanists; they most all wear medals, and dozens of ’em git saved just that way.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently; “anything else would do it just as well.”

“Then why don’t it, sir?” asked Saunders, not unnaturally. “You see, Doctor,” he went on, confidentially, “I used to think just like you do, but a man sees a sight of things when he’s on hospital duty. And about these here medals (I used to call ’em ‘charms,’ and many’s the time I’ve wondered what Cotton Mather and John Knox

would ’a done with them fellows, the way they take on about the Virgin and miracles), they certainly are cur’ous. Why, sir, if they can have ’em on—lots of Protestants as well as Catholics—they’re just as *pleased!* and they say the prayers on ’em as simple as children. And I tell you, sir, I’ve seen such direct answers to ’em, specially the kind they call novenys, as would make you hold your breath.

“They don’t reely *worship* Her neither,” he continued, with the air of giving a staggering piece of information; “but, my! they do love Her. They call Her ‘Mother of Mercy,’ and ‘Ark of the Covenant,’ and ‘Mornin’ Star,’ and a lot more names; and all of ’em have a sensible meanin’ too. These here are ’cause She’s never any more tired of pleadin’ to God for sinners than the mothers down here is of prayin’ for their bad children; and ’cause She bore the Promised Redeemer, like the Jews’ Ark bore the Tables of the Law; and ’cause She come before the Sun of Justice rose on the world, and so forth, sir. Just as pat! And every one givin’ the same answer, though, as the copy-books say, ‘There’s many men of many minds.’”

“Why, you’re a papist yourself, Saunders,” said the Doctor, laughing.

“I *ain’t*, sir”—with some heat,—“but I certainly do feel different about the Virgin from what I used to. Before I didn’t think of Her at all, but one day when one of them little white-bonneted women—Sisters of Charity, you know, sir; and good as gold they are too—says to me, ‘Mr. Saunders, if you’re willin’ to pay so much respect to Mary, the mother of Washington,* I think you can surely spare a little for Mary, the Mother of God.’ I was sort of struck in a heap. The Mother of God! That was pretty solemn—Land! listen to that, sir!”

That was the screeching of shell that had grown so painfully familiar during the day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Gen. Andrew Jackson’s choice of an epitaph to be placed on the tomb of Gen. Washington’s mother.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

No. 18

[Copyright :—Rev. D. E. HUDSON, O. S. C.]

The Origin of the Devotion of the Holy Rosary.

I.

THE word *rosary* signifies crown of roses. The rose has always been considered the queen of flowers. The beauty of its form, the brightness of its color, and the sweetness of its odor render its empire incontestable. Hence the custom among the Eastern nations, in early times, of offering a crown of roses as a testimony of respect to distinguished persons. This usage was retained by the early Christians in adorning images of the Mother of the Redeemer. But a great Bishop and illustrious Doctor of the Eastern Church, St. Gregory Nazianzen, conceived the idea of a crown that would not fade like a crown of flowers, and one that could be offered at all times and in every place. Selecting the most beautiful titles of the Blessed Virgin, together with those invocations which were best adapted to the needs of the supplicants who invoked Her intercession, he wove of them a wreath of prayer and praise in Her honor. But the language of the great Doctor was too eloquent and poetic to be fully appreciated by the majority of the people. Something simpler—adapted to the capacity of the illiterate—was necessary in order to make the devotion at once popular and effective. For the formation of a beautiful rose-crown the Orientals did not consider it necessary that the flowers should be of vari-

ous forms, tints, and odors; so, also, with one familiar prayer, oft-repeated, it was thought that a beautiful mystical crown might be formed.

It was remembered that in the inspired Psalms of David the same formula of prayer occurs many times: that our divine Saviour Himself repeated the same supplication during the three hours of His agony in the Garden. Then there was the example of many saints. A holy abbot named Paul, who lived in the time of St. Antony, the Patriarch of monks, used to repeat the same invocation three hundred times a day. This seems to have been a general practice of those first cenobites, and by their followers it was established among the faithful everywhere. Thus in 1096 we find the celebrated Peter the Hermit, who went to France to preach the first Crusade, exhorting the people to recite every day a certain number of "Our Fathers" and one hundred and fifty "Hail Marys," in order to draw down the blessing of Heaven on the Christian army: affirming that he had been taught this method of praying by the pious solitaries of Palestine, among whom it had been long established.

Pope Leo IV., when attacked by the Saracens, those ferocious sectaries of Mahomet, had all his soldiers say a rosary of fifty "Hail Marys"; and it was to these invocations that he attributed his victory over the enemy. St. Albert used to make one hundred and fifty genuflections every day, and say a "Hail Mary" at each genuflection.

In order to avoid being distracted by the counting of the prayers, little globules of wood or stone were strung together, to pass through the fingers—one for each prayer. To St. Brigid, patroness of Ireland, belongs the honor of this invention, which soon came into general use. On discovering the body of St. Gertrude in 667—about a century after the death of St. Brigid—part of a pair of beads was found with it.

Thus we see that the origin of the devotion of the Rosary is traceable to remote antiquity. Its present form, however, dates only from the thirteenth century, when it was miraculously revealed by the Blessed Virgin Herself to Her devout client St. Dominic. The bulls of the Sovereign Pontiffs, particularly that one of Pius V. beginning *Consueverunt*, make frequent allusion to this.

An impious sect, the Albigenses, had sprung up in the southern part of France. Its adherents blasphemed our divine Lord and His Holy Mother; they massacred priests, religious, and all who refused to join in their abominable sacrileges. Everywhere churches were profaned and burned; everywhere murder and pillage ran riot. The armies of Catholic France were unable to subdue these precursors of modern socialism, and the fate of the whole nation was menaced with ruin.

St. Dominic undertook the task of reforming these fanatics. He was distinguished for his learning, his holiness, and an eloquence that was seemingly irresistible; still more, God had favored him with the gift of miracles. Nevertheless, he saw all the efforts of his apostolic zeal doomed to an almost complete sterility. But one day as the Saint was praying with more than usual fervor to the Mother of God, She appeared to him, and presented him with a Rosary, saying: "Know, my son, that the Angelic Salutation is the means by which the Blessed Trinity is pleased to regenerate the world; this prayer is the foundation of the new alliance. Are you desirous of winning over to God these hardened hearts? Preach it, then. Yes," She added, "if this celestial dew fall

not upon this ungrateful soil, it will forever remain sterile."

Dominic, faithful to the orders he had received, began to preach everywhere the devotion of the Rosary; and in proportion as it became known, its wonderful results proved to him the magnificent fulfilment of the heavenly promises. Doubting souls became confirmed in the faith, and the erring returned to the fold of the Good Shepherd. It was estimated that more than a hundred thousand heretics abjured their errors.

II.

Now let us consider the flower of which this crown, so pleasing to the Queen of Heaven, is composed. This mystical rose is the *Ave Maria*—a rose of heavenly perfume from the garden of paradise, transplanted by an Archangel into the garden of Holy Church. The composition of this eloquent prayer is familiar to everyone; it is as sublime as it is venerable. After the prayer taught by Our Lord, none is dearer to His followers. It is honey to the mouth, music to the ear, and jubilee to the heart.

The number of *Ave Marias* in the Rosary corresponds with the number of psalms in the Psalter of David, and hence the Rosary is sometimes called the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin. It is divided into fifteen decades, each decade beginning with an "Our Father," and terminating with a "Glory be to the Father." The fifteen decades are again divided into three parts, each part consisting of fifty "Hail Marys," and this is what is commonly understood by a beads, or chaplet.

To recite the Rosary, or chaplet, the general custom is to begin by making the Sign of the Cross; then follow the Apostles' Creed, the "Our Father," three "Hail Marys," and a "Glory be to the Father." The origin of this introduction is unknown, and, although not an essential part of the devotion, yet its recital can not but add to the value of the mystical crown which we offer to Our Blessed Mother. Many of Her devout clients offer the three "Hail Marys" in remembrance of Her grief at the foot of the Cross.

We have now spoken of the framework, as it were, of the devotion of the Rosary, and certainly nothing further need be said to recommend it to the pious Christian. Nevertheless, in order to render it more fruitful in its effects, St. Dominic was pleased to join meditation to the vocal prayer. He therefore chose the fifteen principal mysteries, or events, in the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother as subjects of reflection while reciting the fifteen decades. These fifteen mysteries are divided into three classes, or series, which present quite distinctive characteristics, and correspond to the three divisions of the Rosary. There are Five Joyful Mysteries: these relate to the infancy of Our Saviour, and are applied to the five decades of the first division; Five Sorrowful Mysteries, which regard the Passion of Christ, and which are attached to the five decades of the second division; finally, Five Glorious Mysteries, which regard the Resurrection of Our Saviour, and are to be meditated upon while reciting the five decades of the third division.

Who can doubt that the Rosary, which, through the repeated recommendations of popes, seconded by the zeal of the bishops and clergy, has become the most universal form of prayer,—which is suited to all circumstances and states of life,—which is used by saints and by sinners,—by means of which innumerable miracles have been wrought—is of heavenly origin? And what privilege to be able to present to the Queen of Angels as often as we will a crown of the most beautiful flowers—flowers whose color never fades, whose form is always delightful, and whose fragrance is the incense of celestial censers!

WE are full of prejudices and antipathies with regard to God. We love Him little because we know Him badly, and we know Him badly because we love Him little.—*abbé Roux.*

PHILOSOPHERS call God “the great Unknown.” The great Mis-known would be more correct.—*Id.*

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALMS.

IN the soft splendor of a summer evening, musical with the flute-notes of birds, the play of fountains, and the whispering of leaves; while the sun flashed a line of gold along the crests of the distant mountains, tinting the drifting clouds and sparkling on lofty temple and ruined fane alike, Nemesius told his little daughter of those heroic souls who, refusing to deny Christ, gave their lives in testimony of their faith. He had for some days debated with himself if it would not be best to do so, but now she had of her own accord asked an explanation of what she had accidentally overheard; and, although it gave him a bitter pang to acquaint her with the cruel realities of the persecution which they both might soon be called upon to share, he did not shrink from the task. She was only a child, whose life, except for the blindness that for a time clouded it, had been like a summer day; she had never beheld suffering, or felt pain, or even heard of violence, cruelty, or bloodshed; and he feared that without some preparation her heart might faint with terror, and the weakness of childhood give way to the horror that threatened her, should the test come.

Seated close beside him, her head against his shoulder, and her hands clasped over his arm, she listened, looking far away into the golden glow, a sweet, wondering, half-expectant look upon her face.

“Does it make thee afraid, dearest?” he asked, finding she did not speak.

“I am not afraid—oh! no: I was thinking. It may frighten me, *padre mio*, if those cruel ones try to make me deny the dear *Christus*; but I will never, never do it—even if they kill me! Then He will know that I love Him more than my own life,” she answered, with simple fervor.

“And thou wilt behold the glory of His

countenance; He will crown thee with everlasting rejoicing, and with His Holy Mother and the angelic hosts, and the noble army of martyrs and virgins, thou wilt live in His presence, and drink of the well-spring of His love forever, forever!" said Nemesis, whose countenance shone as if transfigured by the vision that filled his mind, and triumphed over the pain and outcry of nature.

She did not see his face—her head still rested against his shoulder, and her eyes still gazed out into the golden glow,—but his words thrilled her heart with silent ecstasy, as love, winged by faith, bore her thoughts upward to a contemplation of the inexpressible joys he portrayed. Could it be that with her eyes, to which He had given sight, she would indeed behold the divine *Christus*, His Virgin Mother, the holy angels, and all the resplendent hosts of heaven, and that He from His great throne would welcome a child like her? Would His Holy Mother, in Her shining, robes and crowned with stars, lead her to Him,* and say: 'Behold, my Son, the child to whom Thou gavest sight, who has loved Thee, and not feared to die for Thee'? And then would He bless her, and let her kiss the hem of His garment, and place her where she could forever see His face?

"Is there no other way to Him except through death?" she presently asked.

"We only follow Him, my little one; for He trod the same dread way before us, that by His Passion and Cross His children might triumph over the sting and bitterness of death, and in His adorable presence find their eternal reward," said Nemesis.

"Then I will welcome death if it lead to Him. But thou, *padre mio!* what wilt thou do without thy little maid?" she asked, standing in her childish beauty before him, with the last rays of the sun tangled in the meshes of her golden hair, making her look already crowned.

"Do? Follow quickly. Our separation will be but for a moment," he answered, with a strange, glad smile.

* "And show unto us the blessed Fruit of Thy womb, Jesus."

Claudia nestled closer to him in full content, her innocent heart overflowing with thoughts of that celestial city, whose light is not of the sun, but of the Lamb who dwelleth in the midst thereof,—thoughts that spanned like a rainbow the dark, cloud-veiled stream, whose bitter, soundless waters flow between it and this mortal life.

At this moment a clear, sweet voice floated like an echo through the silence, rising and falling in sweet inflections, coming nearer and nearer, until the words it chanted became distinguishable.

"Our soul hath been delivered," it sang, "as a sparrow, out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are delivered." * Then, the singer passing on, his voice drifted into indistinctness and silence.

It was Admetus, going from his work among the flower-beds. It was his way to refresh his soul by singing scraps of the sacred songs he heard at the functions in the chapels of the Catacombs. Like a bird, he could not help singing: it was the voice of his heart, full to overflowing with the joyful mysteries of faith.

"That will be our song by and by, my little maid," said Nemesis, laying his hand upon her head, thankful that she was prepared for the hour of trial, and assured that her brave little heart would not lose courage in its ordeal of pain; but even he could not fathom the depths of its Christ-given love and faith, and he prayed God to send His angel to strengthen and comfort her when the time came.

Day had melted into purple twilight, through which the great, tremulous stars softly glowed; nightingales fluted their lays to the silvery chimes of the fountains, and from the pines on the hill, and the orange blossoms and sweet olives in the garden, the wind brought spicy odors to embalm the night. Nemesis and his child, their minds filled with thoughts too sweet and solemn for speech, walked silently back to the villa. After supper, loving words were exchanged and farewells spoken, then, blessing her

* Psalm, cxxiii., 7.

with fervor, he hastened back to Rome, to bear the Holy Viaticum to certain Christians condemned to die on the morrow; to distribute alms to some newcomers, who had taken refuge in the Catacombs and were without food, and be ready to serve the Pontiff at the altar in the morning. Symphronius had instructions how to warn him, should danger threaten in his absence.

When Nemesius left the Mamertine the night was far advanced, and darkened by clouds which threatened a storm. Threading his way in the gloom through narrow cross streets to shorten the distance, he was conscious that he was being followed. Several times recently he had imagined that he heard footsteps behind him, but, thinking it might have been accidental, gave no attention to it; there was no mistake now, however, and, wheeling suddenly around, he confronted a man wrapped in a cloak so dark that he was scarcely discernible in the surrounding gloom. His movement was so quick and unexpected that the fellow had no time to fall back, and almost ran against him.

"For what purpose dost thou follow me, friend? Dost thou need help?" said Nemesius, in grave, kind tones.

"Aye, illustrious signor," stammered the other, "I heard thou wert merciful to the needy; but I was ashamed to beg, and followed, hoping—"

"To attract my attention? I will ask thee no questions; take this," said Nemesius, dropping some silver coins into the fellow's hand; "and if thou art sore pressed again, come to me openly."

The man's dark, slender fingers closed over the silver, and with muttered thanks he turned away. "I must be more wary," he panted, as he ran through the darkness. "I could have stabbed him, but that would be going beyond my instructions, to say nothing of losing the reward I am promised, and perhaps my head." It was the Cypriot.

Again and again after this Nemesius fancied he heard stealthy footsteps near him when going on his errands of mercy at night to various parts of the city; often he felt

a presence of some one unseen—by that keen sense, call it magnetism or what you will, by which some organizations can feel even a passing shadow,—but there was nothing visible whenever he turned, and he thought it might be the echo of his own footsteps.

In the mean time Fabian sought by every means to divert his mind from the apprehensions that tormented him, and look only on the sunny side of life, but without success; for haunting forebodings attended him still, filling him with an unrest as uncontrollable as it was sad. His heart drew him to the villa on the Aventine with an impulse he found it difficult to resist; but he had not courage to go until he should become more accustomed to the changed state of affairs there.

One evening he went to the imperial palace. The soft strains of double flutes and stringed instruments blended with the hum of conversation and a light ripple of laughter, as the gay, pleasure-seeking guests, clad in festal attire and sparkling with jewels, moved through the splendid and luxuriously appointed rooms. Stopped often to exchange salutations and a few words with acquaintances and friends of both sexes, Fabian's progress was slow towards the magnificent apartment in which the Emperor and his court held state on occasions of this sort. At length he was near enough to see Laodice, conspicuous as usual by the splendor of her dress and jewels, and the pre-eminence of her beauty, receiving like a queen the adulation and flatteries of the groups around her; she saw him at the same instant, and with a glance of her superb eyes invited him to her. She was in a gay mood, and glad to see the only man in Rome whose wit was worth a tilt with her own; she also had a purpose, known but to herself, which made his presence especially opportune and welcome.

After the first greeting and interchange of pleasant words, flavored with satirical but polite banter, the group of gay adorers, who had been offering so sedulously the incense of their homage to her charms,

with ready tact withdrew, to avoid being cast into the shade by this more brilliant aspirant for her favor, giving Laodice the opportunity she coveted.

"Canst thou give me news of the beautiful blind child at the villa on the Aventine?" she asked, in soft tones, waving her peacock fan gracefully to and fro with indolent motion.

"Claudia is well; I saw her the day after my return from Umbria. She grows more lovely every day," answered Fabian, startled by her question; for none, except her slave, the Cypriot, knew this woman better than himself.

"Can it be true that her blindness is cured, or is the report I heard to that effect but one of those rumors one is always hearing in Rome?" she asked.

"It is true," said Fabian, having quickly recovered his self-possession and ready tact. "She can see out of a pair of eyes almost as bright and beautiful as thine."

"He must be a most skilful physician who cured her," she rejoined.

"Yes: the fellow is skilful; he cured me of a dreadful fever I got on a troop-ship once in my travels, and I recommended him to Nemesius. He brings his skill from the East, where he lived many years; he also studied in the schools of Egypt. He is a strange, mysterious man, who comes and goes like a ghost. It all happened while I was away in Umbria."

There was a baffled look in Laodice's eyes at this simple, straightforward statement. "What if, after all," she thought, "the Cypriot has deceived me!"

At this moment there occurred an unexpected interruption. The Emperor, having taken a fancy to seek amusement among the guests, espied Fabian, and shouted to him in his usual strident, rumbling voice. Instantly turning, Fabian made graceful obeisance, and stood waiting his pleasure.

"Health to thee since thou art still alive, which thy long absence inclined me to doubt! Canst tell me aught of thy Achaes, our commander of the Imperial Legion?"

"I have been absent from Rome, Imper-

ator, and have seen Nemesius but once since my return. He is looking into his private affairs, I learn," said Fabian, with as indifferent an air as he could assume. "Truly," he thought, "Fate seems pressing close."

"Aha! by Mars!" cried Valerian, with a coarse laugh, "is that all? Can it be thou hast not seen the fair one of his choice, or heard of his soft dalliance, or the second nuptials? By the *Bona Dea*! she who has won Nemesius must be a paragon."

Fabian did not know that this was the inference Valerian had drawn from the esoteric expressions of Nemesius in their last interview, but he was not thrown off his guard; he only said:

"Nemesius rarely talks of what is in his heart; it is his sanctuary, and all it holds is sacred to him."

"A confidential matter, I see; but why such secrecy, unless to make the revelation more splendid by contrast? Commend me to the silent for surprises," rumbled Valerian from his short, fat throat. "Nemesius has his hands full; for, besides his romance, and looking into the affairs of his large estates, he blends duty with pleasure by visiting the prisons occasionally, at my request, to see that those wicked dealers in magic, and conspirators against the State, ycleped Christians, have their deserts." A scowl of hatred drew the tyrant's heavy brows together, and his visage grew purple at the very thought of them.

Laodice had stood, in all her superb beauty, silently watching Fabian's countenance, unobserved as she imagined, in the hope of detecting some subtle, flitting expression, by which she might judge of the truth or falsity of his words; but it was inscrutable. He was on his guard, knowing that her eyes were upon him; and now, as he turned towards her, he observed a strange glitter, like a spark of fire, scintillating in their depths, which boded no good—an idea confirmed by her words.

"It will please thee, Emperor, to learn that the beautiful child Claudia is cured of her blindness," she said in honeyed tones to the Emperor.

"The little maid of the Aventine—the child of Nemesis! By Apollo! such news is like the jewel in a toad's forehead, in times like these. Health to the little beauty! But tell us by what skill or magic the extraordinary cure was made?" he asked, with singular interest.

"Fabian says by the skill of a famous Eastern physician," rejoined Laodice.

"He must possess the skill of Machaon himself to give sight to one born blind. Is the report true?" inquired the Emperor, turning to Fabian for confirmation.

"It is indeed true, Imperator, to the joy of all who love her," he answered, feeling himself on dangerous ground.

"The pretty one is favored by the gods to be in such luck. I remember her as beautiful as Psyche. But I would hear more of the wonder-worker, astrologer, magician, or what, who cured her. *Fidius!* if he can give sight to one born blind, he must be able to bring the dead to life," said Valerian.

"Some go so far as to claim that he can, but there is a margin in all reports for exaggeration," was the quiet reply.

"Where is he to be found? I'll give him his own price, however high he may rate his services, to go with me when we march against Sapor."

"I can not tell, imperial sir. He was on his way to the East when he saw the child. He may return soon, for he comes and goes like a shadow. He cured me of a deadly fever once on my way from Cyprus, and looks in upon me whenever he passes through Rome. Should he appear again before the army moves, I will apprise thee."

"Thou wilt earn my gratitude by so doing," answered the rumbling, imperial voice, as the General of the Prætorian Guard approached,—one whose claim to attention no Roman Emperor could afford to slight. Fabian almost drew a sigh of relief as the burly form of Valerian moved away. But he was not quite through the narrow trait in which, so far, he had skilfully avoided both Scylla and Charybdis.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Within the Fold.*

BY A. D. L.

HERE is a flock of sheep and lambs
That daily may be seen,
By murmuring brooks and rippling streams,
Feeding on pastures green.

Red is the robe the Shepherd wears,
With His own Blood 'tis dyed,—
The Blood so freely shed for them
From Hands and Feet and Side.

Millions of happy ones rejoice
In this Good Shepherd's care;
They hear His step, they know His voice,
His tender love they share.

But, oh! of all that favored flock
I long to love Him best,—
I who was once outside the Fold,
In doubting and unrest.

The treacherous paths of heresy
From childhood I had trod,
And in its mazes vainly sought
To find the Heart of God.

One day I heard the Shepherd's voice,
As through the throng He pressed;
I ran to Him, and, joy of joys!
Was folded to His Breast.

How blest if there I could have died
Ere I had sinned again—
Ere I had wandered from His side,
And caused Him grief and pain!

But all my weakness He forgives,
My faltering steps He guides;
And when I turn to Him, He comes
And in my heart abides.

O bliss, O joy unspeakable!
Tongue never yet hath told
The happiness of those who dwell
In Holy Church the Fold.

A MAN without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle.—*Sterling.*

GOD often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.—*Abbé Roux.*

With Staff and Scrip.

UNDER THE CRESCENT.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

X.—ST. SOPHIA.

THE HEART OF ISLAM.—Above the waters of the Golden Horn rise the thousand minarets of the mosques that are scattered everywhere through the length and breadth of the great city. More than a million souls are within call of the *muezzins*, who proclaim Mohammed the prophet of Allah, and prayer better than sleep.

In Stamboul the mosques are numerous, and three or four of them are marvels of picturesque architecture. Close to the seraglio there is a temple that seems not to have been made with hands; indeed, tradition attributes much of its beauty to the angels, under whose immediate direction it was reared.

Looking upon this superb structure, over the roofs of Stamboul, your eye is fixed in wonder and delight upon the nine domes heaped together one upon the other, like a cluster of huge bubbles, with the largest one floating at the top, where it seems to swim in the air and suspend the others. The minarets that spring from the four corners of the building are as slenderly and elegantly proportioned as waxen tapers, and the three galleries that girdle them are as chaste and as significant as if they were jewelled rings betrothing earth and heaven. This miraculous mosque is *ᾠΑγία Σοφία*, the St. Sophia that fifteen centuries ago sprang into existence as if by magic, and was dedicated by the Emperor Constantine to the Divine Wisdom, the Word, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity.

Is there a temple under the sun whose history is more romantic, whose fate is more pitiful, whose future is more uncertain? Listen to the marvellous story of St. Sophia:

In the twentieth year of the reign of Constantine, A. D. 325—the same in which the Council of Nice was opened, and the foundations of the new city walls and pal-

aces of Constantinople were laid—arose this Temple of Divine Wisdom. A hundred architects superintended it; under each architect were a hundred masons. An angel had appeared to the Emperor in a dream, and given orders as to the distribution of these artisans, and the nature of their work. Five thousand masons were placed upon the right side of the building and five thousand upon the left. The Emperor, dressed in coarse linen, his head bound with a cloth, and a stick in his hand, daily visited the workmen, and hastened the progress of the building by prizes and gifts.

The walls and arches were constructed of brick, overlaid with the rarest marble, granite, and porphyry. Phrygian white marble, with rose-colored stripes; green marble from Laconica; blue marble from Libya; black Celtic marble, with white veins; Bosphorus marble, white, with black veins; Thesalian, Molossian, Proconnesian marble; Egyptian starred granite, and Saitic porphyry—all these were lavished upon the inner walls of the Temple. Antique columns were brought from the ruins of the most famous of the ancient temples, and wrought into the structure—columns of Isis and Osiris; pillars from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek, of the Sun and Moon at Heliopolis and Ephesus; of Pallas at Athens; of Phœbus at Deles, and of Cybele at Cyzicus.

The mortar was made with barley-water, and the foundations were cemented with a mastic made of lime and barley-water. The chalk-white tiles from Rhodes that covered the arch of the cupolas bear the inscription: "God has founded it, and it will not be overthrown. God will support it in the blush of the dawn." These tiles were laid by twelves, and after each layer relics were built in, while the priests sang hymns and said prayers for the durability of the edifice and the prosperity of the Church.

When the question arose whether the light should fall upon the high altar through one or two arched windows, the Emperor and the architects were in a hot dispute; but an angel appeared and directed that the

light should fall through three windows, in honor of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The altar, more costly than gold, was to be composed of every precious material bedded together with gold and silver, incrustated with pearls and jewels. The tabernacle was a tower of gold, ornamented with golden lilies; and above it was a cross of gold adorned with precious stones, weighing five-and-seventy pounds. The throne of the Patriarch and the seven seats of the priests were of silver; about the altar were golden pillars, and by the pulpit stood a golden cross one hundred pounds in weight, glittering with carbuncles and pearls. The sacred vessels were of purest gold; there were 42,000 chalice-cloths worked in pearls and jewels. Four-and-twenty colossal books of the Evangelists, with golden covers, weighed each twenty hundredweight.

The gold in the vine-formed candelabra for the high altar, the pulpit, and the gallery for women amounted to 6,000 hundredweight of the purest quality. There were two candelabra adorned with figures, all of gold, each weighing 111 pounds, and seven golden crosses of 100 pounds each. The doors were of ivory, amber, and cedar, the principal door of silver. Three doors were veneered with planks said to have been taken from the Ark of Noe.

Above the holy font in the church there were four trumpets blown by sculptured angels, supposed to be the very trumpets at whose blast the walls of Jericho were overthrown. The floor was to have been paved with gold, but the wise Justinian abandoned this idea, fearing that his successors might be tempted to dismantle the Temple. The floor was therefore of clouded marble, over which faint, waving lines imitated the advance of the sea; and from the four corners of the Temple these mimic waves flowed silently toward the four vestibules, in the manner of the four rivers of Paradise.

At the fountain of the priests twelve bells received the rain-water, and twelve lions, twelve leopards, and twelve does, spat forth again.

An angel gave the plan and the name for the Temple. It remained for an angel to furnish part of the funds for its construction. When money was failing, though taxes were imposed upon the people of all classes, and even the salaries of the professors were applied to the building, this angel appeared and directed a train of mules into a subterranean vault, laded them with eighty hundredweight of gold, and delivered the same over to the Emperor.

Seven and a half years the artisans toiled upon the material as it slowly accumulated; eight and a half years the building grew, and when it was finished and furnished, on Christmas Eve, A. D. 548, the Emperor drove in state to St. Sophia, entered the church with the Patriarch Eutychius, ran swiftly from the portico to the pulpit, and with outstretched hands cried: "God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work! Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

One thousand oxen, one thousand sheep, six hundred deer, one thousand pigs, ten thousand cocks and hens were slaughtered, and, together with thirty thousand measures of corn, were distributed among the poor. On the following morning—Christmas Day—the church was formally opened, and the sacrifices and thanksgivings continued fourteen days—until the Epiphany.

What followed is scarcely less marvelous. Twice the Temple was destroyed by fire, and twice rebuilt; twice the great dome fell, and twice it was restored. The arches, having resounded to the music of Chrysostom's golden tongue, came at last to echo the blasphemies of the infidel and the groans of the wounded and dying. At the capture of Constantinople the clergy, the virgins dedicated to God, and a multitude of people of all classes crowded into the church, and sought refuge before the high altar. Mohammed, at the head of the Osmanlis, rode into the sanctuary, forced his way through the affrighted throng, and leaping from his horse, at the altar, he cried: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!" A hideous scene of slaugh-

ter followed, and the Temple was desecrated.

The sultans have despoiled it of its pictorial beauty; have added minarets and abutments to support the tottering south-east wall; have caused the rich frescos to be plastered over with a yellowish substance; have chipped away, wherever it was possible, the carved symbol of the cross; have hung great disks, graven with the names of the four companions of the Prophet, over the seraphim under the dome, with their slender wings crossed above and below them and upon their breasts; while beneath the cupola is inscribed, in fantastic and beautiful characters, a line from the Koran: "God is the light of the heavens and of the earth."

THE ST. SOPHIA OF TO-DAY.—As we entered the porch of St. Sophia, protected by our dragoman, we were gently but emphatically requested to put off our shoes. We could keep on our hats if we chose—you always wear them in a mosque—but we instinctively doffed our hat at the threshold of the ancient church, and entered it stocking-footed, in solemn silence, bearing our shoes in one hand and our hat in the other.

The first impression we received was almost overpowering. The vastness and elegance of the interior, the solemnity and majesty of the decorations, the tranquillity that broods over all the place, fill one with religious awe. The seraphim fold their six great wings above you, and from the walls, from the marble galleries, from the shadow-filled cupolas a hundred vague forms gradually discover themselves—the ghosts of the saints and angels that once hallowed this lovely Temple. I know not how many crosses I traced in the mutilated sculpturing. The original cross is gone, but the chisel has left the form there as exact as ever.

There are Madonna faces that seem to exhale from the thick, dull plaster that has been laid over them. You see them; yet can hardly convince yourself that you see them, they are so like half-imagined pictures. In the apse—the hollow and naked apse that once sheltered the high

altar—there is a shadow that haunts you; you turn to it again and again, and study it from every part of the building. By and by the shadow begins to take shape. It is a faint cloud that deepens in certain lights, and when you are at the exact angle, and the fortunate hour has come, you see it plainly enough—the sorrowful but forgiving countenance of the Redeemer as it looks down upon the desolated and desecrated sanctuary.

The apse of St. Sophia is due east, the holy house of Mecca is southeast of Stamboul; therefore, as every Mussulman must pray with his face turned to Mecca, the Mihrab, or Mussulman altar, is erected in an angle of the mosque. At almost any hour of the day you find rows of the prayerful stretched crosswise through the mosque, prostrating themselves on the rich carpets that cover the marble floor. Two flags, suspended near their pulpit, commemorate the triumph of Islam over Judaism and Christianity, of the Koran over the Old and New Testaments. There is a prayer-carpet of Mohammed—a very precious relic; a sweating column, the moisture of which is said to produce miraculous cures; a cold window, famous as productive of science, inasmuch as any one who sits in the draft thereof is sure to study with exceptional success. They show also among the relics of the mosque a small sarcophagus, which is called the Cradle of Our Lord; and a cup, or bowl, in which the Blessed Virgin is said to have bathed her Babe; but these traditions are purely Turkish.

While we wandered over the vast building, and were being besieged by Turks, who had handfuls of fragments from the mutilated mosaics, and were eager to dispose of them at a bargain, I heard the murmur of voices in the mosque. Looking about me, I saw the wise men of the East seated upon fat cushions in the midst of a circle of youths, expounding the Koran, that lay open on a tiny table richly inlaid with pearl. In distant parts of the building there were singing-boys committing the Koran to memory. They were the acolytes of the mosque, and

some of them had remarkably fine voices.

A TURKISH CHORISTER.—One little fellow who was seated in an enclosure under the gallery threw back his head and carolled like a lark. The Turkish chant has no more method in it than a lark's song. It is apparently the spontaneous expression of the singer, who voluntarily yields to every passion of the heart, and finds a pleasure in the distracting vagaries of his own delightful voice. We paused to listen. The youngster was rocking his body to and fro, and sending his delicious notes aloft like vocal sunbeams sparkling among the nine domes of the mosque. He stopped suddenly, like a bird in a cage, startled and curious; then stretched out his slender hand for alms; gave us a baby scowl that had something of inherited hate in it, and shut his small mouth with scorn. We passed on, and listened among the columns at a little distance. He stretched his neck and stared after us; again began rocking to and fro; piped a little, chirped softly to himself, and then, with one daring flight, soared into the seventh heaven of melody, and floated there in an ecstasy of fanaticism.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mater Dolorosa.

BY THOMAS J. KERNAN.

THE deep gloom thickens on the altar-hill;
Loud roars the thunder, bursts the mighty rock;

All nature trembles, and the graves unlock
Their hard, unyielding portals, and at will
The dead once more revisit earth. How ill
Does man repay his Saviour's love! The flock
Is scattered, and the hardened rabble mock
The Shepherd—O ye Heavens hear!—until
The very earth rebukes the ingrates base.

Yet, sinful man, there still is hope for thee,
For Mary, ever faithful to the end,
With Magdalene and John, stands in thy place,
And for thee prays beneath the blood-stained Tree,

While Her pure Heart all human sorrows
rend.

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLORS, 1886.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIX.

THE priest and the lawyer came and did their work. The first reconciled to God the soul that had wandered so long and so far from Him; the second prepared the last will and testament of the dying man for his signature. Before signing, however, the latter insisted that Philip should read the will; and Philip understood why when he came to the clause which declared that, filled with a sense of his injustice toward the heirs of Robert Percival, the testator restored to them the value of the property which the said Robert Percival had made over to him for reasons duly set forth. The amount stated was large; but, as Mr. Thornton had affirmed, he could pay it and still remain a very wealthy man. The residue of his fortune, after providing handsomely for Mrs. Thornton, was left to Philip, who was also appointed the executor of the will.

"Well," said the sick man, as his nephew laid down the paper, and their eyes met, "are you satisfied?"

"I am more than satisfied with your restitution," the young man answered. "But for the rest, let me beg you to provide for Constance also."

"Have I not provided for her?—have you not promised to marry her?"

"Yes," Philip replied, with a freshly-sinking heart; "but what if she should decline to marry me?"

"She will not decline," said Mr. Thornton. "If she does, why should I provide for her? She is of no blood of mine."

"She is your adopted daughter."

"Her aunt's, rather; and she will provide for her if need be. There will be no need, however, if she is your wife; and a wife should not be independent of her husband."

Philip made no reply to this very masculine opinion; he was thinking how everything conspired to rivet more firmly the bond he had assumed. As if his word of

honor was not enough, there was left in his hands the entire fortune, which should (he felt) have been divided between Constance and himself, making him more than ever bound to share this fortune with her in the way his uncle indicated and intended. And, since it was to be so, did it matter, after all, how the money was left? He yielded without another word of protest.

"I will do all that I have promised—all that you desire," he said. "Be certain of that."

"I am certain," replied his uncle. "I have not lived to my age without learning who to trust. Now call in the witnesses, and let me sign."

The witnesses—one of whom was the attending physician—were summoned, and requested to witness the signature of Mr. Thornton. After he had written his name in a clear though trembling hand, he watched them affix theirs, and then let his head fall back on its pillows, with a perceptible change in his whole expression. It was as if the will-power which had sustained him to this point now suddenly failed. The doctor placed his hand on his pulse, and looked significantly at Philip. "The business was not done an hour too soon," he said, a little later.

And indeed from this time the flame of life sank lower and lower. Partial unconsciousness soon set in, from which the dying man roused now and then to recognize those about him, and to utter a few words, but relapsed again very soon into the comatose state. It was during one of these brief intervals that his eye fell upon Constance, who was standing at the side of his bed, and he made an effort to address her.

"It is all settled, Constance," he said. "You are to marry Philip, and everything will be as I planned, only I—I shall not see it." Then he glanced at Philip. "Is it agreed between you?" he asked.

"It is agreed on my part," answered the young man. He moved to the side of the girl, and took her hand. "My uncle desires our marriage very much, Constance," he said; "and I have promised him that I will

again offer myself to you—this time without any condition; and I beg you, if you can accept me, to say so now, and let our betrothal take place here at his bedside."

Certainly such a declaration, made at such a time, might excuse some agitation in the person receiving it; yet it seemed to Philip as if Constance's agitation was greater than even the occasion warranted. She was pale to her lips, and trembling visibly, while her reply was altogether inaudible.

"What does she say?" asked Mr. Thornton. "Does she promise to marry you?"

"Will you not promise, Constance?" urged Philip, earnestly, determined that there should be no lack of effort on his side to fulfil his pledges to the dying man. In a lower tone he added: "Speak quickly, if you wish to gratify him before it is too late."

She started, and murmured: "If it will gratify him, I—I promise—"

Her voice broke off. It seemed to Philip as if she wished to add more, but sank into frightened silence, as Mr. Thornton, with a faint smile, held out his hand.

"That is well," he said. "Your life is assured, as I—wished it. And Philip will do what is right. You may—trust Philip."

These were almost his last intelligible words. He roused once or twice again, but his utterances were disconnected, and finally between midnight and morning his soul passed quietly away.

Philip's grief was deep and sincere. All his affection for his uncle (which had suffered only a temporary eclipse) had revived, and he felt keenly the pang of parting. Yet with the grief was mingled a sense of almost awed thanksgiving. It was so wonderful that this soul, after long years of hardness and indifference, should have returned to God at the last! He thought of Her on whose Feast of Sorrow this miracle of mercy had been wrought, and his heart rose up in gratitude for the grace which, he was sure, had come through Her powerful hands. The recollection of the Sacraments which the dying man had received—those Sacraments which opened the door of heaven to him—and the sight of the relig-

ious emblems about his bier—the crucifix, the blessed candles—touched the young man indescribably, as if he saw visible before his eyes the infinite mercy of God. If the share which he had in bringing about the result occurred to him at all, it was only that he might think how little the sacrifice of his own happiness seemed in comparison with what he had gained by that sacrifice. He knew that this period of exaltation would pass, and that the bitterness of the renunciation which he had made, and the bond which he had accepted, would perhaps overwhelm him later. But just now he could think only of what had been gained, not of the price it had cost.

All responsibility fell upon him in these days. Mrs. Thornton was prostrated by her husband's sudden death, following so closely upon their hurried journey; and she was also somewhat resentful of the fact that a priest had been called to him. It was Philip's work, she said to herself and others. When Mr. Thornton was in health, and in the full possession of his faculties, he had given up "Romanism" entirely, and, of course, if he had asked for a clergyman, she would have sent for her own. But Philip saw him, worked upon his weakness, and sent for a priest. It was like Philip, who had proved himself a perfect bigot in religious matters, but it was necessarily very disagreeable to her. It decided her not to attend the funeral. "I might have made an effort if it had been in my own church," she said; "but under the circumstances I can not think of it."

So the funeral arrangements were left entirely in Philip's hands, and the lifeless body of the man who had not crossed the threshold of a Catholic church for years was borne once more within the sanctuary for the solemn blessing of the Church. As the pale, young chief mourner followed the coffin toward the altar, his ear was filled with the solemn chant which the choir was singing, and he recognized the clear and silvery voice that rose above all the rest. "*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat eis,*" it sang; and Philip

knew that Alice Percival echoed in her soul the words uttered by her lips. That she should sing the *requiem* of the man who had injured her, and who, so far as she knew, had died without making any atonement, seemed to the listener but another exquisite touch in this miracle of mercy and charity. At such a moment the world seemed far removed, with all its canons, struggles, and temptations; and sacrifice itself was sweet with the blessing of God.

But the world asserted itself in a very disagreeable fashion when the will was opened and read. Mrs. Thornton was as angry as the gentleness of her nature would permit. She was indignant at the restitution made to the Percivals, more indignant that no provision was made for Constance, and most indignant that she herself, though amply dowered, was allowed no part in the settlement of the estate, and that Philip's inheritance was largely in excess of her own. To the young man she spoke some very bitter words.

"I never underrated your influence over your uncle," she said; "but I confess that I could not have suspected that you would use it to such a purpose. If he had not been weak—if he had not been dying, you could never have done so. He would never have admitted that he had anything to restore to those Percivals; for I have heard him say often how much he had lost by that man."

"One views things differently," replied Philip, gravely, "when one looks at them by the light of the world and by the light of eternity. My uncle was face to face with eternity when he made his will, and he knew that the debts which man does not pay for himself, God will exact with terrible justice."

"I have no doubt that you told him such things—you and the priest—and frightened him into an act of folly and weakness," said Mrs. Thornton, resentfully. "And did you work upon him by the same means to leave poor Constance nothing—Constance who had been ready to obey and gratify him, while *you*, who disobeyed and refused to gratify him, have everything?"

Philip flushed deeply. No consciousness

of rectitude will entirely take away the sting of being cruelly misjudged.

"On the contrary," he answered, "I begged my uncle to provide for Constance, but he preferred to leave that to me. I had already promised him to marry her—if she would consent."

"In other words, you agreed to marry her in order to get the whole fortune into your hands," said Mrs. Thornton. "I understand perfectly. But whether such conduct was worthy of a gentleman and a man of honor is another question."

Philip rose to his feet. "You will pardon me if I say that you do not understand me at all," he answered. "This matter, however, concerns Constance, and it is to her that I will justify myself. You heard her promise to marry me, as we stood together by my uncle's bedside. After that, does it matter to which of us the property was left?"

"It matters that she would have been free to reject you if she had been endowed with what should have been hers," enjoined Mrs. Thornton, hastily.

"Free to break her word to the dead?" asked Philip. "Believe me, if she wishes such freedom as that, I will take care that it is secured to her. But I am sure that you speak without reflection. I can not imagine that she desires freedom from her promise any more than I desire freedom from mine."

With this he left the room, feeling that he could not trust himself to remain longer; and Mrs. Thornton shed some tears of mingled anger and self-reproach. In her heart she knew that he did not deserve the reproaches she had uttered, but her exasperation was so great that she could not altogether regret them.

Philip on his part made no immediate effort to see Constance. Wounded and jarred by the interview with his aunt, he could not face at once what might be worse even than that. He remembered how Constance had shrunk and trembled when called upon to declare whether or not she would marry him, and though she had promised at last, how reluctantly that promise had been

made. He was sorry for her, while he dreaded his first meeting with her. "I fear that my poor uncle has provided unhappy lives for both of us," he thought, with a sigh. "As far as I am concerned, I have accepted it with my eyes open, and I have been repaid. But Constance has nothing to repay her, poor girl! She does not care for anything that I can offer; and, indeed, I can only offer loyalty."

Because he could only offer loyalty he felt the more bound to preserve this without a stain, and so he determined to pay without delay the necessary visit, which, in his quality of executor, he must pay to the Percivals—a visit which would be his farewell to the happiness and hope that had brightened his life for a time. He would bid adieu to Alice Percival, and all possibilities that had lain for him in her gentle eyes, before he held out his hand to Constance in fulfilment of his promise.

Provided, then, with a copy of that clause of the will which restored a fortune to the wife and daughter of Robert Percival, he took his way once more to the modest home to which they had returned from the country. The small servant-maid who answered the door told him that Mrs. Percival was too ill to receive any one, but that Miss Percival, who was at home, could probably see him. She ushered him therefore into the little well-known parlor, and left him for some minutes to his own reflections.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Triumph of the Holy Cross.

FOR THE "AVE MARIA," FROM THE SPANISH.

THE year 1212 began gloomily for Spain. Mahomet-ben-Yussuf, Emperor of Morocco, King of Andalusia and Murcia, had passed the Straits, at the head of half a million warriors, determined once for all to reduce the Kingdom of Spain to complete subjection, and to blot out from it even the remembrance of Christianity.

The danger was imminent, and, without

losing a moment, the King of Castile, Don Alfonso VIII., marshalled his army, ordered a general conscription throughout his States, and sent ambassadors to the other Christian kings of the Peninsula. The King of Portugal sent a small but chosen band; the King of Navarre, laying aside all thought of grievances that had been inflicted on him by Castile, came personally with a numerous army; but Don Pedro II. of Aragon surpassed all, bringing to Las Navas 30,000 of his best soldiers, and being accompanied by the Archbishop of Tarragona, and the Bishop of Barcelona. It is not pleasant to have to make mention of the King of Leon, the uncle of the King of Castile, who, instead of aiding his nephew, went so far as to wage war on him in these critical circumstances.

Don Alfonso VIII. did not forget that, in order to meet such a numerous and warlike army, he must place his chief reliance on the help of Heaven. To obtain this aid, he sent Don Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, to Rome, to ask the Sovereign Pontiff to accord the favors of a crusade. Innocent III. granted this, and ordered besides that public prayers should be offered up to secure the blessing of Heaven. The people of Rome observed a day of strict fast, and the great Pontiff, barefooted, carried the True Cross in procession. Don Rodrigo began to preach a crusade in Italy, Germany, and France, and succeeded in enlisting in the Christian cause an army of 40,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. The Archbishops of Narbonne and Bordeaux and the Bishop of Nantes joined this army.

Toledo and the neighboring country could not hold the crowds that, animated with the greatest enthusiasm, flocked thither from all parts. It was at once felt necessary to choose out an able commander-in-chief to establish and maintain order amongst so many different nationalities so variously armed,—circumstances that made the election difficult, especially if we consider the number of distinguished men among the warriors drawn up around Toledo against the Moors. After due deliberation the elec-

tion fell on a commander of ripe judgment, spotless character, and great and well-known experience in military affairs. The antecedents of the noble Catalanian, Dalman de Creixell, inspired all with the utmost confidence.

As it did not suit the plans of the Moors to leave any enemies in their rear, they determined to make themselves masters of Salvatierra before continuing their enterprise. For eight months the defenders of this place held out against the enemy, thus giving the Christians time to organize. Whilst the soldiers of Mahomet-ben-Yussuf besieged Salvatierra, those of Don Alfonso made great efforts to gain possession of Calatrava, which fell into the hands of the Christians on July 1st. Shortly after this victory the foreign crusaders, assigning various excuses, such as the excessive heat, an unhealthy climate, want of provisions, with a few honorable exceptions, abandoned the enterprise and returned to their several countries.

The Spanish army advanced to the foot of Sierra-Morena, whose difficult pass was of the utmost importance as a military position. The Mussulmans understood this well, and prepared to defend it. Some one—whether shepherd, angel, or saint the historians are not agreed upon—presented himself, and guided the Christians by unknown paths until they reached a spot where all the advantage of position was on their side. Mahomet was both surprised and enraged at seeing before him the army which he had so confidently expected to conquer without any difficulty.

Both parties were eager for battle, but prudence suggested to the Spanish commander that his soldiers should be allowed a brief rest. Religious sentiment being the motive of the war against the terrible Almohades,* the prelates and other clergy, who

* The Almohades were the followers of an African who in 1120 proclaimed himself the Mehedi, that is, the spiritual guide. He stirred up the Western tribes of Africa, and caused the foundation of a new empire on the ruins of that of the Almoravides.

had come to the army in considerable numbers, went about from rank to rank exhorting the soldiers of the Cross, before they joined arms with an enemy so well inured to war, thoroughly disciplined, and superior in numbers, to purify their souls by the Sacrament of Penance, and to receive with fervor the Bread of Life. The spiritual graces granted by Innocent III. were not forgotten. Kings, officers, and soldiers, having confessed and received Holy Communion as if they were members of one family, hopefully awaited the morning of July 16, 1212.

The two armies were standing face to face, ready for the signal of battle: the King of Castile was in the centre of the Spanish forces, the King of Navarre on the right wing, and the King of Aragon on the left. An engagement soon began, which proved the most obstinate and terrible, perhaps, of all that were fought during the eight centuries of the occupation of Spain by the Moors. The two armies showed admirable courage, and for a long time victory trembled in the balance. The bishops went from rank to rank of the crusaders, animating and encouraging them; the figure of Mary Immaculate, Help of Christians, waved to and fro on the standard of the King of Castile.

The Archbishop, Don Rodrigo, with the rear guard, had difficulty in restraining the impetuosity of Don Alfonso, the prelate fearing the disastrous consequences that might result from his death if he followed the dictates of his imprudent bravery.

The battle continued to rage furiously; some Spanish soldiers began to waver; the King of Castile doubted the final result. Don Rodrigo himself tells us of the fears of King Alfonso, and how he turned to him impetuously, exclaiming:

"Archbishop, you and I will die here, for this is honorable death."

"You will not die, sire," answered the aged prelate: "you will conquer. God will grant you victory; but should He dispose otherwise, we shall die together."

Finally victory declared in favor of the Christians. The Mussulmans, not able

any longer to hold out against their fierce charges, turned their backs; the slaughter was horrible, and ancient historians estimate the number of Saracens that fell on that day at 200,000. Mahomet-ben-Yussuf, who had made up his mind to blot out the Christian name, and had sworn to plant the standard of the false prophet on St. Peter's Basilica at Rome, and convert the Vatican into a stable for his horses, had to fly on a borrowed steed; the ensign of Mahomet was sent to Rome, and placed as a glorious trophy in the very temple which Mahomet intended to profane.

Seville had to suffer the consequences of Mahomet's anger when he fled thither after the memorable battle. But the Moor did not consider himself safe in the beautiful city of the Guadalquivir, and crossed over into Africa to hide the shame of his irreparable defeat.

Whilst throughout all Spain spontaneous hymns of glory to God were chanted over and over again, the nations of Christendom, with the Pope at their head, sent enthusiastic congratulations to the Navas of Toledo for such a signal victory.

As a perpetual memorial of the event, the Church established in Spain a special festival called the Triumph of the Holy Cross, which is observed annually on July 16. It is eminently proper that Spanish Catholics should celebrate the anniversary of a victory which so signally favored the rapid progress of the Reconquest. It is proper, too, that we who believe in Providence should be grateful to God for having given more than human bravery to those soldiers, who, fighting for religion and country, under the banner of the Cross, humbled the Crescent, and wrote in History one of the most glorious pages of the many that are contained in the record of the long and obstinate struggle against the sectarians of the Koran.

HE always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweeter to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

—Faber.

Variegated Martyrdoms.

Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A VERY old document, known to scholars and antiquarians as the Rule of St. Columba, speaks of two kinds of martyrdom—the red and the white. The reason why martyrdom is called red is plain enough. The martyr generally has the privilege of shedding his blood for the faith. This is his testimony, or his witness; for the word “martyr” means a witness. “The blood is the life”: he gives his life. Bloodshed implies suffering: he yields himself to suffering. Blood was often the seal of a solemn covenant: he thereby enters into covenant with his Lord, and his Lord with him. “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.” And so the Church clothes her priests in red vestments when they celebrate the Holy Mass on martyrs’ feasts, even when those martyrs have died without actually shedding their blood; as, for instance, when they have been drowned, or died in prison.

But the Rule of St. Columba goes on to speak of another kind of martyrdom, and calls it “white.” This white martyrdom consists of the more ordinary trials of a Christian, well and courageously borne by holy souls, who “have not yet resisted unto blood.”* Of these trials St. Bernard says that, in the long run, they may equal martyrdom. For the latter is soon over; very sharp and terrible it has often been, as long as it lasted; but the tyrant persecutor has only his little day or hour, and his victim is then wafted safe to heaven. Whereas to take up a daily cross, to follow a daily rule, to bear with unkindness at home, with calumny abroad; pain, sickness, a weary, lonely life—oh! while we honor red martyrdom, and invoke the holy martyrs with their ruby crowns, let us not forget to adore the grace that has made the white martyrs too. For of them also it may be said: “These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.”† So the sufferers by white martyrdom are, in their own high degree, a very glorious company.

Is there yet another kind? There is what a great theologian of the Church has called a

black martyrdom; or, rather (in his words) a *martyrdom of ink*. To this they alone are called whom Our Lord wills to advocate His truth by their writings.

But the real martyrdom of ink is gained only by solid, well-pondered, laborious and prayerful writing, such as deserves a reward as being the fruit of real brainwork, animated and sustained by a pure desire of putting *truth* before our fellow-men. This is the offering which St. Thomas Aquinas, in his own eminent degree, made to Our Lord, and which He, in turn, speaking through the crucifix, rewarded by the words: “Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas; what recompense dost thou desire?” We remember the answer made by the Saint: “Nothing, Lord, but Thyself.” If we consider the answer, we shall appreciate the purity of intention which directed both his long, patient study, and the result of it. If we look at the row of folio volumes containing the writings he has left behind him, we shall estimate the cost of the martyrdom of ink that won that praise from Our Lord.

But, whether classified as red, white, or black, may each and all of us have the grace, and use it, to “witness” for Our Lord in word, in work, in self-denial, and, if He calls us to it, in suffering!

Catholic Notes.

It was the Church that abolished slavery, and insisted on the dignity of human nature. How noble are the words of Pope St. Leo the Great in connection with this subject: “Let no man think a fellow-man contemptible, nor in any one despise that nature which the Creator of all things has made His own,”—*Non sit vilis homini homo, nec in quoquam despiciatur illa natura, quam rerum conditor suam fecit*. (Serm. ix., cap. 11.)

The last Archbishop of Glasgow, before the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in Scotland, was James Beton, nephew of the celebrated Cardinal Primate. He was Queen Mary’s faithful resident at the French court. So great was the esteem for his talents and virtue, that even after the city of Glasgow had fallen into the novelties of the day, the Protestant municipality continued to send him his ecclesiastical revenues until his death, at Paris, in 1603. His ecclesiastical coat-of-arms, cut in

* Heb., xii., 4.

† Apoc., vii., 14.

stone, which was for a long time over the door of a private house in Lyon Street, is now in the possession of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Joseph's Church, Glasgow.

The zealous rector of St Mary's Church, Rochester, N.Y., the Rev. John P. Stewart, in a recent sermon on the care of children gave the following excellent advice to parents:

"To our efforts for your children must be added your own, with good example and loving advice. Bad example at home will render almost useless our best efforts to train them in the way they should go. Bad companions outside the school-room corrupt more youth than all the perversity that the demon of fallen nature ever planted and cultivated in man. Therefore, watch the company your children keep.

"Rule by love. If you must punish, do so with firmness, without anger. Speak kindly, lovingly; make confidants of your children. Mothers, be the guardian angels of your little ones. Fathers, bring not home a clouded brow or a scowl on your countenance to the hearth-stone. Better have the children running to meet you than hiding away in corners when you approach. Such children will soon leave home. They may succeed in life, but I fear many tramps are made by surly, abusive, or drunken fathers.

"The rising generation of young girls who parade the streets in the evening to see and be seen are filling a bitter cup for themselves and their parents. This begins harmlessly, through curiosity, or under pretense of requiring exercise. They reach the down grade in a short time, and land in a saloon or restaurant. Another fatal step is sure to follow. The brazen brow, leering eye, and wanton gaze and giggle soon replace the modest maiden's blush, and resentment of advances by the human night hawks who watch for their prey in the dark. Keep your children around you in the evenings. Make home so pleasant that they will not seek attractions elsewhere. If, by your permission, they go out for an evening, and you can not accompany them, know where they go, and what company is with them. Insist upon their coming home at an early hour."

In Rustem Pasha we have in London a Catholic ambassador from the Porte; and now, by a curious coincidence, we have a Catholic ambassador at Constantinople in Sir William White, who has been promoted from Bucharest.—*Weekly Register*.

In the convent garden attached to the Church of *San Francesco-a-Ripa*, so memorable as the place in which—then the house of

the Counts of Auguillara—St. Francis of Assisi received hospitality on his first coming to Rome, in 1219, is a beautiful old well, whose history illustrates the simplicity of a poor Franciscan lay-brother, whose duties were to go around and beg through the streets (a *rimifour*, as Chaucer says) for his convent. When Pope Paul V. was only a Cardinal he had known and liked this humble son of St. Francis, and when he ascended the pontifical throne, in 1605, he asked him to name any favor he might wish. "Give us, Holy Father, some drinking-water for our convent," said the simple-minded friar. All were edified by such a modest request. A good well was immediately dug, and the beautiful stone rim and carved covering in the midst of the garden are very picturesque indeed.

Queen Christina, of Spain, distributes more than 100,000 lire a month in charity, without counting extra donations to almshouses, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions, some of which she founded herself. On the bank of the Manganeres, in sight of the royal palace, in an open and cheerful spot, one sees a little house painted in bright colors, surrounded by a garden, from which in passing one hears the laughter, shouts and cries of children. The Queen had it built as a resort for the little children of the laundresses, who, while their mothers were working, used to be left on the streets. It is a mingling of almshouse and school. She has also founded a hospital for foundlings, a house, or species of college, for the children of the tobacco workers, and a distribution of soup, meat and bread for all the poor of the city. She has several times gone quite unexpectedly to assist in the distribution, to assure herself that no abuse was made of it; and having once discovered some roguery, she provided against a repetition of the offence. The Sisters of Charity receive from her every month 70,000 lire.—*New York World*.

A plain tablet in the Bianco Chapel of the Badia Church at Florence commemorates one of the last of the Stuarts, whose fall is so historically connected with devotion to the Catholic Faith on one side, and the cruel triumph of Protestantism on the other. It is a memorial of Bernard Stuart, a Scot, of the royal race of Queen Mary, who died in the adjoining monastery while on a pilgrimage to Rome in

the year 1755. He was Lord Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery of St. James at Erfurt, in Germany.

The Rev. George Salvaire, a Lazarite missionary, sent to Rome by the Bishops of the Argentine Republic, and by the Bishop of Montevideo, was received lately in private audience by the Holy Father. The object of this journey was to solicit the benediction of the Pope on a magnificent crown in gold destined for the statue of Our Lady of Lujan, near Buenos Ayres, which is held in great devotion among the people there. The Holy Father graciously complied with the request, and delegated the Archbishop of Buenos Ayres to crown the miraculous statue in his name, at the same time according spiritual privileges to the sanctuary of Lujan.—*Moniteur de Rome*.

We are in receipt of further offerings for Father Damien as follows:

A number of girls, Cambridge, Mass., \$25; Patrick Cozzens, \$1; Hannah Kelly, 50 cts.; M. E. M., \$1; J. McC., \$2; A. S. O., \$5; James McCarthy, \$2; a mother and son, \$2; Mrs. F. Ketchum, \$1; a reader of Our Lady's Magazine, \$1; Mrs. A. Nolan, \$1; Ellen Ewing Sherman, \$5; Dr. W. W. Morgan, \$2; L. I. Guilmartin and family, \$5; Three Friends, \$2; A. M. C., \$1; A Friend, \$5; Thomas Wharton, \$1; A Friend, Warren, R. I., \$1.20; Ida McCabe, \$1; Thomas E. Devane, \$1; A Friend, \$1; Miss Bridget Kelly, \$2; Mrs. Bridget Collins, \$5; Miss Margaret Ryan, \$1; Mrs. Margaret Barrett, \$5; E. H. Naughten, \$2.

New Publications.

WILLIAM PENN, THE FRIEND OF CATHOLICS. By M. I. J. Griffin, First Vice-President of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, etc. Philadelphia: Press of the *I. C. B. U. Journal*.

In this interesting essay, read before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, Mr. Griffin attempts to show that Catholic writers are mistaken in their estimate of the character of William Penn; that he was the friend of religious liberty, and did not deny Catholics the freedom of worshipping according to their religion. The evidence adduced in favor of this view is, for the most part, indirect and negative, still it goes a great way to show that there has been considerable misrepresentation of Penn's ideas on the subject of religious toleration.

AMONG THE FAIRIES. A Story for Children. By the Author of "Alice Leighton." New Edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A graceful little fancy, delicately and brightly carried out. There is a mild and pretty wit, which marks a woman's touch, and will hardly be seen or appreciated by children. But there are still some "grown-ups" who take sly peeps into fairyland betimes, and they will repay the writer by their full appreciation. The story is a new one, and that is something greatly in its favor; for a life-long student of fairy-tales declares that they have all been told and read over and over again.

A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Prepared and Enjoined by Order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Published by Ecclesiastical Authority. German-English Edition. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

This edition of the Catechism contains the English and German texts on opposite pages. It is clearly printed, and gotten up in a more durable form than the usual paper covers. The Rev. A. B. Schwenniger, a learned priest of the Archdiocese of New York, was the German translator.

—Miss A. M. Pope, an occasional contributor to various Catholic periodicals, has made an excellent translation from the French of a "Memoir of Father Vincent de Paul, religious of La Trappe." An interesting sketch of this saintly priest appeared in *THE "AVE MARIA"* some months ago. We feel sure many will be glad to learn more about him. It was his apostolic zeal that kept the Faith alive in Eastern Nova Scotia in the days when, with the exception of a few French missions, it lived only in the hearts of the poor Micmac Indians. A portrait of Father Vincent accompanies the work to which the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cameron has supplied a valuable preface.

—The first of the Catholic year-books in English to make its appearance is Benzigers' *Home Almanac*, of which the present is the fourth issue, and perhaps the most creditable. It is filled with useful, instructive and entertaining reading, and the illustrations are up to the usual high standard of excellence. Among the good things we find "My Pilgrimage to Lourdes," which we feel certain the editor would have credited to *THE "AVE MARIA"* had he been aware that it first appeared in these columns.



Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days
with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

IX.

While O'Keefe was giving up liberty, and Oester was being carried to the rear, the 7th and the rest of the brigade were re-organizing about a mile from the rail-fence barricade; but they had hardly begun to pull into shape before Clairburn made a fresh pounce on them, and for the next twenty minutes the display of horse-shoes would have rejoiced the soul of a farrier.

About four miles ahead they filed off into the open fields, where they fetched up "face to" the wood out of which they had just rushed, and made another attempt at re-organization; and were succeeding, when again the fatal yell rose in a steady *crescendo*; and "Fighting Pat" for the third time hurled his command on them, his men looking like a vast grey shadow in the falling night—but it was a shadow of death, and the bugles of the 7th and 4th sharply and thrillingly called the "Dismount." The men were ranged in line, and the Chicago Board of Trade Battery* wheeled its six guns in front of them, with the precision of veterans and the coolness of a dress parade, and unlimbered and began to serve their pieces with such effect that the Greys were checked, but not beaten back until after an hour of hard work.

But how they fought! It was "Charge!" from the Grey, then grape and canister from the Blue. "Retreat!" for the Grey, then shells from the Blue. "Charge!" and again a scattering death. "Retreat!" and a

rain of shrieking iron. In the midst of it one of the Battery's guns burst, and then it was harder work for the other five, and a death of honor on the field for many a bold cannoneer.

Needless to say, they stuck to it though, till the woods swallowed back the Grey-coats; and then, exhausted, bleeding, but undaunted, the command rolled from their horses, and slept like the Seven Sleepers.

The next two days were a confused blank to Oester, and very "hagamarizing"* to Jet; for Clairburn still hung on the rear and flank of our troops, and the fighting was incessant: the Blue hating to go back to camp leaving the railroad intact, the Grey knowing that the life of Atlanta as a Confederate stronghold depended on so keeping it, and both behaving accordingly. And when two sets of Americans, with opposing ideas on the same subject, come into collision, I can just assure you that "Greek meeting Greek" is nowhere as a simile of the tug of war that follows. One incident, however, both boy and mule remembered as long as they lived, and for very much the same reason.

Jet had hung about the ambulance so persistently, after his young master was lifted into it, that he attracted Saunders' attention. He'd dodge teamsters, wagons, troopers, and trees; he'd gallop, he'd trot, he'd crawl, according to the pace of the train of wounded; and if he got separated from it in any way, he'd lift up his voice in such appalling discord that everything that could give way did so rather than listen to his "honing." So when one of the leaders fell lame, Saunders clapped Jet into the harness, and he trotted on, looking funny enough by the side of the rawboned, long-legged beast he was paired with. But he held his own; for wasn't he pulling his young master into safety at every step? He balked at nothing, he shirked nothing; and even when they came to a deep, swift creek, that roared across their line of retreat, he

* This was one of the finest batteries in Sherman's army, and was raised, equipped, and (I believe) manned by the Chicago Board of Trade.

* A word which in darky dialect means something which is both harrying or worrying, and painful or agonizing.

plunged in stoutly, and—in a minute was floundering and choking, with not even the tips of his ears out!

The rest of the team was not so badly off, for the horses were taller; but even they were nearly afloat, and Saunders, looking with dismayed eyes at the almost perpendicular bank before him, realized that violent remedies were necessary.

He was driving that day (owing to some accident to the faithful black who usually filled the seat), and rose to the occasion—literally; for he stood up, and let fly a long whip, that snapped like a volley of musketry, emitting as he did so a torrent of shouts and stalwart Puritan swear-words that made the woods ring. The horses scrambled and strained and lashed and plunged, and whenever and wherever he saw a flank or shoulder rise, he cut; so, impossible as it seemed, they actually got through, and started up the bank before the "block" grew serious behind them.

Then Saunders eased down a trifle, and had puckered his mouth for a whistle, when the off wheel struck a boulder; the horses recoiled with the sudden stop, and then sprang forward so violently under the whip that every wounded man in the ambulance was jerked into the river.

The shock of the cold water roused Oester from the lethargy he was in, and he tried to strike out; but the agony in his breast made him drop his arms, and he was going under when a manly voice shouted in his ear: "Hold up, my boy; you're all right!"

And there was the young General on his splendid horse* breasting the current, and bending low to catch him. Four times did Kilpatrick do this thing, and each time he fished out one of his men, and towed him ashore, with a joke or a word of sympathy as occasion demanded; and then he sent back for brandy and dry blankets (for everything was soaked or sunk in the bottom of the stream), showing as much care and concern as if the fate of *thousands* were not weighing on his mind.

But the boy got a chill, and when on the afternoon of the fifth day the command swung round the last segment of the half circle to the left, and the great raid was ended, he was put into the hospital to be treated for lung fever.

Here a great surprise awaited him. He had been light-headed for several days, not painfully so; for neither the blood nor carnage nor fatigue of the raid had oppressed him; but always he had seen a set of fleeting visions of Our Lady as he had thought of Her during that bitter ride, and he said and muttered so often the two prayers he had learned that the attendant, naturally supposing him to be a Catholic, sent Father Ryan to him as soon as his head cleared.

The priest was a Southern man, born and bred, with every instinct of his nature in sympathy with the Confederacy; but, true to his calling as representative and servant of Christ, he ministered as tenderly to the Blue as to the Grey, saying in response to the reproaches of some of his congregation: "My children, when they are sick and wounded they cease to be enemies, and become simply souls—souls to be saved and healed."

As he came abreast the boy, and saw his youth and the candor of his blue eyes, he asked, with a smile:

"And what can I do for you?"

"Tell me about the Mother of God."

"What about Her?"

"Everything, please."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I'll begin at the beginning; for Her life is so interwoven with that of Our Lord, that I can't tell you the one without the other."

And he sat for twenty minutes, speaking clearly and concisely, then left, promising to come soon again; for the boy's face began to flush with fatigue.

As he did so, some one called: "Mister—Deacon—you, sir."

As Father Ryan turned, Oester did the same with his heavy, tired head, and saw Denbigh.

* This incident is strictly true.

"Did you want me?" asked Father Ryan, pleasantly. "Are you one of my children, too?"

"No! oh, no!" said Denbigh: "I ain't a Romanist; but I'd like to speak to you, if you can spare the time."

But when Father Ryan sat beside him, he seemed to have no words.

"Is it something that is on your mind?" asked the priest.

"Well that's about the size of it, but blamed if I know where to begin!" And he rubbed his forehead worriedly. "Look here," he broke out, finally, "can you find out anything about a man that's been taken prisoner? Not an officer, but a private, like me. And I don't know what prison he's into; and maybe he ain't alive; and I'd give my foot—willin'—" (Oester saw one was bandaged and packed in ice) "to find him; and, I say, *can* you do it for me? I'll give you my year's pay and my watch, and—" He had dragged himself up into a half-sitting position, and was gripping Father Ryan's arm with a force that made him thankful he hadn't met the man in battle.

"I'll do it gladly," said Father Ryan, "without the year's pay and the watch, but you must try to be a little clearer."

"I can't," replied Denbigh, falling back on the pillow with a groan, "unless I tell you a long story that would make you hate me too much to want to help me. And I've got to be helped." (The man's undisciplined nature showed in his desperation.)

"My friend," said the priest, gravely, "do you think I would dare refuse any favor I could grant—I a priest of the Living God, who am trying to walk in the footsteps of Our Lord, and who begs to be forgiven as he forgives others?"

Denbigh looked suspiciously and gloomily at him.

"Do you *feel* that way, or do you just *talk* that way—wait, I don't mean to ask that, but I haven't any kind of religion, and didn't believe anybody else had until—Will you *swear* to help me if I tell you?"

"No: that is unnecessary; but I promise

in the name of God and Our Lady to help you to the best of my ability."

"God and Our Lady,' that's what he said," muttered the man. Then with averted eyes he told the story of O'Keefe's rescuing him, closing with:

"I sha'n't rest, I *can't*, till he's out of that hell. I've heard you Catholics stick together like dock-burs, so maybe some other priest round the prisons can tell you where he is, and how I can get him North."

"I'll write immediately to the priest nearest Belle Isle and Andersonville, and to Richmond, and the moment I hear, *you* shall. Or would you like me to stop by to-morrow or next day? There may be something else you will think of that you'd like to tell me about."

"All right," said Denbigh, eagerly; "I wish you would."

"Halloo, boy!" he said, as, having watched Father Ryan off, he settled down in bed, and spied Oester. "How'd *you* get here?"

And when the boy told him and added with quiet conviction, "It was the medal did it," he neither scoffed nor jeered, but lay quite still, whistling an inaudible tune, and thinking deeply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Story of the Madonna of the Chair.

(CONCLUSION.)

The story of years was soon told. John would not retire to rest until he had recounted all that God and Our Lady had done for him. His sudden departure from C—— was owing to the pressure of debts, which he had contracted by extravagant living. Arriving in London, he sought employment, but, meeting disappointment everywhere, he enlisted as a common soldier. At first he found his new manner of life insupportable, but later on, when his regiment was ordered out, he determined to earn distinction, and soon found the active life of a soldier quite to his taste. He finally drew on himself the notice of his superior

officers, and, after his first campaign, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. He rose steadily to distinction, and at the time of which we write he held the position of Major, and was in high repute for his valor and military knowledge. In private life, too, he might be esteemed equally fortunate. A few years previous he had married the daughter of his dear friend and patron, Colonel D——, and this union contributed very much to his happiness. God had sent him two lovely children, round whom all his affections were twined.

But the question arises: Why did he leave his parents so long in painful suspense as to his fate? The darkest and yet the brightest part of his story is still to be told.

By degrees he had grown indifferent in religious matters, and ended by becoming an avowed infidel. The blessings which God had bestowed on him seemed only to make a wider gulf between him and his Creator. He felt that the knowledge of this change would cause more pain to his aged parents than even the news of his death could give them, and he shrank from the thought of renewing old ties when the strongest link was broken. But there was still a chord in his heart which, when touched, awakened once more the harmonies of childhood's innocence. This was a respect for the Name of Mary, quite unaccountable in one who seemed dead to all sense of religion. Though he ceased to pray to Her, he could not endure to hear Her spoken of disrespectfully.

One night his elder little boy ran up to him, saying: "Papa, you don't love the Blessed Virgin, do you? Mother prays to Her always, and I kiss Her picture every night. I never see you pray to Her." He ordered the child to bed, saying, "Little boys should be sleeping now, instead of asking questions." But he could not so easily rid himself of the thoughts to which the circumstance gave rise. The earnest words of his child kept ringing in his ears all night long, bringing back memories of the innocent days of his childhood. He thought, too, of the story so often told by

his mother of his wonderful escape from the fire. The event was now beyond his recollection, but the frequent relation of it had made a lasting impression on him.

Evil struggled hard to keep the mastery, but grace overcame it. A gleam of heavenly light illumined that darkened soul, and the spark of faith which Mary still kept alive burst forth into a glowing flame. "My God, I believe, I hope, I love!" he exclaimed. At these words a sweet calm filled his heart, and he wept to find himself once more a child of the Church. He did not trifle with grace. The following day he began to carry out the good resolutions which, with his Blessed Mother's help, he had formed the night before. The first was to become reconciled with God in the Sacrament of Penance.

When next the mother and child repaired to Our Lady's oratory for night prayers, they were surprised to see the head of the family take the place which he had never occupied before, and give out the Rosary. After little Eddie kissed good-night to his Blessed Mother, he said, "Another kiss now for papa, who loves you too." "Yes, sweet Lady," the father murmured, with a voice broken with emotion.

Soon after this he announced his intention of applying for a furlough in order to visit his parents. He obtained a few weeks' leave, but, as he was obliged to set out immediately, he could not take his wife and children, much as he desired to bring them to the old home. He wished to give his parents a joyful surprise, so he did not write. With feelings of the most intense anxiety he drew near the house, fearing that time might have left its traces there, and that the place of a loved one might be vacant. But no: as he stood at the parlor window, and looked around the familiar old room, it seemed as if he had left it only yesterday.

After he had related to his father and mother all that had happened during the period of their separation, he told them that he should be obliged to leave them after Christmas, but that he would retire from the

army as soon as he could do so with honor and advantage, and that he would be the stay of their declining years.

Before going to rest that night the little family group knelt to offer the Rosary to the Queen of Heaven, in thanksgiving for Her loving care; and none was more fervent than the poor wanderer, who had been brought back to God and to his parents by Her powerful intercession.

Confession and Restitution.

A vicar of one of the parishes in Paris relates the following incident:

I frequently met a chief clerk of the Bank of France, who always saluted me with marked respect and politeness. One day I accosted him, and inquired whether he was acquainted with me, adding, "priests are commonly very poor patrons of banks."

"Very true," he remarked; "and yet the best business transaction I ever made was with a priest."

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, Father, the story can not be told in a minute."

"Be so kind as to relate it to me as we continue our walk together."

"Certainly," he replied; "and I do not ask your reverence to keep the matter a secret either. In my employment, as you can easily understand, we must guard against distractions. About five years ago I yielded to one that came near costing me dear. I had made my customary round of the desks, and returned to the private office. All was in perfect order; but when I began to foot up my cash account I discovered that ten thousand francs were missing—neither more nor less. Well, I did not close my eyes that night. The morrow brought no tidings of the missing money, so I was obliged to confess my delinquency to the cashier. He was very kind, and granted me a month's time to make up the deficit. Fortunately, I held some shares in the bank, but I intended them as a dowry for my daughter, and a resource in my old age.

To lose everything was really very hard. Three weeks passed by, and, hearing no news of the missing money, I ordered my shares to be sold.

"But I have not mentioned my daughter's affliction. Her betrothal with a most estimable young man was nearly concluded; but when his father learned that I was financially ruined, he opposed the match. My daughter was both pious and dignified, but her father's penetrating eye could not fail to observe that she was sorely grieved. My wife showed greater courage (as a rule, though they appear weak, women bear trouble with more fortitude than men). However, though she tried to conceal her sorrow, she went to consult a fortune-teller."

"Excuse me, did your wife tell you what the mountebank said?"

"The fellow said nothing but nonsense. The only real thing in the whole affair was the ten-franc fee.

"I disposed of my shares in the bank, and was going to pay up, when one evening a priest entered the office, and asked to speak to me. 'Have you not lost some money?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied, trembling nervously; 'on the fifth of last month, between twelve and four o'clock in the afternoon, I lost, or rather forgot somewhere, ten bank-notes, each of a thousand francs.' 'Here they are,' said the priest, handing them to me. I threw my arms about the good Father's neck, forgetting in my joy the impropriety of the act, and exclaimed: 'O sir! if ever I can render you a service, command me by night or by day. I will do all in my power for you.'

"The priest gave me no explanation, and I hesitated to ask any. I comprehended at once that confession and restitution were at the bottom of the affair. I had my lost money, which was all that I desired. Since that time I have felt convinced that none but the ignorant can attack the Catholic religion, that priests render great temporal as well as spiritual services, and that the tribunal of penance is very far from being injurious to morals."



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

No. 19.

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All Saints'.

BY M. M. R.

NOW, in the valleys of the golden year,
Men gather fruits and bind their rustling
sheaves,
Amid the glories of the tinted leaves.
And thus the Bride of Christ, supremely dear
To His great Heart, presents her harvest here;
Won where 'round rocky isles gray ocean
heaves,
From deserts gaunt, from gloomy haunts of
thieves,
Strange wastes of woe, and combats fierce and
drear.
"Lo! through wild wanderings," she teaches,
"these,
Through sin and doubt, through all the world
malign,
Redeemed and radiant, reached the heights of
peace.
So mayst thou, too, attain to rest divine,
Blest as the earth when all her woodlands blaze
Thro' the warm light of blue October's haze."

The Devotion of November.

MOTIVES OF PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

THE Church sometimes offers to our
contemplation truths which strike
us with terror, but again she calls
our attention to others which are full of
sweetness and consolation,—which are of a
nature to sustain our courage in our pil-

grimage through life, and pour the balm of
consolation over our most bitter sorrows.
Such is the doctrine upon which we are in-
vited to meditate in a special manner during
the present month—the doctrine of Purga-
tory, and of the efficacy of prayers for the
dead.

How full of sweetness and consolation
must this belief be to any one who has had
to weep over the tomb of a father, a mother,
or any other whom he held dear! For it
affords us the assurance that we shall see
them again, and that during the term of our
separation we may ease their sufferings in
the other life, and shorten the period of
their exile.

What a source of consolation it should
be for us that we belong to a Church whose
solicitude for all her children extends far
beyond the bounds of the present life,—a
Church that, after closing our eyes in this
world, will continue her interest for us in the
life to come, and never interrupt her sup-
plications until assured that we are in the
enjoyment of eternal happiness! How sad
and cold must be the belief that can see
nothing beyond the grave,—which thinks
that all is over when the lifeless body has
been consigned to the tomb! How worthy
of pity are those who thus weep without
hope, and who, in receiving the last sigh
of an expiring friend, think that they are
bidding him an eternal farewell!

But for us, who know that death is but
the passage to another and a better world,
—that we shall meet again in eternity

those from whom we have been separated in time,—how consoling it is to feel that the love of which we were never weary of giving them proofs here below, may be shown much more efficaciously now; and that, too, not by costly tributes of affection—not by erecting lofty monuments, which flatter the vanity of the living rather than contribute to the relief of the dead, but by praying for them, by offering to Heaven in their behalf the pleasing sacrifice of our good works!

The practice of offering prayers for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed is one whose utility and necessity the Church is never weary of inculcating. There is no necessity to waste space in demonstrating truths of which every reader of *THE "AVE MARIA"* must be already convinced, and which it is so easy and agreeable to believe; in showing how pleasing this devotion is to God, how beneficial to the suffering souls, and how salutary for ourselves; it is not necessary to point out how clearly this devotion is approved by Holy Scripture, and sanctioned by pious antiquity, and how plainly it is in conformity with our reason. Our hearts tell us without all this that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." Let us rather consider a few of the many motives that make it a solemn and sacred duty for us not to withhold the assistance which it costs us so little to afford.

We have, in the first place, the motive of promoting the honor and glory of God. Sometimes we feel within ourselves a certain zeal for the things of God, but unfortunately we do not always apply this zeal to the objects by which the glory of God is most concerned. We are filled with admiration for those apostolic men who, inspired by their zeal, cross oceans, plunge boldly into pathless forests and deserts, bury themselves in the midst of barbarous tribes; and the story of their lives is certainly a tale of heroic self-sacrifice in God's service. But do we reflect that, without imposing upon ourselves similar sacrifices, to which, perhaps, we have not been called, we may yet, by

devotion to the suffering souls, promote the honor of God in an almost equal degree? If the souls of idolaters and those living in the darkness of infidelity and superstition are so dear to the Heart of God, why should not those holy and predestined souls, who have as yet but a few stains to wash away, be equally so?

Has not Jesus Christ Himself been willing to serve as a model for us in this respect? Has He not in person given us an example of this devotion by descending, as the Apostles' Creed tells us, into hell—*i.e.*, in the interpretation of the Church, did He not descend into the lower regions, to console by His divine presence the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, and to withdraw them therefrom by His power? Do we ever reflect that we may imitate Our Lord in this respect—that we may, like Him, be the means of shortening the probation of souls as dear to God as the souls of patriarchs and prophets; and that by doing as He did, with the view simply of promoting the honor and glory of God, we share in the apostolic spirit of which He is the source, and with which He wishes that all our actions should be inspired? If, knowing this, we yet fail in our binding duty, woe, perhaps, will it be to us for being so negligent in things in which the honor of God is so closely concerned.

Another and a powerful motive which should inspire us with piety for the dead is the knowledge that we can to so great a degree promote the happiness of those who were dear to us. Do we ever think of the plaintive cry which the Church lends to the suffering souls: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me"? That plaintive cry, which can not fail to find an echo in our hearts, is, perhaps, at this very moment addressed to us by a father, a mother, or others equally dear, who have done so much and suffered so much for us—nay, perchance, it may be for faults committed through an unwise and excessive partiality for us that they are now detained in that place of suffering and expiation.

On their death-bed we may have promised not to forget them in the world beyond the tomb: that promise consoled their dying moments; and now that they are no more—now that the justice of God is weighing upon them, can we have the hardness of heart to abandon them? We consider that gratitude is binding upon us to those who have rendered us temporal favors; we even consider it a sacred and ennobling duty; and can we bring ourselves to be ungrateful to those to whom, after God, we owe all,—to those in whose favor pleads not only the voice of benefits conferred, but likewise the cry of nature and of blood?

We have, again, to urge us to pray for the dead, the motive of charity. Which of us would have the heartlessness to refuse bread to a famishing friend? If our ears catch the note of a sigh of pain, we instinctively feel impelled to relieve it. Shall the sighs and sufferings of our afflicted brethren alone find us insensible? Perchance to enable them to reach the goal of eternal happiness very little is needed—a prayer, an almsdeed—the glass of water mentioned in the Scriptures,—and can we bring ourselves to refuse it to them? Think of all that God has done for these souls; think of the sacrifices which Christ has imposed upon Himself for their salvation; and reflect that by praying for them we go before His wishes, we do an agreeable violence to His justice, we become the auxiliaries of His clemency.

But perhaps it is too little to say that it is a duty commanded by charity; it may be an obligation of strict justice. How many souls, alas! may now be suffering in purgatory on our account—parents weakly, foolishly indulgent to us; friends and companions led astray by our example and words; the accomplices of our misdeeds, our victims even—and we would be so heartless as to abandon them in the distress into which we may have been the means of plunging them! Should we not fear that God will one day punish us severely, not only for the faults which we ourselves have expiated, but also for the sufferings which

we have been the means of making others endure?

But if we belong to the number of those who feel no burning zeal for God's honor and glory,—if we are deaf to the appeals of gratitude, charity, and justice,—if we listen only to the voice of our own interest, in what manner more than by devotion to the souls in purgatory may we reasonably expect to advance it? Although this spirit is far—very far distant from the pure charity with which we should endeavor to perform our good works, yet it is allowed us to seek our own spiritual interests, provided that we do so through the lawful means which religion offers us. If, then, we have neither friends nor relatives nor victims nor accomplices in our past faults to pray for, we ought, nevertheless, not to allow a single day to pass by without offering up a prayer, however short, or some good work, for those unfortunate souls, who may, perhaps, be sighing for this prayer or good work as earnestly as the rich man in the Gospel sighed for the drop of water from Lazarus, and who will be certain to pay it back a hundredfold.

If God, by a special revelation, were to make known to any one of us that an immortal soul is indebted to him for the hastening of its hour of eternal bliss, with what faith would he not invoke the protection of this new saint of Heaven! with what confidence would he not recommend himself to his intercession! with what fervor would we not all ask of this glorified soul to remember us as we had remembered it—to ask of God to show us the same mercy that we had shown—to obtain for us the grace of being withdrawn from sin, as we had obtained for it the grace of being removed from a place of suffering! This consolation is within the reach of each and every one of us; for, though we may not know those whose exile we have shortened, yet we may feel confident that they, seeing all things in God, both know and are mindful of their deliverers. No necessity of addressing them as Joseph of old addressed the servant of Pharaoh: "Remember me

when it shall be well with thee, and do me mercy"; because a soul admitted to the enjoyment of eternal happiness is incapable of being unfaithful to any obligation.

But if we remain deaf to the wants and petitions of our suffering brethren,—if we abandon them in their necessities, have we not reason to fear that we shall be one day abandoned in like manner? "For with the same measure that you shall measure, it shall be measured to you again," says the Gospel. We all know the stern law of retaliation in force among different nations at different periods of the world's history. It was a practical application of the principle, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," etc.; *i. e.*, that the assassin should be punished in the very same manner in which he had treated his victim. Have we not also reason to fear that the same terrible law will be enforced against us if we are without compassion? For if he is accused of Heaven who refuses his starving brother an alms, what shall be said of him who refuses a suffering soul the alms of a prayer or a good deed? We should never forget that in praying for others we are praying for ourselves; and that at our last hour, when the good works which we have performed are about to be weighed in the balance of the Supreme Judge, the remembrance of our mercy and charity will fill us with a consoling hope that others will be equally merciful towards us, and we shall feel within us that peaceful security which was felt by the mother of St. Augustine, when, on her death-bed, her son promised to remember her at the holy Altar.

We read in the life of St. Monica that, feeling her last hour at hand, she sent for St. Augustine, and thus addressed him: "My son, I know that I shall soon be no more; but when I am gone, pray for the repose of my soul. Do not forget me, who have loved you so dearly; especially think of me when you are at the Altar, and about to offer the Sacrifice of the New Alliance." St. Augustine, bathed in tears, made the required promise; and after his mother's edifying death, he never ceased to intercede

for her. "God of mercy!" he exclaimed, in his sorrow, "forgive my mother the faults which she may have committed; enter not into judgment with her; turn aside! Thy eyes from her sins. Remember that on the point of expiring she thought not of the honors which should be paid to her lifeless corpse: she asked only that she should not be forgotten at Thy Altar, in order that any stains of sin which might not have been expiated during her life should be washed away."

Supplications like these, we may confidently expect, will be offered up for us also, if we have secured for ourselves intercessors at the last solemn hour; in like manner will our souls, too, be refreshed by the salutary dew of prayer; and if for the souls of our brethren we have imposed any privations or sacrifices upon ourselves, they will be repaid with interest; for if to give to the poor is to lend to the Lord, what is it to give to the souls of our brethren suffering under the avenging stroke of God's justice?

Zeal for God's glory and our own sanctification, gratitude, charity, and justice,—all exhort us to pray for the dead, and pray with perseverance. Our prayers for them will be heard, and their prayers for us in return will be listened to. This is the real communion of saints: by giving we purchase—by giving to the poor we purchase the pardon of our sins, and by giving to the suffering souls we purchase for ourselves eternal happiness and the glory of the elect.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XX.

IT seemed to Philip a considerable time, but it was not in reality very long, before the door opened and Alice Percival stood before him. She held out her hand with an expression of exquisite sympathy.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I have thought of you and felt for you very much."

The words were simple, but the sweetness of her tone moved him indescribably.

"You are always kind," he said; "and I have much to thank you for beside your sympathy. I am sure that your prayers aided to bring about the result for which you asked with such pure charity. My uncle was reconciled to the Church before he died."

"I know, and I was very glad."

"I am sure of that, too. But, as you are well aware, he had atonement to make as well as repentance to feel. I have come to tell you that he made it."

She looked at him, but said nothing; and, drawing the paper he had brought from his pocket, he went on:

"Here," he said, "is a copy of the clause in his will which restores to your mother and yourself all that was taken from your father. You can not hesitate to receive it"—she made a slight motion as if drawing back from the paper he offered,—"because he explicitly states that he restores it as an act of justice. Will you not read what he dictated with his dying lips?"

The gentle entreaty prevailed over her reluctance. She took the paper and opened it. Philip saw that she paled as she read the words written within, and that the breath came quickly through her parted lips. When she looked up at him her large, dark eyes were full of surprise and doubt, mingled with pity.

"Poor man!" she breathed rather than said, softly. "I am rejoiced for his own sake that he did this—that he went with a cleared conscience to meet the justice of God; but I can not feel that it is possible for my mother and myself to accept—all that is stated here."

"It is all rightfully yours," answered Philip. "I have verified every item, as I am the executor of the will. You *must* accept it; for it is yours, and yours only."

"But I have never heard that my father was so wealthy a man as this implies."

"You forget that my uncle is accounting not only for the property which he received, but also for its increase in value during the years that it remained in his hands. Consult your mother, consult your lawyer, con-

sult whom you will, Miss Percival; but be sure that everyone will tell you that this is justly yours; while I tell you that you have no right to refuse what is purely and simply a restitution."

She still regarded him doubtfully. "If," she said at length, "you can assure me that there is nothing here which is not strictly ours—nothing which has been added as an atonement, perhaps—"

"I assure you," responded Philip, as she paused, "that my uncle intended only to restore what he felt was not justly his own; and he was too exact a business man to have made any error in doing so. He certainly did not restore a farthing more than was necessary. If you have any confidence in me, I beg you to believe this."

"I have such confidence in you," she observed, in a low tone, "that I feel as if it were your restitution rather than his."

"You must not do him that injustice," said Philip, earnestly. "It is his own, and may it avail much for him before God!"

"Amen," she answered, softly.

A brief pause followed, while Philip asked himself how much he should tell her of the circumstances of his position. He had not decided, when she spoke again.

"At least," she said, "I am certain of one thing—though it is *his* restitution, he would never have made it but for you."

"Perhaps not," the young man answered. "Yet I do not for a moment think that my influence alone, or chiefly, brought it about. Other influences far more powerful did that. I only thank God that I was able to be with him at the last, to urge on him the importance of the duty. But he did not yield without a struggle, and—I was not victorious without a sacrifice."

Her eyes, still fastened on him, were full of sympathy and interest. "We are told that nothing is worth much which is not bought by sacrifice," she said. "Yet I hope that yours was not very great."

"It is the greatest that could have been demanded of me," he replied. "I promised to marry Constance."

His voice sank over the last words, and

silence followed for a moment, until Alice, holding out the paper he had given her, said, with a manifest effort:

"You promised that—to secure *this*?"

"No," he answered, "not to secure that, but to secure the reconciliation with God of which it is but a visible sign. I should not have told you, only I knew that you would hear of my—engagement. And, since we have spoken of the matter before, I wish you to know why it has taken place. Others, who will not know, will say that I have sold myself. That is true, but you will believe that the price was not a fortune but a soul."

"Have you not proved," she said, in a voice full of feeling, "that a fortune could not tempt you? But was it—necessary?"

"Yes. He would not have yielded on his side unless I had yielded on mine. And can you conceive that I would ever have consented if it had not been not alone necessary, but indispensable? Ah!"—with a sudden inflection of passion in his voice—"surely you must know better than that! Surely you must understand how great the sacrifice was!"

She was mute. only the paper slipped from her fingers to the floor.

"I should have no right to tell you that I love you," Philip went on, "if I had the faintest shadow of hope that you would, under any circumstances, think of me. But I have none. I have never misunderstood your kindness, nor based the least dream upon it. I know well that I did not surrender *you* in making this sacrifice, but I surrendered the happiness of thinking of you, and the far greater happiness of seeing you and being with you; for after to-day I shall not voluntarily see you again. You now know why. It was due to you and to myself that you should know."

He rose, as if he had said his last word, and, stooping, picked up the paper lying at her feet. "Will you show this to Mrs. Percival," he said, "and tell her that, as the executor of my uncle's will, I shall lose no time in transferring to her and to you all that has been so long withheld from you?"

Their fingers met as she took the paper from him, and the next moment their eyes met also. What was it in hers that made Philip start as if an electric shock had passed over him? "Alice!" he cried, involuntarily, like one from whom an utterance is sharply wrung.

She laid her hand on his with a touch as restraining as it was soft. "Are you glad or sorry," she said, "that the sacrifice is not all on your side?"

He flung himself on his knees beside her chair. "Oh! I am sorry—God knows that I am sorry!" he cried. "If I had dreamed—if I had dared to dream of such a thing for a moment, I could never have consented!"

"Then I thank God that you did not dream of it," she continued; "though I think you wrong yourself—I think you would have been strong enough for the sacrifice even had you known. You remember" (with a faint, sweet smile) "I told you that I knew you would be when the occasion came?"

"I thought of your words," he said, "and they helped to give me the strength I needed. But they might not have given it if I had known how great the sacrifice was."

"Could any sacrifice, not wrong in itself, be too great for such an end?"

He looked at her with a passion of appeal in his eyes. "I might have thought that—I might have felt that—an hour ago," he said; "but now I can only realize that I held happiness in my grasp, and that I have lost it."

"Happiness is not all that we have to live for," she remarked, gently.

"Not all," he answered, "but much, very much, to weak human hearts; and my heart dies within me when I think what I have so narrowly missed."

"God will give you some great good to atone for it," she said. "I am sure of that."

"He can give me no earthly good so great as this which I have lost," replied the young man, with despair in his voice. "For it is not only happiness that I have lost

in losing you, but a great, an inestimable good. I can not tell you—at least not in this bitter moment—all that you have been to me since I knew you first—all the inspiration to better things than my life knew before; all the revelation of excellence, all the help in a battle where I should else have been overcome. And, in return, what have I done for you? Had not one Thornton injured you enough, that another should cast even a passing shadow on your life? I had a right to sacrifice myself, but not you."

She was almost frightened by his vehemence—by the sudden kindling of his passion at that light which he had read in her eyes. She did not know how strong was the tension in which he had held himself before, nor how inevitable this moment of reaction was, even had not the knowledge that had burst upon him hastened and intensified it.

"Listen to me," she said, earnestly, "and believe me when I tell you that I am glad—glad from the bottom of my heart—to have a share in the sacrifice which has won so great a grace. We did not think of suffering together when we prayed together for this which has come to pass; but we should have remembered that nothing great was ever accomplished without suffering. Do not think of me: think only of fulfilling the duty to which you are bound by your conscience and by your honor. For the rest, if one Thornton injured me—which I do not remember—another has more than atoned for it. Never forget that."

"When shall I ever forget *you*?" said Philip. "You talk like an angel, but I—God help me!—feel like a man. It is true that my conscience and my honor bind me, but where shall I find the strength for that which lies before me?"

"You do not need for me to tell you where it is to be found," she answered; "nor yet that a sacrifice must be voluntary in order to have merit. You, who have made yours so bravely, are you going to fail now, because you have learned that another has a share in it? Nay, let us make it to-

gether—a free offering—trusting to God for the help and courage that can not fail."

Her words sounded in his soul like the trumpet which calls a soldier to battle. He rose to his feet, and stood before her pale and grave.

"You shame me," he said, "and you give me the courage of which you speak. Yes, a voluntary sacrifice alone has merit. I will go and try to make mine voluntary, while you—"

"Will pray," she said, as he paused. Then she extended her hand, adding, softly, "God be with you!"

He took it as the adieu which she intended; and, unable to trust himself to utter another word, he kissed her hand silently and went out, feeling like a man who had received a mortal wound.

But it was not mortal. By the help of God, the higher part of the soul triumphed in the struggle that followed,—one of those struggles that have no witness save God, when all the inner man is torn by strife, when nature cries out against the law that is imposed upon it—the terrible law of renunciation, which grace alone can render possible,—when the things of sense press so closely, and the things of faith seem removed so far away. It was well for Philip that he took refuge in the first church to which he came. Only there, kneeling before the altar, could he have found the strength to overcome himself, to resist the insistent demands of his heart, to gird himself up, as it were, for the sacrifice that he offered, and to go forth at length, resolved that there should be no delay in that which must be done.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

If the Son of Mary is nothing but a great philosopher, whence comes it, O ye free-thinkers! that you love so little and profess so badly His philosophy?—*Abbé Roux*.

THE habit of prayer communicates a penetrating sweetness to the glance, the voice, the smile, the tears—to all one says or does or writes.—*Id.*

With Staff and Scrip.

UNDER THE CRESCENT.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XI.—ON THE BOSPORUS.

OUTWARD BOUND.—The bridge of boats that spans the Golden Horn is lined on the lower side with steamers plying between it and the sea islands, the Asiatic shore and the villages on the Bosphorus. It is our day for the Bosphorus. Antonio, a Greek, in whom we are gradually gaining confidence, leads our caravan forth in the fresh morning. We slide from Pera to Galata by the underground rail, in company with several opulent-looking Turks, who fill the close carriage with cigarette smoke during our brief transit. At Galata—that name signifies the abode of the Gauls—we pick our path through the busy streets, hasten half way over the bridge of boats, and climb down ladders and over planks, and up ladders again on the other side, until we find ourselves safely ticketed for a day on a Bosphorus boat.

The mere fact that we are on board one of the five-and-twenty steamers of the *Shirket-i-Hairie* Company is delightful; neither can we read the name on the paddle-box, which adds greatly to our enjoyment of the voyage. It begins to feel as if we are really in Turkey—a fact that is not to be accepted without some compunctions of conscience up yonder in that Frankified, hotel-haunted Pera.

Our steamer—not a bad one by any means—rapidly fills with the mixed races of the earth; the bridge is crowded from dawn to dark; a thin stream of tourists pours down the ladder onto our boat. I can see on either side of us other steamers, with steam up, and they are likewise being overrun with the strange-looking people, who drop out of the dense tide that ebbs to and fro. The wonder is that you and they are not swept on, and swallowed up in the strong current that seems never to decrease in volume or slacken its speed.

Our boat is a double-decker. In the bows the poorer classes, chiefly natives, travel at a reduced figure. Amidships there are cushioned seats, a comparatively clean deck, and the companion-way dropping into a cabin below, which is apparently a kind of refined black-hole, carefully avoided by everybody. In the stern there is a pen, hedged in by a low railing and a canvas curtain; and behind that veil the women of the harem bury themselves from the faces of men. We can see them, as much as we care to see of them, as they board us, and elbow their way through the throng of first-class passengers to their sanctuary; and we are just mean enough to look. The *yashmack* that falls from the eyes to the waist is rather formidable; it were vain to search among its opaque folds for any shadow of the lips that have fed on *halva* and sherbet all their days; but the dark orbs are turned toward you, and the heavy lids that have been plastered with a white paste that lies upon them like fish-scales, and darkened with deep, broad lines of *kohl*—those soft but expressionless eyes look at you with stupid, animal curiosity, and the large, velvety pupils roll into the corners of the sockets as the *houri* passes by. Ah! she might sit for a face-card with those eyes of hers; the cow-like coquetry of the Queen of Hearts lurks under her sooty lashes.

The harem is so crowded before we swing off into the stream that the canvas partition bulges in spots like a huge dumpling. We regale ourselves with domestic pastries, such as the imagination of the untravelled foreigner may not conceive of; we eat oranges and drink sherbet, and watch the traffic of the bridge, until the paddle-wheels begin to beat the sea into a foam, and the last man has wrung his hands in despair—he wears a turban in this country, and his toes turn up like skates.

FROM SEA TO SEA—Drifting cautiously down to the mouth of the Golden Horn, picking our way among the shipping that is anchored in mid-stream, we turn away from the point of the seraglio, head due north and find ourselves entering a river. This is the

Bosporus; it might as well be the Hudson, or any other winding stream that has green walls and is lovely to look upon, but for the peculiarly important relation it bears to the grand divisions of the earth's surface. It is, in fact, a brilliant geographical climax!

Just think of it for a moment. On our right the eastern shore is Asia; on our left, to the west, is Europe; at our back is the Sea of Marmora, and in two hours we shall have come to the waters of the Black Sea. The channel turns so abruptly at times that seven land-locked lakes are formed, each more charming than the last. Palaces, villas, villages line the delicious shores; the hills brood over the waters like hanging gardens of delight. I believe that the remarkable beauty of the Bosporus is positively unequalled in the world; for Nature has made here a bed for Art to dream a dream in.

Behold two continents face to face, like rival queens, glassing themselves beside two classic seas. We are cruising between the Pontus and the Propontis, the Euxine and the Marmora. We swing from shore to shore, pause for a few moments at each landing, exchange passengers, and have ever about us a landscape that is renewed at every turn, and a surprise that is as fresh when we steam up the Golden Horn at sunset as at the hour when we came out of it, with our hearts full of expectation and our mouths of exclamations.

The very names of the villages about us are appetizing; let me select only a part of them. Here in Europe we have the Hazel-ut Village, the Crowded Garden, the Cradle-stone, the Dried Fountain, the Castle in Europe, the Place of Wailing, the Farm-village, the Yellow Place. Across the channel, in Asia, lie the Place of Labor, the Point of Quails, the Sultan's Village, the Pig Village, the Pipe Village, the Village of Blood, the Castle in Asia, the Heavenly Water, the Illuminated Village, the Weary Man's Village, the Chief of the Beys, and many other water-side hamlets nestling among chestnut groves and cypresses under the shelter of the hills.

With these shores is associated the romantic history of Barbarossa, of Dandolo and his Venetian galleys. Here, at the village of the Dried Fountain, stood the laurel tree Medea planted when she returned from Colchis with the adventurous Jason; and here Constantine erected a church (what a church-builder he was!) to the Archangel Michael; and by this church stood the column on which St. Simeon, the stylite, watched and prayed between heaven and earth; and St. Daniel, the stylite, followed him. In yonder valley are seven plane trees, under which Godfrey de Bouillon encamped with his crusaders in 1096. Some writers question this tradition, but what is gained by disbelief when the evidences are in favor of the tradition? To begin with, there are the trees; I defy you to disprove it! What a tramp we had through a queer village, and off into the soft, green meadows, just to pat those old trees on their shaggy barks, and tell them that we believe in them, spite of Murray and his apostles, and that it is sure to be all right in the end!

There is a tree in the Vale of Roses, near Kirej-Boornoo—that gorgeous word means nothing less practical than Lime Point—there is a tree there on the bark of which a shawl merchant from Ispahan has left his mark. The sales were light that day, and the poor fellow had carried a bale of splendid fabrics about in the hot sun until his heart fainted within him, and he dropped into verse. Then the merchant from Ispahan cut his sonnet on the bark of the tree, and you may read to-day, with the aid of your dragoman, how the bodies of the merchants of Ispahan are indeed perishable, but that the song of the singer endureth forever. A pretty and a commendable sentiment for a merchant to express, and he has expressed it in rare Persian characters as lovely as one of his own shawl patterns.

Everywhere on the Bosporus there are groves and gardens and lawns. At Belgrade, thirteen miles north of Constantinople, the woods are sacred, and the ax is never laid to their roots; nor are the fountains suffered

to run dry in that blessed land. It was at Belgrade that Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived and wrote her letters. In the yellow valley, near the Cape of the Tombs, the fishermen, skippers, and gardeners have made an earthly paradise. When Murad IV. saw one of these gardens he exclaimed: "I, the servant of the two noblest harems [of Mecca and Medina], possess no such gardens as this!" And the very next day the price of vegetables went up.

But the Valley of the Heavenly Waters is the most famous of all these celestial haunts. The Eastern poets have preferred it to the four jewels of Asia—the Plains of Damascus and Sogd, the Meadows of Obolla, near Basora, and the Persian valley of Shaab Bewan. There is some slight consolation in the thought that this enchanted glen is without a rival in all the lands of the Orient; yet it is only slight. Truly we are in Turkey; but it is only Turkey, after all. Why are we not in Persia? What is Stamboul to the bazaars of Bagdad!

We cross the Bosphorus in a caique, and climb the steep slopes of the Giant Mountain in Asia. What went we up for to see? Two continents and two seas, and such a chain of lakes, and hill upon hill overhanging a score of valleys,—valleys filled with vines and fruits and flowers. Yonder is the Euxine. Turn to your Byron and read:

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades.
'Tis a grand sight from off the Giant's Cave
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease.
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the
Euxine.

Down there at the mouth of the Bosphorus lie the Symplegades, through which Jason steered his Argonauts. I fancy a dove might pass them in safety on a day like this. It is quite evident that they don't butt one another so much as they used to. Probably there are no more Golden Fleece in Colchis, and not so many adventurers as of yore.

On this Giant Mountain there is a small

monastery, wherein live two Turkish dervishes, who guard the grave of Joshua. An open cellar, twenty feet in length and five in breadth, planted with flowers and shrubs, is shown as the grave; a classical story points to the same as the tomb of Amycus, King of the Bebrycians, who was slain by Pollux. In either case we are happy in our pilgrimage; so are a dozen Turkish women shrouded in voluminous folds of white linen, who have come hither to eat sweetmeats all day long on the breezy mountain-top. This harem was dragged up the mountain road in a chariot of scarlet and gold, looking like a small band-wagon in a cheap circus. The gray oxen, loosed from the vehicle, fed in the neighborhood of Joshua's grave, and didn't seem to care much about the Eastern question, though it is one that concerns them personally.

Down the stream; back again over the same course; seeing everything in a new light, and liking it better than ever; through the arbor of the Raving Laurel—the leaves of that tree turn the brain of him who plucks them; past the port of the Manslayer; threading the ideal shores where ancient palaces are falling to decay, and quaint old houses are toppling into the water; where huge ships lie close to the shore, and tower above the tiny villages that are built upon the edge of the very last sea-wave, and seem to rise and fall with the tide; where water-side *cafés* are thronged with dreamers slumbering in clouds of smoke; where ten thousand caiques rock upon the tide, and threaten to turn over every moment, and where the land and the sea are so wedded that the sea seems to have clasped her arms over the neck of the land, and the embrace is called the Bosphorus.

In the great white palaces of the solemn Sultan, where the caged windows shut in the hothouse flowers of Georgia and Circassia, I saw the sea-gulls soaring under the eaves, and a moment later—at sunset—we entered the Golden Horn, which was like a lake of flame flooding a fairy city built of crystal and pearl and gold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

LAODICE, however, determined to probe the affair further.

"Thy Eastern physician is as great a thaumaturgist as the famous Nazarene," she said, with a sneer lurking under her soft smile, and a deep meaning in her eyes and voice.

"So it is thought by some," was Fabian's tranquil answer; "but to me it is a one-sided proposition, as I am acquainted with only one of the parties."

Then, with his most delusive and irresistible smile, and that deferential, delicate manner which takes captive womankind in all ages, he added: "I can speak only of such spells as I know, beautiful sorceress, with anything like certainty. Let me ask, in turn, the fate of thy latest conquest, the young Syrian prince."

Laodice was too vain a woman not to fall into the trap, and yielded herself unresistingly to Fabian's elegant, subtle flatteries; and in the war of wit and repartee that thereafter ensued between them, she gave herself up to the fascination of the hour, knowing that she could bide her time for the gratification of her revenge.

But under it all the thought of the peril impending over Nemesius and his child was like a thorn in Fabian's heart; no protean mask that he might assume could disguise the painful fact from himself. And no sooner had he left Laodice, wearing his usual smile, speaking gay, sharp, witty words to those of his acquaintances he met on his way out, and found himself alone with the night, than a stern expression of dread and sorrow clouded his face, and he drew the hood of his light cloak low over it, so that neither friend nor foe might observe him too closely as he passed homeward.

"How did Laodice discover that Claudia is no longer blind?" he asked himself as he hastened along; "and how far does her

knowledge of the event extend? Have I baffled her by my evasions and transposition of facts?" He could not tell; he only knew that she was as artful as Circe, and was convinced that some fresh disappointment to her hopes had risen to rekindle her hatred against Nemesius and his innocent child, and that her revenge would follow them to the bitter end.

Fabian sought his couch as usual, but the tumult of his thoughts forbade sleep. Once, towards day-dawn, he lost himself; but a vivid, frightful dream, in which he found himself struggling to release Nemesius and Claudia from the deadly coils of a python, with a beautiful human face, which was wrapping itself closer and tighter around them, aroused him, and, with the horror of the dream upon him, he sprang to the floor, every sinew strained by the desperate contest, and his face covered with a cold sweat.

Such a dream was not unnatural in the overstrained condition of his mind and nerves; but he would not court sleep again, if such horrible visions lay in wait for him beyond its portals. He lighted his lamp, looked at the *clepsydra*, took up a volume of the Satires of Juvenal, and found in their bitterness a mental tonic, which, although refreshing, failed to bring forgetfulness of the vague unrest that haunted him.

After the light morning repast, Fabian resolved to drive to the villa on the Aventine; he was uncertain what he should find there, but concluded that to know even the worst would be better than this incubus of dread brooding continually over him. As he passed through the great bronze gates, and up the broad avenue, where every leaf and blade of grass held its glistening dew-gem,—where the birds sang, and the sweetness of flowers pervaded the radiant atmosphere, he almost imagined that his old fever had been playing tricks with his brain filling it with illusions, and that he was just awake.

Slaves ran to lead his chariot away as soon as he alighted. Standing a moment, he cast a glance over the beautiful grounds, and almost the first object that attracted his

eye was Claudia, on a marble bench, under the great trees, her gazelle frisking near her, while some of her little pensioners, now grown strong and active, were riding Grillo by turns. Zilla sat apart, her pale face bent over a piece of rich embroidery, into which she was working threads of gold. And the sunshine through the leaves fell like a spray of gold over them all.

Claudia rose and half advanced to meet Fabian as he approached, waving his hand with a graceful gesture of salutation; then she stopped, while a delicate glow overspread her face; for to her eyes he was still only a noble-looking stranger, from whose presence she shrank with instinctive and modest reserve, until he greeted her in the old familiar voice of her blind days; then she smiled and welcomed him.

"I salute thee, fairest! Methought Aurora had chosen to disport herself among the flowers, to receive the homage of fauns and naiads; while Zilla—health to thee, Zilla!—like the pale moon, hovered near," he said, gaily; for so far from these peaceful, lovely scenes appeared all thought of violence and danger, that he resolutely turned his back on the latter, and his face to the sunshine, temporary though it might prove to be.

The little one smiled at his nonsense, and he thought he could never tire of the sweet, pure outlook of her radiant eyes.

"I have been wishing to see thee oh! so much, Fabian! I have a keepsake for thee. Wait here until I run and bring it" she said.

"Let me go for it, *cara mia!*" exclaimed Zilla, rising.

No, *madre bella!* Thou art tired," she answered over her shoulder, as she sped away across the grassy, flower-dappled expanse that stretched between them and the villa. In a few moments she appeared, running towards them, her golden hair flying in the wind, her face bright and glowing, her hands clasping a small package.

"Wilt thou come with me to the cascade, Fabian? It is a long time since we were there," she said; then to Zilla, with a caress: "Thou wilt care for the little ones while I am away?"

And they walked away together, the gazelle, which would not be left behind, following close by the side of its gentle mistress, content to feel her soft hand on its head, and occasionally rub its nose in her rosy palm.

Fabian involuntarily paused a moment at the Fountain of Diana, arrested by the view of the magnificent city outspread far below; its marble fanes, palaces, columnus, and triumphal arches, steeped in Roman sunshine. He could even distinguish by its sharper gleam the great gold statue of Jupiter that surmounted the temple erected in his honor. A throb of pride dilated his Roman heart as his eyes swept over the glorious spectacle, and he could but exult over its pre-eminence as the queen of the nations. But far different were Claudia's thoughts; for it reminded her of that celestial city, with gates of jasper and pearl, the light of which is He that was slain, the splendor of His Father, the Son of Mary, the Joy of angels. The ecstatic reflection filled her heart and irradiated her countenance. Fabian caught its gleam as he turned away.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, well pleased, "thou art a true Roman; yet how could it be otherwise, with the blood of a Cæsar in thy veins?"

He judged her by himself, nor dreamed that it was the thought of "a city not made with hands," that, like a lamp in a vase of alabaster, shone out from her glad soul, and illumined her fair countenance with heavenly graces.

Through the rose-blooms and orange flowers, under the palms, and along broad walks shaded by lime and sweet-olive trees, —through alleys where the white jasmine trailed its snow-white stars, filling the air with sweetness, they found their way to the cascade, which sprang flashing and sparkling from the rocks above. A grape-vine trailed from a crevice in the rock, where it had taken root, and with wanton grace flung red, ripening clusters to the sun, out of reach of all except birds and bees. Claudia held her hand in the crystal water; the gazelle

lapped it daintily as it trickled over the marge of the basin; and Fabian, delighted in every fibre of his æsthetic nature by the exquisite picture, stood watching the child. There was that in her which puzzled him—a strange womanliness without loss of her old, sweet, childish simplicity; an air of absolute happiness tempered by a soft seriousness, which cast no shadow over eye or lip. The pagan mind of him could not read it.

Drying her hands on the moss, she seated herself on a low grassy bank, overgrown with vetches, in front of the rustic stone bench on which Fabian, at a sign from her, flung himself with an indolent air. The sunshine and leaf-shadows flickered and danced over them. Claudia's package, on which her hand lightly rested, lay beside her, and her soft-eyed gazelle crouched at her feet.

"And now, my Psyche, I am at thy bidding whether to slay a python or go in search of a pigmy to add to thy family of pets," he said, in his old gay tones.

"No, oh! no!" she answered, with a little laugh; "it is nothing like that. I have something to say which no one else must know—yet."

He grew instantly intent, and a vague dread chilled his veins, as, fixing her grave, sweet eyes on his, she began:

"Fabian, I am going away soon—"

"Mercury speed thy journey, sweet one!" he interrupted, as a wild hope sprang up in his heart that Nemesis had, on second thought, changed his mind, and would fly with her to a place of safety. "When wilt thou start? Tell me, that I may not be left behind."

"Oh! what joy it would be to have thee with us! But it is different from what is in thy thoughts, Fabian. I will tell thee. There are cruel men who kill all who will not deny and curse the divine *Christus*. They may come for us—my father and me—at any hour of the day or night, as soon as they find out that we are Christians; but not all they can do would make me deny Him who suffered death for me. I would be glad to suffer and die for the love of Him. And, O Fabian! is it not joyous to know that we—

my father and I—shall not be separated? Wilt thou come with us now?" she asked, holding out her hand.

"I might go on a worse journey, little one; but the conditions are impossible; for how can I deny that which I never affirmed? The *Christus* is nothing to me. It is possible to be happy under the mild sway of the gods, but it is like a reign of the furies under thy *Christus*," said Fabian, his grief more bitter than his scorn.

"There are no gods, Fabian; those we worshipped as gods are devils. There is only One Supreme God, who made all creatures. The gods can neither give nor restore life; they could not give sight to my blind eyes, but He in one instant opened my eyes, and gave faith to my soul, that I might believe His word, and have eternal life," she said, her voice exultant and sweet.

"Thy logic is weak, my little dialectician," he replied.

"I do not understand words of the learned, Fabian; but I do know what it means to be a Christian, which I am, come life or death," she said, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes towards heaven, with an expression so holy and radiant that he remembered it to his dying day; then, "I will ask *Advocata Nostra* to intercede for thee, Fabian, and lead thee to Her divine Son; and, if I may, when I go to Them I will rest not from praying that thou wilt at last come."

He loved the little maid too tenderly to say words out of his pain that would distress her, or ruffle the exaltation of her enthusiasm, *dementia*, or whatever it might be; she called it faith, but it was faith of a quality he could not comprehend because its *animus* was far beyond the level of human philosophy, and exalted her—a simple child—above its widest scope. He was inclined to believe that the accursed *Chimera* had woven spells around both father and child to their own undoing. He remained silent; he wished to get away from the subject, and lapse once more into a transient pretence of forgetfulness of the grim realities, only veiled maybe by a day, or perchance an hour.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

St. Hubert of Brétigny.

HUBERT of Brétigny—a small village on the banks of the River Oise, about two leagues below the city of Noyon—though his fame is not so widely spread as that of his godfather and namesake, the holy Bishop of Maestricht and Liege, yet is known to possess, like him, the miraculous power of curing hydrophobia, and averting pestilence from those who seek his favor.

The Annals of the Church of Soissons, quoted in the *Acta Sanctorum*, tell us that Hubert lived under Childebart III. and Dagobert III., Kings of France (695-715), and was the only child of Pierre, Lord of Brétigny, one of the most powerful Frank nobles of his time. Having no heir to their name and wealth, his parents prayed God most earnestly that He would grant them the blessing of a child, and offered abundant alms to the Monastery of Brétigny, begging the abbot to unite his supplications with theirs, that, through the intercession of the saints, they might obtain from God the boon they so ardently desired. Their prayers found favor with Heaven, and a son was born to them, who was held at the baptismal font by St. Hubert (Lord of Ardennes, later Bishop of Liege) and their suzerain, Hubert, Count of Vermandois, in honor of whom he received the name of Hubert.

The child grew in grace and in heavenly wisdom far beyond his years, and at the age of twelve secretly retired to the Monastery of Brétigny, to dedicate himself irrevocably to the service of the Altar. His parents, alarmed at his prolonged absence, hurried to the monastery, where his mother sought by prayers and tears to induce him to be satisfied with a life of piety in the world, while remaining in enjoyment of the rank and wealth befitting his birth and education. But Pierre de Brétigny, moved by divine grace, and by the wise reasoning of his youthful heir, not only yielded full consent to the purpose of his son, but so convinced his spouse that, with her co-operation, he

divided his possessions in three parts, bestowing a share upon the Abbey of St. Peter of Brétigny, another on the poor, and reserving only the third part for the maintenance of his family and household.

Hubert received the holy habit from the hands of the abbot about the year 670, and from that moment made rapid strides in the path of religious perfection; so much so, that the chroniclers of the time unanimously assert that "from his very person emanated, as it were, a sweet and wondrous perfume of holiness." His days were passed in prayer, meditation, and study, and he soon learned by heart the Psalter, and even, it is said, the whole of the Sacred Scriptures. He subsisted altogether upon fruit,—fasting during the whole of his life, three days in the week, on which occasions he distributed his usual portion of food to the poor.

The life of the saintly cenobite of Brétigny was one long prodigy. Having been ordained priest at the age of twenty, three holy Bishops—St. Gaudin of Soissons, Madalgaire of Noyon, and Numianus of Laon—were warned by an angel to repair to Brétigny, to assist at his first Mass. At the dinner following the ceremony a mendicant approached the tables, at which were seated the prelates and nobles; and, having received from Hubert his share of the repast, immediately disappeared, to the astonishment of the guests, who were fully persuaded that it was Jesus Christ Himself, under the semblance of a beggar, who had taken part in the banquet.

On this occasion Hubert further cured a woman of Noyon afflicted with blindness and obsessed of the devil, which gave so high an idea of his sanctity, that the Bishops, before departing, earnestly recommended themselves to his prayers. When, later, he was healing innumerable cases of illness, especially of hydrophobia, he said to all his clients: "Go, my dear brethren, render thanks to God alone, Creator of all things; and tell no one Hubert has cured you, lest perchance something worse befall you." Again: "Be careful never to swear by the Name of God; for it is a great crime."

Hubert did not long survive his parents, whom he so deeply mourned that the Archangel Michael was sent from heaven to announce to him, from God, his speedy call to the bliss of Paradise. Some authors state that this vision was vouchsafed him as he was prostrate before the altar in the abbey church. But a still more charming version, inserted by the Bollandists in a marginal note, tells us that Hubert, being wont, after Matins, to retire into the garden (since known as the Garden of St. Hubert), and pass there the remainder of the night in prayer, kneeling on a large stone, beneath a thick linden tree, was there warned by the celestial messenger of his approaching end.

His death was as exemplary as his life. Whilst his brethren in tears surrounded his bed, praying earnestly for his recovery, he humbly demanded pardon for his faults, recommended his soul to God, and conjured Him ever to watch over and protect his religious *confrères*, to preserve Brétigny and its environs from hurtful animals, from hail, lightning, thunderbolts, from the delusions of Satan; to heal all who, being attacked with epilepsy and hydrophobia, should come to seek relief at Brétigny. "Finally, O my God!" he prayed, "grant me what Thou hast already conceded to my godfather [St. Hubert of Ardennes], that all those who implore the protection of my name may be immediately, and in all places, cured of hydrophobia." Then, having devoutly received the Sacraments of the Church, he yielded up his soul to God, May 24, 714.

Scarcely had he breathed his last, when the monastery, together with the entire village of Brétigny, was pervaded by so exquisite an odor that Divine Power seemed to have collected thither all the flowers of Spring—significant of the celestial sweetness Hubert was enjoying in Paradise. Crowds flocked from all parts of Belgium to touch his body, which was entombed at Brétigny, where miracles became frequent. A man with a paralyzed arm, unable to obtain his cure after nine days and nights passed in prayer at the shrine of St. Hubert

the Great, in the Ardennes, heard a voice bidding him repair to the church of Brétigny; he did so, and was healed. A lunatic, named Petronilla, was cured at the tomb of the Saint, as likewise three men possessed by the devil, who were brought to Brétigny only eight days subsequent to the death of St. Hubert.

But a still more remarkable case occurred. Two noted robbers of the neighboring Chateau of Courcy, condemned to death for their crimes, having invoked St. Hubert, were suddenly transported to the doors of the church of Brétigny. Entering therein, they made a novena, and their fetters fell off. Finally, on the Festival of the Saint, a stranger in the village of Brétigny commenced to dig the foundations of a house, when he was unexpectedly seized by the demon, hurled into a deep ditch, and buried beneath a landslide. He was drawn forth at last, half dead, his forehead bearing a deep, black mark, like a livid scar, and was borne to the church; but was not entirely healed until he had made offering of a weight of wax equal to that of his body.

This last miracle explains the usage of the so-called Chapel of the Scales (*Chapelle des Balances*), which as late as the 18th century still existed within the church of Brétigny. It stood at the north of the high altar, dedicated to St. Peter, and wherein St. Hubert at first found burial. In this chapel were weighed the commodities, etc., offered by pilgrims to obtain their cure. According to Dom Mabillon, who visited Brétigny in the 17th century, the *Chapelle des Balances* was so called because they weighed therein all those who went thither to be cured of hydrophobia, as in certain pilgrimages, during the days of their novena, to ascertain the decrease in the malady; and he naturally pronounces that usage superstitious. But the very example which he quotes, drawn from the relations of St. Quirinus and St. Arsacius—where a pilgrim weighs himself, by the loaves and cheeses he afterwards distributes to the poor,—proves, as also the miracles of Brétigny, that the erudite Benedictine mistook the case, and

that the use of the scales, as properly explained, partook in nowise of superstition.

The glory of Brétigny consists only in the miracles wrought at the tomb of St. Hubert, the abbey itself becoming from the 12th century a simple priory, dependent on that of Lihons, of the Order of Cluny; since we find in 1131 the confirmation, by Pope Innocent II., of a donation of tithes and other seigniorial rights, belonging to the Abbey of Brétigny, made by the Prior of Lihons to the Abbey of Ourscamp. Dom Mabillon describes the fallen state of the Abbey of Brétigny, of which naught remained in his time save the half ruined church, wherein was still discernible the Chapel of the Scales a neglected altar of St. Gam (above which was a portrait of the holy abbot), and some few vestiges of monastic buildings. The priory was inhabited by a secular prior, with a monk-treasurer, to whom the former ceded a portion of the oblations furnished by the pilgrimage of St. Hubert.

A visitor to the ancient shrine in 1855 states that of the church of Brétigny, though rebuilt in the 12th century, nothing was left but the nave, with two side chapels, one of which, then serving as sacristy, must have been the Chapel of St. Gam, whilst the other was undoubtedly that of the Scales, although the memory thereof was entirely lost even in the very neighborhood itself. Some faint traces still exist of the *chateau* and of the abbey—a few walls built of sandstone, in semicircular arches, some vestiges of fish-ponds, of moats, and an enclosure containing a Fountain of St. Hubert, to which is attributed the virtue of curing hydrophobia, etc. The memory of the Saint has alone survived all this: pilgrimages to his relics are frequent, sometimes over two thousand persons flocking thither during the novena.

St. Hubert of Brétigny is chiefly invoked against the bites of mad dogs, like his godfather, St. Hubert, patron of the Ardennes, who died 727; though such is the popular belief in his sanctity and powerful protection that anything which has touched his relics, as well as any place whereon his

name be written, is firmly held to ensure preservation from thunder, tempest, madness, or pestilential maladies, sharing in this respect the renown of his saintly namesake of Liege, of whom legends tell us

"That still a stole St. Hubert wore
Is kept with love and care,
Where long ago the dwellers did
St. Hubert's blessing share;
And pestilence upon its touch
Within our lives has fled,
And in the forests of Ardennes
St. Hubert seems not dead.
And to the church that keeps this stole,
Not many years ago,
The people took their rosaries,
That gifts to them might flow;
And those who on St. Hubert's Beads
Their day's devotion said,
Were saved amid the pestilence—
Were not among the dead "

Favors of Our Queen.

A SINGULAR GRACE.

ON the 26th of July, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Henry and Ferdinand, the two oldest sons of Doctor Cadilhac, were taking a bath in the Mediterranean, near Fleury. The sea was rough and chopping. All at once Henry thought he saw his brother borne off on a wave; he called to him, and immediately swam to his assistance; but it was only to be carried away himself. A cry for help then rang out from both. A man named Paul Bringer, of Nissau, heard the call, and gave the alarm to his wife, who with three children happened to be on the beach. These repeated the cry again and again, and rushed towards the village. Mr. Bringer bravely plunged into the water to rescue the boys, but a high wave threw him back to the shore. Meantime two expert swimmers had arrived, and with a courage that merits the highest praise struck out for the drowning boys. After the greatest exertions, one of them (Ferdinand) was finally brought to the shore in safety. The second swimmer exerted himself to his utmost to save the other brother, but all

his efforts were ineffectual. And feeling his strength fast waning, he turned towards the shore, which he had hardly gained when he fell exhausted.

By chance there happened to be a small boat moored at some distance up the beach. After some delay it was manned and rowed towards the spot where Henry was last seen. Just at this time a shout came from those on shore, which led the rescuers to suppose that the other body had been recovered, and they accordingly put back to land. Learning their mistake, they quickly rowed again in the direction pointed out. It was fully ten minutes later when they succeeded in getting Henry into the boat. He was entirely motionless, and as he lay on the sand the fishermen declared that never before had they seen a human body so horribly disfigured; the physician, who had been summoned—one who has been practising at Fleury for a quarter of a century—said the same; while the custom-house officers who, from their elevated position, had seen the crowd, and run to ascertain what was the matter, affirmed that the unfortunate boy had been altogether too long in the water to think of trying to resuscitate him. "Cover him up," they said, "till the coroner arrives."

However, the love of his friends induced them to attempt restoration. For fifteen minutes they labored with energy, under the direction of the doctor; but in vain. Finally a slight rattling, followed by a little foam issuing through the violet-colored lips of the patient, seemed a sure sign of death. "His last sigh!" some one whispered, in saddened tones. With tears and sobs his friends continued their treatment, hoping against hope. Another quarter of an hour passed, when, to the astonishment and joy of all, animation returned. It was as if he had come back from death. Thus both brothers were saved.

The circumstances of this singular incident are worthy of consideration. It occurred on the Feast of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin. The boat which had been instrumental in saving Henry's life

bore the name *Mary*. When the fishermen drew the inanimate body of the young man into it, they noticed his Scapular floating on the water; the strings, which still remained about his neck, seemed to keep him from going to the bottom. The event was so extraordinary that the doctor did not hesitate to declare it was altogether inexplicable. "Never," he remarked, "have I seen a drowned person, in such a state, brought back to life, especially after being so long in the water." A merchant of the neighborhood, who had been a silent spectator of the whole occurrence, clapped Henry on the shoulder and said, pointing to the Scapular: "Young man, don't take that off, any way." This advice, so naturally elicited by the circumstances, induced many who were present to be invested with the Scapular.

Catholic Notes.

A well-merited rebuke was administered recently by President Cleveland to an individual in Brooklyn, N. Y., who wrote to him complaining that he had been removed from a position in the post-office of that city, and that "an Irishman and Catholic" had been appointed in his stead. Replying to this missive, the President said:

"Your exceedingly ill-natured reference to the 'Irishman' and the 'Catholic,' who, you say, has succeeded to your position, detracts very largely, I think, from the claims you base upon 'twenty-two years of honest and faithful service in the Brooklyn post-office, and ten years as a soldier, with an honorable discharge,' and demonstrates that you have but little idea of the impartial treatment due to American citizenship."

While Mr. Cleveland did no more than his simple duty in thus rebuking a fellow-citizen, yet it is greatly to his credit that he has taken advantage of his position as chief executive of the nation to give public expression to the prevailing sentiment of the American people, which can tolerate no antipathy between man and man on the score of religion or nationality. As President of the United States he has emphasized the fact, before the millions of people whose representative he has been chosen, that the days of Know-Nothingism have passed away—that an Irish-Cath-

olic may be a true American citizen—that a man may be capable of duly fulfilling all his duties towards the State, while still remaining a devoted and faithful member of the Church.

There are many wiseacres in these days of weak faith and weaker virtue, to whom the scathing words of the Abbé Roux's criticism of Godescard's *Lives of the Saints*, quoted below, are applicable. In reading them we were reminded of the recommendation once made to us by a learned and zealous Catholic—whether ecclesiastic or layman we will not say—to omit the title Mother of God from our cover-page, and not to be quite so loud in our praise of the Blessed Virgin, "for fear of exciting Protestant prejudices"!

"Godescard and his school admire in their *Lives of the Saints* only that which the reason of man could accept of the miracles and prodigies. Everything which exceeded the settled limits was rejected under the name of extravagance, or, at least, of temerity. It was with the best faith in the world, and for the greater glory of God, and the good of the faithful, and the honor of the Church, that they said to the Blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed for all, and eager to extend to all, 'Thou shalt go no farther!'

"They were sincere, I repeat, in spite of so much pride and overweening self-confidence; they thought they knew men and things a little better than God Himself; they simply gave lessons in tact to the Holy Spirit; they recalled the Son of Mary to respect for law, manners and usages; they explained the Gospel, they made excuse for it when necessary; they clipped the wings of the angels; they warned ecstasies to speak low, and wonder-workers to be on their guard. The marvels of the Old Testament and of the New sufficed; all the rest was compromising superfluity and lacking in propriety.

"Why were not these good people, so mediocre in mind and heart, contemporaries of Jesus Christ? They would have besought Him, in the Name of God, in His own interest and in ours, not to be born in a stable, and, above all, not to die upon a cross!"

The first person upon whom the title of doctor in medicine was ever conferred was William Gordenia. The College of Asti gave the degree in the year 1329.

The Episcopal Convention in Chicago discussed the subject of creating a unity of all Christian denominations. That needs no long discussion. Not to mention the great original Christian Church, that stands with arms

outspread to receive them all if they will but come, there is not a sect, small or great, that would not be glad to receive any or all of the rest, and thus create the desired "unity." That is what's the matter. Each one wants to be the Aaron's rod, that swallows all the other serpents; and in consequence they will all continue to squirm around, and breed more instead of swallowing one another.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

Sunday, October 24, was a happy day for the priest and parishioners of St. Jarlath's, Chicago. The new St. Jarlath's Church—a beautiful Gothic edifice on the corner of West Jackson Street and Hermitage Avenue, the erection of which has been in progress during the last four years—was on that day dedicated with impressive ceremonies. Contrary to the general rule in such cases, the structure had been entirely completed for the occasion, and there was nothing lacking of either external or internal ornamentation. The achievement of this great undertaking—for it is a great enterprise to build a church which need not fear comparison, in point of beauty and finish, with any in Chicago—is due to the zeal and untiring energy of the Rev. Thomas A. Cashman, for many years the beloved rector of St. Jarlath's, who has been devotedly assisted by his worthy curates, the Rev. L. A. Campbell and the Rev. S. Maloney. The decorations of the church special to the dedication ceremony were a work of the most elaborate art, chief among them being a large harp of shamrocks, threaded with natural blossoms of the brightest tints,—an appropriate device in honor of the great Irish Saint to whom the church is dedicated. No true son of Erin but felt his heart stirred with the hope that the day would signalize a renewal of the great ages of faith in which the good St. Jarlath flourished.

The crowd at the dedication was so great that many could not be admitted. Archbishop Feehan conducted the services, and preached a beautiful sermon on Faith, in which he took occasion to congratulate both pastor and people on the successful outcome of their persevering efforts and unselfish generosity. The sanctuary was filled with priests from far and near. Conspicuous among the visitors was the Right Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, from whom another eloquent discourse was heard at Vespers. The many friends all over the

world of the large-hearted rector of St. Jarlath's will wish him health and length of days to minister in the beautiful sanctuary which, at the cost of many sacrifices, he has erected to the glory of God and His great servant St. Jarlath.

The *Republic* remarks: "The prevalent idea that the late Archbishop McCloskey was the first native-born American to attain the dignity of cardinal is an erroneous one. That distinction belongs to the Archbishop of Valladolid, Spain—John Ignatius Morina, who was born at Guatemala, South America, Nov. 24, 1817."

More than enough money has already been contributed for the purchase of the two tabernacles desired by Father Damien; but, presuming that many others besides those from whom we have acknowledged contributions wish to be numbered among the benefactors of the apostle of the lepers, we have decided to keep the subscription list open a few weeks longer. There must be pressing needs in such a poor mission as that of Molokai, which, of course, receives no support whatever from the unfortunate natives. Our charitable friends may rest assured that their offerings could hardly be more worthily bestowed. We have pleasure in acknowledging the following sums received during the past week:

A Servant of Mary, \$20; Mrs. E. R. Newman, \$1.25; a Family, \$5; Sarah S. Joslin, \$1.25; William Pickett, \$1; H. H. T., 50 cts.; A Client of St. Joseph, \$1; F. S. H., \$2; Martha White, \$1; T. C., \$3; Mrs. Eliza Foote, \$5; J. Hanley, \$1; A Friend, \$1; Anna McCloskey and Maria Sheehan, \$2; Elizabeth Walsh, \$2; W. J. T. and family, \$1; A Friend, \$10; Oakland Friends, \$15.50; Miss D., \$3; W. M. J. Tieman, \$1 (per the Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.); A Child of Mary, \$1; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; M. A. V., \$1; For Maggie Hayes, \$1; Bridget Linehan, \$5; Mary Arundel, \$1; Sarah Farrell, 25 cts.; Margaret Moore, 25 cts.; Mrs. Margaret Fondy, \$2; John, Mary, and Maggie Fondy, \$3; Through Sister Basile, \$2; John Wallace, \$1; Edward O'Connor, \$1; A Child of Mary, \$5; A mother and three little sons, \$5; Margaret Callahan, \$1; C. McC., \$5; A Friend, \$5 (through the Rev. P. J. Boyle); A Family's Offering, \$1.90; A Friend, 50 cts.; A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$2; A Child of the Sacred Heart, \$5. Through the Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., \$6;—Helen C. Burt, \$1; William Russell, \$1; H. Fessler, \$2; Mrs. Daniel Flynn, \$2; J. M. K., \$1; T. McC., \$1.25; Bridget Hickey, \$2.

New Publications.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHERS MARQUETTE, MENARD, AND ALLOUEZ, in the Lake Superior Region. By the Rev. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.S.F. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffmann Brothers.

The author of this little work tells us in the preface that the writing of it has been to him a labor of love. We do not wonder at it: the investigation of the history of any Catholic mission is always a delightful employment, and by no means the least interesting among missionary records are the labors and trials of the three most prominent Jesuit Fathers who worked in the field of Northern Wisconsin. First of these, in point of time, is Father Menard, who arrived in the Lake Superior country in 1660; Fathers Marquette and Allouez followed in his footsteps a few years later. The book opens with an account of the pioneer missionary, and gives a graphic description of the labors he performed and the hardships and trials he underwent among the Hurons and Iroquois. In his voyages up the rivers he was often obliged to travel for days fasting, and when he did get something to eat, it was generally nothing more luxurious than a little corn, broken between two stones. His bed was on the bare ground, and a great portion of his travelling consisted in walking through water and morasses, exposed to the stings of innumerable flies and mosquitos. Added to these hardships was the cruel treatment he had to endure at the hand of the Indians, who frequently threatened to burn or tomahawk him.

Of the "noble army of martyrs" Wisconsin can record three, whose blood watered its soil and made it fruitful to life eternal. In a letter to his superior, Father Menard wrote: "We walk with our heads lifted up in the midst of dangers—through insults, hootings, calumnies, tomahawks and knives, with which they often run after us, to put us to death." After years of patient labor among the Hurons, the perseverance of Father Menard and his fellow-laborers was rewarded with an abundant harvest. But too soon incursions of the treacherous Iroquois compelled them to seek another field for their energies, which they found in St. Therese Bay, and at the head-waters of Black River. At the latter place Father

Menard met his death from hunger and exposure; and this heroic soul, which had brought so many into the Fold of Christ, went to receive the crown laid up for those who have fought the good fight. The name of Father Marquette is so well known to all our readers that we need do no more than say that Father Verwyst's account of him is so interesting that we wish he had made it longer; and, in fact, we may express the same wish with regard to the volume as a whole.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Medor Thibodeau, for six years the faithful and beloved rector of St. Joseph's Church, Bay City, Mich.

The Rev. P. J. Duddenhausen, one of the ablest and most energetic priests of the Diocese of Vincennes, who departed this life on the evening of the 27th ult.

The Rev. Joseph Giustiniani, C.M., the learned and pious rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Baltimore. He was a native of Genoa, his father being Marquis Giustiniani, of Venice.

The Rev. Father Bramburg, S. J., professor at Woodstock College, Md. He had taught in houses of the Order in France, Holland, and England, and earned a reputation for deep learning and piety. Father Bramburg was a native of Westphalia, and of the lineage of the illustrious Canisius.

The Rev. Father Alban O'Connor, a worthy young priest of the Congregation of the Passion, who yielded his soul to God at the Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville, Ky., on the 17th ult.

Mr. John E. McCormick, a young gentleman highly esteemed for noble qualities of mind and heart, who met with a sudden death at Kamloops, B. C., on the 15th of September.

Mrs. Catharine Dunn, an exemplary member of St. John's parish, Syracuse, N. Y., who passed away on the 6th ult. Her death was as edifying as her life. She received the last Sacraments with admirable sentiments of piety, and expired while pronouncing the sacred names of Jesus and Mary.

Mr. John J. Freel, of East Cambridge, Mass.; William Walsh, Middleborough, Mass.; Miss Maggie Hoyer, Kenosha, Wis.; Miss Nora and Miss Margaret G. Murphy, Mrs. Jane Manning, and Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, Somerville, Mass.; Mr. John Ring, Mr. D. A. Nyen, and Martin Comboy, South Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Dougherty, Lakeville, Cal.; and Dominic Gosman, York, Pa.

May they rest in peace!



All Souls' Day.

BY R. V. R.

PRAY for thy dead, thy parted ones,
Oh! gentle Christian heart!
So shalt thou in love's holiest work
Fulfil thy blessed part
Pray for the great, the low of earth,
The wealthy and the poor;
For all alike have sinned, and all
Sin's penalty endure.
Pray for the soul, the eager soul,
That sees with longing eyes,
Half oped, that it may enter in
The gates of Paradise;
And pray for those poor suffering souls
That all too surely know,
If ransomed not by pitying prayers,
Their are long years of woe.
The soul that unto justice owes
The heaviest, cruelest debt,
The soul its false friends think not of,
Oh! do not thou forget.
For every soul thy prayers and alms
Shall entrance win to heaven,
Know, unto thee, by Mary's hand,
Sweet guerdon will be given.

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

X.

The days stretched into a long week, broken only by the surgeon's rounds, and two visits from Father Ryan, who brought, however, but the comfort of his presence to the little bugler, and the assurance of his sympathy to Denbigh; for of O'Keefe he had been able to learn nothing.

A genuine friendship meantime had sprung up between the bed-neighbors, un-

likely as it seemed, which became a comfort to both; although it was necessarily a silent one; for Oester *couldn't* speak, and Denbigh found little to say, except when his savagery cropped out as Pain ran its burning ploughshare up and down his crushed leg, or when he was pouring out his questions and hopes about O'Keefe. But they exchanged kindly looks, and many a time the man swallowed back his groans and curses as the patient blue eyes of the boy looked at him aggrieved and amazed.

Denbigh had fallen on hard times. His was a stubborn nature, that ran deep in single grooves, and its entire strength was set on finding O'Keefe, and releasing him—a possibility that halted lame in Despair's own harness. It was the first time he had ever concerned himself about any one, and through the opening made in the iron armor of his selfishness Love and Conscience entered, and his whole being was in revolt against their stings. His mind was pitted against his body; and burst ligaments, crushed bones, and a troubled mind are a bad combination, I can tell you.

Saunders did him an ugly turn, too, although quite unconsciously; for one day, when he incidentally mentioned a brother who had come home from Belle Isle—kept alive by his passionate desire to see once more the White Mountains of his boyhood, and who died as the train drew up in the station,—Denbigh had questioned him with a terrible eagerness as to the condition of the prisoners, the hardships they had undergone, and the effects of the mental torture produced by the sights and sounds around them; and Saunders' answers, sharpened by personal grief and faithful memory, had nearly maddened him, the closing sentence completing the keenness of his suffering.

"I don't like to rake over old sores like these here; and I don't, as a gen'ral practice. When I fust come down here, I usedter pretty frequent; but that O'Keefe—wonder whatever did become of that fellow, any way?—he was a great chap for list'nin'. Good heart he had, too. Many's the time I've set and talked with him about it tell

I've seen the tears a-rollin' down his face, an' always he says to me: 'I pray to God and Our Lady' (that's the Virgin, you know) 'that I'll die before I git into *their* hands.' He'd a horror of 'em that was *solid* and no mistake."

And when Father Ryan came the next time, his frantic appeal set the priest to wondering whether the man's mind could bear the strain. 'At the close of their agitated talk the Father said:

"Pray for the news you seek, my friend; *that's* the surest means to the end."

"Pray!" exclaimed Denbigh, sullenly. "Much your God would care for *my* prayers! Besides, isn't it a snivelling thing to do, to go to somebody you haven't ever taken any notice of, or done anything for all your life, and ask for a favor?"

Father Ryan's answer was the parable of the prodigal son.

"But," objected Denbigh, "that was his *son*."

"And so are you God's son, bought with a great Price, set free at the cost of His own life."

Denbigh started at this last, but said, sardonically: "I look like it, don't I? Don't talk to me that way. I've got to stand or fall by my own strength."

"Then," replied Father Ryan, "God love and pity you, for you're leaning on a broken reed—one of the sort that will pierce you, you know."

"Now, look here," said Denbigh, irritably, "what am I to do? I don't know anything about God, and I don't believe He'd bother to look out for me any way, even if I did. I've had a rough life, but, since I can remember, I never felt sorry for anything except about O'Keefe. When I got hit, I hit back; when a man did me a mean turn, I paid him off as soon as I could—"

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"That's so," said Denbigh, emphatically. "Who said that?"

"The Jews. But Our Lord gave a new commandment—'That you love one an-

other, as I have loved you' . . . 'even to the death of the Cross.'"

"Is that what makes you Catholics so clannish?"

"Yes," said Father Ryan; "for the least of us who tries to practise our holy faith has to love his neighbor as himself, forgive seventy times seven, and forego revenge."

"That don't leave much show for the chaps that get started crooked."

"Oh! yes. 'There shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just, who need not penance.'"

"I don't believe it!" said Denbigh, flatly.

"Why? Don't you think it a comforting belief?"

"Yes, but it's dead against nature."

"Human, yes; but, thank God, it is the promise of Eternal Mercy. Come, Denbigh, think a minute. You are not playing fair. Here's something on which you've set your heart. Prayer is your only chance to get it; for, although we do all we can as men, we can accomplish nothing unless God so wills it. (Don't you remember, 'Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it'?) And you are leaving *me* to do all the praying." And he smiled pleasantly.

But Denbigh's lips were set, and he picked nervously at the bed-clothing; so Father Ryan rose, touched the restless hand kindly, and said:

"Try not to be discouraged. I'm begging Our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony to pray for your intention too—St. Anthony is the patron of all things or persons lost or strayed—and I'm sure they'll help you. By the way, I've brought you a medal. Will you wear it?"

The man made a hasty gesture of dissent, then, with an effort at his old carelessness, said: "All right."

But when Father Ryan was gone, Denbigh looked at it curiously, and asked several elaborately indifferent questions of Our Lady's little client in the next bed.

Oester's sharp suffering meantime had been intermitted by the great joy of baptism, and a pleasure that filled his boyish heart

with triumph and delight—nothing less than the purchase of Jet. It came about in a very natural way, although small buglers are not usually able to buy valuable mules in war times.

Saunders told him, the day after their arrival, how the little beast had saved his life, and how pluckily he had behaved afterward; and the boy, with eyes shining, half with laughter, half with tears (for he was very weak), had begged so earnestly to see the surgeon-in-chief, that that important functionary actually came to him, and Oester told, or rather gasped, his story with such eagerness that his visitor's indifference changed to interest, and the latter ended by promising to see that Jet was "mustered out," and the boy's back-pay applied to buying this trusty four-legged friend.

And that was how, when Atlanta went down under the Blue avalanche hurled on it, and the wounded were sent back to Chattanooga, the little black mule happened to go along too,—the property, as the bill of sale declared, of E. Oester, Bugler of Co. M, 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, U. S. Army.

XI.

The shouts and huzzas rang loud and long for that victory ayont Altoona Pass, and the sick rallied from their ails and wounds for pure joy; but Denbigh was in the depths. To him the return to Thomas's lines meant separation from Father Ryan, to whom he clung as his one hope of discovering O'Keefe; and he fell into such a state that the priest sacrificed valuable time to sit by him in the ambulance for the first miles of the journey, assuring and reassuring him of his continued interest, and of his confidence that God and Our Lady would help him in his extremity.

Denbigh could not disbelieve the honest face and kind voice, but neither could he believe; for all faith and he were strangers; and, between his doubting mind, his troubled heart, and the exhausting trip, he was a very ill man when the wagons lumbered into Chattanooga.

And Oester was not much better off; for a driving storm played the mischief with

his inflamed lungs, and when they reached the hospital he had only strength to beg for a place next his burly comrade, whose mainstay he became in the weary weeks that followed.

They often talked over the chances for and against finding O'Keefe, and sometimes Denbigh was boastfully hopeful; but then when Father Ryan's letters came, still without news of the lost trooper, he would fall into paroxysms of despair that were awful to witness. At first these exhaled in ravings, but later they passed in long shivering agues, that left him silent and half lifeless for two or three days.

Oester finally got very uneasy about him, and his Rosary often slipped through his thin fingers as he prayed to the sweet Comforter of the Afflicted for the man suffering so acutely at his side.

One day, when things were very bad, he said, with some hesitation:

"I say, Denbigh, why don't you ask the Blessed Virgin to help you? She's the sweetest—the dearest—and, then, don't you know 'it never has been heard of, through all ages, that any one who had recourse to Her ever was forsaken'?"

"Who said so?" asked Denbigh, as he lay back spent on his cot, the sweat standing on his forehead, and his hands—once so muscular—shaking like a nervous woman's.

"St. Bernard."

"Oh! hang it!" said Denbigh; "you and your saints!" And he flounced over in a way that put an end to the conversation.

But in the night, when Sleep fled, and Memory and Pain took turns at tormenting him, he found his mind dwelling on it—*'It never has been heard of, through all ages, that any one was ever forsaken.'* And they called Her the Mother of God. What if the whole thing were true—the story of Bethlehem and Calvary? The coarsest, lowest man in the world is bound to have some feeling for his mother: and this Man they called Christ, who was perfect enough to give His life for His enemies, why, of course, He'd care more, thought Denbigh. And from his wild heart burst

his first prayer (if prayer it could be called):
"God—if there is one—give me this life! Mary—if you can and will hear me—beg your Son to do it!"

And after that he sent this challenge hurtling up to Heaven morning, noon and night; sometimes with a faint hope, sometimes with angry impatience, but most often with despair, as the days and weeks rolled by, and Christmas was at hand, with the blank wall of silence still unbroken.

The 25th dawned in a whirl of white—as if the Angels of Peace and Good-will were trying to shroud away the crimson stains on valley and hill; and the lusty wind

"roared sweet thunders up to God"

among the pines that crowned the mountains. To be sure the hospital carrier could not find much trace of Heaven in the flakes that sifted into his neck, and the blasts that tweaked his nose till the water stood in his eyes, as he floundered through the drifts from the post; but he was doing its work, and there was a bit of its practical charity in his heart, that had made him load himself and his horse to their utmost capacity with the Christmas parcels and letters for "the boys," and set him grinning whenever he thought of their surprise and joy when he would stumble in, "looking like old Kriss himself, with his fine wig of snow, and his pack on his back."

Oester spied him first, and hurried to meet him, followed by an excited throng of such men as could hobble or go on crutches, and by the shouts and questions of such as had to "stay put" in their beds; and when among the letters he saw one for Denbigh, in Father Ryan's writing, his heart gave a great leap; for all his Christmas devotions and prayers had gone for the "intention" of good news, and hope flamed high.

He laid the missive on the trooper's breast—for he had fallen asleep, worn out with waiting—and passed on to a poor fellow whose hands were off, and for whom he had promised to write a letter home, wishin' 'em many happy returns of the day,

and tellin' 'em he'd be there on his legs fast enough, when once he started; but that he'd grown too proud to shake hands with anybody; for the surgeons admired them paws to such a extent that they'd put 'em in spirits as specimens of good looks.'

As he finished his dictation, with a wide, cheerful grin, a suppressed shout from Denbigh brought the boy hurrying down the ward.

"He's found! he's found!" he cried, and from that iron man's eyes the tears streamed, and from his breast a sob tore its way, while the little bugler pranced feebly but gaily around his cot, saying: "I told you so! I told you so! I knew the Blessed Virgin would find him for you. Where is he?"

"In Andersonville," replied Denbigh; "and if your God—"

"Leave off the y, Denbigh."

"Well, then, if—God will give me a chance, I'll try to do the square thing; and if your Lady—"

"Another y too many," cackled the youngster.

And Denbigh lay back, with a softened look on his grim face, too happy for words.

After this he made a turn for the better, talked very seriously with the surgeon-in-charge as to the best way of building up quickly and soundly, became the most obedient of patients, and took to watching the weather as if he were a barometer paid by the hour. This last phase puzzled the young doctor not a little, and he began a paper on the "Effects of Hygrometric Changes upon certain Nervous Temperaments"; but Oester knew that when the storms beat, and the frosts nipped, and the long winter rains drowned the land, his thoughts and heart were away in the open stockade at Andersonville, with the freezing, starving, unsheltered men, and that he was suffering for and with the one who was dying there that he might live.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Judge and the Caliph.

The Caliph Hakkam seized upon the little field of a poor widow, in order that he might add it to the gardens of his palace; and the poor woman laid her complaint before the judge. The judge saddled his ass, hung a large sack on its back, and rode off to the caliph, whom he found walking in his new pleasure-ground. "Permit me, sire," said he, "to fill this sack with earth from these grounds." Hakkam assented, and, when the sack was filled, was asked by the judge to help him lift it on the ass's back. The sack, however, was too heavy. "I can not do it," said the caliph; "it is impossible." "Sire," replied the judge, "this sack contains but a small portion of the earth you took from the poor widow. How, then, will you bear the weight of all of it, which the Great Judge will lay upon your shoulders at the Last Day?" The caliph was struck with the force of these words. He thanked the judge for his admonition, and restored the widow her inheritance.

Haydn's Answer.

The famous musician Joseph Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright at Rohrau, in Lower Austria. His father played on the harp, to the music of which his mother would often add that of her charming voice. This it was which first awoke the musical talents of the great composer.

One day, when he was in company with several other distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when one is wearied with mental labor. "For my part," said one, "I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine." Another remarked: "When my ideas begin to flag, I quit my work and go into company." "And how is it with you, Haydn?" asked one of his companions. "I take to my Rosary, which I always carry about me," he answered, modestly. "After a few decades I am sure to feel refreshed both in body and in mind."

EVIL, like a rolling stone upon a mountain top,
A child may first set off—a giant can not stop.
—French.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 13, 1886. No. 20

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A Thought for a Friend.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

O pray for me!

For when the twilight falls I think of thee;
And in His presence bright
The thought is a delight—

Then pray for me!

II.

O pray for me!

Thy Father is above; my Father, too;
Thou doest well what thou art wont to do;
Thy soul is faithful, all thy thoughts are true—

Pray, pray for me!

III.

O pray for me!

The orderings of thy life are straight and sure,
The pathways for thy feet are sweet and pure;
All blessings wait thee: I am sad and poor—

Then pray for me!

IV.

O pray for me!

Always my thoughts of thee are born in
Heaven;

At morning, noon and night I think of thee;
and in the sweet abundance God has given,

With all thy tenderness, it can not be

Thou dost not pray for me.

—♦♦♦—
GOD is good enough and great enough to
apply for everything. When all abandons
s, let us abandon all to Him. — *Ven. Mother*
Arat.

Philip's Restitution.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXI.



WHEN Philip reached home—at least
the house which had been home to
him for many years, but which, by
the terms of her husband's will, was now
Mrs. Thornton's for the period of her natural
life—he sent a message to Constance, ask-
ing if he might see her. The messenger was
long in returning, but presently brought
the reply that Miss Irving would see him
in her aunt's sitting-room. Remembering
their last interview in that room, Philip
almost wished that she had chosen another
apartment; but, reminding himself that it
mattered very little where he said the few
words which it was necessary for him to say,
he went up stairs and entered the pretty
boudoir.

To his surprise it was unoccupied, and
he waited several minutes before a door
leading into his aunt's chamber opened, and
Constance made her appearance. He was at
once struck by a change in her, which was
too great to be accounted for by her heavy
mourning draperies, or the grief they indi-
cated. He had hardly met her since her
return, save on the memorable occasion at
his uncle's bedside, and he thought that he
had never seen any one so much altered.
She was pale and thin, her eyes were heavy

as if from many tears, and her manner was nervous and restrained. She came in, gave him her hand almost without a word, and then sat down listlessly in a chair which he drew forward for her.

There was a moment's silence. Philip, who was himself calm with the calmness of resolution and despair, hesitated for an instant, hardly knowing how to open the subject which must be discussed between them; while Constance, after a brief reply to his greetings, looked studiously away from him. He could not tell that she was making an effort for self-control, and the apparent indifference of her manner made him think that, after all, he might as well plunge at once into what had to be said. Indeed, there seemed nothing else to do, and therefore he began:

"I am glad that you have been able to see me, Constance; for I think you will agree with me that the sooner everything is settled between us, the better."

"Yes," answered Constance, without turning her head, "I certainly agree with you—the sooner it is settled, the better."

"Then," said Philip, "may I understand that you are ready to fulfil the engagement which we entered into at my uncle's bedside?"

She hesitated for an instant, then rose abruptly from her chair and faced him. "Are *you* ready on your side?" she demanded.

He looked surprised. "Surely you know that," he said. "My promise has been given to my uncle and to you. If you will marry me, Constance"—he held out his hand—"I will do all that is in my power to make you happy."

"You are very kind," she said, coldly. "I suppose you gave up your religious scruples for the sake of the fortune which was left, undivided, to you. You did wisely, for now you can enjoy both the fortune and the scruples. I—can not marry you."

"Constance!" (He drew back amazed.) "You forget your promise!"

"No, I do not forget," she cried, with sudden passion. "I fear I shall never for-

get! It is a dreadful thing to deceive—to lie to the dying; and that I did from sheer cowardice. I knew when I promised to marry you that I could not do so."

"But why not?—what can prevent your marrying me?"

"The simple fact that I am married to another man."

If she had discharged a pistol in his face he could not have been more astounded. Even the sense of relief was for the moment lost in overwhelming surprise. "Married!" he repeated. "When?—to whom?"

"To Jack Bellamy, before I went abroad. It was an act of folly that I have repented—but it is done."

Done! Then *he* was free! The room seemed whirling around with Philip in the suddenness of this realization—in the rush of happiness which overpowered him. For a minute he could not control himself sufficiently to speak, but at length he said, gently:

"Will you not sit down again, and let us speak of this? I am sorry that my uncle did not know it."

"I meant to tell him," answered Constance, sinking into her chair, "but he grew desperately ill so quickly at the last. And when he spoke to me that awful night, what could I say? It seemed shameful to promise what I knew I was unable to perform, but how could I—*then*—tell the truth?"

"It would have been hard," said Philip, "yet harder still to deceive—but it is not my place to blame you. Your own conscience, I am sure, does that. Why were you ever led into the deception? Both my uncle and your aunt had deserved better of you."

"I know—I feel it!" she cried, with sudden tears. "It was folly, and worse. But we had been lovers—after a fashion—a long time, and when I was going away I promised for the first time to marry him. He was not satisfied with that—men are so selfish!—but he followed me to New York, said that he feared to lose me, and persuaded me in an hour of weakness to a secret mar-

riage, which I have repented ever since."

"Forgive me if I ask why you have repented it? Is it because you have ceased to love him after having bound yourself so irrevocably?"

"Oh! no," she answered; "I like him as well as ever. But see the difficulties in which it has placed me! I have lived in a state of anxiety, I have deceived my uncle on his death-bed, and I am justly punished by being left in exactly the position which I kept my marriage a secret to avoid."

"You mean with regard to fortune?"

"Yes. I know that he left everything to you, believing that I would certainly marry you; but what worse could he have done for me had he known that I was already married to Jack Bellamy?"

"He would have made a different will in that case," said Philip. "He was too just and too generous a man not to have given you a share of his fortune. It is my great happiness that I have the power to give it in his name. We will make an equitable division of the property, and you shall be happy with the man of your own choice."

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, with an accession of emotion, "you are too good! I have no right to expect it—my uncle never meant it—would never have wished it—"

"My uncle would certainly have wished it," said Philip, with decision. "He would have been angry, no doubt, when he learned the truth; but his anger would no more have lasted in your case than it did in mine, and in the end he would have done what was right. If your name is not mentioned in his will, it was because he thought he had provided for you by our engagement; and, as he told me when I urged a different arrangement on him, he did not think that a woman should be rendered independent of her husband. I ventured to differ with him on that point, however; and I have never known a keener pleasure than I shall feel in settling her own fortune on Mrs. Bellamy."

"You are the first person to call me by that name," she said, smiling through her

tears. "And do you forgive me on your part for the deception of my promise?"

"My dear Constance," answered Philip, gravely, "I not only forgive you, but I thank God that we have both been preserved from the greatest of human ills—a marriage without love or sympathy. Do not mistake me. My affection for you is most sincere; but I am, nevertheless, certain that we should have been miserable in that relation, and I am as grateful for your release as for my own."

"If you felt in that way—if you believed that we should have been miserable—you might have released yourself," she said, a little resentfully. "The fortune is all yours—there is no condition in the will. Many men would not have hesitated."

"Perhaps not," replied Philip. "There are unfortunately many men who have neither conscience nor honor. But my uncle knew well that no condition could bind me so firmly as my own promise. *That* I should never have broken."

Several expressions passed across her face as she looked at him. Perhaps she felt how rock-like was such honor as this—honor based firmly upon conscience—contrasted with her own weakness and deception. She breathed a sigh which seemed to express some such feeling.

"You are far too good for me," she said, with strange and unexpected humility. "I am of the world, *you* belong to something higher. I have always felt it, but more of late than ever. Perhaps we have grown farther apart; at least I am sure that it is best our lives should be joined no nearer."

"It is certainly best," replied Philip, while his heart echoed the words in a deeper sense than she could understand. "My poor uncle himself would think so if he could know all. Now I will go and see Bellamy without delay. Does he know of your—promise?"

Constance mournfully indicated assent. "He has been tormenting me—by letters—ever since he heard a report of it," she said. "I have had no peace at all."

"And have you told my aunt the truth?"

"Not yet. I wanted first to see how you would take it—if you would give me up to utter reprobation."

Philip smiled slightly. "Be sure that I shall never cast a stone at you," he said. "Poor Constance! your looks tell that you have suffered enough. Let me beg you to go and tell your aunt at once, and tell her also that I shall not fail to do what is just toward you."

So they parted. And what a different aspect earth and heaven wore to Philip's eyes compared to that which they had worn an hour before! The relief had been so wholly unexpected, the change so wondrously great, that as soon as he lost sight of Constance he began to ask himself if it were not all a dream, from which he would awake to a hard reality of sacrifice.

In order to make sure that it was not, he went to see Bellamy, whom he found looking as pale and worn as Constance herself. He received Philip at first very coldly, but almost broke down with emotion when he learned the errand on which he had come. "By Jove, I began to think that she meant to throw me over altogether!" he said. "I have not seen her since her return, nor had more than a few vague lines. I did not wish to force her to acknowledge the marriage, yet I began to fear that I should have to do so. It has been a very trying position—for me."

"So much for persuading a woman to a secret marriage," thought Philip; but he only said aloud: "It has been much more trying for her. When my uncle was dying he asked her to promise that she would marry me, and she had either to avow the truth, or to give a promise that she could not keep. She chose the latter, and it is only to-day that I have learned the facts of the case. Unfortunately, since my uncle died under a wrong impression—certain that she was betrothed to me, and therefore that her future was assured—he made no provision for her in his will. But this I shall change at once, by making the division of the property that he would have made if he had known the truth."

"You are a fine fellow, Thornton," said Bellamy, much moved. "I am sure you must feel as strongly convinced as I do that he would have made no such division. But I can not refuse to let you settle on Constance what you think to be just. She has always shrunk so from the thought of poverty—it was what made her refuse to listen to me for so long, and what sealed her lips with regard to our marriage—that I should be sorry now to condemn her to the narrowness of means which she dreaded. For myself I should not mind it; I should prefer it to taking money that Mr. Thornton would never have given. But I am not strong enough to insist on what would make her regret our marriage."

"You would have no right to insist on it," observed Philip. "I am the best judge of what would have been my uncle's wishes and intentions, and I am confident he would in the end have done what was right, if Constance had dealt frankly with him. What he has left undone, I shall do in his name, and with the power he has given me. It is a great happiness to me, I assure you."

"I really believe that it is," said Bellamy, with a smile.

And, indeed, Philip felt that he deserved no credit for his generosity. He would gladly have given not only the half but the whole of his fortune for the freedom that had come to him. When he left Bellamy he had a more keenly realizing sense of this freedom, and he turned his steps at once toward Alice Percival. Yet even on the way he paused. It was when he reached the church, where earlier in the day he had so despairingly asked for strength to make the sacrifice which seemed appointed. He had found the strength, and he had been spared the sacrifice: could he fail, then, to enter and offer thanksgiving where he had asked help? He turned in under the arched portal of the door, and trod softly up the aisle in the soft gloom of the interior. It chanced to be the same church which Alice Percival and himself had entered one June evening, to ask for his uncle the grace which had then seemed so little likely to be gained.

The recollection carried his steps to the altar of the Sacred Heart, and there—he started as he recognized the figure kneeling before it. It was Alice herself!

She did not stir or turn her head at his approach, so he knelt quietly near her, and waited for her recognition. It was long before it came, and, knowing that she was asking help in pain, rather than, like himself, returning thanks for happiness, Philip was at last on the point of attracting her attention when she rose and perceived him.

Her surprise was evidently great. He saw the sudden enlarging of her eyes, the quick pallor of her face; but she only bent her head, and with a quick movement passed him by. He rose at once and followed her. She heard his step, and when they reached the vestibule paused and turned toward him.

"I understand why you are here," she said; "but why do you follow me? There is nothing more for us to say to each other."

"You are mistaken," replied Philip, with a tremulous smile; "there is something more,—something which I was on my way to tell you when I entered here. I felt that I must thank God even before I told you. And have I not need to thank Him?—Alice, I am free!"

She drew back from his eagerly extended hand, growing still paler. "How can that be?" she said. "How is it possible for you to be freed from your promise to the dead?"

"Because a promise that can not be fulfilled—to the fulfilment of which there is an insurmountable obstacle—does not bind me. I can not marry Constance, because she is already married. I have just learned the fact, and there is no doubt of it."

"Philip!"

"Yes, my love. God has been good to us, and the sacrifice which we were ready to make is not demanded. Have I not cause to be thankful? The freedom I resigned is restored to me, and, without any real sacrifice on my part, all that I desired has been gained: my uncle died in the Church, and made the restitution but for which I could never have dared to approach you."

It was she now who held out her hand. "The sacrifice was as real in the sight of God as if its fulfilment had been possible," she said. "Since you made it in your heart, you may surely feel that you gained for him the grace of which he had need, as I feel that it is you who have made the restitution— Ah, not a word! That is a point I shall never resign. And now let us go back for a moment, to thank God for what He has given."

"My whole life must thank Him for you," said Philip, as he opened again the inner door, and they passed into the church together.

With Staff and Scrip.

UNDER THE CRESCENT.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—PRINKIPO.

THE ISLANDS OF THE BLESSED.—Off in the Sea of Marmora, on a spring morning, the eye discovers a little wreath of islands, floating, apparently, cloud-like in mid-air. These fairy islands, nine in number, are frequented by the wealthy Constantinopolitans, who seek repose in the lonely and lovely valleys, where the sun seems to shine forever; where the harshest sound that falls upon the ear is the silvery ring of steel as the husbandman sharpens his scythe in the meadow, or the chorus of fisher-boys singing over their nets on the shore.

It is but an hour and a half's sail from the Golden Horn to Prinkipo, the chief island of the group; yet, once beyond the contagious hurry of the city, you find yourself sinking comfortably into one of the easy-chairs on deck, inhaling the delicious sea-air, and absorbing the sunshine with genuine physical delight. I do not wonder that emperors and empresses have fled to these sea islands for repose and for security. It seems as if nothing worldly ought to touch their shores; and, indeed, the steamer

that runs over and back across the sea, morning and evening, is the only suggestion of an earnest and vigorous life.

We set sail in the morning, and find ourselves almost immediately under the enchanting influence of the new atmosphere. The ripples sparkle in the sun; a few seabirds wheel on lazy wing and bear us company; now and again a fish leaps from the water: the white gulls scream and dart upon it; there is a splash in the track of the sun where the sea is paved with gold, and we rouse ourselves from a reverie as deep almost as the sea. Nothing comes of it; we fall upon a basket of fruit and launch a fleet of orange-peel *caiques* in our wake; we roll the famed tobacco of the land in wrappers of rice-paper, and sweeten the air with the aroma thereof. No one talks much: everyone seems to be looking with contented eyes into the future or the past.

We swing up to a shallow shore, under green hills, where a narrow dock reaches far out into deep water. This is Khalki, one of the fairest islands of the group; but we don't land here to-day. We lean over the rail, and see the rope thrown lazily ashore, and as lazily caught and slipped over the one post on the dock. Somebody goes on shore very quietly, some other body steps noiselessly on board; we are cast off without comment, and so drift on toward Prin-kipo.

We see the three grassy hills of Khalki, crowned with the convents of the Blessed Virgin, St. George, and the Holy Trinity. We learn that there are students there—Greeks many of them; that there is also an Ottoman naval college over the hill, and that Khalki is much resorted to by the *rayahs*—the non-Mussulman subjects of the Sultan. It seems to us that nothing can be finer than to be a *rayah* and a student, and to lie all day on those green, green slopes, looking off upon the sparkling sea, and listening to the study-bell growing ever fainter and fainter as we fall asleep, lapped in a meadow of sweet clover.

Prinkipo is the largest of the Prince's Islands. It has its village and its hotels,

with baths along the shore just under them. A high road, in capital repair, makes the circuit of the island; a swarm of donkey-boys light upon you as you come to land; and it were vain to waive them back or seek to fly from them, for they will track you to the grave or get their fee.

The summer village—a colony of play-houses—is so neat, so pretty, so untroubled! Wreaths of flowers hang over the doors and the windows of almost every house. So they welcome the return of Spring in Prin-kipo. Stately Turks are borne up and down the village streets in sedan-chairs. Pipe-bearers follow them, and from time to time, as the pompous *effendi* waves his hand, his box is turned toward the sea in a shady spot; the stalwart carriers dash the sweat from their foreheads and squat at the feet of their master; the pipe-boy uncoils the pliant tube, lays a live coal upon the bowl of the *nargileh* as it sits in the grass, and the next half hour is given to serene and secret thoughts. A prince in the Isle of Princes is a man to put your faith in; you will always know just where to look for him, and you may be sure that he takes no interest in the affairs of other men, and that nothing can disturb the placidity of his life—unless the bottom should suddenly drop out of his sedan-chair.

We hired a set of donkey-boys to walk behind us at a respectful distance. Alone we did it,—one after the other, idling here and there, getting astray in the vineyards, hiding among rose-gardens, pausing to inhale the warm odors steeping in the sun, or to catch the refrain of some singer buried in the wood on the hill.

There is a Greek convent above the road hidden like a nest in a deep hollow. When the Empress Irene, a contemporary of Charlemagne and Haroun-al-Raschid, was dethroned, she was robbed of all the treasures of the crown, and then banished to this convent, which herself had built. Later she was sent to Lemnos, and there died; but her body was brought hither, and is still treasured in this convent. When the conquerors of Constantinople scattered the dust of the

Byzantine emperors to the winds, the sarcophagus of Irene alone escaped destruction.

High on a summit of a peak in Prinkipo there is a cloister and a kitchen. Our path lay through a fragrant forest; we caught glimpses of broad blue seas and of islands that swam below us as we climbed toward the summit of the peak. Here, in an arbor that hung upon the edge of space, a monk served us bread and wine and omelet. He also brought the consoling *nargileh*, and as we feasted and fattened we looked down upon a picture that can never fade from memory.

If ever islands floated, these islands float. They are the haunts of flying islanders, and that is why the air is so still and so restful and so magical. On the one hand, the sea and sky lie down together, and on the other the glamour of Stamboul illuminates the horizon like a mirage. In the distance we discover the little boat returning for us. She sits like a bird upon the water with foam-white tail-feathers and long, dark wings of smoke. Think of saying farewell to these dream-nooks of the world—think of plunging again into new fields, with the consciousness that you have, in all human probability, seen the best, and that one experience laid so soon upon another is sure to deaden the flavor of both!

Like sea-flowers, the islands seem to drift away from us, and in secret I am half convinced that yonder, between sea and sky, lies Avalon; and yonder, within the magic circle of the waves, sleep the Happy Isles, the Islands of the Blessed!

XIII.—SCUTARI.

CHRYSOPOLEIS.—As the day is uncommonly fair we take a run over to Asia. There is something appetizing in the thought of picknicking on another continent, and getting back before sundown, so we hasten to that famous Bridge of Boats. All the steamers start from it, and we select our steamer with some caution; for it would not be difficult to go astray in the confusion that attends this thoroughfare from dawn to dusk.

We steam directly across the Bosphorus to the Asiatic coast—that point of land was called the Bosphorus (the Boss-ford); for it was just here that Io, transformed into a cow, swam over from the opposite shore. A rock in the middle passage, crowned with a beacon-tower, is called the Tower of Leander. Now Leander swam the Hellespont, and not the Bosphorus; but the Turkish tale that hangs thereby is more popular. Sultan Mahmoud imprisoned one of his mistresses in the White Tower. For this reason the Turks still know it as *Kis-Koulissi*—the Tower of the Maiden.

Scutari, which is quite a city by itself, though reckoned a suburb of Constantinople, is of the ancient Persian origin. It was called Chrysopolis (the Golden City), perhaps because the Attic commanders used to levy a toll of one-tenth on all the vessels and goods passing by from the Euxine—so says Xenophon, and he ought to know; for he and his Greek auxiliaries made a seven days' halt at Chrysopolis on their return from the campaign against Cyrus, and they here disposed of their booty. Xenophon wouldn't know the place now: the walls are down, and a crowd of hackmen await the arrival of the hourly ferry, each man eager to secure a passenger for the great cemeteries, or the Hill of Boolgoorloo.

BOOLGOORLOO.—We pick our carriage and drive leisurely through the pretty town. Ox teams stop the way from time to time; the barbers sit under the trees shaving the native youth—young fellows who seem to relish this public proof of their claim to manhood. Fruit-sellers cry after us, and we are tempted to fill our laps with cherries and strawberries; for it is a long pull to the top of Boolgoorloo. We drive as far as we can, leave the town behind us, and are charmed with the handsome villas of the wealthy Moslems. Some of them have their own little mosques, and a private minaret, not much larger than a smoke-stack. We pass through villages with great fountains at the corners of the streets, where dervishes—the Mohammedan monks—dip water and

offer it to the thirsty, who await their turn with amiable resignation.

By and by the road tips up at such an uncomfortable angle that we are glad to descend from the trap and foot it to the hill-top. The hill itself can boast little but a name; that name, Boolgoorloo, is not to be sneezed at. I wonder what it means? There is a diminutive convent a-top of it, with a couple of dervishes, who beguile the strangers into a kitchen-garden, and then offer them a bouquet of gilly-flowers, and demand a *backsheesh* in return. A grave in this garden is said to date from the days of Constantine. As it is simply a hole in the ground, the statement seems not improbable—the hill is much older than that.

The ladies of all lands flock to Boolgoorloo and eat strawberries. They look at the graves in the convent garden, and some of them erect little sticks with a strip of rag at half-mast, which is a sure cure for toothache and the like. They wander among the heather, that is fresh and hardy and fragrant; then they turn about on their heels and take in panoramic slices of the landscape, and finally go home with their hearts full of satisfaction and their arms full of flowers.

But why call up that magical city over the sea? It is very splendid to look upon; and yonder is Olympus—the snowy Olympus of Homer and of all the gods. It looks down upon Stamboul and the Euxine, and over upon the desolate plain of Troy, and has a thousand storied islands at its feet; a great, white throne is Olympus, but the gods storm about it no longer, wrought to divine fury. As it was once their garden, it is now their grave—an immeasurable pyramid of snow!

The ancient emperors had hunting palaces on the slopes of Boolgoorloo, and down yonder at the sea's edge is Kedi-Keni, where stood the temple of the gods; and there also was a palace and a villa of Belisarius, who ended his days in the tranquil enjoyment of his dividends, and was not a vagrant with no visible means of support, as has been slanderously stated.

AMONG THE DEAD.—At the base of Boolgoorloo there is a black sea of cypresses. The wind that sweeps over it awakens a deep murmur that is as the sound of many waters. This is the great Turkish cemetery of Scutari. It is said that the entire population of Constantinople does not exceed a twentieth part of the dead that sleep under those cypresses. It is a wilderness of trees, set so close together that their branches are matted overhead, and scarcely a ray of sunlight penetrates them. Carriage roads wind through and through the melancholy wood. But for these dimly lighted avenues one might easily get lost among the millions of stumbling-blocks that mark the graves beneath.

Your Turkish grave is fantastical. When it is fresh and green it glories in a monument like a hitching-post—round, high-shouldered, with a cap over all, and is brilliant in red or green paint. You will know the male from the female by the knob on it. Your male in death, even as in life, never takes his fez off; the fezless one is a woman; the half-length is a boy; they lie side by side, never two in a grave, never put down in layers as in England and other Christian countries.

I have seen the Turk in his pride spit at "the dog of a Christian," who was wandering about, stocking-footed, through a mosque,—a mosque that was once a church of God, and not of the Prophet. I have seen that portly Moslem laid low in his grave at Scutari, and a post driven over his head,—a post of such magnificence that in form and feature it was not unlike a gigantic *schnapps* bottle overlaid with gold. His friends came and took coffee under the shadow of his monument, and the world wagged well; but by and by love that perisheth away took coffee up town. The tough thistle sprang from the bones of the Turk, and the dust that covered that sepulchre was never again disturbed.

It seems strange to find the Turks so fond of the shadow of death—if I may so call the gloomy groves of Scutari,—and yet so neglectful of their dead. They will swarm to

the cemetery and spend the whole day in eating, drinking, and smoking—revelling in the midst of the tombs. They will invite one another from grave to grave, and present coffee and pipes in the most festive manner. Indeed, you have only to knock at a headstone, and you are sure of a warm welcome. But they will not pluck the rank weeds that flourish in that fattening soil, nor set up the monument that staggers and is a shame to them; they will not even turn out the jack or jenny that stands knee-deep in the loam, and rubs an ear against the wooden fez of the late head of the family.

All through the dark valley there are small *cafés*, thronged with weary pilgrims, who thus cheer their solitary journey to the tomb. There are strolling minstrels also, who entertain the mourners with the poems of Hafiz, and dancers with a dance of death that gives delight to the living.

Beggars line the way—Turkish a'rocities not easily to be recognized as human. I saw three blind men sitting in a row, shoulder to shoulder; their legs were crossed in the dust of the roadside; their hands were raised in supplication, and their heads lolled upon their shoulders as they rocked their bodies to and fro, and sang a pitiful *terzo*. A dish in front of them received from time to time a small tribute of copper; but the old men sang on, oblivious of the idlers who lingered near them, oblivious of all things earthly—if their withered faces did not belie them. Again I could think only of those blinded quail who pipe night and day in their cages, and at whose call the free birds gather—but who knows of what the blind quail in his cage is singing?

There is one tomb at Scutari that is more splendid than all the others. A canopy, supported by six columns, covers it, and beneath it lie the remains of Sultan Mahmoud's favorite mare.

When the coffee is cold and the pipes stale we turn from the dusky valleys of oppress, and, as the desolation of the place grows more and more oppressive, I am reminded of the Ottoman curse, which seems to have been fulfilled to the uttermost in

this populous city of mortality—you remember it?—"May jackasses bray on the graves of your ancestors!"

IN MEMORIAM.—Not far away is another burial-ground, vastly different in all particulars. It is open to the sunshine—a green lawn sloping to the sea, and planted with roses and willows and the yew. The white stones glisten among the foliage; everything is as trim and tidy and decent-looking as one wishes it to be. There are costly tombs and modest ones, and in the centre is a memorial column with sculptured angels supporting it; but there is a billowy waste of green mounds with no stones to tell their tale, and there sleep 8,000 nameless dead who died for England in that terrible Crimean War.

There are rows of graves with simple headstones, on which are recorded a few lines full of agony. You read again and again these inscriptions in memory of young officers, with ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-eight years, who bravely fell at this or that battle, or wasted in the hospital, or who died at sea. These stones are usually "erected by his comrades," and they all lie within sight of that hospital, now a barrack, where Florence Nightingale did her labor of love.

The waning light of the afternoon sleeps on that hallowed slope; the waves sing below it. The islands hang like clouds upon the face of the waters, and Stamboul unveils her splendor, which is mirrored in the tranquil sea. Turning from all this sensuous beauty, my eye falls upon a solitary slab; it bears in bold relief an inscription that takes me by storm. I think of the flower of England, young, brave, impetuous, hurled upon the fire of the enemy and ignominiously sacrificed; and I read again that last appeal of one of those ill-fated lads, and I believe that such a prayer will not pass unheeded—it is only this: "I am Thine—save me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE is worthy of honor who willeth the good of every man.—*Cicero*.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Concluded.)

JUST then a great, rose-colored butterfly fanned Fabian's hair, and fluttered down against his cheek, made fearless by his perfect repose and silence. He lifted his hand and caught it by the tips of its wings, then offered it to Claudia; in another moment the beautiful, frightened captive trembled on her palm, where it slowly waved its wings once or twice, to assure itself that it was indeed at liberty; she brushed them with a kiss, then tossed it into the air, and watched it drifting and quivering farther and farther, until it disappeared in the golden haze.

"Now I wait the reward of my patience; I am consumed with curiosity about the promised keepsake, all the more because no one has ever before valued me sufficiently to give me one," said Fabian, who had been watching her, almost fancying that Psyche herself had sent the butterfly to afford him an opportunity to change the conversation without abruptness.

"I had not forgotten," she said, gently; then untied, one by one, the silken cords that confined the package, which contained two parcels of unequal size, both sealed.

"This," she said, taking up the larger one, "is the music-bird that was given to me a *lustrum* ago, by that gentle old man who came to see if he could cure my eyes."

"The physician Ben Asa," replied Fabian. "I remember."

"It had been the plaything of his own little girl, who was dead, and he said it had been in his family hundreds of years," she went on; "so I think it must have been very precious to him. I want it given back to him, with my love and thanks, after I go away; and tell him, Fabian, I prized it very much, and took great pleasure in it."

"Is it not just possible, *carina*, thou mayest be disappointed of thy expected journey? People often are, even when most

certain of going," he observed, with a ring of impatience in his voice; for it seemed as if Fate with cruel insistence hemmed him, leaving him no escape from his pain; "but I promise in either case, whatever thou wilt."

"Thou art always kind, Fabian. This," she said, giving him the smaller package, "is thy keepsake. It is a rich jewel, and entirely my own to do with as I please, and I have worn it. Do not open it until—I am no longer here. That is all, Fabian, except that I would thank thee for all thy love and kindness."

He bowed his head over the little hand that presented the gift, and touched it with his lips, with a feeling of reverence such as he had never felt towards the gods; but he did not speak—this man, whose philosophy boasted itself of immunity from all disturbing emotions, who had believed happiness on earth possible until now. His heart felt as heavy as lead, and had he opened his lips all the bitterness of his sorrow would have found vent. He thrust the things she had given him into the bosom of his tunic, and walked away a short distance, when, having mastered his emotions, he plucked a tall, snow-white lily, and going back placed it in her hands, saying:

"Thy words have pained me, little one; but I take comfort in the fact that thou art no sibyl. I will treasure thy keepsake while I have breath, but one of thy golden curls would be more precious to me than jewels; for it would remind me, after thou art grown up, that thy beautiful childhood was not a dream."

"Thou shalt have thy choice of them all," she said, with a smile, as she ruffled her dainty, dimpled hand through them; "Zilla shall cut one for thee as soon as we get back."

"Let us hurry, then; the sun grows hot, and fever lurks in those soft winds now drifting to us over the Pontine marshes. We have loitered here too long," he added.

When they got back, expecting to find Zilla in the same place, she and the children, with Grillo, had disappeared; the noble lady Camilla had just arrived, and was step-

ing from her chariot. Claudia flew to greet her; and Fabian, after an interchange of salutation and pleasant words, went away without the golden tress, which not until a later day came into his possession.

That night, feeling that solitude best suited his present mood, he sat alone, trying to concentrate his attention on a favorite comedy, and find his usual enjoyment in its pungent, satirical wit; but the flavor was wanting; his zest was gone; even the rustle of the vellum on which it was written irritated him, and made him start. A voice that he recognized, and approaching footsteps, made him turn expectant towards the entrance of his cabinet; the curtain was drawn aside, and Nemesis was ushered in. Their hand-clasp was as warm, their greeting as sincere and friendly as ever, though distinguished by a gravity different from their former intercourse; nor was the visit one for the purpose of social enjoyment, as Nemesis presently explained. He brought with him certain legal papers, drawn according to the strictest interpretation and formula of the Roman law, which he asked Fabian, in the name of their life-long friendship, to preserve until such time as the bequests therein indicated could be disposed of, first by the written and later by his verbal instructions.

He went over them carefully, word by word, with Fabian, that in the future there should be no misunderstanding as to the conditions, which might cause the latter to think his friendship had been strained too far at a moment and under circumstances which greater deliberation would have made it impossible for him to accept. There was no fear of a mistake: it was all plain to him; and, though the situation was anomalous, he pledged himself to hold as his own, according to the written bequest, and as the heir of Nemesis, the old palace with all it contained, and the villa and estate on the Aventine, until such time as by the latter's verbal wish they could be safely transferred to the Christian Church, to be applied to her needs at the discretion of her reigning Pontiff.

The pagan gentleman made no difficulty about holding in trust a heritage for the Christians; he would have done more for the sake of the man he loved; but that was all that was required, but not all that he afterwards, with splendid generosity and noble unselfishness, offered to do.

Nemesis had already liberated his numerous slaves, giving a provision to all, to enable them to tide over their first days of freedom, until they should find self-support; he had turned his gold and silver and jewels into the treasury of the persecuted Church, for the use of the poor; and now, like an athlete divested of all that might impede his victory, he waited for the final combat. It had cost him nothing to give up his earthly possessions, but there was a something more precious than all yet to be offered before his sacrifice was perfect, which would strain every fibre of his being, and rend his nature with an anguish which no material implement of torture, however savage,—which no death, however cruel, could inflict. But he knew in whom he trusted; he remembered Gethsemane, and that moment of supreme desolation on the Cross that crowned Christ's holy Passion. In Him he hoped, waiting His holy will, strong in faith, and willing to suffer all things in testimony thereof.

CHAPTER XIX.—BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WIN THEIR PALMS.

"I have come, dear child," said Camilla, as they entered the cool, shaded *atrium*, "to stay until the sun gets low; then thou wilt come with me to my old villa out near the Via Latina, where thy noble father and my husband Tertullus will meet us. The holy Pontiff has signified a wish to see thee. Wilt thou come?"

"Oh, joyfully! I have thought constantly of the holy man, and that day that seemed to be the first of my life. And his face was the first I saw when my eyes were opened. Thou art very kind, dear lady, to a foolish child," said Claudia, kissing the hand she held.

To kneel once more at the Pontiff's feet

and feel his benediction, like a perfumed flame, penetrating her heart, while it glowed and sang its new song to Him whose name was graven upon it, and to know that her father would be there to share her happiness, was almost too much; only the language of Heaven could voice her felicity; and, although she made no attempt to give it expression, it irradiated her countenance, scintillated in her eyes, smiled upon her lips, and crowned her altogether with a strange, spiritualized loveliness, of which she was as unconscious as is a flower when the glory of the sunshine rests upon it.

"I thought it would make thee glad," said the noble matron, noting the celestial expression of her countenance, while she thought: "How near the highest wisdom is the foolishness of a pure and innocent soul!"

Two of the household slaves now entered, each bearing a tray, one of which held crystal cups of snow-cooled orange juice, light, sweet cakes, great, golden pears, and clusters of white and purple grapes; on the other were brodered napkins of fine Egyptian linen, two small gold basins containing perfumed water, and garlands of summer lilies and Damascus roses. After arranging the refreshments on a malachite table, whose green, highly-polished surface gave beautiful effect to the viands, they withdrew; and Claudia, always a gracious hostess, invited her friend to the light repast, which the summer heat made especially grateful.

Camilla had risen at an early hour that morning, to assist at the divine Sacrifice of the Altar in the palace of a friend who was a recent convert to Christianity—a widow, whose two half-grown daughters received baptism at the same time as herself. She gave secret shelter to a priest, and one or two converts of the patrician class, on whom the authorities determined to take signal vengeance as soon as they could be hunted down. Many of the ancient palaces of Rome had been constructed with concealed places of refuge within their walls, to which their inmates could fly for safety in times of invasion and violence. This and

one or two others like it had become not only hiding-places for the persecuted priests, but sanctuaries where the mystery of the Holy Eucharist was often celebrated.

When the Divine Sacrifice was finished, and each devout soul had received the Bread of Eternal Life, and offered fervent thanksgiving for the mystic feast, the little congregation silently rose to depart. In the corridor Camilla spoke to Nemesisius, who had been present. She warned him that there were whispered rumors afloat—none could tell whence they came—that his child had been cured of her blindness by the Pontiff Stephen, and that suspicion and surmise were rife. Some declared that a famous Eastern physician had given her sight, but others preferred the more sensational side of the story—that it was by the sorceries of the Christian Pope, who was well known to be a magician, that her blindness was cured.

"Discovery is inevitable. I do not seek it, and will not evade it. My will is the holy will of God. I have prepared my little one for that which is in prospect, and she is willing to suffer for Christ. Nature has given her a brave heart; divine grace will give her strength and constancy in the hour of trial. She knows the voice of her true Shepherd, who will deliver His lamb from the fangs of the wolves seeking to devour her; and He will bear her in His arms to His own heavenly pastures," said Nemesisius, as if communing with himself.

Camilla's eyes filled with tears. "I am going to her this morning," she said. "The holy Pontiff has asked to see her, and, with thy consent, I will take her with me to my villa, where we will spend the night. Tertullus will be there, and, if it be possible, wilt thou not join us? In the morning our Holy Father offers the Divine Sacrifice in the old tower-chapel."

"It is my turn to serve him at the altar. I will be with you this evening. Tell my little maid to expect me," he answered, and they parted.

And so Camilla had come on her loving errand to the villa on the Aventine, the

explanation of which brings herself and Claudia to the end of their light repast. Rising from the table, the little hostess led her friend up to the beautiful summer room where she was born, and in which her fair young mother had died, since which sad event no changes had been made in it, except to remove a shrine on which had stood a statue of some deity, to which divine honors had been daily offered, and certain images of the *Penates* that had for many years looked down from their pedestals with stony smiles of promise, which they were powerless to fulfil. In their places, carved in alabaster by a young Christian sculptor in the Catacombs, were small statues of Christ the Good Shepherd, the Virgin Mother and Her divine Babe, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, who had suffered martyrdom in Rome, and others who had given glorious testimony, even unto death, for their Faith.

Here, sitting together, Camilla and her young neophyte held long, sweet converse, and the noble Christian matron discovered, as the latter laid her heart bare to her, that her dispositions were singularly perfect; that her faith, love, simplicity of mind, and directness of purpose were in advance of the brief period of her Christian life, and were supernaturally combined with an utter, childlike humility which pervaded all. They talked much of the bitter ordeal by which the martyrs won their palms, but Claudia was presently silent, then at last she gave expression to her feelings.

"Their terrible sufferings do not last long," she said, "and when all is over they fly like doves to the dear *Christus*; then their joy begins, never to end. The wicked ones may frighten me by their violence when they take me away to kill me, and I may cry out with pain, for I am only a child; but my tongue shall never deny Him, and my soul, that came from Him, shall cling to Him and praise Him until my flesh and my body are torn to pieces; then He will bring me alive out of their hands, to dwell with Him forever and forever."

Camilla now explained to her more fully

than she had yet done the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, having several times before only approached the august subject; she told her that Jesus Christ Himself was really present in the divine Sacrifice of the Altar, and that His faithful ones received Him whole and entire from the hands of the priest, in the Holy Communion, as their Food and their Guest, to strengthen and sustain them in life, and as their Viaticum in death, to defend, console, and give them safe passage from time to eternity.

"Oh! tell me how soon I may receive Him into my heart!" she besought.

"It is not usual, dear child, for one so young as thyself to be admitted to this great mystery, but our Holy Father Stephen will judge. I think I may give thee hope," answered Camilla, feeling almost sure that an exception would be made in favor of this child of many graces, over whose head the sword of martyrdom hung suspended; for it was one of those unusual cases in which years do not count.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dowry of Mary.

[Lines suggested by the praises of the Virgin Mother found in the English poets of the last half century.]

THEY parted Thy dowry, my Mother,
Yea, e'en as a bride,
In the hour of her queenly enthronement
Led darkly aside;
Despoiled of the bride-wreath and jewels,
And, weeping, sent forth
From a temple of God-lighted splendor
To snowdrifts of earth.

From the altar they led Thee, my Mother;
They silenced the prayer,
And the bell's quiet melody pealing
Thy name through the air.
To the breeze and the waves they were flinging
The flowers of Thy shrine;
But the harp and the heart of the minstrel,
My Mother! were Thine.

They parted Thy dowry, my Mother,
The wealth of the land;

But the harp's golden strings had resisted
 The strength of their hand.
 Hushed often to tremulous sleeping,
 The Angel's sweet strain
 Awoke to unconscious expression
 Again and again.

For anon, when the storm-sounds were raging,
 Like winds of the sea,
 Upsprang, as the song of the seabird,
 A love-note to Thee.
 And the soul, from its tempest-swept dwelling,
 Breathed sweetness divine;
 For the harp and the heart of the minstrel,
 My Mother! are Thine.

Though the hands of the minstrel may never
 Be folded in prayer,
 Yet wherever the harp-chords are wakened,
 Thy dowry is there.
 Though the eyes of the minstrel scarce ever
 Are lifted on high,
 To the heart that knows aught of true beauty
 Thy beauty is high.

Though the lips of the minstrel have chanted
 Earth's weariest moan,
 With a soft startled cadence he singeth
 A song of Thine own,
 Till in one lovely chorus earth's poets
 And seraphs combine;
 For the heart and the harp of the minstrel,
 My Mother! are Thine.

M. G. R., IN *The Month.*

A Day at Einsiedeln.

WE left Lucerne early on the morning of September 13, passed through Zug and Zurich, enjoying good views of the lakes, and reached Einsiedeln at five o'clock in the afternoon. The little hamlet was so full that not a room was to be had at the principal hotels; so, regardless of disordered toilets, we went to the monastery, presented our letter to the prior, and were advised to go to the Hotel St. Pierre, which was described as "rude but perfectly respectable." A quaint statue of St. Peter with a pair of enormous keys, placed over the door of a *châlet*, assured us that we had found our unpretentious hotel, in which we hurriedly

secured a room, deposited our luggage, and then hastened to the Cathedral.

The existence of this gorgeous temple in a district so remote is itself a marvel. When we entered it, the first impression was that the art of decoration had attained its acme, and even gone a little mad, so overpoweringly splendid and ornate was the church in every detail; but afterwards a sense of strange harmony came to assuage the sudden wonder that had overwhelmed us. From the tessellated pavement to the glowing roof everything was radiant, bewildering, and yet curiously pleasing even to the two American wanderers, who cling to a preference for the severely, simply grand in architecture.

The Chapel of Our Lady of Einsiedeln stands midway between the main entrance and the centre of the edifice. It is built entirely of marble, and occupies the space of a small house—in fact, it covers a little more than the site of St. Meinrad's Cell; and in it, above the beautiful altar, stands the image that has survived the devastations of a thousand years. It is entirely black, having been rendered so by the futile attempts of the enemies of religion to burn it. The features of the Mother and Child are soft, straight, almost doll-like, and the figures are arrayed with much stiffness and splendor. Many of the altars in the Cathedral are the tombs of saints, whose entire bodies are seen through the glass covering; all are dressed with more richness than taste—but that sort of thing has long ceased to annoy us. Slight errors in performance can not mar the sweetness of good intention; it is enough that the precious relics have been so carefully preserved.

A continuous musical murmur filled the church: hundreds of voices in various tongues were reciting litanies, and finally all broke forth into song, chanting always the same melody, but in German, Italian, French, English, and innumerable dialects. There were people of every rank, though, of course, the peasants outnumbered the others. The contrasts were as pleasing as they were surprising. Here a Dominican,

in his majestic white robes; there a group of Alsatian women, with huge bows of ribbon on their heads; slender young Parisians, and the oddest old women, with garnet necklaces upon necks too often distended by the unsightly goitre. The whole assemblage was rendered touchingly memorable by unanimity of sentiment; all seemed animated with the most fervent devotion to Almighty God, and with a desire to secure the prayers of Our Holy Mother. In this hallowed spot one seemed to be quite out of hearing of the skeptic's sneer and taunt.

The songs ended, we all, with tapers in hands, reciting the Litany of Loreto, and led by a priest, ascended by a zigzag path the mountain, upon whose summit stands the monument and statue of St. Meinrad; descending, we re-entered the Cathedral, were blessed and departed to seek our repose.

It had been a delightful day, but oh! how tired we were! The bed proved to be more than stony in hardness, and very inadequately supplied with covering. We dozed and froze for three hours, when the cannon began firing for the earliest Mass of the great *fête* day. Looking from the window, we saw the lights twinkling in the *chalets* for a few minutes, and then the people set out in steady, quiet streams toward the church. At nine o'clock we had another Solemn High Mass, with magnificent music; and then, our strength being all exhausted, we returned to Lucerne, without waiting to see the brilliant illumination of the Cathedral which was to take place on the coming night. We doubt if it could equal in picturesqueness the vocal chain of fire that had ascended and descended the mountain the night before.

The Heroic Act of Charity.

THE Heroic Act of Charity is an offering, a voluntary gift, of all the personal works of satisfaction we may perform during our lives, and of all the suffrages we may receive after our death, to be applied to the relief of the Souls in Purgatory. We place all in the hands of the ever-blessed

Virgin, praying Her to dispose of them as it may please Her in favor of the faithful departed. Though this offering has been approved by several Popes, and enriched by many indulgences, some objections have been made to it, which we propose to consider briefly in the following paragraphs.

When devout souls are exhorted to this practice some are wont to reply: We acknowledge that it would be a great charity to the Souls in Purgatory, and therefore very agreeable to God, but it is a complete surrender of that which we ought to cherish most—our prayers and good works. After disposing of all to the Holy Souls, what will remain to discharge our own debts? What can we expect at the hour of judgment if we appear before God stripped of all the merits of our Christian life, and with hands entirely empty? And, then, to think that we shall no longer be able to direct our prayers as we may desire, either for ourselves or others—for our spiritual or temporal welfare, for our living relatives, friends, and benefactors! Ah! we can not make such a sacrifice.

The apparent force of these objections is based upon a false notion of the Heroic Act. A simple explanation of the teaching of theology on this point will be sufficient to assure us that we shall lose nothing, but in reality gain much by this holy practice.

All the acts of our soul when in a state of grace—prayers, and good works of every kind—bear a fourfold fruit: of merit, of propitiation, of impetration, of expiation, or satisfaction. Therefore, the faithful may in virtue of a single good work ask and obtain a favor, appease the anger of God, merit an augmentation of grace here below, with a new degree of glory in heaven, and satisfy the divine justice. These four qualities, which theology teaches us are proper to each act when one is in a state of grace, are so many mysterious forces and supernatural powers placed at our disposal by the Divine Mercy to combat our spiritual enemies and to accomplish our destiny.

Now, what does the Heroic Act require? That we should despoil ourselves of all the merit of our good works? Not at all.

It calls for only the fourth part of our good works in favor of the Holy Souls; that is, the expiatory or satisfactory part. It is this portion that we place in the hands of our loving Mother to relieve their sufferings or to deliver them from their torments. The meritorious, the propitiatory, the impetratory portion of our spiritual acts remains in our possession—belongs personally to us; in fact, can not be applied by way of suffrage.

Moreover, the cession that we make for the benefit of the Holy Souls augments in value the fourfold qualities of our actions, since their merit is derived from the charity that inspires them; and how can charity be more fully shown than by voluntarily, and through purely supernatural motives, renouncing, in favor of our neighbor, a spiritual good which belongs to ourselves? Furthermore, we thereby increase our resources a hundredfold; for do we not enlist in our behalf all the souls we thus console or release? And who can express the ardor of their gratitude to their deliverers, the promotion of whose welfare has thus become a sacred obligation to them? This multitude of grateful souls, then, will unite their prayers with ours, and God will refuse them nothing.

The Heroic Act has some analogy to the miracle wrought in the desert, whereby Christ fed five thousand men with five barley loaves and two fishes; that is, He returns to him who had furnished the bread much more than he had originally given. By the charity of this boy the five barley loaves, multiplying under the divine benediction, not only fed the famishing thousands "as much as they would," but so abundantly that what remained filled twelve baskets. Thus it is with the gifts we make to the Holy Souls; in our hands they are only as five barley loaves, but with the divine benediction they acquire an extraordinary merit, and not only benefit thousands of suffering souls, but enrich ourselves a hundredfold.

Two points only in the teachings of theologians upon Purgatory are illuminated by the infallible rays of Catholic dogma, viz.: the existence of a place of detention, and the fact that the prayers of the living are

beneficial to the souls therein. All else is veiled in the greater or less obscurity of theological opinions. We can not know what souls are most in need of our prayers, or whether those for whom we pray are in Purgatory or not. No one can tell in what proportion, or according to what law in the divine economy, our suffrages are available for those for whom we pray. God, indeed, respects our intentions, and applies our suffrages in accordance with our desires, when there is in them nothing contrary to His will. But if the souls for whom we pray are not in Purgatory, our suffrages would fall into the common treasure of the Church, increasing the sum of satisfactory merits, which are applied by way of indulgence to the souls of men. For God can not, so to speak, traverse the actual order established by His providence, and apply our suffrages Himself, directly, without in some way receiving from us a sort of authorization so to do,—so true is it that the suffering souls can be assisted solely by suffrages. God disposes directly neither of our satisfactory merits nor of those which compose the treasure of the Church; He passes them over to us; He liberates the souls whom we liberate, He leaves bound those whom we do not unbind—the poor souls whom we forget.

It is clear from what has been said above that our suffrages may possibly fail of the object for which we offer them; this can never be the case after we have made the Heroic Act, our expiatory merits then being placed at the disposal of the Blessed Virgin, who applies them Herself according to the will of Her Divine Son, and who knows all the secrets of that dread place of purification, which are as yet concealed from us. We are left entirely free to pray for any good whatsoever—for our friends, our relatives, our benefactors, living and dead,—and the good God will not fail to hear our prayers according to our intentions, so long as they are conformed to His holy will. Those, then, that make the Heroic Act of Charity need have but one anxiety—to multiply the suffrages which they entrust to Our Blessed Mother.

Catholic Notes.

The relics of St. James the Apostle, and of his companions SS. Athanasius and Theodore, which were discovered a few years ago at Compostella, were lately transferred with great solemnity to a more fitting shrine of gold, adorned with precious stones. The Bishop of Palencia presided at the ceremony. The faithful came in large numbers to take part in the procession, and venerate the relics of the first apostles of their country.

The English College in Rome is one of the most illustrious educational establishments in the Eternal City. It is a pity that as yet there has been no history written of it. The subject would be both sacred and interesting to a high degree, and abundant sources are certainly not wanting. All English-speaking Catholics—and not the least Americans of English descent—hold this College in dear love and remembrance for its long and intimate connection with our holy religion. In the library is preserved an original copy of Cornelius à Lapide's great Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, presented, as the autograph testifies, by the writer himself. There is also the original MS. of that touching Christian story "Fabiola," given by its author, the late Cardinal Wiseman, who was at one time Rector of the College. No other house in Rome has ever received such praise as is given to this one in the *Annuaire Littéraire Societatis Jesu* for 1581:—"Among all the colleges in Rome this one is the noblest, for the bright minds that it has cultivated, and the heroic deeds of those who have gone out of it. Its students are devoted to the Catholic Faith and loyal to the Roman Pontiff. They are educated here that, after they have united sound doctrine to solid piety, they may return to England—yea, to almost certain death—for the salvation of their brethren. Truly it can be said of this place that it is not so much an institution of learning as a seminary of martyrs."

A number of pious ladies of the Polish nobility lately sent a petition to Queen Margaret, of Italy, entreating her to save from threatened demolition, on the part of the Municipality of Rome, the room in the ancient Convent of St. Andrea where the seraphic St. Stanislaus

Kostka lived and died. The petition reminds the Queen that both herself and her spouse are the descendants of a long line of heroes and of saints, and that the blood of the most ancient Polish nobility flows in their veins. It is stated that Queen Margaret, moved by this appeal, intends to transfer the room of St. Stanislaus into a private chapel.

Catholicism is making great progress in Bulgaria, in proof of which the *Indo-European Correspondence* quotes the following extract of a letter written from Adrianopolis by Mgr. Petkoff, Vicar-Apostolic of the United Bulgarians in Thrace, who lately made a pastoral tour in Eastern Roumelia.

"Since the erection of Eastern Roumelia into a separate State, Malko-Tyrnovo has become a town of considerable importance, and exercises great influence on the surrounding villages. It is only two years since I was able to entrust that town to the Resurrectionist Fathers, and since that time the movement of reunion with Rome has been deepening and widening. A school was scarcely opened when it was thronged by Catholics and Schismatics alike. The church was threatening to come down, it was speedily rebuilt and beautified. A wretched shed was bought and repaired, some furniture got into it, and I left it in charge of Father Isidore Georgiew, a child of the very place, who was brought up by the Resurrectionists, and lives according to their rule. That young missionary, by his fervor, piety, and gentleness, is paving the way for the return of a great many Schismatics to unity. When I reached Malko-Tyrnovo for my pastoral visit, the number of Catholic families officially recorded was forty-six; during the time of my visit I received the abjuration of fourteen, and twenty more are postulants for reception. May our Divine Master be blessed, who thus sends joys after trials!"

The beautiful church, under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary, erected at Tallaght, Ireland, to the memory of the late Father Burke, was dedicated last month by the Archbishop of Dublin. At the High Mass which followed, the Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S. J., preached an eloquent panegyric of the great Dominican. A large congregation was present at the ceremony.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting, *Christ before Pilate*, is about to be placed on exhibition in New York. The picture is great in more senses than one, and will probably attract as much attention here as it did in European

cities. The artist, who will soon visit this country, is a Hungarian and a devout Catholic.

A most extraordinary incident took place here yesterday during a burial-service held at the quarantine station. While the Rev. Father Wilson, of St. Mary's, was reading the beautiful burial-service of the Roman Catholic Church, just as his lips had given utterance to the words, "And the earth shall open and give up its dead," etc., the mighty and deep roll of the earthquake was heard approaching; the house began to rock, and even the dead man seemed to respond to Nature's throe, as the coffin gently swayed as though in response to the mighty voice. The faces of the surrounding officers, friends, and crew portrayed, if possible, more solemnity, as though each were looking for the last great summons to come.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

We regret to chronicle the demise of Monsignor George Talbot, which occurred last month at Passy, where he had been living for thirteen years or more. Monsignor Talbot was well known in England, France, and Italy, and was everywhere esteemed for his learning and piety. He was a son of the third Lord Talbot of Malahide. After finishing his education at Eton and Oxford, he was appointed Vicar of Evercreech, Somerset, where he remained till his conversion to the Catholic Faith. For nineteen years he was a chamberlain to Pius IX., by whom he was greatly beloved. His death will prove a heavy loss to the poor schools, and the poor generally of the parish of Passy, where his memory will long be held in benediction. It was for their sake that he gave repeated orders to be buried in the simplest manner possible, in order that there might be more money left to give to the poor. *R. I. P.*

The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet*, writing under date Oct. 23d, says:

"As among the final acts of the Apostolic Process for the beatification and canonization of the saints is that of the recognition of their remains, the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin, Mgr. Caprara, Promoter of the Faith, and other dignitaries of that *Curia*, proceeded on Monday, in presence of H. R. H. the Princess Clotilda of Savoy, and some few persons permitted to attend, to the formal recognition of the body of the Venerable Canon Joseph Benedict Cottolengo, founder of the Little House of Divine Providence, who died in Chieri,

April 30, 1842, and was buried May 3, within the Institute Church at Turin, beneath the altar of Our Lady of the Rosary—his own choice for sepulture. The tomb being opened with all the prescribed formalities, the remains were found well preserved, and after due recognition were placed in a new coffin, and removed to a site less exposed to the damp, but still inside the precincts of the church built under the eye of the Venerable Canon, whose cause is now before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and rapidly approaching a favorable termination."

An interesting sketch of the Venerable Joseph Cottolengo, by Lady Herbert, was presented in a previous volume of THE "AVE MARIA." This new St. Vincent de Paul was declared venerable by Pius IX in 1877. Turin mourned his death as that of a great saint. The miraculous cures effected through his intercession are almost countless.

The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Temple, a feast now kept on the 21st of the present month, was restored to the Roman calendar, from which it had been dropped, at the earnest solicitation of one of the early Jesuits—Father Francis Torriani, whom Bartoli in his Life of St. Ignatius calls *grande ed erudito teologo*,—"a great and learned theologian."

We are in receipt of other offerings for Father Damien, as follows:

A mother and daughter, asking prayers, \$2; J. F., \$1; William Mulry, \$5; William P., Winifred, Mary T., and Winnie J. Mulry, \$5; Mrs. P. K. Walsh, \$5; Mrs. Mary Hanway, \$1; Rose Hanway, 50 cts.; "For the Love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," \$2; A Client of St. Joseph, \$5; Bridget O'Donnell, Mary McKenney, Annie Gibbons, Mrs. Martha Dugan, Bridget Gibbons, Mary Drain, \$7; A suppliant of Father Damien's prayers, \$3; Thomas Mullin, \$5; A Friend, \$1; John J. Adams (Sr.), John J. Adams (Jr.), William I., Samuel J., Mary and Katie Adams, William J. and Basil J. Nettleton, \$2; John Sheahan, \$1; M. A. H., \$5; Hannah Mee, \$5; A Family, \$3; From four persons, "for the Love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," \$4; Louise Augustine Lippe, \$5; J. Mc., \$5; Three Friends, Salem, Mass., \$4; A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; Mrs. Noonan, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, \$10; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; A Child of Mary, \$1; A Child of the Sacred Heart, \$5; Miss Jane Byrne, \$1; Patrick Liston, \$1; Johanna Laughnane, \$1; Ellen Keef, \$1; Mrs. Bridget Neven, \$1; Mrs. Jane Bennett, \$1; Barrett children, \$1; Bridget Kelly, \$1; William Hore, \$2; A Friend, \$1; Edward Collins, \$1.

New Publications.

IN BOHEMIA. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's latest volume of poems, "In Bohemia," more than fulfils the abundant promises of his earlier verses. While the latter merited and received wide praise for their grace and strength, there is a matureness in these later lines which finds expression in a greater terseness of thought, in a more perfect crystallization of ideas, without limiting in any sense the poetic imagery, and in a stronger phraseology,—all of which characteristics, it is unnecessary to remark, add greatly to their merit and beauty. Mr. O'Reilly never speaks vaguely: whatever he says or sings goes straight to the mark he has in view; and this directness of diction, which is noticeable even in his prose productions, is very remarkable in his poems. Once he has chosen his subject, he appears to study it from all sides, with a view of discovering the best way to approach it, and it is seldom that his judgment errs in making its choice. His natural enthusiasm, and his correct way of thinking, aid him greatly; for in poetry, especially when one is the true poet Mr. O'Reilly is, impulse, particularly when it is accompanied by trained thought, rarely goes astray in such matters. In the epigrams which are scattered through "In Bohemia," this faculty of its author to state a poetic idea forcibly and concisely is well illustrated. For instance, what better description of the greatness and littleness of distance could one have than this:

"The world is large, when its weary leagues two
loving hearts divide;
But the world is small, when your enemy is loose
on the other side?"

"A Dead Man," in which the representatives of three races claim for the departed hero some characteristic of their own, furnishes another striking illustration of this attribute of Mr. O'Reilly's muse.

Of the grand poem "Wendell Phillips," which is one of the best, if not the very best, Mr. O'Reilly's pen ever produced, it is not necessary to speak here, since the wide publication given it on its first appearance has made it familiar to all. "A Lost Friend" is a sermon in rhyme, which has an application to almost every life; and the same line of

thought can be discerned in "A Builder's Lesson," which conveys excellent counsel in cogent language.

The most striking poems of "In Bohemia" are undoubtedly those which, like "The King's Evil," "The Three Queens," "The City Streets," and others, treat of social and humane topics. Mr. O'Reilly entertains very radical ideas on some of these subjects, and he has given expression to many of his thoughts in this volume. Even if one does not agree with all his ideas, it can not be denied that he presents them in a terribly forcible manner.

Poems of especial merit are "The Dead Singer," commemorative of Miss Fanny Parnell; "In Bohemia," which is a charming description of a land in which Mr. O'Reilly lived so short a time that he longs to revisit it; and "Ensign Epps," with the blare of the trumpets in its every line. But to mention all the meritorious poems in this volume it would be necessary to give the whole table of contents; for there is not one in the entire book which has not a special excellence of its own.

W. D. K.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead,"

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The venerable Father Serra, S. J., of Rock Hill College, Ala., whose life of devotedness and self-sacrifice was crowned with a happy death on the 23d ult.

The Rev. Antonio Cassese, O. S. F., the efficient and beloved rector of St. Joseph's Church, Swedesboro, N. J. In the sermon preached at his funeral, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Farrell, he was spoken of as an example of priestly virtues.

Mr. P. McCune, of Wurtsborough, N. Y., whose holy death occurred on the 25th ult. He was a man of noble Christian character, and his spirit of charity was the admiration of all who knew him.

Patrick E. Dougherty, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, whose death, fortified by the last Sacraments, took place at San Rafael, Cal., on the 14th of September.

Mrs. Mary Howden, Shanghai; John J. Zeglio, San Francisco; Annie Coleman, Chicago; Miss Catharine Butler, Wilmington, Del.; Mary King, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Joanna Murphy, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Roche, Philadelphia; Thomas Murphy, Omaha; Julia Hogan, Pittsfield, Mass.; and A. B. Gallagher, Esq., Philadelphia.

May they rest in peace!



Francis and Francesco.

BY FLORA I. STANFIELD.

"Ah! I have sighed to rest me!" piped out poor little Francesco as sturdily as he could, while his father thrummed away on a great harp that had travelled many weary miles, and was very much the shabbier for its journeys. Francesco was tired, and his father was cross, which was not strange; for the mercury was up in the nineties, and there was no money for the supper. Francesco finished his song in broken English, and, taking off his cap, ran close to a window, where a boy of about his own age sat.

"What is your name, little Macaroni?" called out the lad in the window.

"Francesco, if you please," was the answer.

"Well, then, Francesco, here's a dime. My name is Francesco, too, only I spell it another way."

Francesco gave a sort of military salute, and shyly lifted a pair of dark and rather sad eyes. "Very much thanks," he said.

The dime just then looked very large and valuable to him, he was so hungry, and they had played and sung all that day for a few pennies. The children around the corner had tossed some buttons into his cap, just for a joke; and the butcher on the avenue had given him a counterfeit coin that had strayed into his till; but of money there was little—certainly not enough for the most frugal supper, to say nothing of breakfast.

So, with a happy glance at the dime, he called to his father that they must stop for another tune, because the young master had been so liberal; but the father was already half a square away, playing the prelude to a quaint song about the merry days in his own sunny Italy. Francesco ran up, quite

out of breath, but soon began to sing again, feebly at first, then with all his might; and Francis, sitting in his window, looking at a new book, that was gaily bound in blue and gold, heard the silver tones as they floated out on the warm summer air.

It was his birthday, and from the basement most appetizing odors were rising; for cook was making a big birthday-cake, with twice the usual amount of raisins in it. Francis went on reading. The book in his lap bore on its cover, in large letters, "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi." Grandfather Baldwin had sent it that very day, with a pleasant note. "My dear boy," it ran, "you have a holy model in St. Francis, and the best wish I can send you is that you may try and be in some degree like him."

Francis had been happy all that morning, reading of the blessed St. Francis, who liked best of all to be called "Helper of men," and who loved and protected every living thing, however small or humble. But now the lad's thoughts were all astray; something had come between him and the sunshine. "In some degree like him." The words rang in his ears; they spoiled his perfect pleasure: he was no longer happy; and surely he ought to be happy, with his twelve bright years behind him, beautiful gifts from loving friends about him, and the scent from the spicy birthday-cake stealing up the kitchen stairway. Then suddenly he could not see the page before him, and a big tear fell upon it.

"He looked so hungry, poor little chap!" he murmured; "and I with a birthday-cake as big as a bushel!" And Mrs. Baldwin, coming in to find her boy in tears, had no reproof for him, but made a silent offering of thanks to God for giving him the grace of charity toward the poor and suffering.

But Francis was only a lad, and a merry one too, and in due time the cake went the way of all cakes, and Francesco passed from his mind. Then came the cold weather, and another letter from Grandfather Baldwin. "Can you not spend the Winter holidays in the country with us?" he wrote. "We have no gay shops or happy crowds of

pleasure-seekers, but we have crackling wood fires, and early drives to church through the bracing air." Surely they could not say no to such an invitation, and the first snow-storm found Francis and his mother snugly tucked away in the great farm-house, a few miles from the city's roar.

Francis enjoyed the change, and delighted in going the rounds of the farm, watching the men feeding the cattle, and the maids taking the fat chickens and turkeys their smoking meals. Every morning the trees were filled with birds—blue-jays, English sparrows, and snow-birds; and he would take them the crumbs from the table, over which they twittered and scrambled, after the manner of birds.

"In some degree like him," the boy would say, thinking of St. Francis, and Grandfather Baldwin's wish.

One night it snowed from dusk to dawn, and in the morning the fields were a white, trackless waste. Francis awoke early and looked out of his window. "I wonder," he said, "how my birds like this weather?" They seemed to think it great sport, and kept up such a chattering that Francis, dressing hurriedly, and going to the door with some crumbs, almost failed to hear a faint voice that came across the snow. Where had he heard those words and that tune before? Ah! he remembered, and, with the street-singer Francesco in his mind, he was soon plowing through the snow toward the place whence the song came.

"Francis," called his mother, opening a window up-stairs, "you must put on your overcoat if you are going to run around in the snow before breakfast." And, "Francis," Grandfather Baldwin added, "you will have a fine cold if you are so careless."

But Francis was already too far distant to hear distinctly what was said; he floundered on, now hidden from sight in a huge drift, now making better headway.

"Ah! I have sighed!" came the voice, fainter and weaker.

"Well, you'll not sigh any more to-day, little Macaroni," said the rescuer, dragging from the snow what looked like a confused

heap of rags, with a pair of big eyes shining from it.

The child was many weeks coming back to health and strength, and meanwhile they learned his story. It was a very sad story indeed—of cold and hunger and cruelty. Finally his father had died, and he, in going to find another town, had lost his way, and lain down to die.

He is a young man now, and when people ask Francis about his foreign-looking friend, who sings so wonderfully, and who helps Grandfather Baldwin manage the farm, he smiles and says: "He is one of God's birds that I found in the snow."

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

XII.

By mid-February Denbigh was up and about again, and ready for duty; but the day he got his discharge from the hospital he slipped on a piece of ice, and snapped his sword-arm, to his own great disgust and to Oester's satisfaction.

"I'm sorry you got hurt, Denbigh," he said; "but I am so glad you ain't goin' away! It would have been so lonesome!"

For never again would the boy-bugler of Company M. thrill the breasts of his comrades with the wild, sweet music of the "charge," or the stirring alarm of the "retreat"; never again would Jet's black legs trot in advance of the long-stretching chargers; for the bullet that was turned from the breast of his little master by Our Lady's medal had so bruised and shocked his lungs that they were all too easy a prey to cold, and the surgeon had put him on detached—very detached—duty about the hospital.

Denbigh looked at him half grimly, half amused—it was so new to him to have any one glad about him.

"You *do* seem badly off for comp'ny," he growled, "with only a thousand or so fellows around."

Oester laughed.

"I know, but they ain't home-folks. Now, you and Jet and I, why we're all one family: we belong to the 7th—"

"A mule, a fool, and a boy—nice family!" interrupted Denbigh.

"And the regiment's all the home I had," finished the boy.

"I too," said Denbigh. "But shut up, that's a good younker! I'm 'most crazy with this here arm, and thinkin' of this fresh stop to gettin' ahead."

About mid-March the rumor came up that Wilson was going to make a dash into the heart of the Grey country with "discretionary orders," and that the 7th was going with him.

This *was* hard luck with a vengeance, and their faces became as blue as their coats when they thought of how they had to stay behind and miss the "fun." Then came word that Wilson was lost, and for a month no news could be had of the man that was cutting such a broad swath through Alabama and Northern Georgia. Then came the wonderful message of Appomattox Court-House, the simultaneous fall of Richmond and Selma; then Wilson burst through the "no-news" veil, and in rapid succession, like beads of fire running down the telegraph wires, came the announcements of Montgomery, Columbus, and Macon, Johnston's surrender, and—oh! balm to Denbigh's heart—the release of the Andersonville prisoners.

Denbigh would have started off without leave, pay, clothing, staff or scrip; but Oester managed to pull his head out of the clouds long enough to put him through the proper formalities; and at the same time, by the advice of his friend the surgeon, he got his own discharge, pay, and Jet's purchase papers. Then they both started for Annapolis, to which port Father Ryan told them that O'Keefe (or the man identified as O'Keefe) would be sent.

They reached there early in the morning on a troop-train (cattle-cars); for Denbigh's impatience could not be contained, and he found no trouble in "mixing in" with a re-

turning regiment from his own State. They "snatched" a breakfast, and then Oester went to see about getting Jet fed and watered (it wasn't safe in those busy times to depend on other people), and Denbigh posted off to see when the boats were due. As to this last, though, the rumors conflicted so (and I'm afraid his temper, rubbed into a great irascibility by his anxiety, did not smooth matters) that by the time the whistles were sounding, he was as far from positive news as ever. The marshal's office was shut; nobody knew who could make out the papers necessary for going aboard; and no one in the throng that raced, that jostled, that surged and poured to see the men raised from worse than the tomb, could or would tell him what *ought* to be done. All were too eager to reclaim friend, child, brother, husband, kinsman, from their long journey into the Valley of the Shadow; and such as had not that hope groped tearfully down to hear some chance word of their dead and "missing."

Here and there some kind hearts listened to him, but they shook their heads, and had no help to give except their sympathy; and it was well on into the afternoon when Denbigh got to the wharf, and had to halt before the wall of steel that guarded the enclosure, watching with miserable and envious eyes those who had passes, and who went in to claim their own.

XIII.

Denbigh pressed as near as the guards would permit, and, O God! what an awful sight met his eyes! Were those creatures human that staggered up the gang-plank? Were those objects, lying on pallets, and carried by on stretchers, men? Gaunt with hunger, idiotic with suffering, rotted with scurvy and gangrene, covered with sores, they were dying by the half score, even as the boat lay alongside the wharf, and home and freedom were in their grasp.

He turned deathly sick, and the green hills and blue river surged and rolled together like a groundswell; but he shook off his faintness, and, when the first rush was over, told the soldier nearest him that he had

a friend aboard he wanted to carry away.

"Got a permit?"

"No."

"Get one."

"But, man," said Denbigh, "the office is closed now."

"That's so. Then wait till to-morrow."

"I can't and I won't!" flashed Denbigh. Then, fearing some delay, he controlled himself enough to reason and remonstrate with the soldier; and after a while the latter said:

"Well, see here: I've got my orders, but I guess the captain wouldn't be too hard on me at such a time, and"—with reckless good-nature—"don't care if he is. I can stand it if *you* can; and I ain't goin' to keep e'er a one of them poor critters away from his friends after he's got this far on the road home."

And Denbigh slipped by as the soldier looked away, and in a few seconds was standing, cap in hand, before the officer in charge.

"Well?" said the latter, briskly.

"I want a man named O'Keefe, please sir."

He turned to the ledger, ran his finger down the *O's*, then down the *K's*, then shook his head.

"No such man here."

Denbigh's heart seemed to stop.

"He must be, sir."

"Well, he isn't."

"Ain't this the *Queen of the Chesapeake*, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the boat he was put aboard to come North."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is in writin'." And he drew a well-worn envelope from his pocket containing the few lines from Father Ryan: ". . . He will be sent with the draft of men shipped aboard the *Queen of the Chesapeake*."

"That's so," said the officer; "but there may have been some mistake, you know."

"My God! don't say that, sir. You don't know what hangs on findin' him."

"Is he your brother?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, a friend?"

"Well, sir, he ain't any call to look on me as even that."

The young officer turned surprised eyes on him.

"Think again, sir, please," said Denbigh.

"Ain't there a chance he could have been slipped aboard without bein' booked?"

"Yes," was the somewhat reluctant answer, "he might. But I say, my good fellow, I've been on duty twenty-four hours, and I'm *very* tired. Couldn't you come back to-morrow?"

Denbigh made a gesture of mute despair, and launched his old cry for help to Heaven. The officer looked at him more attentively as he did so, and the anguish that in a few minutes had drawn the man's face old and thin touched his heart (you see he was young, and had not had time to grow entirely hard in the midst of War's horrors), so, giving a mighty yawn, and an impatient shake, he shouted:

"Orderly!"

A soldier appeared and touched his cap.

"Were all the released prisoners registered?"

"No, sir."

"How many were not, and where are they?"

"About a hundred, sir. Some of 'em's in the forward cabin, some of 'em was buried at sea, and some of 'em's just dead."

"Can you identify your man?"—to Denbigh.

"Yes, sir. He's about my size, broad and strong, a red face, black hair, grey eyes, and a turn-up nose."

The officer shook his head but said nothing, and led the way to the forward cabin, the floor of which was littered with pallets, on which lay men in every stage of emaciation. Over some the sheets were entirely drawn, but through the folds knees, feet, and ghastly bones set up with horrid distinctness.

"Not much breadth or color here, my man," he said, sadly, as Denbigh's star-

tled look flashed around the enclosure:

"I'll look at the—the—dead ones first," remarked the trooper, in a choked voice.

And one after another poor face was uncovered, but without result. Then he went from mattress to mattress, scrutinizing, and in one or two instances calling the men by the name that had become his text. But negation and denial met him at all sides; and, with the revulsion from hope, that deathly sickness again swept over him, and, with his hands pressed to his head, he dropped on a seat, muttering faintly: "I'm beat, my God! I'm beat!"

"Run, fetch some brandy," said Lieut. Craig to the orderly.

As he stood looking at Denbigh, and the latter, feeling bruised and crushed, repeated, "My God! my God!" in a tone of agony that made it a most complete prayer, a quivering wreck of a voice that had once been sweet and flexible crooned feebly:

"Holy Mary, Mother mild,
Hear, oh! hear Thy feeble child!
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
Storms of—"

"Who's that?" cried Denbigh, a thrill running through him.

"Where?" said the young officer.

"That singing."

"I didn't hear any singing."

"Yes, sir; here." And he laid his hand on the door of a small state-room near by.

"Please sir," observed the orderly, who had returned, "it's 'Crazy Pat.' When the transports was comin' off, some of the boys asked me to look out for him special; for he'd just spent himself a-lookin' out for them in that cursed hole—beg your pardon, sir—"

"Yes, yes," said Denbigh; "go on!" And he seized his arm with his old strength, and his eyes burned so fiercely that the man said to himself: "Whew, you look as if you needed a strait-jacket, *you* do!" Then to Lieut. Craig: "And so when we got started, I just got one of the little state-rooms, and put him in it. I hope you don't mind, sir. You see he was so *uncommon* good to them poor chaps."

"Mind? Not a bit, Holt. I think it was mighty good of you to do it."

"Thank you, sir," said Holt, reddening. "My, you'd just ought to hear about that poor fellow, though they do say when fust he come he was just like a wild beast; but when he got to lookin' around he stopped a-cussin' and growlin,' an' turned to like a—a—a—most like a angel. He'd taken off his clo'es tell he'd most nothin' left, and covered up the naked ones; and when he hadn't any more, he'd cover 'em with his body, for the warmth of it, sir, you know; for it was a most cruel cold Winter. He shared his feed with the hungriest, an' when that there spring* busted out, he'd crawl backwards and forwards for hours, a-fetchin' water to them as was too weak to go for it; and tell his mind went—"

Here Denbigh flung up his arms with a cry that made the soldier jump and edge a little farther off. He thought, "You never know what they're up to—they lunatics!"

Holt went on: "He was the comfortin'est cretur to the dyin' ones! He'd a little crucifix and a string o' prayer-beads, and when they was a-givin' the countersign to Death—an' glad enough to go, poor souls!—he'd hold 'em in his arms an' pray with 'em, an' hold that there cross afore their eyes, and put them there beads in their hands, an' turn 'em on their faces when they was dead, so they wouldn't be stared at, and set by 'em tell they was buried. And even after he turned lunny he'd sit and sing an' pray in a way that'd make you laugh an' cry, too; for sometimes it was songs that was funny as fun, and sometimes it was hymns an' wailin's and such; and he'd such a way of callin' on the Virgin Mary—"

"It's him! I know it's him!" said Denbigh, shaking with excitement. "Take me to him. For any sake in the world that'll hurry you, take me!"

And Holt opened the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* A spring of pure fresh water burst up through the sand within the stockade—a miracle of God's mercy.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 20, 1886. No. 21.

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Claudia's Monument.*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

NOT in the beauty of sculptured stone,
Not in the splendor of mural brasses,
Sleeps *thy* memory, sainted one!
The glory of God all earth's surpasses.

Lo! in the blessed ciborium,
In jewelled chalice and golden paten,—
In the rarest laces of Christendom
(Shimmering soft over rich old satin),

Thy sweet remembrance finds its shrine
With the sparkling gems in the sacred vessels;
Or lives in the web of these laces fine,
Where the delicate dream of the artist nestles.

And whenever the Body and Blood of Christ
Bloom from paten or lifted chalice—
When the royal Victim is sacrific'd,
Or rests in His little golden palace,

The priest at the altar, bending low,
Shall breathe a prayer for thy soul departed;
And up, with the incense-wreaths, shall go
Thy name and thy sister's, gentle-hearted!

Leave funeral urns to the soulless clod,
Marbles and bronze to Fame's endeavor;
Here, at the feet of the Living God,
Claudia's memory lives forever!

* Suggested by the exquisite sacred memorials presented in her name to the Altar of God by her devoted sister, Miss J. L., to whom these lines are inscribed with tender love and sympathy.

Thoughts on the Life of Our Lady in the Temple.

IT was in the Greek Church that the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple first began to be celebrated. It was not recognized as a feast by the Western Church till the year 1375, when it was introduced by Pope Gregory XI. On the occasion of this solemnity the Church celebrates the special offering of Herself which Our Lady made to God on the day when, in the Temple at Jerusalem, Her parents publicly and solemnly presented their beloved daughter, then three years old, in fulfilment of the vow which they had made to consecrate their child to God. In honoring this mystery by the establishment of a special feast, the intention of the Church is to perpetuate among the faithful the remembrance of that holy Presentation, which is, next to the Sacrifice of Our Lord, the most acceptable offering that has ever been made to God. The Church also desires to hold out to us as an example for our imitation the exalted virtue which the Blessed Virgin displayed.

From the very first moment of Her existence Mary offered to God Her whole being and life, Her thoughts, Her actions, and Her will. The constant tradition of the Church, supported by the authority of the Holy Fathers, assures us that as soon as Our Lady acquired the use of Her reason—that is, from the first moment of Her existence—

She offered Herself to God absolutely and unconditionally, by an act of the most disinterested love and the most perfect devotion. This offering Mary renewed when, fourteen days after Her birth, Her mother, on the occasion of her own purification, carried Her to the Temple, and made the offering prescribed by the Mosaic Law for the redemption of the child. We can not doubt that on this occasion Mary offered Herself once more to Her Sovereign Lord, to fulfil in everything His holy and adorable will.

This, however, was only the prelude, as it were, to that solemn and public offering of their child to God made by Her parents, in execution of the vow of which we have spoken. It was then that Mary, already possessed of the full use of Her reason, voluntarily presented Herself to God, exercising a perfect freedom of choice, and experiencing a deep and sovereign joy in so exercising it. We may believe She heard the voice of God inviting Her to consecrate Herself entirely to His love, and saying: "Come, My beloved, My fairest, My chosen dove. Incline Thine ear; forget also Thy own people and Thy father's house: so shall the King have pleasure in Thy beauty." Mary listened to the voice; She believed that it was the voice of God, and understood it. She yielded Herself to the divine command; faithfully obeying the action of God's grace in Her heart, She renounced without hesitation all that was most dear to Her, and broke all the ties that bound Her to created beings, to give Herself up to God without the slightest reserve. "God of virtues!" She exclaimed, "how amiable are Thy tabernacles! My soul faints and thirsts to appear before the presence of God. Thy altars, My God and My King, are the only refuge My soul desires. Nothing but Thyself can satisfy My longing heart. Thou art the God of My heart and My portion for eternity."

There can be no doubt, says St. Liguori, that this was the greatest and the most perfect offering ever made to God by a creature. Mary offers no burnt-offering, no sacrifice

of beasts, no talents of silver or gold: She consecrates Herself to God as a victim for all eternity. What could the spirits of Heaven, who witnessed this fervor and devotion, say at the sight of an offering so pure and a victim so acceptable! In their wonder and amazement they could only repeat, with the Holy Spouse in the Cantic of Canticles: "How beautiful art Thou, My beloved, like unto the sun and the moon! Thy grace hath ravished the Heart of the King; He hath preferred Thee before all that bear Thee company." The holy victim seems to reply to the Most High: "Behold, I come to do Thy will, O God! Sacrifice and burnt-offering Thou wouldst not. Again I said: 'Lo, I come!'"

The zeal and devotedness with which Mary consecrated Herself to God should be a bright example for every Christian to follow. Whatever our state of life, we should determine to present the first fruits to God. The most essential duty of every intelligent creature is that it should turn its heart, in love, to God, and the very first dawn of reason should be employed in this way and consecrated to this end. Following the example of Mary, all Christians should hasten to offer to their Sovereign Master their possessions, their life, and all their being, and devote themselves to His service forever. But what is it that actually takes place among Christians? How sad it is to think how they hesitate and delay when it is a question of giving themselves to God: while they show, on the other hand, such alacrity and zeal in seeking out created objects, and in devoting themselves too often to the service of the world and the indulgence of their passions! Every moment of our life belongs to God, and yet how many do we spend in His service? Our hearts are not large enough to admit of division; besides, God is a jealous Master, who will not tolerate any rival; and yet, notwithstanding this, it is a matter of only too frequent experience to find unfaithful souls striving to serve God and the world at the same time. The generous offering which Mary made to God, the perpetual sacrifice

of the whole of Her being and life, is an overwhelming condemnation of a spirit so diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Gospel.

When the ceremony of the consecration of Mary was over, and the vow accomplished, Her parents withdrew; but the young child who had been consecrated to God remained in the Temple, and lived there, growing every day in grace and beauty like a lovely flower, or a tree planted by the water-side, destined to bring forth its fruit in due season. Mary passed twelve years in this holy retirement. She was, like the other virgins in the Temple, consecrated to the service of the altars, and lived under their shadow, guarded by the priests of the Old Law, studying the Holy Books, and devoting much time to prayer. These privileges She enjoyed in common with the rest of the holy sisterhood, but She alone, by a singular favor, was permitted to penetrate into the Holy of Holies, where the high-priest alone could enter, and only once a year. Into this inner shrine, before the Mercy-Seat, Mary would frequently enter to offer to God Her most ardent supplications, and give Herself up to the most sublime contemplations. The angels of God came there to visit Her and minister to Her.

No one but the spirits in heaven could speak in fitting terms of the marvellous sanctity which characterized every action of the Blessed Virgin during Her life in the Temple. As the light of the dawn increases and grows, Mary was continually advancing from virtue to virtue, from perfection to perfection. Angels and men contemplated Her with astonishment, and were lost in admiration of this incomparable miracle of sanctity.

Of all the virtues which adorned the soul of Mary in Her holy retreat in the Temple, the most excellent and the dearest to Her heart was Her holy virginity, to which She, by a special inspiration of God, She was particularly attracted at an early period of Her life. "Most prudent of all virgins," says St. Bernard, "how did you learn that the state of virginity is pleasing to God?

You heard neither precept nor counsel, you followed no example; but the enlightenment of your soul by God's special grace instructed you on this as on all other points. The Living Word of God became your teacher, and before He became your Son, and took upon Him your flesh, He poured into your soul all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. You offered your sacred virginity as a most acceptable offering to Jesus Christ, and you knew not then that you were destined for the infinitely higher privilege of becoming His Mother."

Such are, briefly, the principal characteristics of the hidden life of the Blessed Virgin, after Her consecration to God, in the Temple at Jerusalem. A simple feeling of admiration on our part for the ineffable virtues She displayed would be a poor tribute to Her: what is needed is to draw practical conclusions, and adopt resolutions, in conformity with Her glorious example, for the regulation of our own individual lives. Let us institute a comparison between our lives and Hers, and we shall, indeed, have reason to blush. The virtue of Mary had nothing to fear from the corruption of the world, and yet we see that this Holy Virgin, as soon as She attained a sufficient degree of childish strength, hurried from the world to take refuge in Her Father's house, and to shield Her innocence from all dangers under the shadow of His altars. Her life was passed there in absolute seclusion; She occupied Herself solely in the service of God and the practice of virtue.

Now consider our conduct, and compare it with Hers. How often have we experienced that, with regard to the salvation of our souls, we have everything to fear from this corrupted and corroding world! And yet we go on loving this world, we seek continually after its pleasures, and expose ourselves to all its dangers. Even if compelled to live away from the seductions and dissipations of the world, yet we too often give free rein to our imagination, and transport ourselves in thought to the scenes we have left behind us; we take delight in the news, the gossip, the pleasures, pomps, and

vanities which we ought long since to have renounced forever.

In celebrating the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, let us learn to follow Her example, and to love a life of retirement—a life of recollection and prayer. Above all, let us learn the value of a life of virtue, and let us convince ourselves of the great reward in store for those who make sacrifice of themselves to God. Finally, at this holy time, let us unite our hearts to the Heart of the Blessed Virgin, in order that we may present ourselves to God, both our souls and bodies, as a holy sacrifice for His glory. Let us entreat our Holy Mother to obtain for us from Her divine Son the grace of fidelity and constancy, of which She has given us so shining an example; so that, following in Her footsteps, we may remain steadfast and immovable in the love and service of God henceforth and forever.

The Black Gown's Prophecy.

I.

THE woods bordering on the dancing waters of the Mohawk River were glorious in their Autumn dress, although awaiting death at the first touch of frost and snow. Amidst all the glories of nature the wigwams of Andagoron, the chief town of the warlike Mohawks—who at that time, with the Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Cayugas, formed the dreaded confederation of the Five Nations—seemed to be deserted. No sound disturbed the repose of evening, for the warriors had assembled in earnest consultation. The village was plunged in grief: heavy trials had visited it.

About a hundred paces from the farthest wigwam, at the foot of an oak tree, knelt a priest rapt in contemplation; a heavenly peace rested on his countenance; his eye was fixed on the Sign of the Cross and the monogram of Christ carved on the bark of the tree, which in the course of the year had become almost obliterated. This solitary petitioner in the wild forest of the Mohawk was Father Isaac Jogues, the celebrated

Apostle of the Iroquois. His hands, which had been maimed by the redskins, had once been reverently kissed by the dowager Queen of France in presence of the whole court; and the Holy Father himself had called him a martyr of Christ. Four years before, after suffering severe tortures, he had languished for fifteen months as a prisoner amongst the Mohawks. It was during that hard captivity that he had engraven the sacred symbols on the oak; there he had found consolation in his sorrows; there to his favored vision the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world had appeared, filling his soul with seraphic sweetness.

Only three months before our narrative opens he had come to the spot for the second time, in order to establish peace between his own people—the French dwelling on the St. Lawrence—and the Indian tribes; and now he had come for the third time to bring to the red men sitting in the shadow of death that higher peace with which his own soul overflowed—that peace which the world can not give—the peace of the true faith.

On the former visit the missionary had left a small box after him, as it was his intention to return to his Iroquois. After his departure the worms destroyed the harvest of the Indians, and the “black death” entered their wigwams, demanding many a painful sacrifice. This afforded a splendid opportunity to the medicine men, who had long before sworn the death of the hated missionary. They spread around the report that the devil was hidden in the box, and it was he that afflicted them so grievously. The declaration was readily believed by the superstitious multitude. With many imprecations the box was thrown into the river, and all now awaited the return of the Black Gown, to wreak their vengeance on him for this witchcraft. Father Jogues had barely reached Lake Champlain when they fell upon him with loud cries of triumph. They took him prisoner, and brought him to Andagoron (now Caughnawaga). The missionary, though fully aware of what awaited him, was calm and resigned, and went to

prepare himself for death near that oak where he had knelt so often before.

Some warriors noiselessly approached the kneeling priest. "Ondesonk"—by this name the Iroquois called the missionary—"wilt thou not enter the Bear's cabin, and eat of his corn and dwell in his wigwam, that his mighty hand may protect thee against thy enemies?"

The holy man arose without answering, and, looking up to heaven, said, joyfully: "*Deo gratias!*" He then kissed the holy sign on the bark of the tree, and turned to the messengers of the Bear. "Let us go in peace." Silently as they had come the messengers turned their steps towards the village, which lay before them in gloomy repose.

The shades of night were falling slowly on the forest. They were still some distance from the wigwams of the chief of the great family of the Bears. From one of the cabins the wailing cry of a woman's voice fell upon the ear of the missionary. Sympathy arrested his steps, and he inquired of his escort the cause of this mourning. "The demon of death," they answered, "has laid his hand on Ganonakoa, the little son of the brave Pomoakon. Pomoakon fell under the bullets of the Pale Faces from the Great River, and his widow weeps and laments because death is about to rob her of her last comfort." Without a moment's hesitation the man of God entered the wigwam, whilst his companions awaited him outside; he hoped he might be fortunate enough to win another soul for heaven by Baptism.

A sad picture presented itself to view: an Indian woman knelt on the ground, tearing her dishevelled hair, and in a piercing voice repeating over and over the name of her child, whose fever-wasted form lay on skins beside her. The child's bosom rose and fell, and the little creature seemed to be in its last agony. The medicine men, who by dancing and words of enchantment pretended to drive away the demon of death from the beds of the sick, had no time to attend to their office this night. They were busy

with the plan of revenge which they had been preparing for years.

As soon as the weeping woman caught sight of the form of the missionary through the gloom she hastily arose; a gleam of joy passed over her haggard features, and, casting herself at his feet, she exclaimed, in passionate tones: "Save my child, Ondesonk, thou servant of the Great Spirit! Save my son, my only joy; for the demon hath laid his hand upon him! Thou canst drive him away, Ondesonk, if thou wilt; for thou hast power over all devils." She raised her arms imploringly to him, as if life and death lay in his power. Without appearing to notice the woman, the Father knelt beside the dying child, and folded his hands in prayer, in this last hour of his life asking of the Lord, for whose love he had suffered so much, to grant him one more extraordinary favor. Then dipping his hand into a vessel of water, which the mother had been using to moisten the parched lips of the child, he poured some of it on his burning forehead, saying in a loud and solemn voice: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The woman still continued kneeling where she had thrown herself at the missionary's feet, watching intently his every movement. Suddenly, when the waters of Baptism had touched the boy's forehead, his breathing became easier and slower, his breast ceased its convulsive heavings, the woman uttered a piercing cry—the jewel of her soul was dead! But no: the child opened his eyes and cast a grateful look on the countenance of the apostle of the Indians. With a second cry the now happy mother threw herself on her child, pressed him to her bosom and kissed him, calling him by the most endearing names a mother's love could suggest. Then turning to the missionary, through whose ministry her son, with the purification of his soul, had also received health of body, she said:

"How shall the desolate widow of Pomoakon be able to thank thee, who hast

preserved the apple of her eye? I swore vengeance against the Pale Faces; my soul hates them, because by their hands fell Pomoakon when he had scarcely chosen me as mistress of his wigwam. But thy heart is full of charity, Ondesonk, and thy hand brings not death like that of thy brethren. Oh! go not to the cabin of the Bear, for death awaits thee there. The tomahawks of the warriors are prepared to cut thee down; the medicine men are ready to chaunt thy death-song. Hasten, flee in the shadow of the night! Woe is me that I can not bear thee forth on the wings of the wind to save thee!" And the woman wrung her hands in her agony.

But the missionary answered, with holy calm: "Let not thy soul be troubled on my account, O woman! Although I walk amidst the shades of death, I fear no evil; for the Great Spirit is with me. I go whither He calls me. I go, to return no more; for so He wills it." And, making the Sign of the Cross on the forehead of the boy, the Black Gown continued: "This son of thine, through the Cross of Christ, will shine as the morning star in the night of his people. God grant that to thee also, O woman! fortunate mother of such a son, the grace of the Great Spirit may show the way to peace and to heaven!" With these words he left the wigwam.

The kind-hearted woman, foreboding evil, took her son in her arms, wrapped him in one of the skins, and rushed after the missionary; but she had scarcely crossed the threshold when a horrid outcry resounded through the darkness. The sound pierced her heart like a sword. She rushed forward to the Bear's cabin, but the martyrdom was completed. Ondesonk lay at the door of the wigwam, his skull split open. With wild shouts of joy the warriors of the family of the Bear and the medicine men danced around him. She was about to force her way through the bloodthirsty savages, in order bravely to assist her benefactor in his death struggle, when suddenly the voice of her little son was heard above the outcries of the savages.

"O mother! look at the light that is coming down from the clouds! See those people that are carrying Ondesonk through the light into heaven! O how beautiful, mother! O how beautiful!" But mother and warriors saw nothing, save the bleeding remains of the Black Gown—when behold! a wonderful light surrounds the body; it shines from the corpse—from the maimed hands, from the scarred face, from the gaping wound in the head,—and it grows brighter and brighter. A panic seizes upon the murderers; their screams are silenced, and they flee from the spot in terror.

Before the martyr's glorious remains Pomoakon's widow and little son knelt in silent wonder and holy fear.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

With Staff and Scrip.

UNDER THE CRESCENT.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIV.—THE SULTAN GOES TO MOSQUE.

"THE SHADOW OF GOD."—It is high noon of a Friday, the Sabbath of the Turks. The Sultan goes to mosque at twelve sharp; but as yet (five minutes before the hour) we are unable to ascertain whether he goes by sea or land, or which of the royal mosques he deigns to honor with his august visitation.

The Sultan is the Pope of the Mohammedans; he is the head and front of their faith, and when they take up arms in his defence they are fighting the good fight. It is a religious war, in which the poor fellows will perish with enthusiasm; for they also believe that the soul of everyone who falls in battle is translated immediately to the seventh heaven of eternal bliss.

We are informed that His Awful Highness never decides until the last moment which mosque he will visit. This is partly caprice, partly a precaution; for who knows at what moment some mad wag may send a charmed bullet whizzing through the impe-

ial brain? If you would see "The Shadow of God"—the successor of Mohammed—set forth on his weekly visitation, you must secure your carriage, drive to the gates of the favorite palace on the Bosphorus, and there await the moment when the "Shadow" mounts his superb steed, and rides away, surrounded by a small army; or follow the royal barge, and reach the mosque by land in season to see him arrive by water.

For a whole hour we sat under the shade of the trees in front of the palace; a thousand troops were lounging in easy attitudes, exchanging slang and small talk with the swarms of beggars that infested the place. A large number of high officials rode to and fro in raiment that would make the fortune of any manager who could reproduce it in some Eastern extravaganza. The horses, of pure Arabian blood, seemed mad with vanity, and were as coquettish and affected as young girls. The harem was well represented. A line of handsome broughams manned with eunuchs, if I may be allowed the expression, passed up and down the avenue, displaying the highly artificial loveliness of the Circassian and Georgian *houris*, who are the wives of the Sultan. This is as near a view as they ever get of the great world about them, and with what eyes they look upon it—these beautiful odalisks!

We recognized all our steamer friends, and caught glimpses of faces that we had grown familiar with in other ports, but had missed for many a day. All the world comes forth to gaze when the Sultan goes to mosque.

As the hour of noon drew near there was a noticeable tremor of anticipation everywhere visible. Even the swarthy infantry—rough-looking fellows they are—grew impatient, and turned again and again toward the palace gates, where the dignitaries of the court were stationed. The avenue was cleared of pedestrians and vehicles—or rather a way was opened through the centre, and we were suffered to sit in our high carriage at the roadside in the best possible position. The retinue that awaited the ar-

rival of His Majesty was composed of the handsomest, haughtiest, and most distinguished-looking gentlemen that can be imagined. The spectacle was, of course, highly theatrical, but none the less interesting or agreeable for that reason.

The excitement increased. Suddenly, in the midst of it, the officials who had been waiting at the palace gates, where also the Sultan's charger, superbly caparisoned, was led to and fro,—suddenly and without a moment's warning the soldiers presented arms, and then the officials dashed up the street, followed by the harem and the mob, or so much of it as was on wheels, and capable of keeping pace with the flying officials. The army retreated, the avenues were deserted in a very few moments; for the Sultan had gone to mosque by water.

The carriages of the harem were our only guides. We got in their wake, and drove rapidly through narrow, crooked and ill-paved streets, following the shores of the Bosphorus, but unable to get even a glimpse of it. Having come at last to the water's edge, our dragoman hastened to conduct us into an upper chamber of a Greek *café*, where we had a row of windows opening upon the Bosphorus, and bearing directly upon the quay of the mosque not a stone's-throw from us.

We were singularly fortunate; for below us, as far as the eye could see, the crowd grew denser every moment, and many a foreign face was recognizable by reason of its agonized and despairing expression. Coffee and pipes were brought, not forgetting the glass of rosewater, with which we at first moistened our lips. Meanwhile the officials passed into the quay, and stood in a long line against the façade of the mosque. They were all in European dress, with the exception of the fez, and looked, as they stood there shoulder to shoulder, not unlike an overgrown military school on drill.

A *caïque* shortly arrived with the royal properties. Splendid Persian carpets were unrolled, reaching from the steps at the water's edge across the quay into the mosque; others—the prayer-carpets, etc.,—were

taken within the mosque. *Caiques* began to drift in from the Bosphorus, but they were kept at a respectful distance by the water police. A band of instruments stationed itself under our windows, and awaited the arrival of His Mightiness.

Then the thunder of cannon was heard rolling over the water. The six ironclads that were lying a' reast of the palace were covered with flags, the yards were manned, and as the royal *caique* swept under them, the great guns belched forth their avalanches of smoke and fury, and the crews of the war-ships one after another rent the air with lusty cheers. It was extremely exciting; I felt the little shivers running up and down my spine.

The *caiques*, as we saw them down the Bosphorus, looked like huge sea-birds flying low, with wings just dipping in the water. In the centre the royal barge of white and gold flashed gloriously in the sunshine. It was followed by the barge of the Sultan's eldest son. The chief officers of the royal family surrounded the state barges with their smaller *caiques*. The band struck up under our window; the wild, fanatical Turkish music is calculated to goad one to frenzy; there is something devilish in it, and therefore something fascinating. Two of the band men held each aloft a pole, on the top of which was a crescent and a multitude of scarlet tassels and brazen bells, and these were whirled dizzily round and round so long as the music lasted.

With the thunder of cannon, and the chorus of cheers from the last of the ironclads, came the magnificent Sultan to mosque. His gilded *caique*, a hundred feet in length, was as graceful as an ostrich feather. Under a canopy of scarlet velvet, spangled and heavily fringed with gold, the Sultan sat like an idol; and at his feet, with their hands spread palms down upon their knees, and their heads bowed low, knelt the Vizier and Grand-Vizier in silent adoration. Six-and-twenty picked rowers—men as lithe as serpents and as agile as panthers, clad in white, and moving with marvellous precision—plunged upon their golden oars.

These wonderful oarsmen actually went down upon their knees, and made a profound obeisance before their lord and master, at the same moment throwing their oar-blades high into the air; then with a tremendous sweep they sprang up and struck their oars into the sea, while the tips flashed in an arch of flame. Recovering themselves, the graceful oarsmen crept forward, crouching like wild beasts on the alert, fairly grovelling at the feet of the Sultan. It was altogether a very extraordinary performance, and the great barge shot forward with astonishing rapidity, and swam up to the steps of the mosque in the most brilliant and effective manner.

When the barge touched the quay, the officials who awaited His Supreme Highness stooped, took the dust at the feet of the Sultan, kissed it, touched it to their foreheads and their breasts. The dust was, of course, invisible, but the ceremonial was significant. As the royal foot was placed upon the steps, the dignitaries touched their foreheads to the ground and showed every mark of humility. His Terrific Mightiness passed haughtily into the mosque, and the spectacle was suspended. Not the slightest notice was taken of the son and heir to the throne; for in this wise the supreme glory due to the father might be lessened.

Everybody was at liberty to do as he pleased. We became exceedingly democratic, and were admitted to a private inspection of the royal barges. Before the royal party had arrived at the mosque, orders came from some official near us that the windows of our *café* must be closed. We were obliged to comply, though most reluctantly, since it was an affair in which our safety and the security of our host depended; but we were reckless enough to throw up the window at the last moment, when all attention was directed toward the Sultan, and so we lost nothing but a little fresh air through the fear or the fanaticism of the authorities. We could not ascertain the real cause of this interference with our comfort and pleasure, but were told it was probably because it is not safe, or was not,

for Abdul-Aziz to appear in public; and every precaution was taken to keep the route of his journeys to the mosque a secret, as well as to have an eye upon the windows and housetops in the vicinity, lest he might be shot from some ambuscade.

After the procession had returned from the mosque on the occasion of which I write, the Sultan repaired to his palace, and three days later the unhappy wretch lay in the royal chamber drowned in his own blood! When the Sultan went to mosque that day he said the last prayer of his life, and the son that followed him was scarcely more fortunate than his miserable and miserly sire.

THE LAST FAREWELL.—From the lofty tower of Galata I had my last view of the City of the Sultan. Galata was settled early in the thirteenth century, by a Genoese colony. The Genoese were allowed to throw a wall about it, and to govern it by the laws of the republic. They built a high tower in the midst of it, and looked out upon the world with so much of pride that, of course, they had their fall. The walls went down with them. The great tower alone remains, and from its lofty summit a watch is continually on the lookout for smoke: this is the fire-alarm that floats from the flagstaff overhead—a silent and ineffectual signal.

There is a *café* in the top of the tower. You sit in the deep windows thereof and look over into Asia, with all Europe at your back. Beneath you thousands of Christians have been martyred for Christ's sake. There are a dozen churches—Greek and Latin—that have been turned into mosques. To-day, at any moment, if the Moslem fanatics were to rise, they could without difficulty sweep all the unbelievers from the face of this part of the earth.

You think of this as your eye scans the ravishing picture. You float like a dove over the enchanting city. You note the points with which you have grown familiar—the deep shadows of the funereal cypresses; the crescents that sparkle in the sunshine from the peaks of slender minarets;

the golden flood that divides the city, and yet clasps it in a warm embrace; the sea beyond, and the sea islands.

The mists of the evening gather at sunset; a luminous haze is spread over the bewildering landscape, and it is more fairy-like and unreal than ever. You look across the world, and pass from hill to hill, on to the remote horizon; and there, over against the sunset, across the broad disc of splendid fire, you see the dark outlines of a fort, one of the chief strongholds of Constantinople; and out of the midst of cannon and shot and shell springs the sharp, spear-like minaret.

You will find that these Turks are always backed by their religion. I believe there is no exception to this rule. Every soldier of the Sultan carries a mosque in his own heart, and the bullet that pierces that heart opens the gates of Paradise to the late *Bashi-Bazouk*. I thought of this with a slight chill, and was glad when they said unto me, "Let us arise and go hence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Summer Ramblings by Lake Como.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

LAKE COMO was ruddy in sunset glow as we left the vine-trellised wharf at Bellagio, and steamed across the beautiful carmine and purple waters to the olive and oleander groves of Cadenabia. White-winged sail-boats, and tiny skiffs rowed by fishermen in the picturesque costume of the boatmen of Lake Como, floated idly in the summer evening breeze along the leafy woodland shores.

Cadenabia, with its beautiful Villa Carlotta—the summer home of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen—was like a giant bouquet of oleanders and crape myrtles, out of which gray and white campaniles arose, and flung from their turrets the silver tone of bells.

Sailing onward, around the green promontory of Villa Balbianello, below the pretty Bay of Lenno, we came to San Giovanni's rocky island, with its monastery and church, its fortifications and bastions, now covered with almond and olive trees on fort-like terraces, where once the valiant Knights of St. John kept watch and ward. Very beautiful was this island in the warm Italian sunset glow, nestled under vine-terraced hills and great mountains that fall down to the lake, their base lost in softly-rounded lobes of mulberry and pomegranate groves.

Villas and campaniles are the features of Lake Como, as are the vineyards and clusters of green hills the features of Lugano's Lake. Como, with its strange old church-towers, its cathedral (founded in 1396), and its city gates, is one of the quaintest of Italian lake cities. We spent hours in wandering about its narrow streets, broader thoroughfares, and old churches,—hours which well repaid us for the necessary fatigue; for they contain the best paintings of Luini and Tomaso di Rodario, with many quaint bits of sculpture from the days of the Lombard Kings.

A day at Como is quite enough for the pleasure tourist; for it leaves such pleasant memories. Villas high on hill-sides of magnolia and aloe; tall stone houses, roofed with convex tiles of *terra cotta*, which gleam in the myrtle and cactus groves; tall, graceful campaniles, with arched belfries sketched against the deep blue sky—these are the sights that crowd upon us as we look from the windows of the Milan train, rushing southward to Monza, through panoramas of exquisite loveliness. Flowers of the meadow fringe the woodland borders—tiger-lilies and blue campanulas, mullens in gorgeous fulness of bloom, wild camomile, and tufts of feathery caraway. The trees are oak, lime, magnolia, and acacia, with the olives—delicious gray-green tints—and silver aspens forever shivering in the warm summer air.

It was a pretty sight to watch the peasants gathering the wisp-like bundles of grain, not stacking it in mounds, but lay-

ing it on the ground in the form of a Greek cross.*

The cathedral at Monza, to which we went in the early morning, stands on the spot where Queen Theodolinda, in the year 595, built a chapel in honor of St. John the Baptist. At the close of the 13th century Matteo Visconti, Lord of Milan, undertook the reconstruction of this chapel upon a larger scale. The façade, as it exists at present, dates from the year 1396. It has most peculiar architectural decorations. It is subdivided into a variety of patterns by marbles of different colors; and a singularly carved statue of St. John, clad in camel's hair, and holding a small lamb, adorns the apex of the arched entrance portal.

Upon the left as we entered we found the baptistery, on the walls of which is frescoed the historical painting of the baptism of the son of Agilulphus; and in the next chapel is a lovely picture by Guercino—the Visit of the Blessed Virgin to Elizabeth—full of soft, rosy flesh-tints, and sweet, maidenly love.

Queen Theodolinda, whose beauty, wisdom, and piety endeared her to her subjects, was the daughter of Garibold, King of Bavaria. She became the wife of Ansharic, King of Lombardy, and so won the confidence of the Lombards that upon her husband's death they offered her the crown, declaring that whoever she selected as a husband they would acknowledge as their King. She chose Agilulphus, Duke of Turin. Very ambitious and fond of warfare, this prince determined to make himself master of Rome; but Theodolinda diverted his attention from this enterprise, and thus earned for herself the gratitude and friendship of his Holiness Gregory the Great.†

The capitals of the pillars that divide nave and aisle inside the cathedral are of much older date than the edifice itself. They

* In parts of Northern Italy the grain is twisted into very small wisps, and strung by the head upon saplings in pyramidal form. Near Monza, the Greek cross is laid upon the fields.

† Gregory the Great dedicated his Dialogues to her, and it was to her that he sent the Iron Crown.

were brought from some 11th century building, and are ornamented with barbarously ugly figures. A cornice of medallions near the ceiling contains portraits of the Emperors from the crowning of Charlemagne. The carving of the pulpit has for subject the crowning of Berangario, son of Everard, Duke of Friuli,* who came into possession of Lombardy in the year 888, on the division of the Empire at the death of Charles the Fat. The altar-railing is emblazoned with the escutcheon of Queen Theodolinda.—a shield bearing a hen and seven chickens. The altar-front is of silver gilt, covered with scenes from Scripture history, and inlaid with enamel work and gems.

The sacristy is extremely rich in historical treasures. We find there Queen Theodolinda's fan, of painted leather and brown silk, like the round folding fans of the present day. The handle is of carved wood, enamelled with gems. Her comb, of ivory, shaped like ordinary dressing combs, is ornamented with golden filigree and emeralds—a gem to which she seems to have been most partial. Her necklace, formed of pear-shaped pendants of emeralds and diamonds; her crown, a plain golden circlet set with gold and gems; her escutcheon, represented as a golden tray, upon which is a large golden hen with ruby eyes, and seven chickens, which represent the seven provinces of the Lombard Kingdom; and a drinking-cup formed from a single sapphire, are among the most valuable of her personal effects.

Upon a papyrus is written a list of the relics sent to the Queen by the Sovereign Pontiff. One of these is a drop of oil taken from the lamp burning before the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs. A cross of rock-crystal and gold filigree, sent by Gregory the Great, on the baptism of the Queen's eldest son, is worn by the present Bishop on certain festivals. Here, too, are kept the cross, or pectoral staff, used in the coronation of the early kings of Italy, and an exquisitely beautiful chalice and *patena* of gold, ornamented with grapes of amethyst

and ruby, with dewdrops of diamonds glittering upon them; also two most valuable MSS.—the *Evangelistorum* of Heribert, Archbishop of Milan in 1018, and the *Sacramenta* of King Barengarius—with the services used by Pope Gregory, and his cross covered with precious stones.

But all these treasures fade into secondary consideration before the Iron Crown, "*Il Sacro Chiodo*," which is kept most reverently in the chapel of the crypt below the high altar. Bolts and bars withdrawn, the doors of the staircase admitted us, and we descended to the white and gold stucco-decorated chapel of the crypt, with its massive brass altar. Four lighted candles were placed before the tabernacle in which the crown is kept. In a few moments a priest in lace surplice and richly embroidered satin stole, followed by two acolytes, entered the sanctuary. After incensing the tabernacle, altar, and chancel, the doors of the repository were opened, and the crown, which is kept in a box of plate-glass—a sort of ostensorium—was placed upon the altar, and the Catholics present were permitted to kneel within the chancel railing and examine it.

The thin plate of iron which lines this diadem was hammered from one of the nails of Our Blessed Saviour's Cross, hence its name, *Il Sacro Chiodo*. The outer circlet has six links of fine golden plates, like medallions,* which can be folded over to suit the head of the wearer; while the iron band inside has small holes which can be suited to the size of the outer crown.

Since the presentation of this crown to Queen Theodolinda it has been used at kingly and imperial coronations of Catholic sovereigns. In 1311 it was removed from Monza to Milan, to crown Henry VII., of Luxemburg; and the Austrians carried it to Mantua on their expulsion from Lombardy. Charles V. was the last of the later German Emperors crowned with it, but Ferdinand II., and the present Emperor, Franz Josef, of Austria, wore it at their coronations.

* Reckoned as Barengarius I. among Roman Emperors.

* Ornamented with twenty-two precious stones—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds—all very large.

The ceremony of displaying it is most impressive; the death-like silence of the crypt, the vault-like, funereal air, the dim light from taper and swinging lamp, the heavy perfume of incense, the kneeling attendants, and the reverent care of the priest as he places the diadem upon the altar, render the ceremonial most memorable.

Again clouds of incense arose before the sacred relic, and, veiled in their perfumed depths, the brass doors of the repository were closed, locked, and bolted, the candles on the altar extinguished as the priest left the sanctuary; then slowly we ascended to the upper air.

The noontide sun was filling the Piazza del Duomo as we left the cathedral, and the *Angelus* rang out from its quaint old belfry towers.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

THE day passed happily and swiftly, heaven had seemed so near, and at sunset Camilla and the little maid drove out of the city gates, along the flowery stretches of the Agro Romano, where all the beauty of the peaceful, smiling scene, touched with the flickering gold of the sunset, made eloquent protest against the inhuman cruelties by which mortals marred the divine harmony of nature.

Within an hour of their arrival at the old walled villa, Nemesius and Tertullus came, and, after brief but cordial greeting, they went together down into the Catacombs, to present themselves to the Pontiff, to receive from him certain instructions in relation to measures for a more extended distribution of aid to the needy, suffering Church.

Early on the following morning Claudia was summoned to the chapel of the ruined tower. Following her guide, she was ushered into the presence of the holy Bishop, who regarded with tender interest the

graceful, innocent child, as with glad yet reverent steps she approached and knelt at his feet. Giving her his blessing, he questioned her, leading her by gentle steps from one point to another, until her pure heart, with all its faith, fervor, and courage, lay open before him, and he discerned her spirit so clearly as to be assured that she might indeed receive the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, and that in her angelic heart Our Blessed Lord would find an abiding place in which it would delight Him to dwell. The Pontiff gave her holy absolution; for, although her life was without a stain of mortal sin, there were doubtless venial shadows, from which it would release and purify her. Then he bade her go in peace; and her face beamed with joy and happiness when she joined her father and Camilla, and told them that she was invited to the wedding feast.

"It will be her Viaticum," thought Camilla, whose eyes were dim with tears; "but oh! supreme selfishness! oh, human weakness! ye shall not have power to make me for a moment wish to keep such a soul from heaven!"

Camilla had prepared the altar, draping it with precious embroideries of gold, not the cast-off finery of her worldly life, but new and costly fabrics, thinking nothing too rich or priceless for His temple-throne. She had brought forth her jewelled vases, and arranged them, filled with flowers, on each side of the tabernacle, and placed among them golden lamps, which contained perfumed oil, and gave a clear, brilliant light. And now the saintly Pontiff, in vestments of white, with silver broided cross upon the back, attended by his deacon, Nemesius, ascended the altar and celebrated the Divine Sacrifice with singular devotion, knowing that for all there present, including himself, this might be their last, and the Communion their Viaticum. The same thought was in every mind, and so with adoring faith, exalted love, and solemn joy they received their Lord and the benediction of His ineffable presence. Their interview with their heavenly Guest was so

full of fervor that in pouring forth the ointment of their love upon Him, they forgot their needs and all they had meant to ask for; but He knew—He would remember, and they were satisfied.

When the moment of departure came, the Pontiff blessed them individually and with deep emotion. "Pray for me, my little Lucilla," he said, laying his hand on Claudia's golden head. "Let us remember each other, my children, in our prayers; pray for your old Bishop, that when proved his gold may not be found to be dross, and pray for the persecuted Church. As often as I celebrate the holy mysteries I will have ye in mind."

He was turning away, and they were about separating, when Claudia, with voice full of entreaty, asked him if she might come again.

"We will meet soon, my lamb," he answered, gently. The spirit of prophecy was on him; he knew what he knew, but held his peace.

That night two youths, wrapped in sober-hued togas, met in the shadow of a stately palace in the neighborhood of the Forum Trajano, evidently intent on some appointment. There was a fog, through which filtered a soft drizzle of rain; and while they stood conversing a moment, a low-voiced stranger drew near, and, having courteously saluted them, said that he had accidentally overheard them while standing under the arched door-way close by, where he had taken shelter from the rain, and he judged that they were Christians; in which case he besought them to guide him where he could be baptized and instructed, as that very day at the Temple of Mars he had witnessed a martyrdom which had opened his eyes to the truth.

Zealous but inexperienced, as well as credulous, the young men invited him to accompany them; they were only catechumens, they said, but would introduce him to a holy deacon, who would give him the information he desired. He expressed his thanks with proper humility and gratitude, and they proceeded on their way together.

Had they only known that this plausible wretch was a miserable apostate, how swiftly they would have avoided his companionship! But there was none to tell his brief, infamous history—how once, in a moment of excitement, and ungovernable curiosity to penetrate the secrets of a mysterious sect, to afterwards barter them for gold, he had declared himself a Christian, and been baptized; but having been arrested soon after, with several of his new companions, and confronted with the rack and flame, had denied and cursed Christ as required, burnt incense to Jupiter, and accused his friends of having deluded him by their sorceries. He witnessed their sufferings, and, to prove himself a true servant of the gods, derided and jeered the holy martyrs until their souls passed to their eternal reward.

Having thus saved his worthless life, and being without means to sustain it, averse to honest toil, and a stranger in Rome, he was without friends, without shelter, and perishing for food. At this crisis of his fate he was approached by the emissaries of a lady of rank who wished to hire him on conditions which she alone would impart; and they were not mistaken when they counted on his necessities for his abject and unqualified assent. He had no scruples; his price was protection and good pay; hence he betrayed no hesitation when he learned from the lips of the beautiful woman, to whom he blindly swore unconditional obedience, that he was to assassinate a certain profligate young patrician, whose love she had trifled with, encouraged, and rejected, and who out of revenge threatened to blazon abroad a secret that involved her honor, which by some means he had possessed himself of. A few days later the body of the unfortunate youth was found under the deep arch of the main entrance to his own palace, with a single wound, so small that it scarcely left a mark, inflicted by a keen, slender weapon, which penetrated his heart through and through.*

* In mediæval times in Italy the hired professional assassins were known as "Bravos."

Do we recognize in these two partners in crime Laodice and the wily Cypriot, and understand the hold she had on him? For, although as guilty as himself, he well knew there would be none to believe or defend him should a person of her wealth and consequence denounce him. As her slave, she protected and learned to confide in him; while he, as patient as he was wily, bided his time. Thus the tie that united these two in the bonds of iniquity is explained.

The true motive of the Cypriot in addressing the two catechumens was that he heard them speak of the noble Deacon Nemesis, whom they were going to meet, and he felt that his opportunity to win a rich reward, and release from Laodice's service—she had promised it—was at hand; for, could they be persuaded to let him accompany them, he would see with his own eyes, and be able at last to report something conclusive.

The youths now stopped before a narrow door in a wall which enclosed one of the palace gardens; a single low tap was responded to inside by the withdrawing of a bolt; the door was cautiously opened, and the three entered. Groping through long, dimly-lighted corridors, they joined the little assembly of catechumens, old and young, who at the invitation of Nemesis met in one of the lower apartments of his own palace at stated times, where he instructed them in the mysteries of the Christian Faith.

Nemesis was standing before his eager listeners, explaining, in simple, logical, fervent words, the Sacrament of holy Baptism, when his eyes met those of the newcomer, who involuntarily shrunk before the dignity of his presence and the manly, spiritualized beauty of his countenance. But the thought that at last he had the noble Christian in his toils quickly restored the vile creature's self-control, and he stood with downcast eyes, listening to the words of divine truth with apparently the most humble and absorbed attention. The instruction closed with a fervent invocation to the Most Holy Trinity for the grace of enlighten-

ment and perseverance, the *Pater Noster*, and a prayer to the *Virgo Mater Salvatoris, Advocata Nostra*.

The strange neophyte was then led forward and introduced to Nemesis, who welcomed him with Christian charity, asked no questions, but said a few words of encouragement, and invited him to come again; but this, it is needless to say, was his last appearance.

Laodice was sunk in the depths of a gloomy, retrospective mood when the Cypriot, with his usual stealthy step, came into her presence to report his success. She had been thinking how deceitful and shallow the sparkle of life, how swiftly it had vanished, and how worthless and bitter it had been made by the ruthless disappointment of her love for the only man towards whom she had felt a sentiment exalted enough—as she thought—to raise her to its own height. With an heredity of the cruel blood of Egypt, the crafty blood of Greece, and the hot blood of Italy mingling in her veins, is it a wonder that her passionate pagan heart now hated as intensely as it had loved?

When she heard all that her slave had to report, and that revenge was at last in her power, a sudden thrill, as if a cold snake had suddenly glided down her back, arrested for a brief instant the functions of life—but it was only an instant, then followed reaction, with fiery impulses kindled at the altar of Nemesis; her face glowed, her eyes flashed, and, commending the vile Cypriot for his vigilance and faithfulness in her service, she gave him a purse of gold and dismissed him; for she would lose no time. Then, arraying herself with splendor that rivalled Esther's, when, glowing and superb in her dark, queenly beauty, she appeared, with a far different object, before King Assuerus, Laodice entered the Emperor's antechamber, asking audience with him, which he readily granted, hoping that she brought him some amusement.

It would be vain to attempt to depict Valerian's rage when he learned that Nemesis had become a Christian,—Nemesis, the only man whom he had found incor-

ruptible, in whom he had placed implicit trust, and for whom he felt such friendship as a nature of his was capable of. Laodice herself retreated precipitately from the diabolical tempest she had raised; and the Emperor's attendants, as well as many persons of rank who were awaiting audience, fled or concealed themselves, lest in his maniacal fury he might slay them.

The moment he recovered possession of his reason, an order was issued for the arrest of "Nemesius, late commander of the Imperial Legion, now a traitor to Rome, and a defamer of the gods." Before noon the infamous accusation was placarded on every wall in Rome, causing a sensation from palace to camp, and wherever the noble commander was known. Swiftly the news penetrated the Catacombs, and reached the ears of the Pontiff Stephen, who dispatched messengers to summon Nemesius to his presence.

The holy deacon was found out on the Agro Romano, aiding and consoling the destitute families of several fever-stricken quarry workers. When informed of the edict for his arrest, he straightened himself to his full stature, looked heavenward for a moment with a grave, sweet smile, and an exultant light in his eyes, as if the glory of things unseen had shone upon them, then without a word returned to his ministrations of mercy. When he had done all that was possible for the relief of the suffering ones, he hastened away, and quickly reached the dilapidated wine-shop of Galeotto, in the cellar of which, it will be remembered, there was an entrance to the interminable galleries of the Catacombs. Happily, Admetus had gone with him to the huts of the quarry-men, bearing wine and food, and now accompanied him as his guide through those tortuous, subterranean passages, with every winding of which he was familiar.

The Pontiff awaited him with anxiety, and was overjoyed when he appeared. The interview was affecting and consoling. "The time approaches for our deliverance from the prison-house of clay, to reign with

Him who by His Passion and Death made us His heirs in the Kingdom of Heaven forever," said the holy man. "Thou art impatient for the final victory to the shedding of thy blood for the love of Him; but, Nemesius, He has set the supreme law of charity above all Christian virtues; therefore be patient, for His persecuted Church needs thy help, and in serving His Spouse thou wilt best serve Him. It is more glorious to be found working His will in holy obedience than to rush unbidden upon the sword. Show thyself no more in the streets of Rome by day; I can not yet spare my deacon. In the mean time the boy Admetus will be thy messenger."

The military habits of Nemesius had taught him the importance of obedience as an auxiliary to martial success, but he had never yet waited to be first attacked by the enemy; and it not only irked his heroic nature, but grieved him, by delaying the eternal and ineffable victory for which he sighed. Still, he submitted with docile spirit to the divine authority invested in the visible head of the Church, Christ's Vicar on earth, putting self and every human consideration entirely aside.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Opportunity.

[The following unpublished sonnet, by the author of "Deirdre," appeared some weeks ago in *The Pilot*.]

SWEET hours that I have lost unwittingly,
Bright pearls that thro' my careless fingers
slid

Into oblivion's wave, and there lie hid,
Never returning to restore to me
The priceless gift, wing'd Opportunity,
That few men grasp and keep, and fewer still
Use justly! O swift hours! had I been wise
From year to fleeting year your worth to prize,
On other paths than those of grief and ill
And ignorance,—beneath the shining skies
Of calm Philosophy with clearer ken
I now might walk, and see the hearts of men,
And Nature's face, and teach my soul from
these
Some little knowledge of God's mysteries.

Catholic Notes.

A beautiful grotto at Mataryeh, near Cairo, in Egypt, marks the spot where, according to an ancient tradition, the Holy Family rested when fleeing from the wrath of Herod, and, at the prayer of Mary, a spring gushed forth to allay the thirst of the weary exiles. This spot is now crowned by a neat little chapel, which is the only public sanctuary and the first and only place of pilgrimage in the country. Since the completion of the chapel the number of pilgrims has increased daily, and the many wonderful graces obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are shown by the *ex-voto* offerings of grateful souls, whose names are there inscribed in letters of stone.

A missionary among the North American Indians, in a letter to his sister, gives the following example of the powerful patronage of St. Joseph:

"Three years ago I was stationed at Bayfield, and had also under my charge a church on Madeleine Island. On the 19th of March, 1880, I dedicated the latter to St. Joseph, the good Indians from the Point celebrating the feast with edifying piety and solemnity. One of them, who had taken the name of Joseph at his baptism, was of the greatest assistance to me in building the church; and, wishing to show my appreciation of his devotedness, I gave him at my departure a statuette of his patron Saint. Nearly three years had elapsed, and these circumstances had entirely passed from my mind, when changes and voyages brought me to Ashland, a station near Bayfield. There I met Father Eustache, whom I had not seen for several years. During our conversation he said: 'No doubt you remember having given a statue of St. Joseph to an Indian from the Point, named Joseph Denomie, about two years and a half ago?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well,' he continued, 'last year, towards Spring, this man was crossing the lake between Madeleine Island and Bayfield, with the mail. He had not noticed that the ice was beginning to melt, when suddenly it cracked beneath his feet, and he sank to a great depth. The bag of letters and his own effects escaped from his hands. Just as he was sinking he remembered that he had with him the little statue of St. Joseph, and he fervently invoked the Saint, begging that he might be saved. Hardly had he done so when he felt himself seized by a strong but invisible hand, and placed on his feet upon firm ice, coming up out of the same hole into which he had fallen;

and he reached the opposite side in safety. It was from Joseph Denomie himself that I learned of this miraculous deliverance; it is known to all the Indians at the Point, who are very devoted to their great patron.'"

A recent visitor to Ferney, the home of Voltaire, notes with surprise that no memorial to the great man is to be found there. His very name is all but forgotten in the home where he dwelt. There is nothing surprising about this. Humanity remembers its benefactors. It owes nothing to the man who would have robbed it of that which is dearer than life—the belief in a better world. The man who lessens human faith lessens human happiness. A people may accept the cold doctrine of negation, but they never thank its apostle. To obtain gratitude one must give, not take away; must construct, not destroy. The day of birth, not of death, is commemorated.—*The Pilot*.

Among the devoted missionaries who accompanied or labored with Father Ricci, S. J., the Apostle of China, was one who, although comparatively unknown, gave proofs of great courage and zeal for souls. This was the holy lay Brother, Benedict Goës. He first spent several years with Father Jerome Xavier at the court of the Great Mogul, who, before his departure, made him a present of all the Portuguese children whom he had taken prisoners during the wars of previous years. The Jesuits had long wished to preach the faith in the Kingdom of Catai, so celebrated during the Middle Ages, but where no missionaries had as yet penetrated. The task of exploring this unknown land, for the guidance of future apostles, was intrusted to Brother Goës. It was a perilous and difficult mission. Disguised as an Armenian, he had to pass through Mahometan and pagan tribes, to traverse unknown regions, where perils of every kind attended his steps. The journey lasted for five years, during which he discovered the route from India to China through Tartary. As the good Brother was approaching the end of his peregrinations he fell dangerously ill. He was quite alone; but soon, to his great surprise and joy, arrived Brother Fernandes, a Chinese, whom Father Ricci, hearing of his arrival in China, had sent to meet him. It was impossible to think of pursuing the journey, and, in spite of his ardent

desire to receive the Sacraments, the sick man fully submitted to God's holy will. A few moments before the end he said to his companion: "My dear Brother, it is five years since I have been to confession; but blessed be Our Lord for His grace! I do not remember, since my departure, to have done anything the recollection of which saddens me at this moment."

M. Gounod's kindness of heart is proverbial. Not long since, during his recent stay in Normandy, a little friend on a summer's night incited the composer to make him a kite. M. Gounod set to work and made a monster. Midnight saw the task completed. Just as the new day was creeping in, the *maestro* took up his pen, and, as a finishing touch, inscribed on the face of the toy a brief sonata. Rumor describes it as one of the most exquisite gems that Gounod has ever written —*N. Y. Sun.*

A brilliant French naval officer, Lieut. Olivieri, who covered himself with glory at the bombardment of Foochow, and was decorated for his bravery under Admiral Courbet, has withdrawn from the navy in order to retire to La Trappe.

The Island of Maduras—one of the Sunda Islands in the Indian Ocean—will commemorate during the year 1887 the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Christian missions among its inhabitants. Moved by the coincidence with his own Golden Jubilee, the Holy Father has graciously granted a special apostolic blessing and a plenary indulgence to the missionaries and all the faithful of that diocese.

Although Adam, the first of the human race and the father of all men, fell, and by the mortal taste of the forbidden tree

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe," the Church believes him saved, and condemns the contrary opinion in Tatian and the *Encratitæ* heretics. Many of the Fathers treat of his sincere repentance and his lifelong penance. An old English writer (Robert South, 1633-1716) thus quaintly describes the state of man before the fall: "All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp

it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise."

A remarkable study on His Holiness Leo XIII. has been published by Sigmund Munz in the "*Nord und Süd*," one of the Liberal literary reviews of Germany. The author renders homage in every respect to Leo XIII.—as a Pontiff, as a diplomatist, as a politician, philosopher, poet, and man of letters. The work, of which this essay is a part, will be entirely written by Protestants, and it expresses very well the sentiment of respectful admiration with which the adversaries of the Church are inspired by the contemplation of the grand figure of the Pope happily reigning.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

One of Pittsburg's oldest and most respected citizens, and the pioneer Catholic of Pennsylvania has gone to his rest. On November 4, at the advanced age of 94, died John O'Brien. For eighty years he had lived in Pittsburg, and had occupied the same house for a period of half a century. He was a remarkably vigorous man, and it is said that up to within six months before his death he attended to his property, of which he possessed a considerable amount, often walking back and forth between his home (in the suburbs) and the city. His life presents some features of interest. A native of Baltimore, he went with his parents to Pittsburg in 1806. John O'Brien did not have the advantage that most boys of his station in life enjoy, of a special college education; but he managed by hard work to acquire a knowledge of civil engineering, and was appointed architect for some Government arsenal buildings along the Alleghany River. Mr. O'Brien's excellent wife, who died a few years ago, attained the venerable age of eighty-eight. *R. I. P.*

The ancient and venerable city of Trier, or Treves—*Sancta Treviris*—which claims an antiquity greater by thirteen centuries than that of Rome,—"*Ante Romam Treviris stetit annos mille trecentos*,"—was *en fête* on October

3d. That day was the 1,600th anniversary of the martyrdom of the Theban Legion and of the Christians of Trier, whose bones repose by the thousand in the vast crypts beneath the rococo Church of St. Paulinus. All the old city of Helena and Constantine (afterwards the city of St. Athanasius) was gaily decked, and in presence of the Bishop, Mgr. Korum, the relics of the principal martyrs were exposed on the high altar, and afterwards borne in procession by eight priests to the scene of the martyrdom. Trier has rightly been called the Northern Rome. Not only does it abound in Roman remains of every kind, but its very soil is hallowed by the blood of thousands of martyrs and the footsteps of many great saints. —*The Tablet*.

The following amounts for Father Damien have been received since our last acknowledgment:

Mary Smith, \$5; A Friend, 50 cts.; Mrs. Patrick Lyons, \$1; A Friend, \$1; A few friends, Fall River, Mass., \$5; A. E. Hughes, \$2; An offering in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, \$1; Mrs. Mary T. Ahern, \$1; Mrs. Kate C. Flynn, \$1; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; Miss Mary Cruden, \$1; A Family, Circleville, O., \$10; Two families, Blairsville, Pa., \$10; M. K. L., \$1; E. D., Hyde Park, Ill., \$5; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$3; Compatriots of Father Damien, \$2; Mrs. F., 50 cts.; George J. Gross, \$5; John Giles, \$2; A Friend of the Sacred Heart, \$1; A Friend, \$2; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; Rose and Thomas Murphy, \$1; Mrs. Alice Quirk, \$2; A Fredericktown Friend, \$1; Sisters, Montreal, \$5; L. E. Wallace, 50 cts.; A widow and son, \$1; A father and son, \$1; A Friend, \$2; Elizabeth Poor, \$1; Mrs. J. Kelly, \$1; Kate Dorsey, Mary E. Neary, Ella Neary, \$2; Children of Mary, \$1; A Child of Mary, \$1; P. J. Maher, \$1; Mrs. Catherine Keenan and friends, \$9.20; B., Jersey City, N. J., \$3; A Child of Mary, \$1; Ellen Gannon, \$1; Charles F. Gannon, \$1; Bridget Cummings, \$1; A. J. Gracia, \$5; Friends, Chicopee, Mass., \$4; Maria Smalley, \$1; Two well-wishers, \$1; Mrs. Mary Waters, \$1; Henry McKenna, \$5; Michael Henry, \$1; Joseph Clark, \$1; Mrs. K. Shanley, \$1; Mrs. Eliza McKenna, 50 cts.; Stafford McKenna, 50 cts.; Mr. Richards, 50 cts.; Miss Nellie F. Murtagh, \$1; Teresa M. Kelley, \$1; Kittie A. Keas, \$1; Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, \$1; For the Souls in Purgatory, \$1; John F. McCarthy, \$2; Edward Burke, \$1; Patrick Giblein, \$1; T. F. Hearnan, \$1; Miss Nellie Crowley, \$1; Annie McGuire, \$1; Mary Donovan, \$1; Mrs. Margaret Nagle, \$1; S. J. M. and family, \$3; Kate Sullivan, \$1; Mrs. Catherine McGinty, \$2.25. Through the Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., \$14.50; —Mrs. J. C.

Troy, \$1.50; Mrs. J. D., \$2; Mrs. C. G., \$1; Mrs. Margaret S., \$2; Mrs. E. Maron, 50 cts.; M. E. Sullivan, 50 cts.; E. S., 50 cts.; Mrs. S. O'Brien, 50 cts.; *Enfant de Marie*, \$5; A Spalding, \$1.

New Publications.

A TREATISE ON PLANE AND SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY, WITH LOGARITHMIC TABLES. By J. Bayma, S. J., Professor of Mathematics, Santa Clara College. San Francisco: S. Waldeufel, 737 Market Street. 1886.

A neat little manual on a branch of mathematics so thoroughly ossified that no growth can take place in it for evermore; and therefore the only merit that present or future works on the subject can claim is that of judgment in the selection of examples for the application of principles, which can never be better demonstrated than they have been by the men of old. We may observe that the treatise before us has been successful in this respect, placing before the student exercises that will at once awaken his interest and elevate his mind to a sense of the claims of the science upon his attention. The tables of logarithms are exceptionally compact, dismissing all superfluous figures from the page, thereby materially relieving and assisting the eye. One passage in the preface is incomprehensible to us, where the author, speaking of two equations, says that "if the former is true, the latter can not but be false." There is no reason in the world why the square of radius should not be taken for the unit-area; and hence the equations may be both true at the same time.

A THOUGHT FROM ST. FRANCIS AND HIS SAINTS, for Each Day of the Year. Translated from the French by Miss Margaret A. Colton. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

It was a happy idea, when so much effort is being made to propagate the Third Order, to collect a thought for each day of the year from St. Francis and his saints. True, many of the counsels contained in this little book can be fully appreciated only by the learned and those who have "chosen the better part"; however, there are others by which we may all profit, and which we should strive to make our own. They will supply our minds with wholesome food for reflection at all times. The frontispiece to the volume presents the famil-

John
McClure

iar and always pleasing picture of "the sweet Saint of Assisi," surrounded by animals—doves, a rabbit, a deer, and a stork.

SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NATCHEZ, MISS.

This small pamphlet, published on the occasion of the consecration of the Cathedral of Natchez, is a very interesting compilation from the various authorities on the history of the Church in the Valley of the Mississippi. The scattered materials found in Shea, Claiborne, Monteith, and the other writers, are arranged and harmonized with great skill and care. The result is a publication which gives us a vivid and picturesque account of the history of the Church in Natchez, tracing its progress from the cradle of the new-born city, through toil and tribulation, to the present day, when the towers of St. Mary's Cathedral have just raised their head on a soil which two hundred years ago heroic martyrs watered with their blood.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following persons lately deceased:

The Rev. Father Jourdan, a venerable priest of the Society of Jesus, whose death—the result of a fall—occurred in New Orleans. He was for many years superior of houses of his Order in the South.

The Rev. M. A. Horgan, O. P., for several years a beloved pastor of St. Dominic's Church, Washington, D. C.

"Father Joseph" (M. Cordia Collier), a well-known member of the Trappist community, Abbey of Our Lady of La Trappe, Gethsemani, Ky. He was once famous as a singer and musician.

Sister M. of St. Victorina, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who was called to her reward on the 8th inst.

A. H. Wagner, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Windsor, Ontario, whose death occurred on the 16th ult. He was a convert to the Church, and in every respect a model Catholic.

Mr. John Ewing, of Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Bernard McCusker and Mrs. Anne Carberry, South Boston; Mrs. Catherine E. Almender, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Nahan, Chicago; Miss Nora Davin, Avon, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Gleason, Iona Hill, Cal.; Mrs. Honora Smith, New York city; Mrs. Alice Condon, Vicksburg, Miss.; and Mr. John Day, Graceville, Minn.

May they rest in peace!



The Story Mother Told between Day and Dark.

HOW JEAN BART SAVED THE BEACON-TOWER.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

I.

"We'th weady, mamma; we'th all weady for the 'tory," lisped Baby Annie.

"And the nursery's ready, mamma," added Bernard, a bright little fellow aged eight. "Charlie and I picked up all the scraps and pictures."

"And now, please, put your sewing away, mamma; it's story-night, you know," chimed in Elizabeth, a motherly little lady, twelve last May-Day.

"There are only three buttons more to sew on, Elizabeth, and then your new dress will be finished," said the mother of the happy group, re-threading her needle.

"Just put pins in to mark the places, and I'll sew the buttons on this evening. You know what you say to me, mamma darling:—'You'll have to wear glasses before your time, if you abuse your eyes using them in this light.'"

"True enough," replied Mrs. Lawrence, rising and laying her work aside; "and mother must not forget that

"Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the children's hour."

Come, little ones."

Mrs. Lawrence, Elizabeth, Bernard, and Charlie ascended the stairs, forming a body-guard for Baby Annie, who slowly climbed upward, in danger of falling backward at every step, so heavily laden was she,—a new frowzy-haired, pink-cheeked wax doll under one arm, and a blue-eyed, flat-nosed, battered relic of a doll, that was once a

"perfect beauty," and is still a "dear darling," hugged closely in the other.

In a few moments Annie and her treasures are cosily nestling in mother's arms, in the low rocking-chair; Elizabeth, Bernard, and Charlie are seated upon hassocks around them. The sunbeams have vanished, and the twilight gazes through the open casement at this picture of happy, holy home-life, while mother tells the children "How Jean Bart saved the Beacon-Tower."

It was more than two centuries ago, before the first snowflakes had fallen in the Winter of 1662, that a French squadron, under command of Count d'Estrades, entered the harbor of Dunkirk. The exciting news sped like wind; rich and poor flocked to the scene; and before long the sailors, and the fishermen of the seaport engaged at close of day in spreading their fish and nets to dry upon the plains, left their work unfinished, and strode towards the quay. Within the cabins barley-cakes, in preparation for the frugal evening meal, were set aside uncooked, and mothers and daughters followed fathers and sons.

The first flash of the news was a signal for rejoicing. Had not the King of France re-purchased Dunkirk from the English? Were they not again under the French flag—again subjects of a son of St. Louis? But the brighter the flash of light, the deeper the darkness that follows. The old folks, and the young folks who bore "old heads on young shoulders," discussing the sale, saw no cause for rejoicing; and as the sun set and the night began to deepen, the elders surrounded a venerable priest, and, having obtained permission to meet during the night in the garden adjoining the church, the throng dispersed to their homes.

There was one of the good housewives of Dunkirk who had bravely conquered her woman's curiosity, and when Corneille Bart and his two sons, Jasper and Jean, reached their humble cabin, the warmth and the glow of fire and candle-light awaited them; and they were scarcely inside the door when thrifty, motherly Catherine had served the hot tea and steaming griddle-cakes.

"*Mon Dieu*, preserve us! what has happened? Did you lose your appetites upon the quay?" cried the good soul, gazing from the scarcely tasted food to the sorry faces of her husband and sons. "Dunkirk bought from the English for a small part of its value!—why that's good news!"

"So it would seem," responded Corneille; "and so it would be, were it not for the conditions."

"Conditions! And what are they, pray?" asked Catherine, looking questioningly from one to the other.

"Listen: every public building is to be razed to the height of the highest dwelling. No one cares for the fortress—let it go!—but to see the beacon-tower of the dear old church levelled! Why, wife, from that tower for years untold has the beacon-light flashed out upon the waters, guiding both the sailors and the fishermen. Who will venture forth now to cast a net? what vessel will dare come in to purchase a cargo? Alas! tear down the beacon-tower and Dunkirk is ruined!"

Hearts often seem to find a sorry comfort in reviewing the cause of their trouble. (Perhaps they do thus wear it out, in a measure, or at least blunt its sharp edge.) Corneille found in Catherine an attentive listener, and more than once he told of the treaty at the close of the war, in 1658, by which Dunkirk was ceded to the English. With its flourishing fisheries, it had proved a valuable possession; but King Charles, young, gay, extravagant, and always short of funds, seeing the eye of Louis fixed upon the thrifty city, resisted alike the advice and entreaties of his ministers, and determined in favor of the sale. Vexed beyond measure at the loss of so valuable a portion of the kingdom, the English ministers resolved that what was a loss to them should be no gain to the French; hence a transfer, hampered with conditions destined to ruin the fisheries of Dunkirk.

II.

Seldom from the stately mansion of the merchant prince, or from the lowly cottage of sailor or fisherman, did more fervent peti-

tions arise to the Most High than were uttered upon that memorable night; for when do we ever invoke the divine aid with such fervor as when human help becomes of no avail? Never before had the light burning in the church-tower seemed to send forth so bright a ray upon the lone, dark sea. Within the chapel the altar-light burned bright as ever, its crimson beams crowning with a nimbus of fire the humble "fisher of men," the aged and holy priest, who at the foot of the altar prayed for his people; their sorrows were his sorrows; their joys, his joys.

Ah, how he prayed! From his heart arose that sweet prayer of faith which "removes mountains." And how near Our Blessed Lord was to him!—just there in the tabernacle, dwelling as truly, as lovingly, in the midst of the fishermen of Dunkirk, as of old He had lived and toiled with the fishermen of Galilee; now, as then, His sweet voice sounding in the ears of men: "All things which you shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive"; "If you have faith, and shall stagger not."

Silently, or talking in muffled tones, the members of his flock grouped together in the garden, screened by the gloom of night. Soon the priest, standing in their midst, opened the meeting. Plan after plan for preventing the levelling of the tower was presented to him; he sadly but decidedly shook his head. Of what avail would be either petition or violence?

"Then our tower must be destroyed!" slowly, sadly wailed the throng.

"Not at all!" rang out a clear, boyish voice.

"Silence, Jean!" cried Corneille Bart, recognizing by the voice of the speaker his younger son. "Another word and I'll—"

"In the name of Heaven let the lad speak," said the priest, with voice and gesture of command; "the wisdom of God has often been withheld from the great, and revealed unto little ones."

"Speak, then, Jean, as the priest wishes it."

"Father, the conditions of the sale read:

'Every public building must be razed to the level of the highest dwelling.' There is but one way to save the tower: let a dwelling be made its equal in height. *Tear down our cottage to-morrow night, and, before morning breaks, build it up to the top of the church-tower; thus will the beacon, the city, and the fisheries of Dunkirk be saved.*"

A gesture of the priest suppressed the dangerous burst of applause about to break forth.

"Silence, my children!" said he. "You see the good God protects you. As for you, my son"—laying his hand on the head of the happy lad,—"*you will become famous, and your mother will be proud of you.*"

His voice was low and tremulous; his eye glowed with the fire of divine love; he spoke little: there are moments

When human lips seem powerless to frame

Aught, save, in trembling whispers, Jesus' Name.

Yet he kept the boy by his side, now gazing down upon him, now looking toward the chapel window, through which beamed the faithful crimson light. He knew it was burning its life out before the Divine One who had whispered the saving message to the boy. His soul longed to be there, too; yet he stood by the gate, breathed a blessing upon each one, gave directions, and enjoined the strictest secrecy regarding the coming night's work.

At length all had departed; and while the beacon burned, and the bright-eyed stars listened to the tales of the winds and waves, and his people slept, the faithful shepherd, prostrate before the altar, panted, between the throbs of his grateful heart: "O Jesu! O Jesu!"

III.

Providence never does good deeds by halves, for those who do not attempt to thwart Its action. The venerable priest was not at all surprised to hear that it was the coming night which the French commander had set upon for the grand military ball, to take place on board the vessel. He had invited the English officers in command of the garrison. Thus would the scene of the fishermen's proposed labors be left

free from the observation of the enemy,—something which the fisher-folk had vainly sought to devise a means of accomplishing.

Night came on. Under loads of brush the cottage had been borne, in pieces, to the priest's garden; on board the vessel in the harbor, festivity reigned; in the garrison the English soldiers on duty wondered at the generosity of the French merchants in the gift of Dutch gin in honor of the occasion, and before long they slept over the empty bottles; in the garden women kept watch while men rigged derricks and hoisted beams. Within the chapel the good priest prayed; now and then he implored a blessing on the strange work, as the stroke of hammer and mallet reached his ear; but, more than all, the burden of his prayer was a tender outpouring of gratitude to our divine Lord, who had whispered to a child the secret by which Dunkirk would be saved.

Morning dawned; the sun shone upon land and sea. The rough voices of the fishermen swelled the glad hymn of praise intoned by the priest of God, and the soft breeze bore it far out across the glistening waves. Standing upon the vessel's deck, drawn thither by the unusual sound of rejoicing, French and English beheld a fisherman's cottage firmly set upon the broad summit of the beacon-tower! From its chimney proudly waved the flag of France. Through the open door could be seen, partaking of a joyful though humble meal, Corneille Bart, his devoted wife Catherine, and their two sons, Jasper and Jean.

"Behold the highest dwelling-house in Dunkirk!" exclaimed a French merchant; "nor is there even a weather-vane above its level!"

"We may contend with you upon the battle-field," responded the English commander, with a good-natured smile; "but when wit or invention is at stake, we surrender. Gentlemen, we will evacuate the city to-day."

"What a fine story, mamma!" exclaimed Bernard and Charlie, as Mrs. Lawrence ceased speaking.

"Who wrote the story, mamma?" asked Elizabeth, who was always interested in authors.

"Well, my daughter, it is a legend which dames and sires of Flanders tell to the little ones at their knee, and which years ago the gifted pen of Ben Perley Poore gave to the story-loving children of America."

"And is it true, mamma?"

"A little cottage still preserved on the summit of a massive stone tower attests the truth of the legend. Jean Bart became one of the bravest, most daring naval commanders that ever espoused the cause of a beloved land; thus proving that the good old priest had not prophesied in vain that memorable November night."

"And will you tell us more about him, mamma?" asked Bernard.

"Yes, my son, when comes again 'the children's hour'—between the dark and the daylight."

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

XIV.

Was *that* O'Keefe?

Denbigh went on his knees and hung over him, with the tears streaming down his face, and the great veins in his throat filled to bursting. He caught his hands—like the claws of an eagle, with the nails gone to talons—in his own shaking palms, and tried to call him by name, but he could only make the awful, choking sound that unaccustomed weeping brings to a man.

"I'll go make out his papers," said Lieut. Craig, and disappeared; while Holt stood near the door, ready to pounce *in* should the supposed lunatic offer to hurt "Crazy Pat," and *out* if he should fly at himself.

But Denbigh's soul was concentrated in the look with which he devoured the pathetic figure before him. Where was the broad back that heaved the dead horse from off him *that day*? where the muscles that

made him the most fearless and tireless rider in the troop? where the ruddy cheeks, and the thick, black hair? Sunken eyes that looked vacantly at him; sunken cheeks, and blue lips that clung to gums almost toothless with scurvy; the saucy nose drawn and pinched as on a death's-head; the black hair white now, and clinging scantily to the skull; and the sturdy figure so light he could lift it on one arm.

"O'Keefe!" he cried at last; "O'Keefe, look up! Don't you know me, man?"

But he might as well have talked to the dead.

"I must get him out of this!" he half implored, half flung at Holt.

"And you shall," said that kind-hearted fellow. "Where'll you take him?"

"Away to Pennsylvania—anywhere in the world he'll want to go."

And they lifted him in his blanket, and carried him to the gang-plank. But here a difficulty arose. As the air smote his face he roused up, and in a distinct voice announced he'd go no farther; and when they tried to move on, he clutched at the nearest stanchion, and held so desperately they could not get him loose without hurting him. Denbigh was in the deepest distress, and it would have amazed anybody who had ever known the rough trooper to see how gentle he was, and how tenderly he coaxed and plead with the crazy man.

Won at last by his manner, or tired of his whim, O'Keefe motioned to him to come closer, and as Denbigh bent, the sick man whispered, with a sly look in his eyes:

"I won't let 'em take me, for they'll be carryin' me back to the stockade; but if ye'll watch your chance and get me a horse, we can go free sure." And he laughed the vacuous laugh of madness.

Holt shook his head.

"It's just a freak. He couldn't set a horse two minutes."

But the struggle began the moment they attempted to move on again; and one of the surgeons coming by at the moment, stopped long enough to say:

"Ah, 'Crazy Pat'! Poor fellow, he'll die

anyhow, so let him have his way if you—"

The rest of the sentence, and Denbigh's fierce denial of its first half, were drowned in a loud bray; and there were Jet and Oester peering over the railing of the wharf, to see what had become of him.

A motion to the boy brought him aboard at a full run, and he shared Denbigh's joy and dismay at the news and sight of their long-lost comrade; then, as soon as he got the idea of a horse being wanted, he rushed for Jet, and in a jiffy had the mule alongside, and was helping O'Keefe to mount.

The poor fellow had taken a fancy to Denbigh, who walked beside him, holding him up, and two or three times O'Keefe whispered:

"Be careful! Muffle his hoofs, and tie up his nose. If the guards get a sound they'll be firin' and chasin', an' we're dead men. Keep to the trees, keep to the trees!"—in great excitement—"they'll catch us, and, man, *if you knew*—"

A look of horror finished the sentence more forcibly than a volume of words could have done.

As they began to emerge from the trees, and the houses of the town came in sight, O'Keefe grew wild.

"Not there!" he exclaimed; "not there! They'll get us. Back for the life of ye!" And arguments and entreaties were useless.

As Denbigh fell silent, discouraged, Oester had a happy inspiration.

"Look here, Denbigh," he whispered. "Pretend to hide with him till it's dark, then we'll get him to the station. I'll go now and get something for us all to eat."

And he was off before Denbigh quite took it in. When he did, however, he lowered his voice, and, affecting great caution, said:

"Let's hide here till night." And, O'Keefe eagerly assenting, he lifted him down, spread his coat for him to lie on, and took his head on his knee.

The Spring was in full leaf, and the sunshine, the rustling of the trees, and the fresh, sweet air were like balm to the distraught brain, and soon O'Keefe was in a sound sleep, from which he awakened to tear with

eager fingers the food the boy had brought.

Toward night they got to the station, but the crowd excited his fears, and again he refused to go, struggling so violently that a soldier, attracted by the scuffle (which took place somewhat apart from the station), spoke up to Denbigh:

"I've seen that sort before, and my advice to you is to get him home on the tramp. The excitement of such frights and scares as these here 'll kill him sure; but if he has his way, and thinks he's escaping, he'll get a chance, maybe."

"But," said Denbigh, "how—"

"Get a couple of rubber blankets, a tent if you can, a coffee-pot, and a haversack for grub, and tramp it. That's *my* advice."

The man and boy looked at each other and nodded; and while Oester plunged off to get Jet out of the cattle-car in which he had been shipped, and explain to the agent (who rowed about refunding the money, but did it when he heard "Andersonville prisoner"), Denbigh led O'Keefe away to the appointed place of meeting. And that very night they started in as straight a line as they could make for the Juniata Valley.

They fell in with the humor of the madman, trod stealthily, muffled Jet's hoofs, and halted only when the dawn began to signal up the day in the East. Then they hid in the woods till dark, the man and boy taking turns to watch their comrade; and when night fell they started on again, Denbigh always at his side, with his arm about him, and the tired, crazy head often resting on his shoulder. And as he went his heart and lips kept time to his tread—

"God, I thank Thee! Most Holy Virgin, I thank Thee! Listen to my thanks, please—you listened once to my prayers—though they aren't much in face of your mercy and goodness."

And truer praise is seldom given to Heaven than that which welled from his deep gratitude.

As they rose higher into the mountains, and the air blew keener and sweeter, O'Keefe brightened perceptibly. Sometimes he would break into singing, his

sweet Irish voice swelling on the night; then he lost his dread of travelling by daylight; and one afternoon, when they ran across a party of farm lads out for a holiday, he looked at them tranquilly, and stood his ground without any sign of fear.

Once Denbigh trembled on the verge of a hope so exquisite as to shake his being to its centre. It was on a sultry day; they had halted, exhausted with the heat, and a violent thunder-storm burst over them. As the bolts fell, and the sharp rattle of the meeting clouds rolled away in sullen booming, O'Keefe looked up, with his hand at his ear.

"Begad!" he said, "Kil's at 'em in earnest; and there'll be wigs upon the green before the night, or ye may call me an Orangeman."

His friends hung breathless on his next words, but the light was only a flash of the brain, and they took up their tramp, in two minds about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Reward of Almsgiving.

A certain wealthy abbey had been noted for the largeness of its almsdeeds; but its abbot died, and under his successor the bounty of the community diminished. The revenues of the abbey also grew less and less, and at last so small had they become that a chapter of the brethren was held to consider how expenses were to be provided for. Many schemes were proposed and rejected, when at last an old monk rose, who had been high in the favor of the former abbot. "We used," he said, "to have two good servants in this abbey, and whilst they were with us everthing prospered. Their names were *Date* and *Dabitur-vobis*.* We drove away *Date*, and *Dabitur-vobis* left of his own accord. Let us recall the one, and the other will return also." The old man's advice was followed: the brotherhood began to give alms more freely, and soon their former prosperity was restored.

* "Give" and "It shall be given unto you."



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 27, 1886. No. 22.

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The Legend of the Ghostly Mass.

IT was the 1st of November. After the solemnities of the Feast of All Saints were over, the worshippers hurried homeward, eager to regain their fireside, and seek shelter against the threatening storm, which seemed the hasty precursor of the approaching commemoration of All Souls; an icy wind scattered afar the yellow leaves that strewed the ground,—last relics of spring-time; while a universal sadness seemed to pervade Nature, and prepare the soul for the melancholy services of the morrow.

But the feelings of depression which the evening inspired were increased tenfold by a contemplation of the ruins of the ancient abbey, with its broken arches, its deserted cloister, and its abandoned cemetery. Once thousands of monks had chanted therein, day and night, the praises of God; there mitred abbots, learned and holy men, had presided at the glorious and touching ceremonies of the Church,—there where naught now remained save the remnants of the abbey church and a bell-tower, the shadow of which still fell over the ancient burial-ground of the monks. The neighboring peasants came, occasionally, to pray at the foot of the cross in the neglected cemetery; while in the belfry a silvery-toned bell, which had escaped the notice of the ruthless plunderers of the Revolution, still rang forth the call to God's service; for the

poor little village church, scarcely recovered from the national disasters, possessed neither belfry nor bell.

Maclou, the bell-ringer and sacristan of the humble church, which was too poor to give him any salary for his double functions, had laid out the black vestments for the commemoration of the dead, and had brought into operation all the resources of his long experience and of his zealous devotion towards the souls of the faithful departed; he ranged the waxen torches round the empty catafalque, surveyed his preparations with a satisfied air, and set out for the belfry of the cemetery, to toll the knell of the parting day. The old bell of the monks vibrated and rang forth, as in centuries gone by, to the country round: "Pray, pray for the departed!" And at every fireside each one made the Sign of the Cross, and responded to the sound of the bell with a *De profundis*. That evening neither laughter nor song was heard throughout the village, since there was no household without the memory of some place left vacant by the fell reaper, Death.

Night reigned in utter darkness over the abbey ruins; all was silent, and the triple covering of moss woven by time over the sepulchral slabs deadened even the steps of an old man walking slowly among them. He was the aged priest who acted as pastor of the church,—a living wreck escaped from the persecution. He remembered the closing days of the monastery wherein he had been a novice, and where he was now

sole guardian of its ruins. He had preserved undimmed the ardor of eternal youth, daily renewed at the altar; the people knew him as "the Saint," and it was declared that sometimes, when at prayer, his forehead shone brilliantly.

At the toll of the knell the monk had recited the Penitential Psalms; then, drawn by some mysterious attraction, heedless of the intense cold, he had come thither amid the ruins, to pray for those who had formerly been his brethren in religion. Kneeling before the remains of the altar, he invoked the efficacy of the countless Masses celebrated upon those crumbling slabs of marble, and prayed long and fervently for the deceased religious buried beneath the pavement, who had none that would remember them.

The hours glided by; gradually the last fires were extinguished, the hearth stones grew cold, slumber had closed all eyes, yet Maclou, the bell-ringer, continued still to toll.

"Toll, toll, Maclou!" whispered an interior voice; "the longer you ring the bell, the more prayers will be said for the dead."

But Maclou answered to himself: "What use is it? All are asleep."

"Who knows," continued the voice, "but some one may possibly awake during the night to pray for the departed? Toll, toll on!"

"I will; my bell is *my* prayer."

And Maclou resumed his task. And the longer he tolled, standing beneath the ancient porch, the more energy he felt; a kind of supernatural strength seemed to animate him; he experienced not the slightest fatigue; and, calling to mind the many dead whom he had accompanied to the cemetery, the harmonious rhythm of his bell, like the sough of the waves on a sandy beach, transformed his ideas into reverie.

"My turn will come," he said, slowly; "I am over sixty. Lord, grant that I be prepared when my hour draws near!" And his head drooped upon his breast, his limbs bent under him; he sank upon the ground; the rope slipped from his fingers, and the

last tones of the knell died away in the fog.

Meanwhile at the foot of the altar the priest knelt in an ecstasy of prayer: he was lost to all sounds of earth, and, not perceiving that the death-knell had ceased, continued his fervent supplications. The clock rang out midnight; All Souls' Day was ushered in, and at the last stroke of the hour a mysterious breath passed over the cemetery, similar to that which astonished the Prophet Ezekiel. A strange noise issued from those silent tombs. The dark plain undulated like the ocean when swollen by a tempest; the willows wept, the cypresses moaned, and the yews shook their branches, as if in agonies of grief. There was a rustling of winding-sheets, an indefinable crashing, as of breaking boughs. Soon a spectre emerged from the tombs, then another, still another, then ten, twenty, a hundred at once. These phantoms came forth from the cemetery, from the cloister, from the pavement of the sanctuary,—all wearing the monastic habit; there were likewise the benefactors of the convent in their worldly attire, and some choir-boys clothed in white surplices. All gradually penetrated into the nave (which grew sufficiently spacious to contain them), and found places in the stalls, in the choir, and around the broken columns.

The aged priest prayed on; strange to say, the awesome spectacle had no terrors for him; he understood that under these sensible forms the departed members of his monastery solicited suffrages. One of the spectres bore the abbatial mitre and crosier, and, advancing toward the kneeling figure, said, authoritatively: "Living priest of the Living God, in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ take these vestments and this chalice, and offer at the altar the Holy Sacrifice for the dead who surround you."

The altar was prepared, the tapers lighted and the vestments laid in order. A thrill of joy pervaded the assembly when the monk, obedient as of old, approached the altar; but when he began, "*Introibo a altare Dei*," no one present could answer him; the Sacrifice of the living may no

be served by the dead. "*Introibo ad altare Dei*," repeated the priest, still louder; yet no voice broke the silence. Anxiety now took possession of the assemblage, and lamentations resounded on every side; the Sacrifice accorded them could not be accomplished.

Maclou slept on—the steps of the dead do not awake the living; he had heard naught of that terrible thrill which had accompanied the entrance of so many spirits. But when the priest repeated for the third time, yet more loudly, "*Introibo ad altare Dei*," Maclou awoke; he perceived the church filled, the priest alone at the altar, and, without further thought, understood that his pastor needed his services, and in a loud voice he answered, as usual: "*Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam*." And, making his way towards the altar, he knelt to serve a Mass such as he had never before witnessed.

At the *Dies Iræ* strange voices sounded forth unknown canticles; an organ, touched by an unearthly hand, gave out terrible tones, as of thunder; the granite arches of the vaulted roof, and the columns beneath the cross-springers, vibrated in unison, like the chords of a harp; it was a concert of the unseen world. Silence followed; the consecrated Host was slowly elevated, then the chalice, and all bowed in adoration; when the heads were raised a smile played over the sad faces, and angels appeared, who marked each with the Blood of the chalice. Ere long the priest, turning towards the people, pronounced: "*Requiescant in pace*."

"Amen," repeated Maclou, and forthwith the vision disappeared; the candles were extinguished on the altar; the tombs were silent, and in the depths of the sky the souls were seen rising upward like radiant stars. "*Et vidimus gloriam ejus, plenum gratiæ et veritatis*." And myriad voices responded with exultation, "*Deo gratias*."

No one remained save the abbot, who had ordered the monk to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. Approaching with an air of majestic dignity, he blessed the celebrant, and,

turning to Maclou, said: "My son, you have powerfully aided us by serving this Mass, wherein the God of Mercy has graciously deigned to concentrate all the merit of numberless functions; and in recompense of your charity, the Lord permits me to bear you to heaven." And with his icy hand, colder than mountain snow, the abbot signed the Cross on his forehead.

"And will you not also take me to the Promised Land?" asked the celebrant.

"No: your hour is not yet come; you must still open heaven to others of our brethren, who can not now join us; and you must increase otherwise the number of those that will welcome you on high."

The next morning the peasants, summoned by their saintly parish priest, came to bear off old Maclou, who had expired while sounding the knell during the eve of All Souls'. The Office for the Dead was duly recited, and under the catafalque which he had raised and ornamented with his own hands on the day previous, the body of the aged sacristan rested in peace; his soul was already in the abode of the blessed. Later, on the spot where Maclou had breathed his last, the old priest succeeded in raising a humble chapel, dedicated to the Souls in Purgatory, where he daily said Mass for the dead, especially for his brethren in the adjoining cemetery who yet awaited deliverance.

Finally, after persevering for some time in his pious practice, and in his efforts to extend devotion to the Holy Souls, he became dangerously ill, and on the evening of the following Festival of All Saints lay in his agony. The faithful began the prayers for the dying; towards midnight he was believed to be peacefully expiring, and they began the prayer for the recommendation of the soul. "*Subvenite, Sancti Dei; occurrite angeli*." And the saints undoubtedly obeyed the invocation; for the dying man once more opened his eyes to a sight which shed indescribable joy over his features, already glazed in death.

"What is it?—what do you see?" asked those present. And the dying saint, in an

ecstasy that arrested death, said: "It is the 'Mass of the Ghosts'! Oh! how beautiful, amid the ruins of the abbey! I had gone thither to pray for my brethren." Then, in clear and distinct accents, he related the incident given above, adding, "The server was Maclou, the bell-ringer, who was tolling the knell for the dead, and who was permitted to join their blessed train. It is now my turn." So saying, he expired; his soul went, without doubt, to swell the assembly of the saints in heaven, who owed their speedy deliverance to his charitable prayers; while amid the darkness of the night an invisible hand tolled the bell of the ruined monastery, ringing forth a strange, strange knell, so that all remarked: "The bell tolls as only Maclou knew how to ring it—sadly yet joyously."

The Month of the Dead.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

NOVEMBER winds are sobbing fitfully
 A sad funereal strain,
 And the dead leaves are falling ceaselessly,
 Drenched with the Autumn rain;
 The skies put on their filmy robes of gray,
 And weep in sympathy
 For those poor souls who in their anguish pray:
 "Oh! pity, pity me!"

Their plaintive cry has reached the listening
 ear
 And stirred the mother-heart
 Of Holy Church, that, in the waning year,
 Bids other cares depart,
 And folds her suffering children tenderly
 Within her sheltering arms,
 Chanting the while a low, sweet lullaby
 To quiet their alarms.

Around her knees yet other children cling,
 Obedient to her call,
 And at her bidding solemn *requiems* sing,
 While pitying tear-drops fall.
 There oft the Holy Rosary they say—
 That pledge of Mary's love—
 And thro' Her tender Heart thus find the way
 To Jesus' Heart above.

Oh! 'tis a holy practice, full of peace
 For those left desolate,
 To offer for the Suffering Souls' release
 The Lamb Immaculate!
 That Lamb, for sinners once on Calvary slain,
 Now on the altar lies,
 By hands anointed lifted up again
 In bloodless Sacrifice.

Still sob the winds, the sad November sky
 Still weeps in sympathy,
 And friends beloved still from their prison cry:
 "Oh! pity, pity me!"

Pierced Heart of Jesus! merciful and good,
 Sweet Vision of the Blest!
 These are Thine own, bought with Thy Precious Blood,
 Oh! grant them light and rest!

The Republic of the Sacred Heart.

ON the 8th of October, 1873, Garcia Moreno, President of the Republic of Ecuador, consecrated his country to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and, inspired by him, the Senate and the House enacted the following decrees:

I.—The Republic of Ecuador is from this date consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,—that adorable Heart is hereby proclaimed its Patron and Protector.

II.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart shall henceforth be observed as a national feast of the first class.

III.—In every cathedral there shall be erected an altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

IV.—Upon the front of each altar shall be placed, at the expense of the State, a marble tablet, on which these decrees shall be inscribed.

Garcia Moreno was a member of the Apostolate of Prayer, and, what was more, an ardent *zealator* of the League of the Sacred Heart; we need not be surprised, therefore, at his earnest desire to promote this great devotion throughout the Republic. Our Lord rewarded his zeal and fervor by martyrdom, which is, viewed in the light of faith, the most precious of all graces.

On the 6th of August, 1875, the first Friday of the month, Garcia Moreno fell, in hatred of religion, by the dagger of the Masonic sect, which had vowed his death,

That morning, as was his custom, he had taken part in the Communion of Reparation of the Associates of the Apostolate of Prayer; fortified by the God of the Eucharist, he expired uttering this sublime cry: *Dios non muere!*—"God does not die!"

No, God does not die; and Garcia Moreno's Republic is still the Republic of His Divine Heart. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, of Quito, furnishes us with glorious proofs of this fact by its description of the manner in which the National Feast was celebrated this year.

* * *

Before beginning a description of the extraordinary and truly splendid feast celebrated by the city of Quito in manifestation of its love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we will reproduce the bill voted on by the Senators of the Republic. On Saturday, June 19, the Hon. Fernando Polit, with the support of the Hon. Antonio Rivera, and other illustrious colleagues, proposed to the House the following:

"The Senate of the Republic of Ecuador—in consideration of the fact that the law of October 8, 1873, consecrated the Republic of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and declared Him its Protector and Patron; that the 21st of June of the present year is the second centenary of the public worship rendered to this Divine Heart; considering that it is just and suitable for the representatives of the people to prove their Catholic Faith upon such a solemn occasion—enacts the following decree:

"We will render a solemn act of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Patron of the Republic of Ecuador; and, in token of our adherence to the pious sentiments of the people, the Senate will abstain from session upon that day."

This measure was carried without opposition.

On Sunday, June 20, there was great anxiety among the people, as towards evening the sky became overcast, and presaged a storm. "What a misfortune!" was the exclamation on all sides; "our illuminations will be spoiled." But the clouds dispersed as if by magic, and at nightfall streets, squares, palaces, towers, houses, and cabins were illumined beneath the azure, starlit heavens. Not a cloud was to be seen. In

less than an hour the entire city was transformed, and presented a charming scene. Quito, usually quiet and deserted at night, was the most animated of capitals. Fifty thousand people thronged the streets, eager, happy, enthusiastic; and in the centre of the city the crowd was so great that it was almost impossible to open a passage.

The aspect of the capital surpassed all expectations. At all times the grand illuminations of the Government House and the City Hall attract a multitude of admirers, but on that occasion these were blended in the *ensemble*, and received no particular notice. The entire city was streaming with lights. In many dwellings splendid altars were erected to the Sacred Heart, and the statues were surrounded with beautiful flowers, expensive candelabra, and rich draperies. The façades of some great houses were transformed into veritable monuments, and here and there effigies of the Sacred Heart stood out from the radiant ovals which gracefully framed them. Upon the façades of the National Palace shone a magnificent heart, bearing the initials of the Holy Name.

It is impossible adequately to describe these illuminations. Ecuador has never seen anything to equal them. And yet they were entirely spontaneous; neither the civil nor religious authorities had ordered them; nothing was official: all was done by the people; rich and poor, young and old, bore the whole expense among themselves. The illuminations of the poor people were so touching as to bring tears to the eyes, and they were even more numerous than those of the rich. Their houses were all lighted up with lanterns, and often the only entrance to the dwellings was barred by a glowing altar to the Sacred Heart.

To the brilliancy of the illuminations were added countless balloons of gorgeous colors, ascending every moment towards the heavens. They were made of the national colors, and each bore pictures of the Sacred Heart, beneath which were the inscriptions: "Glory to the Heart of Jesus," "Ecuador to its Divine Protector," "Long life to the

Republic of the Sacred Heart." And if the eye was gratified by the decorations, the ear also was charmed by delicious strains of music from choirs of children, military and private bands: the air was filled with the melody of pious canticles.

Thus began the celebration of the Feast of the Sacred Heart at Quito. At the same time all the provinces of the Republic were participating in these splendors; for, animated with one sentiment, the entire nation was preparing to do honor to its Divine Protector.

At last day dawned on the 21st of June. The populace was awakened by salvos of artillery, and scarcely were the doors of the cathedral opened when crowds began to pour in, eager to make their preparations to approach the Holy Table for the Communion of Reparation. Holy Communion was administered almost without intermission until towards eleven o'clock.

At seven o'clock the vast nave of the cathedral was filled with men of all ranks and conditions—magistrates, the military, professors, physicians, authors, students, merchants, mechanics, and day laborers. No class was without its representatives. In the side aisles there was not sufficient room for the women.

All the religious societies and confraternities were united in this important assemblage: the Associations of the Sacred Heart, the Congregation of the Children of Mary, the Confraternities of St. Joseph and St. Vincent of Paul, the Third Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, the Apostolate of Prayer, etc., etc.

High Mass was celebrated by his Grace the Archbishop. No pen could describe the solemnity of the scene—those thousands of Christians, fervent and recollected, preparing themselves for the Communion of Reparation. They had but one desire: to console the Divine Heart—to atone for the many outrages inflicted on Our Saviour by the impious. It was a sublime spectacle; it carried one back to the days of liveliest faith: an entire people was taking part in the Eucharistic Banquet.

At this blessed and awe-inspiring moment the organs filled the cathedral with their melody, and well-trained choirs of children sang in softened tones a series of beautiful hymns. Many of those present wept, and all were greatly moved. Never had Quito seen such a numerous and touching Communion of men.

At half-past eight the Mass was over, and the last communicants were requested to make their thanksgiving in the adjoining chapel. Soon the cathedral was again filled with those who had not as yet been able to receive the Bread of Life. Masses followed uninterruptedly until eleven o'clock, and it is believed that at the cathedral alone there were ten thousand Communions, of which three thousand, at the least, were by men. It is impossible to give the figures for all the churches of Quito, but, we repeat, never has anything like it been seen there.

Communion truly expiatory of the sins of an entire people!—truly a reparation for the many individual and national crimes which outrage the ineffable love of the adorable Heart of Jesus! And it was not only in the city of Quito, but in all the provinces.

Surely Ecuador deserves to be called the Republic of the Sacred Heart.

The Black Gown's Prophecy.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

FOUR and forty years have passed since the glorious martyrdom of the Apostle of the Iroquois. The rising sun pours a stream of liquid gold over the St. Lawrence River. Yesterday the king of day had sent forth his brightest rays to honor the Queen of Heaven in Her Assumption, and to-day he still shines with unwonted splendor.

The Indians of La Prairie de la Madeleine, after the celebration of the feast, prepared themselves for their early Autumn hunt. Their canoes danced on the swift-flowing waters; one parting salute to children, the aged, and the matrons, who were

to remain behind at the mission, and who stood on the bank to witness the departure, and the light boats of the hunters dashed onward like arrows.

For a long time they kept together, like a flock of black swans on the glittering, golden stream; but the waters gradually separated, first one canoe, then another, from the little flotilla. In vain did the occupants of the two lagging boats contend with the waves: they were compelled to be satisfied with the hope of reaching the place appointed for their landing that night at a later hour than the rest.

One of these lingering canoes claims our special attention. There are two persons in it—an Indian warrior, who, to judge by his rich warlike accoutrements, must be one of the chief men of the mission—and his wife, who, terrified at the solitude, gazes affrighted into the woods bordering the stream. The warrior is Stephen Ganonakoa, who as a child received the last blessing of the Apostle of the Iroquois. And that blessing had produced rich fruits: the prayer of the martyr had been heard. When after his death the Christian Iroquois from the villages of the Five Nations were obliged to fly, Pomoakon's widow and son accompanied them towards the Great Stream, where, on the lands of the French colony of La Prairie de la Madeleine, the Jesuit Fathers had founded the Indian mission of St. Francis Xavier de Prez for Christian exiles. There the proud woman forgot her hatred of the Pale Faces, and learned to bow her neck to the sweet yoke of the Cross. Her son, whom she named Stephen, as if in a spirit of prophecy, was brought up carefully and lovingly, and taught to be brave like his father, and at the same time holy; so, according to Ondesonk's words, he shone like the morning star in the night of his people.

The years of his manhood were sanctified by a tender piety, which made him observe with strict fidelity the duties of a true Christian, and especially of a Christian husband and father. The journals of the missionaries make special mention that he watched care-

fully over the education of his children, and was most exact in engraving deeply in their young minds the sense of duty. Years ago his mother had entered upon her rest.

Stephen had placed his children under the care of his wife's mother, a woman of eminent piety, who, as the same records tell us, "well deserved to be a member of such a family"; but his wife could not be prevailed on to remain at La Prairie during the hunting season: she accompanied her husband to his martyrdom.

The voyage of the boat was stopped by rapids. The other hunters had carried their canoes over the banks, and were continuing their voyage. Stephen pulled for the shore to do the same. He was preparing to lift his boat over the rocks, whilst his wife was ready to follow him with the utensils, when suddenly a band of Indians sprang from behind the trees, and, without uttering a sound, rushed upon the man and woman with the agility of wild beasts, and threw them to the ground. The band consisted of fourteen braves of the Cayugas—a tribe allied to the Mohawks,—who, not content with having driven the Christians from their homes, pursued them even to the banks of the Great Stream, and had come out on this excursion in the hope of overtaking some Christian Iroquois from La Prairie to carry them prisoners to the interior of New York.

With muttered imprecations, blasphemies, and insults, they compelled Ganonakoa to lie down on his back, with his arms extended, like Our Blessed Saviour on the Cross; they then placed the trunk of a young tree across his breast, and bound his hands to it with strips of buffalo hide; his feet were tied to a post, and around his neck they passed a cord which they attached to a tree close by, so that the poor victim could move neither hand, foot, nor head. After fastening his wife to a tree, and leaving a guard to watch the prisoners, the savages hurried back to the river in search of other boats.

Without a word of complaint, almost without moving a muscle of his face, Stephen

Ganonakoa had borne the ill treatment and abuse heaped upon him; and now when the sobs of his wife reached his ears, he repeated for her consolation words that the Black Gown had often addressed to them, to encourage them should any persecution arise: "Whosoever doth not carry his cross, and come after Me, can not be My disciple." His wife thereupon dried her tears, and her sobs were turned into fervent prayers. Above their heads the leaves of the trees rustled gently and comfortingly, as if the angels of heaven were whispering to the hearts of the witnesses of Christ that peace which the martyrs of old felt in the midst of their sufferings, and which enabled them to break forth in hymns of thanksgiving and praise.

After perhaps an hour the Cayugas returned—no longer the silent band of treacherous ambushers, but a shouting, howling, cursing mob. They had not succeeded in capturing any other boat, and therefore poured out the full measure of their wrath on Ganonakoa: they trampled him under their feet, struck him with their fists, tore his hair, drew his bonds still tighter so as to make them cut deep into the flesh; and when their fierce passions were somewhat glutted, they loosed him from his position, and tied his hands behind his back.

The journey towards their home on the Mohawk now began—long days of hard walking, almost without food and drink, in the fierce heat of August; terrible nights of torment, during which the two victims were bound fast on the ground, without rest and without liberty to move. But the Lord consoled His faithful servants, and strengthened them to bear the load of affliction, so that they "rejoiced as a giant to run the way."

It was not Andagoron that was destined to witness the triumph of the first martyr of the Iroquois, as it had witnessed the victory of the proto-martyr of their apostles. The Cayugas led their victims to the capital of the Onondagas, whence Father Lamberville, who was the last of the Iroquois missionaries to abandon his post, was, two

years previously, obliged to flee in order to escape the fate of Father Jogues. In Onondaga the chiefs and the most celebrated warriors of the Five Nations were assembled in council, to deliberate on an excursion against Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, a stronghold which they had unsuccessfully attacked the year before.

As soon as it was known that the prisoners were Christian Mohawks from La Prairie, all hastened from the village to feast their eyes on their sufferings: men, women, and children, adorned as for a festival, carrying clubs, knives, tomahawks, and other instruments of torture. They all seemed to be in a paroxysm of fury, for it was to the Christian name that they attributed all the injustices done them, all the evils that befell them—the treacherous capture of their chiefs at Fort Frontenac, their defeats in battle, the bad crops, disease: the demon of the Christians had brought all kinds of misery into their land. They yelled and howled, and clapped their hands, as if hell had opened its gates and let loose a legion of its infernal spirits.

It was again a warrior of the Mohawk family of the Bears—Assalekoa—who showed the greatest ferocity. No sooner had he heard Stephen's name than he rushed forth, tomahawk in hand, to bury the weapon in his brain; but the other braves held him back, and protected their victim, fearing to be too soon deprived of the sight of his torments.

The multitude accompanied our hero into the village with shouts of joy; the stake had already been erected by those that had remained at home. Bearing his wife away into one of the wigwams, they bound him securely to the stake, whilst he, in imitation of Our Saviour, opened not his mouth. Brandishing his battle-axe, Assalekoa stood before Stephen. "Now thou art destined to die, dog of a Christian! Why didst thou desert us, to dwell amongst our enemies on the Great River? Why dost thou pray to the Evil Spirit, who hates thy own people?"

"I am a Christian," answered Ganonakoa, with a look of compassion and forgive-

ness; "and I glory in the name. Do with me what you will; I fear not your tortures nor your fire. I gladly give my life for a God who shed His Blood for me."

There was a horrid outcry raised by the ferocious Bear, and at a sign from him the entire mob fell upon the victim with various instruments of torture. The pen shrinks from recording the diabolical cruelty of the Redskins to one of their own kindred: they cut the flesh from his arms and legs, his breast and back; they tore out his fingernails, while Assalekoa cut off the thumb and index finger of his right hand.

"Pray now as the Black Gown taught thee," he exclaimed.

And the martyr, who had been standing motionless, raised his eyes to Heaven and his maimed hand to his forehead, marking it with his own blood, as he said: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen,"—words that were heard above the yells of the mob.

For a moment there was silence; such fortitude seemed to startle and terrify even the fiercest. But again Assalekoa uttered a shout for the bloody work to continue, and, cutting off the remaining fingers of the sufferer's right hand, said to him once more: "Pray again."

"Pray! pray!" was the shout taken up by the braves; and again Stephen raised his bleeding right hand, repeating, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then the savage Mohawk cut off his whole hand, leaving only the bloody arm remaining. For the third time he challenged Stephen to pray, and for the third time the martyr fearlessly raised his arm and confessed his faith, whereupon the entire arm was cut off; and, as if to destroy the hated sign, his forehead, breast, and shoulders, which were marked with his blood, were hacked with knives.

The furious rabble now pressed forward with firebrands; each one strove to mark his flesh with a torch, whilst the medicine men danced around the sufferer, shouting: "Arekoi, our demon, we offer to thee this

victim, which we burn, that thou mayest glut thyself on his flesh, and mayest grant us victory over our enemies!"

The body of the Christian hero was one great wound, but not a single cry of pain had as yet escaped his lips; he even challenged his tormentors, saying: "Feast on the pleasure of burning me; spare me not; my sins deserve greater sufferings than you can inflict; the greater my pain here, the brighter will be my crown in heaven."

"His death-song! his death-song!" exclaimed the multitude, in fierce delight. And the hero sung the beautiful hymn that was intoned by the missionaries in La Prairie:

"Ultima in mortis hora
Filius pro nobis ora,
Bonam mortem impetra,
Virgo, Mater, Domina!" *

Assalekoa now held his firebrand to Stephen's neck. The dying man repeated in a weak voice: "*Virgo, Mater, Domina!* 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'" Once more he raised his eyes to Heaven; new life seemed to flash through his whole being; his blood-stained countenance shone with joy, and he cried out: "Thou comest, Ondesonk, to take me away! Thou comest as I beheld thee, a child, in Andagoron. I follow." At this moment Assalekoa's tomahawk fell upon the hero's head, and his soul, beautiful as the morning star, ascended from out the darkness of his people to the realms of eternal bliss—the star that preceded the sun of faith which should enlighten the Iroquois.

Such is the history of Stephen Ganonakoa, the first martyr of the Iroquois, who, although he enjoys not the honors of the Church, is surely amongst that band that follow the Lamb, and have washed their garments in His Blood. Stephen's wife was allowed to return to La Prairie, but the blood of the martyr was the seed from which a rich harvest of virtue sprang up in the hearts of the converted Iroquois.

* At the last hour of death pray to Thy Son for us. Obtain for us a good death, O Virgin, Mother, Lady!

With Staff and Scrip.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONCLUSION.)

XV.—OUT OF THE EAST.

HOMEWARD BOUND!—The very same ship that brought us over has been lying in the mouth of the Golden Horn all these eventful days. We board her, a half-dozen of us, and are warmly greeted by the officers and welcomed by every soul on board. How wholesome a thing is a little show of fellowship in a strange and far-away land! I look for my old state-room, and find it just as I left it, secured to me by the steward, who is at my elbow, oddly enough, and who receives a tip, which makes us both smile blandly.

We are much scattered—I mean the company of the last sea-voyage. Some have gone up the Danube, some to Greece. The Eton boy, the life of the ship, has returned to the scenes of his early triumphs, and we mourn over him as the only piece of unaffected humanity that it has been our lot to meet with in the East. In the evening we steam through the Dardanelles, and are rather glad that it looks black and stormy. We hear the gods growling on distant Olympus; we see the green and red lights on shore; pass ghostly ships without exchanging greeting of any sort; and, in truth, the Hellespont to-night seems haunted by fleets of "Flying Dutchmen."

LEAVES FROM A LOG.—Windy and rough all day; dreary, barren islands lie about us, but no one cares to look at them a second time. It is hard to believe that these desolate rocks are the landmarks of the Iliad, the same that interested us so deeply when we first sighted them. Can it be possible that all Oriental experiences are like the first breath of a perfume, or the first bite of a fruit, never to be repeated successfully?

At 7 p.m. we arrive at Syra. If the captain were to come down the deck shouting,

"Syra; change boats for Piræus and Athens!" it would not seem at all out of place. All romance seems to have evaporated, now that travel is so easy and so universal. The daily trains for Jerusalem will start in a little while, and already you can go up the Nile by rail for hundreds of miles.

Our family circle is again broken. In the delicious dusk we wave adieu over the delicious sea, and an hour later we are hurried out of sight and hearing in the tranquil night. The day following we hug the Greek coast, or pick our way among the isles of Greece, and wonder what Byron found in them to estrange his heart from England. The mountains are fine enough, but much of the land is as monotonous as the sea itself. As for the poetry and the politics of the people, I have nothing to say of them.

CORFU.—At 2 p.m. to-day (the third out of Constantinople) we drew into the picturesque harbor of Corfu. Here, the headquarters of the Ionian Islands, five-and-twenty thousands inhabitants live a semi-pastoral life—yatching, hunting, and boring time to death. The chief fort of the harbor, behind which the city tries to hide itself, is as pretty as a cork model. Indeed, it looks more like a terraced garden, with its sloping lawns, its cypresses, and ornamental batteries, than anything less pleasurable.

How odd it seems when we think that the Corinthians colonized here, B. C. 734; that their increasing power was one of the chief causes of the Peloponnesian war; that the Venetians held the island in the Middle Ages—you can see maps and models of it in the Arsenal at Venice; that the English ruled it from 1818 to 1863, when they ceded it to the Greeks! And yet to-day it seems like the least harmful of watering-places—a mere Summer resort, tranquil to the verge of stupidity.

But there are other associations that must not be forgotten. That humped island under the table-land of Kanoni, the islet Pondikonissi, is the Phenician ship that brought Ulysses to Ithaca, and was turned to stone. At the mouth of a brook near at

hand is the spot where Ulysses was cast ashore, and where he met the Princess Nausicaa, as related in Book VI. of the *Odyssey*. Those are the Albanian Mountains yonder, and here are some pure Greeks just boarding us, ticketed for Trieste. The lady, very slender and not bad-looking, has stilts on her slippers; her son is of the color of licorice water, and not a bad type of the degenerate race. We are overrun with these Greeks; their language is heard in every part of the ship. It sounds like a fair imitation of the ancient tongue. Much respect is paid a Greek bishop, who lounges in the easiest chair on deck, and plays with his beads from morning till night.

UP THE ADRIATIC.—Rounding a point of Albania, we enter the Adriatic, and find it brighter, bluer and more tranquil than the sea of yesterday. The Dalmatian Islands lie on the one hand, misty mountains upon the other. We have been talking of Montenegro, sailing under its shadow, and of the troublesome days that multiply as we steam onward toward Trieste. It is a time for meditation on the past; and as I recall my experiences in the East, I am surprised to find how little there is that one cares to forget, or can afford to, either. There are hours that bore you, many of them, and people who are an annoyance; but how easy it is to forgive a negative injury when the cause is removed! It is like physical pain: forgotten as soon as it ceases.

TRIEST.—All the glorious morning we skirt the olive-clad coast of Istria, counting the white villages on our fingers. Fleets of scarlet and orange-tinted sails are on the sea, a foretaste of the Venetian lagoon. Trieste, backed by splendid hills, rises before us, and we drop anchor in the cosy and well-filled harbor at the end of a prosperous voyage.

My first expedition was to the Chateau of Mirimar, the former home of the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico. The road follows the shore just within reach of the spray, and ends in a lovely garden that loses itself among high and very picturesque hills. The *chateau*, built upon a low promontory,

and with the windows on three sides of it opening directly upon the sea, is an ideal villa, crowded with quaint and beautiful wares. The custodian, who alone seems to occupy it, shows the visitor through suites of rooms, points out the royal portraits, and calls attention to the rich furniture with an indifferent air, as if he were rather tired of his profession.

The chambers occupied by "Max"—so the custodian called the late Emperor—are as dainty as the house of a bride. Everything is in perfect taste, and, judging from the atmosphere that is still preserved, the ill-fated man who made himself this charming home by the sea must have been a scholar of much refinement, one who would have preferred the cloistered seclusion of his study to any honors that a throne might bring him. The apartments of the Empress—"poor" Carlotta!—are in strange contrast to the library and the cell-like sleeping room of her husband. Whether she has taken away the charm with her, or whether the gaudy and unrestful *boudoirs* never possessed any, I know not, but it is certain that all the wholesome influences of Mirimar, as it now stands, are gathered in his half of the house. The gardens are a wilderness of beauty. I should say that a home such as this must have been worth twenty empires. It is a pity that there is no one to enjoy it, save the tourist, who lounges about the place for a couple of hours, oppressed with sad memories of the former occupants.

Triest has its Roman antiquities. They begin in the columns of the cathedral on the hill, and end in the arch by the sea— But oh! how fresh these Roman ruins seem to us after the temples of old Egypt!

Having dined in a beer-shop and taken beer in a chop-house with the jolly "Doctor" of our good ship *Diana*; having sat out the evening over coffee and late papers, to the music of numerous street-musicians, and heard the wind rise and the rain fall with chagrin, I drop down to the docks again, and take the boat for Venice. One night more in the cradle of the deep, and at dawn the sky breaks, and out of the tranquil

bosom of the lagoon rise the towers, the domes, the pale walls, the floating gardens that I have grown so familiar with.

Yea verily! out of the East I come to the watery gates of this sad bride of the sea, and find a welcome that has been awaiting me a whole, long, glorious year.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

CAMILLA, being one of the ladies of the imperial household, heard almost as soon as it happened of the Emperor's discovery that Nemesius was a Christian, and of his mad fury on the occasion. She lost not a moment, but was, on her way to the villa on the Aventine before the order for his arrest was promulgated. Having reached it, she went straight to Symphronius, informed him of what had happened; then, in her usual energetic way, with his assistance, dispersed and placed in safe-keeping Claudia's orphaned pensioners, and had the sick and disabled adults removed to the sheep-farms and olive lands, that lay some distance farther back among the hills. Her precautions were well timed; for that very night the villa was surrounded by soldiers, whose orders were not to molest the daughter of Nemesius, meaning her to be the decoy-bird that should lead the fond father, anxious and uncertain as to her safety, to his home by night, or through secret ways by day; and if eventually he were discovered, both were to be arrested.

"Thou wilt see him again, dear child; until then meet him at the foot of the Cross with Mary, our Advocate, who consoles and delivers all who suffer for the love of Her Son," said Camilla, when, having accomplished what prudence suggested, she had gone in to Claudia, to acquaint her, as gently as the cruel facts of the case admitted, with the cause of her visit, and try to sweeten the bitterness of her grief by the consolations of faith. She held the child, who was

weeping silently, in her strong, tender arms, her head reclining upon her breast. It was the pain of separation from her father that grieved her most; could she only be with him, and suffer with him, she would ask no more.

"Yes," she answered presently, making a brave effort to compose herself: "that is where *his* thoughts will be, and there too shall mine be—at His feet, with His Holy Mother. O Camilla! is it sinful to weep?"

"No, my little maid, not tears like thine. The divine *Christus* often wept; He was acquainted with all human sorrow; and it is His way to let affliction visit his dearest ones, that they may prove by their patience and resignation how much they love Him, how blindly they trust Him, knowing that His ways are the best. And, after all," she said, as if answering some thought of her own, "there's but a breath between this land of exile and heaven."

The faith of this noble woman, sure and steadfast, ever rested on Christ as unwaveringly as an eagle's eye upon the sun; He was her celestial Sun, in whose light she lived, moved, and had her being, fearless in whatever she undertook for His honor, and willing to suffer death for His glory,—a brave, tender, heroic spirit.

Camilla remained until the little girl grew more tranquil—until her sorrow and its mist of tears were glorified by hope in the eternal promises of Him on whom her innocent soul rested; then the lady left her, with great pity and love surging together in her heart for the human desolation that had, all at once, fallen upon the child. It is true that Zilla was there, but what had her poor, grieved, pagan heart to offer her idol, except endearments? what to give, except vigilance and devotion, and the hatred and revenge that inspired her towards those who had brought mourning and weeping into this beautiful and lately happy home? The woman was nearly mad with grief.

Days passed, and Nemesius had not yet been taken. The two consuls, Quirinus and Maximus—on whom devolved the duty of

his arrest, with the comfortable assurance that they should suffer in his stead in case they failed—strained every nerve, and were ceaseless in their vigilance and zeal to secure their object. And there was yet another—the wily Cypriot—who, unknown to them, and with greedy eyes on the reward offered by the prefect, was stealthily, patiently engaged in hunting down the noble Christian.

The spirits of the cruel men began to flag, and the ardor of their pursuit to be dampened, as time sped on and there was yet no sign of their victim; they almost believed the culprit had slipped away from Rome, else how could he have so long eluded their search? But Nemesis had not left Rome; he was in the Catacombs, ever engaged in ministrations of mercy, and daily sent and received loving messages from his little maid on the Aventine, by Admetus, who, as lithe as a lizard, and as active as a squirrel, had ways of slipping in and out of the extensive gardens in the most surprising manner, eluding the vigilance of the soldiers on guard day and night, who, if they heard a rustling in the trees overhead, thought it was the birds darting in and out; or a tremulous stir among the long grasses and undergrowth, thought it was a hare, the sound was so slight and passed so swiftly.

Cheered by hearing from her father, and the certainty that he was in a place of safety, Claudia's thoughts in her loneliness were drawn nearer and nearer to the celestial land; closer and closer did her innocent heart cling to the divine *Christus* and His Virgin Mother. There was such an atmosphere of purity around her that, now and then, when a rough, half-barbarian soldier, from his covert of espial, caught a glimpse of her white-robed, graceful figure as she passed fearlessly through the garden-alleys to the places she loved, he would draw back with an involuntary movement of reverence until she went by.

But at last, when the soft September sun lay golden on the beautiful land,—when on the slopes of the hills and over the undulating, flowery stretches of the *Agro Romano*

were seen processions of peasants in holiday attire, bringing home the grapes from the vineyards to the wine-vats, with Bacchic songs and choral lays, accompanied by the music of double flutes, zithers, and pipes of reed, their wagons loaded with baskets, in which the great red and purple clusters of the delicious fruit of the vine were heaped up, covered with blossoms; while the sleek oxen, garlanded with scarlet poppies, vetches, and corn-flowers, moved lazily along,—the end drew near, and the events that followed, given in the "Acts of the Martyrs" and by tradition, succeeded each other with such rapidity, that we may not linger.

One gloomy, lowering night Nemesis had left his underground "City of Refuge" to carry aid and consolation to certain sick and destitute Christians, who were living in concealment in the cellar of a hovel in the old southern suburb of Rome. Having accomplished his charitable purpose, he was returning, his thoughts so absorbed by celestial meditation that he did not observe the direction he had taken, until a strong light suddenly glared athwart his eyes. Startled, he stopped, looked around, and saw that he was at the Temple of Mars, where at that moment Quirinus and Maximus, with others, were offering their idolatrous and unholy worship to the marble statue of the god. His soul revolted at the imposture, which was an insult to the supreme and only true God. Single-handed he had no power to stay the impure rites; but, knowing the efficacy of faith and charity, he knelt on the stone-flagged road, and, lifting up his heart in strong appeal, he besought Our Lord by the operation of the Holy Ghost to enlighten the minds of these idolaters, that they might know they were worshipping devils instead of divinities, and so bring them to a knowledge of the Faith as it is in Christ.

At this moment, while Nemesis is beseeching God's mercy on their benighted souls, the Consul Maximus, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, was possessed by the evil spirit, and suddenly cried out, in

the hearing of all present: "The prayers of Nemesius are burning me!"

The Cypriot, who had been stealthily creeping behind Nemesius for some short distance, having accidentally caught sight of his majestic figure at a moment when, for a wonder, he was not thinking of him, and convinced when the light from the Temple shone out upon him that it was indeed he, ran in and informed the Consul Quirinus that Nemesius had fallen into his hands, and was outside invoking his Deity, and working Christian sorceries for their destruction. They rushed out to seize him, but had no sooner laid hands upon him, than Maximus gave forth a shriek such as lost souls in the depths of perdition may be supposed to utter, and, to the horror of all present, was lifted several feet in the air, then hurled down upon the stone pavement, dead.* This swift judgment of God on the hardened persecutor of His suffering Church was but one of many manifestations of His almighty vengeance on His enemies; but they did not impute them to Him, but to the sorceries and magic arts of the Christians.

Nemesius made no attempt to escape in the temporary panic and confusion caused by the terrible death of Maximus, but suffered himself to be bound and led away to the Mamertine, where he was cast into one of the lower dungeons. When his capture was reported to the Emperor, the latter cried out:

"Now shall the gods be avenged! Torture and death will be nothing to this man; we will reach him and rend him through his child, the pretty, dainty maid! Bring him before the tribunal in the morning, and if he refuse to sacrifice to Jupiter, give her in charge to the courtesan Lippa, and remand him to the Mamertine." Then he returned to his wine and feasting and his lewd pleasures.

Fabian had confidential agents in his pay employed to find out and report to him everything they might learn concerning

Nemesius, and the morning after the arrest the first news he heard on leaving his bath was that the commander of the Imperial Legion had been taken and cast into the dungeons of the Mamertine. The sun was barely risen, but, ordering his horse, Fabian dressed quickly, and, without breaking his fast, was soon galloping along the road to the Aventine.

The scene that greeted him when he reached the villa, although not entirely unexpected, verified his worst forebodings, and kindled in his breast a concentrated fire of rage and grief which for the moment held him speechless; for on the portico, surrounded by rough soldiers, who had been sent to bring her away, stood the beautiful child, attired in her dainty, silver brodered tunic and white silken robe—she had expected Camilla to breakfast with her,—her face like purest marble, her fine abundant hair falling in golden ripples over her shoulders. A clasp of pearls confined her tunic on the shoulder, and around her neck she wore the fine chain of gold to which was suspended the crystal medallion of the Virgin Mother, *Advocata Nostra*, that now lay close against her wildly throbbing heart.

This was the first scene of violence Claudia's innocent eyes had ever beheld. Did she think, as she gave one frightened look at the stolid, coarse, merciless faces of the soldiers, of what Fabian had once said to her when she was blind—that 'there are in the world human monsters and beings so frightful as to make one rather wish to have been born blind than see them'? If she did, it was but a flash of memory; for her heart swiftly turned towards the divine *Christus* at the moment He was betrayed into the hands of His enemies, and she remembered her words to Camilla when she heard how they took Him away to crucify Him: "If I had been there I would have asked them to kill me, and spare Him"; and now she did not falter, but offered herself again to Him, although shrinking in all her nature from the cruel, brutal wretches in whose midst she stood. Zilla and Symphronius had pleaded and wept in vain for

* It is so related by the Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D D., in his "Victims of the Mamertine."

her release, but were driven away with curses and threats, and now from a distance watched through their fast-falling tears for the end, which they were powerless to avert.

The soldiers were preparing to lead their victim away, when Fabian, dismounting from his horse, pushed his way through them, and, reaching her side, took her hand and drew her to him.

"What does this mean?" he cried, his voice stern, his countenance frowning. "Lay not a touch upon her, ye base hounds! or there'll be but a short step between ye and hell."

They hesitated, for as soldiers they were accustomed to yield instant attention to the voice of authority; but their lieutenant, an old, grizzled veteran, commanded them to close in and obey orders.

"Whose orders?" demanded Fabian.

"The Emperor's. And who mayest thou be to gainsay them?" was the curt, angry reply.

"A friend of the Emperor's," was Fabian's quick response. As a Roman, well versed in the laws, he knew the weight of an imperial order, and the penalties attached to disobedience. "There is some mistake. Why should the Emperor order the arrest of a child like this?"

"She is a Christian," answered the lieutenant, with a grim laugh.

"Yes, Fabian, it is true: I am a Christian," outspoke the child, in clear, sweet tones.

"Oh! foolish lamb, to run thy head into the shambles!" he whispered, knowing but too well how helpless he was to save. "How wilt thou convey her hence?" he asked the officer.

"Our prisoners walk."

"What are thy instructions in this case?"

"We have none."

"Then it will not matter. Symphrogium," he cried; "come hither, old man, and bring out thy dead lady's litter for her child. And here, ye fellows, I will give ye silver for a carouse when off guard to-night," he said, with furious scorn, as he threw his curse among them.

The once elegant litter, its rich silken curtains now faded and dust-covered, its splendors of gilding and fine decorations mildewed and nibbled to tatters by mice, was brought forth, and, after arranging the cushions for her comfort, Fabian tenderly lifted Claudia in, leaned over and kissed her forehead, drew the curtains together, and moved away.

"If questioned," he said to the astonished soldiers, "as ye go through the city, answer that ye are conveying a noble Roman virgin to be sacrificed to the gods, and guarding her as Roman soldiers now guard innocence."

His sense of inability to rescue her from her fate stung and enraged him; he had done all he could, but how little! He mounted his horse, galloped down the broad, beautiful avenue, and out of the wide-open gates, careless whither the mettlesome animal bore him, so that it was away from Rome.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cecilia.

Fiat cor meum immaculatum. (Ant.)

I.

U MIGHTY Rome! O cruel Rome!

Vassal at last to Music's sway,
Hark how thy hollow Catacomb
Resounds Cecilia's magic lay!
There, laid by great Callixtus' side,
She sleeps in beauty 'mid the just.
Ah, Rome! while runs old Tiber's tide,
Enthroned in song, she shall preside
Above thy monumental dust!
Music still breathes from that fair form—
Though mute in death,—and martyred hosts
Seem thrilled to life; while quick and warm
About her throng th' enraptured ghosts.

Pulse of the universe! voice of all feeling,
Hymn of earth's gladness and plaint of its woe;
Essence ethereal, rainbow revealing
Glimpses of heaven to us exiles below;
Music divine! God speaks in thy numbers,
His love and His light are thy home and thy
spring;
Murmur of spheres where the spirit world
slumbers,

Dreaming, while angels low lullabys sing.
Hark to the notes that resound to her fingers!
How her soul vibrates to God's mystic breath!
On the glad air the bright melody lingers—
Song of the swan that grows sweeter in death!

Hark! through the spirit strain,
Cecilia's voice again

Wakes in accord:

"Clean be my heart to Thee,
Thy living light to see,*
Source of all harmony,
Father adored!"

II.

Love spreads his lures! Death lights his fires!
Cecilia strikes the tuneful chord,
To heavenly heights her song aspires:
"Clean be my heart to Thee, O Lord!
Clean be my heart!" So full and clear,
From voice and organ, swells the tone,
That choirs angelic pause to hear
A music sweeter than their own.

Mother of Music, thy bosom is teeming
With melody, offspring of love's fruitful fire!
Virgin, thy spirit forever is beaming
With rays that are struck from the strings of
the lyre.

Martyr Cecilia, come bless the devotion
To Music and thee that inspires our glad
throng;

Attune every heart by a sacred emotion,
To sound to thy name and re echo thy song.

Banded thy loyal knights,
By Music's sacred rites,
Guarding for song's delights
Hearts ever clean!
Ever, Cecilia, be
To our glad company
Mistress of melody,
Patron and queen.

R. H., IN *The Notre Dame Scholastic*.

* "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

ALL the Christian virtues live in the light of faith, all look to hope, all obtain their life from love of God. They are founded in humility, ruled by justice, guided by prudence, sustained by fortitude, preserved by temperance, strengthened and protected by patience.—*Bishop Ullathorne*.

The Indulgences of the "Heroic Act."

PRIESTS who make the Heroic Act of Charity are entitled to the great favor of a Privileged Altar on every day of the year. A Privileged Altar is one to which, by special grant, our Holy Father annexes a Plenary Indulgence applicable only to the souls of the faithful departed. In his brief of August 30, 1779, Pope St. Pius V. says: "Every time a priest, secular or regular, shall celebrate at such an altar, we grant a Plenary Indulgence, by way of suffrage to that one of the faithful departed for whom the Holy Sacrifice shall have been offered; so that, in virtue of the treasure of the Church—that is, of the merits of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints,—this soul may be delivered from Purgatory."

If the indulgence be applied to the dead in general, the Mass ought to have the same application. However, it would seem that this can not be, except on the Feast of all Souls, whereon, by a decree of May 19, 1761, every altar is privileged; and, pursuant to a decision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the Mass may then be applied for the dead in general, or in behalf of some particular person—"tam in genere pro omnibus quam in specie pro aliquo defuncto."

The faithful who make the "Heroic Act" may gain a Plenary Indulgence, applicable only to the Holy Souls, each time they receive Holy Communion; also on every Monday throughout the year, by hearing Mass for the relief of those suffering in Purgatory, provided that, in both cases, a visit is made to a church or public oratory, and prayers are there offered for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. Let us here remark *en passant* that any indulgences whatever may be applied to the relief of the Suffering Souls by those who have made the "Heroic Act."

His Holiness Pius IX., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated Nov. 20, 1854, declared, 1st, that the aged and infirm, country people, travellers, prisoners, and others, who can not hear Mass

on Mondays may gain the indulgence attached thereto by offering the Sunday Mass for that intention; 2dly, that Bishops may authorize confessors to commute the Communion for some other work of piety, in favor of children who have not made their First Communion, and of others of the faithful who are unable for sufficient cause to approach the Holy Table.

Besides the encouragement of the Church, as explained above, we have the example of saints to induce us to elicit the Heroic Act of Charity. From her tenderest years St. Gertrude offered all her prayers and good works in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory. She had, in fact, made the "Heroic Act," from which we shrink. This generous offering was so acceptable to our divine Lord that He was pleased, on many occasions, to designate to her the souls most in need of her prayers, and to show her the glory of those delivered by her charity, who thanked her, and promised never to forget her in Paradise. The hour of her death approached, and full of confidence she awaited it in peace, when the enemy of salvation began to represent to her that, having despoiled herself of the expiatory merit of her good works, she was about to enter Purgatory, where she must make satisfaction for her faults by long and terrible sufferings.

This temptation caused the Saint such desolation of spirit that her celestial Spouse deigned Himself to console her. "Why, O Gertrude!" He said to her, "art thou now so overwhelmed with sadness—thou who heretofore enjoyed such perfect serenity?" "Ah, Lord!" she replied, "how deplorable is my situation! Behold, death approaches, and I have deprived myself, for the Souls in Purgatory, of all the satisfaction I might have derived from my good works. Where-with shall I pay my debts to the divine justice?" With infinite tenderness Our Lord made answer: "Fear not, My beloved; thy charity towards the dead has so augmented thy merits that, not only are thy faults expiated, but thou hast acquired an immense increase of glory in heaven. What thou hast done for them shall be returned to thee

a hundredfold." With these words He disappeared, leaving the soul of His servant filled with celestial joy.

Let us learn to give thus freely, and we also shall receive recompense a hundred-fold, and life everlasting.

Catholic Notes.

Preparations are already being made for the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus, which occurs in the year 1892. One feature of the celebration of the date of his landing (October 12) is to be the erection of a statue to the great navigator. That such a statue has never yet been erected in this country may well give rise to feelings of surprise. The neglect should be atoned for as soon as possible, and what more fitting occasion for raising a statue to Columbus than the four hundredth anniversary of the date of the discovery of the Western Continent? Washington will probably be the locality selected, and it is proposed that on October 12, 1892, the President of the United States, the Emperor of Brazil, the Governor-General of Canada, and the Presidents of the fifteen American sister republics should unite in unveiling the statue. The Holy Father has expressed the deepest interest in the project, and has made known his intention to co-operate in the celebration by the publication of the documents contained in the Library of the Vatican referring to the discovery and early history of America. By carrying out this admirable idea, the world will be indebted to His Holiness for a store of fresh and valuable information on the subject, which to us, dwellers in the New World, will be one of absorbing interest for the next few years.

We may soon expect the report of the committee appointed by the Catholic Young Men's National Union to devise plans for raising funds for a memorial to Orestes A. Brownson. The undertaking is most commendable. The figure of Dr. Brownson will always be one of the greatest in the history of the Church in America; and few Catholic laymen, we may perhaps say none, have attained to the reputation which he enjoyed during his life, and which has been more than confirmed since his

death. There has been a great deal of discussion as to the form which the memorial should take; some suggest the erection of a monument in Central Park, New York; others advocate the foundation of a Brownson chair in the new Catholic University. The idea of a monument in Central Park appeals, it would seem, very strongly to most Catholic minds, and has received the greatest encouragement from Cardinal Gibbons (who is the chairman of the Board of Trustees), from Archbishop Williams, and Bishops McQuaid, Gilmour, and Keane. We understand that a public appeal is soon to be made on behalf of the monument, and we hope that all the admirers of our great *literatus* will contribute according to their ability to so excellent an object.

At the risk of being thought ill-natured we will remark that comparatively little interest has been shown in the best memorial, already existing, that could possibly be devised to preserve the memory of Dr. Brownson. We refer to the uniform edition of his writings. The erection of a monument of bronze may prove an advertisement for the mine, seemingly unknown or unheeded by many, contained in the works of America's illustrious convert; if so, success to it.

According to the *Western Watchman*, a recent article in the *North American Review*, on "Rome and Reason," has given great offence to Protestants. The writer declares that Protestantism is dead almost everywhere, and where it is not dead it is dying; and that before many years the world will know only those who accept Rome and her teachings, and those who follow reason. The preachers are busy bringing forward proofs and evidences that their religion is neither dead nor dying, but they can not agree on the facts. One Dr. McAnally thinks they had better claim the "inventions" as the work of live and vigorous Protestantism. Protestantism is itself an "invention of the enemy."

A distinguished convert to the Church has just received episcopal consecration. The Rt. Rev. Alfred Curtis, now Bishop of Wilmington, was only eight years ago the rector of Mt. Calvary, then, as now, the fashionable Ritualistic church in Baltimore. He made his abjuration at the feet of Cardinal Newman, and was received by him into the True Fold.

He almost immediately entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to study for the priesthood, to which he was ordained three years after. Father Curtis was soon appointed Secretary to Archbishop Gibbons, which important position he held up to the time of his elevation to the episcopate.

The ceremony of the consecration of Bishop Curtis was most impressive. It took place in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and was witnessed, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, by an enormous crowd of people. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by Bishop Keane, of Wheeling. Bishop Becker, of Savannah, preached the sermon.

The city of Breslau lately celebrated the 500th anniversary of an occurrence which was memorable in the history of the town, and is known, says the *Scientific American*, wherever German poetry finds a home. The bell which hangs in the southern tower of St. Mary Magdalen's Church—known as "St. Mary's Bell," but usually called "the Poor Sinner's Bell,"—rang out morning and evening on the 17th of July, to remind all who heard it that it was cast on that day 500 years ago. Next day (Sunday) the preacher reminded his congregation of the pathetic story which made it singular among bells—how, when all was ready for the casting, the bell-founder withdrew for a few minutes, leaving a boy in charge of the furnace, warning him not to meddle with the catch that secured the seething metal in the caldron. But the boy disregarded the caution, and then, terrified on seeing the molten metal beginning to flow into the mould, called to the bell-founder for help. Rushing in, and seeing what he had intended to be his masterpiece ruined, as he thought, angered to madness, he killed the boy on the spot. When the metal had cooled, and the mould was opened, the bell was found to be an exquisite work, perfect in finish, and of marvellous sweetness of tone. Coming to his senses, he recognized his bloody work, and straightway gave himself up to the magistrates. He was condemned to die, and he went to his doom while his beautiful bell pealed an invitation to all to pray for "the poor sinner," whence its name.—*The Pilot*.

From our foreign exchanges we learn the circumstances attending the conversion and

reception into the Church of Manlio Garibaldi, the eldest son of the notorious revolutionary, whose life was devoted to persecuting the Church and assailing the power of the Papacy in Italy. As may be supposed, Manlio grew up in ignorance of God and of every Christian duty. Four years after his father's death the Signora Francesca, his mother, and her children, Clelia and Manlio, came to fix their residence at Turin. The youth was placed in the International College, where the example of his companions induced him to study the maxims of the Gospel. His mother, being questioned on the subject, admitted that the desire of her son was most natural, and gave full consent to have him instructed in religion. He was then entrusted to the care of a learned priest, and a few months ago received the Sacrament of Baptism. Shortly after he made his First Communion and received Confirmation from the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin. He is described as a young man of excellent character, lively and intelligent, and one whose life, with God's blessing, will do much towards repairing the evil wrought by his father.

It is only from time to time that we hear anything of the state of the Church in Scandinavia, where the Catholics are in a tiny minority, scattered into various small groups, but still having a consoling activity and zeal of their own. Some months ago we recorded the death of the Vicar-Apostolic of Sweden, Mgr. Huber. We rejoice to learn that the Catholic Swedes have now a new Vicar-Apostolic in the person of the Rev. Albert Bitter, a native of Hanover, who was born in 1848. Educated at Osnabrück, Münster, and Würzburg (where he studied under Cardinal Hergenröther and Mgr. Hettinger), he was ordained priest in 1874 at Osnabrück, and the same year joined the Swedish mission. He rapidly mastered the language of the country, and after a year was sent to Gothenburg, the second city in the kingdom, as parish priest. Only last year Father Bitter returned to his native diocese, but scarcely had he settled once more in his home when the summons of Leo XIII. reached him, bidding him to take up the succession of the late Mgr. Huber, as chief pastor of the Catholics of Sweden. The Papal Brief bears date July 27th, but the new Vicar-Apostolic was not solemnly installed in his

office, in the Mission Church of Stockholm, until the 17th of last month. We heartily join in wishing Mgr. Bitter *ad multos annos*. —*London Tablet*.

Louis XIV., the flower of the French monarchy, used to say the Rosary every day. One of the courtiers, less pious than his master, seeing the beads in his hands one day, expressed surprise that the monarch should make use of so simple a form of devotion. Louis XIV., after rebuking him for the absurd remark, added: "It was the Queen, my mother, who taught me to say my Rosary, and since childhood I have been so happy as to miss it very rarely."

A missionary bishop in Cochin China, speaking of the eagerness of Chinese Christians to possess religious objects, declares that the messengers of the Gospel are sure to be very cordially welcomed among them when they can offer a rosary, little cross, picture, or medal. But the missionaries in China, like those in other parts of the world, are poor. This fact has been remembered, however, by some pious persons in France, who have found a very simple and inexpensive way to aid the Chinese missionaries, by forming an association known as "The Work of Old Rosaries." It is called after its principal object, although it has reference also to old pictures, crosses, medals, etc. It was established at Mouscron, by Mme. and Mlle. Reynaerts, and has effected so much good as to elicit the approbation and thanks of the Director-General of the Holy Infancy. How ingenious is charity! These pious ladies had never handled a pincers in their lives, but they learned to mend rosaries in order to be of use in the good work to which they had devoted themselves. The most disfigured, the most mutilated objects come from their skilful hands completely renovated, and the hearts of hundreds of poor Christians in China have been made glad.

"In the presence of unalterable history, to hear a Romish editor discoursing about religious rights, sounds real funny."—*Methodist Christian Advocate*.

In the light of the 19th century, to hear the editor of an organ of a large and intelligent denomination still reiterating the charges against another and older Christian body, which reliable history has proved false a thousand times, doesn't sound funny at all. It

sounds lamentable, as showing how invulnerable ignorance is when clad in prejudice as armor, and armed with religious hate as a weapon.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

Further offerings to the apostle of the lepers:

A Friend, \$1; Annie E. Denver, \$1; Fannie Bartlett, \$1; A. D. L., \$1; Mrs. Annie Foran, \$2; Three Friends, Fond du Lac, Wis., \$1; Through N. McM., \$2.25; C. M., \$1; A. B. O., \$1; A Mother's offering, \$5; A Friend, \$1; Elizabeth Wambaugh, \$3; A Friend, \$1; Mrs. N. A. Appleby, 50 cts.; A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; Mrs. Riaski, \$1; Joseph Smith, 50 cts.; Lawrence Michaelis, 50 cts.; A Friend, 50 cts.; Two Families, \$3; P. J. and M. Rooney, \$5; James Tackney, \$1; Anna F. Shields, \$1; A Subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," \$2; M. F. Murphy, \$2; A Lover of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, \$1; A Child of the Sacred Heart, \$1; E. S., \$1; M. C., \$1; E. A., 10 cts.; C. C., 15 cts.; Owen Nugent, 25 cts.

New Publications.

SONGS AND SATIRES. By James Jeffrey Roche.
Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The dainty outside and exquisite printing of this beautiful little volume are not unworthy of its contents. In this age of externals and fair outward-seeming, the fact that a book is gotten up in a dress of striking elegance is almost enough to prejudice one against it; it seems to show a somewhat transparent and desperate endeavor on the part of the publisher to cloak the manifold defects and shortcomings of the author under an attractive garb. This, however, is far from being the case with Mr. Roche's elegant volume. If happy rhythm, diversity of subjects, and uniform grace of treatment, combined with distinctive originality, entitle an author to rank as something more than a mere verse-writer, Mr. Roche, from the high degree in which his poetry possesses these characteristics, deserves an honorable place among those who have the rare wisdom and judgment to be content with devoting themselves to light and lively treatment of contemporary subjects, without venturing to soar into the "azure deeps."

The portion of the book which possesses most attraction for the average reader is undoubtedly the second part, which consists of some remarkably clever satires and *vers de société*. The first of these, entitled "The V-a-s-e," seems to us to show a delicate sense

of humor and an airy gracefulness that are not found to such a striking degree in any of the other pieces. All of them, however, will be found very readable; while the songs in the first part of the book show a genuine poetic instinct, taking form in finished language and melodious versification. Those who have a taste for poetry and a sense of delicate humor can not fail to be charmed with Mr. Roche's little volume.

LA DÉVOTION AU SACRÉ CŒUR DE JÉSUS.

Par le Rév. Père Schmude, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris: Poussielgue Frères.

This is a reprint of a work originally written in German, afterwards translated into French by Father Mazoyer, S. J., portions of which at least, we believe, have also been rendered into English. It is a history of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, with reasons why we should be specially attracted to it, and contains several beautiful prayers and ejaculations which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. All honor to the devoted servants of the Sacred Heart everywhere who contribute to the increase of this beautiful devotion!

THE TRUE RELIGION AND ITS DOGMAS. By the Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co.

This unpretentious volume is really a popular treatise on dogmatic theology, extensive enough for the general reading public, and withal so lucidly written as to be easily understood, and to have the full force of its arguments acknowledged by all fair-minded persons. Here we have exactly and briefly stated the doctrines of the Church; the great questions of the day are fairly met and ably treated; while the errors, inconsistencies, and slanders of the enemies of religion are laid bare by the author's incisive logic.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1887. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little volume, now in its nineteenth year of publication, is quite up to the high standard of previous years. It is a valuable *vade-mecum* for any Catholic, as, in addition to all the information which we expect to find in an almanac, it contains an interesting series of articles on deceased prelates and eminent Catholic laymen, poems, etc. Printing and type are everything that could be desired, and the illustrations are excellent.



An Adventure in the Thuringian Forest.

BY M. R.

Towards the close of the last century a band of students set out on a journey from Halle to Jena (Germany), there to join some others, who, like themselves, were on their way to Franconia, beyond the Thuringian Forest. The first day's travelling brought them to an inn, which stood at the head of a road leading through the forest. Here they put up for the night. As morning came on, rain began to fall heavily, and continued until noon, when the young travellers prepared to resume their journey.

The proprietor of the inn, and the town-clerk, who happened to be present, were opposed to the young men's setting out so late in the day, and urgently pressed them to remain till next morning. "By starting now," they said, "night will overtake you in the midst of the forest. It is true, there are some taverns, but more than one of them has an unenviable reputation, and rumor has it that several murders have been committed in them."

The young men were all armed with swords, as was the custom in those days, and in a good-natured way made light of the warning. One of them observed that as late as last Spring he had passed through the forest, from his home in Franconia, and nothing had happened to him; whereupon the others began to rally their host upon his timidity, and laughed at the idea of being afraid of robbers, declaring there was no reason why robbers should be afraid of them. Then, taking a hasty leave of their anxious friends, they set out at a rapid pace across the chalk-hills that lay between them and the thickly wooded mountain beyond.

Through the lofty fir-trees of the forest,

onward along a rough and miry road, they wended their weary way, cheering themselves as best they could with jovial songs and witty tales. As night approached, and the shadows of the trees began to grow deeper, they espied, in the valley below them, one of the taverns alluded to by their friends at the inn. It was built of stone, and stood in a lonely place near a noisy little stream. However, being tired and hungry, they decided to pass the night there, rather than in the damp, open air.

On entering the tavern, the young men thought the inmates viewed them with very sinister looks, and a dog belonging to one of the students would not cross the threshold, but ran back and forth, whining and howling, till the owner of the house, seizing him by the neck, dragged him in, saying, "He is afraid of our big dog." This incident had quite a depressing influence on the travellers, and they scarcely spoke a word to one another till after supper.

In the centre of the room which they were to occupy for the night stood a wooden post, the apparent object of which was to serve as a prop to the ceiling. Beds were prepared, and placed in such a manner that the pillows, which were laid on the backs of upturned chairs, came in contact with the post. The students wondered at this arrangement, and jokingly inquired the cause of it. The servant smiled, and answered that it was to prevent them from quarrelling during the night. They accepted the explanation good humoredly, and seemed to think no more about it.

Being overcome with fatigue, and as everything was still in the house—in fact, there were no guests besides themselves,—the young men determined to go to rest. Their first act was to bolt the doors, and place their swords within reach. But the youth of those days used to arm themselves in more ways than one. On rising in the morning, at table, and before retiring, no matter where they were, at home or abroad, they never failed to say their prayers. Accordingly our young travellers, taking out their Rosary, recited it devoutly, and com-

mended themselves to the protection of God and His Blessed Mother. Armed thus in heart and hand, they lay down to rest.

But an indefinable presentiment of evil drove away all sleep from one of them; as soon as he laid his head on the pillow the dog began to jump around him, and yelp and whine most piteously, and, though beaten several times, could not be made to keep quiet. Finally the young man became so uneasy that he hastily sprang out of bed, and prevailed upon his companions to rise also. They then dressed themselves fully, lit a candle and sat around the table. Some tried to find comfort in a smoke, while the others, leaning their heads on the table, fell sound asleep.

Suddenly a fearful crash was heard. A large, heavy iron ring, which the young men had taken to be the capital of the post, had fallen from its place, and crushed in splinters the backs of the chairs on which the heads of the travellers had been resting but a short time before. The young men leaped from their seats in terror, and with drawn swords placed themselves near the door to await what might follow the murderous attempt. After some minutes they heard voices and hasty footsteps approaching. The bolts of the door were so arranged that they could be withdrawn from the outside.

The door opened, and the owner of the tavern, with two of his associates, entered, expecting to find nothing but corpses. In the struggle which ensued one of the murderers fell to the ground, but the other two, though badly wounded, succeeded in getting outside the door, which they fastened behind them. Not knowing what might follow, the students barricaded the door on the inside, and stood prepared for another attack.

Morning dawned, however, without any further disturbance. Sword in hand, they contrived to make their escape from the room, and resumed their journey, keeping a vigilant watch in every direction; and fear so hastened their steps that before noon they had reached their destination, where they informed the authorities of their strange adventure.

Jet, the War-Mule; or, Five Days with Kilpatrick.

BY E. L. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

XV.

That tramp was now drawing to a close. During its entire length Denbigh had been mind, strength, eyes, hands, and feet to his comrade, who in turn hung implicitly on him, and whimpered like a child if he lost sight of him; and even when O'Keefe tried to say his prayers, stumbling sorely in his efforts, Denbigh would hold the poor thin claws together, and (with a little help from Oester) halt with him through the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary"; and deep were the thoughts in that man's soul as he traversed hill and valley face to face with Nature and Nature's God, learning lessons of faith and patience at every step, and his whole inner life softened and lighted by the new forces at work upon it.

One morning they came in sight of a village so pretty, so thriving, and so high, that Oester said:

"Let's stop here, Denbigh. You and I can work, and we can take care of O'Keefe ourselves."

"I'd like to see anybody else try to interfere!" exclaimed Denbigh, fiercely.

"You see," continued the youngster, "you've got your back-pay, and I've got Jet. That'll give us a start. O'Keefe'll get a pension (that doctor at Chattanooga said anybody that's regularly outed—crazy, you know, or too mauled up to work, etc.—gets over \$60 a month); so he can have all he wants, and we can manage somehow."

"Yes," said Denbigh; "but how'll we get work?"

"Go to the Catholic priest—there's a cross shinin' on a steeple—and ask him about it."

"Very well," responded Denbigh, greatly pleased. "Let's hustle along."

I think if Catholic priests ever could be surprised at anything, Father Connor would have been at the group that saluted his eyes as he sat on his porch, reading his Office—

a tall, lank boy, brown as a berry; a little black mule, so fat that his sides stood out like saddle-bags; a burly man, travel-stained, and with wild beard and hair; and finally the still distressing figure of poor O'Keefe.

But a few words explained everything, and the kind heart of the Father overflowed. When they spoke about wishing to settle there, he held up his hands, and said:

"Now, thanks be to God and Our Lady, you're just in the nick of time to buy out the Widow Suydam! Her son in Iowa has lost his wife, and she has a distracted letter from him, begging her to come at once, and look after the farm and the children; and she was wondering this very morning, after Mass, who would take her little house, her cow, her chickens, and her pasture-land. She'll be willing to sell on time, and the price will suit, I think."

Then, after a little more talk, the priest rose, saying:

"And now shall we not go into the church, and say a prayer of thanksgiving to God and Our Lady for bringing you home safely out of the bloodshed and danger?"

They assented gladly, and behold, as they entered the sacred place, O'Keefe lifted his battered cap, his vacant eyes took expression, and, after kneeling and crossing himself before the tabernacle, he went to Our Lady's shrine, where with folded hands he raised his voice and coherently repeated the "Hail Mary"!

Only another flash, but Father Connor whispered: "That's a good sign. It shows some stirring of memory."

And as the months went by, the crazy soldier, his friend, and the long-growing lad became a regular part of the congregation of St. Mary of the Mount.

That was all, at least twenty years ago; but to-day, if you get off the train at the right station on the Pennsylvania Central, and ask for Oester, or Denbigh, or O'Keefe, you will be directed to a comfortable red-roofed dwelling, in the midst of far-reaching fields, dotted with barns as big as meeting-houses, and filled with short horns and

brawny draught-horses; and you'll see, wherever a master ought to be, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with candid blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and lungs of leather—that's Oester.

He'll ask you up to the house, and present you to a fresh, comely woman, and half a dozen sturdy, well-behaved children. He'll seat you in a wide, delightful kitchen, with a sanded floor and a great fireplace, a rafted ceiling garnished with strings of onions, apples, seeds, small bright gourds, and bunches of "old man"; and he'll go or send one of the children for "Uncle Dan" and "Uncle Tom," and they'll come in—O'Keefe limping from the effects of exposure in that hard time long gone,—white haired, and wrinkled, but with his grey eyes and saucy nose as expressive of fun and gayety as ever, his mind clear, his tongue master of his speech; and Denbigh, massive and powerful still, but his grim face looking kind and his eyes gentle—like a mountain of granite with the dawn's light upon it; for faith has done for him what it does for all of us.

And if you are an old comrade, you'll glance at the carbines and sabres crossed above the mantel-shelf, and talk of the rattling fun of the old soldier days, with a sigh for the dead and a laugh for the living; and if you were in Company M on that famous raid, you'll suddenly say:

"And, by the way, old fellow, whatever became of the little black mule?"

Then Oester, with a smile on his lips and in his eyes, will rise, and all of you will troop out to a paddock near by, where an old, old mule, with many white hairs shining on his glistening coat (he's curried and rubbed down every day by Oester himself), is standing knee-deep in luxury.

"Jet, old boy!" Oester says, and the beast trots—not as he did down the Sandtown Road, though,—over to the bars, and rubs his nose on the broad shoulder, and wags his round tail, not fast but yet decidedly; and each child strokes him, and two whip an apple and lump of sugar out of their pockets and beg him to eat them.

And then Oester laughs and says: "Do you remember the little red mule that left Heintzelman sticking in the mud the morning the Johnnies cut us in half?"

And when you nod and laugh, too, at the memory of the ridiculous, long-legged trooper sitting on the saddle in the bog, and the wicked little red mule careering through the woods, he will say:

"I'm sure I saw him in '69, when I went down there to try to find Schwartz's body—to give it Christian burial, you know; for we had got pretty well out of debt, and O'Keefe's mind had begun to clear permanently, and we agreed to do it. Well, I looked around for some sort of wagon to take me out from the station, and I saw an old darky working in a field near by—trying to work I mean; for his mule, scored with scratches, blind in one eye, harness-galled, and thin as a rail, was kicking like the very old scratch.

"Hi there, Uncle!"* I said, 'can you take me over—'

"Just then the mule made a furious lunge at him.

"'Laws a-massy! there, you good for nothin', wall-eyed, or'nary muel, you! How long you'specs I'se gwine to put up wid dis here owdacious 'havior? I'll take de skin offen yo' bones, an' sell you to de 'monia [ammonia] factory. How you like dat, hey? 'Scuse me, marse', what dat you gwine to say?"

"Can you take me over the Sandtown Road?"

"Dunno, sah."

"I'll give you two dollars to do it."

"Two dollahs! Hear dat, you lim' o' Satan?—to the mule. 'Is' you gwine to 'have yo'self, an' let yo' mawster yearn dat money, hey? Dat's a heap, sah."

"Well, come along," I exclaimed, impatiently. "Where did you get the beast?"—as he untackled the plow and pulled a small ramshackle, spring (less) wagon toward

those agile heels, on which he kept an eye.

"He comed, sah. 'Twar in '64, 'bout the time Killumpatrick was a-raidin' an' a-tearin' round dese here parts; dere'd been a smart bresh in de woods over yander, and de rebels an' de Unions dey jes' went higgledy-piggledy ober the kentry; an' dis here muel come a-runnin' into the plantation cober, an' fust thing he done was to back heself agin my ba'n doah, an' mos' kick de hinges off; an' fum dat time I ain't had nuffin' but kickin' an' fightin'—mighty little wuk, you imp, you!—fum mawnin' tell night."

Then, after you have laughed at the fate of the mule that shirked duty, and ran away so as to take life easily, you will go into the house, and spend a pleasant hour where love and good-will reign; and then the men and maids will drop in, and Oester and his family will kneel and say the Rosary (and you will notice that Denbigh and O'Keefe kneel side by side, and that Denbigh's hand and shoulder are what help O'Keefe up and down); and then the household will bid one another a friendly good-night, and you will lie awake a few minutes to think of the strange and beautiful results that, through the grace of God and the prayers of Our Lady, worked out of those five days with Kilpatrick.

"This One is Mine."

During a war in Germany the captain of a troop of cavalry met a husbandman, and desired him to show them a good barley field, where their horses might be fed. The poor man said he would do so, and led them some way, till at length they came to what they were seeking. "This will do very well," said the captain. "Halt!" "Come a little farther," urged the other, "and I will show you one that will do even better." Accordingly he led the troops farther on, and, sure enough, they came to another barley field. "After all," said the captain, "this is very little larger than the first field." "True," replied the honest husbandman; "but *this one is mine.*"

* In the old days every well-bred young person, white and colored, called the old and respectable darkies, "Uncle" and "Auntie."



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

No. 23.

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In Memory.

BY B. I. DURWARD.

SICK, though not ill enough to be in bed,
But the kind Sister Dionysia said:
"Here is your breakfast—coffee and some
bread."

This is too bad—for you to climb up-stairs,
When with the others you might be at prayers,
Or free from trifling temporary cares.

"Our Lord may count the steps," she simply
said.

Since then—behold! mid terror, wreck and
flame,*

Her steps for *Him* being counted, with her
name,

The number full—homeward her spirit fled.

The Immaculate Conception in Art.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"Who is this that cometh forth as the morning,
clothed with the sun, crowned with twelve stars,
the moon under Her feet?"

THE dreary rain-storm is over; the
clouds give way above the horizon
before the sun goes to rest; a ten-
der light fills the air, seems to pervade the
very dome of heaven, and gives to the
twilight a loveliness which brings peace to

the heart, serenity to the troubled brow;
when, instinctively, we turn to the West, so
lately heavy with clouds, to see the new
moon in a cloudless sky—a mere crescent of
light floating in limitless azure—and, with
a feeling that joy has come again to earth,
peace to the elements, we exclaim, "The
new moon!"

But to this joy, shared by every human
being, the child as well as the mother, the
philosopher as well as the husbandman, the
sailor as well as the poet, is added a deeper
joy, a more profound sentiment, thrilling
the heart of one who recognizes, in that
slender curve of virgin light, the symbol of
Her who was 'set as a lily among thorns,'

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast";

and with bowed head we repeat, softly,
three times: "O Holy Mary, conceived with-
out sin, pray for us who have recourse to
Thee!"

When, during and after the Vatican Coun-
cil of 1854, declaring the Mother of Our
Lord to have been conceived immaculate—
without the least taint of that original sin
clinging to all the other children of Adam
and of Eve—the world rose up to protest
against what was called a new doctrine, an
addition to the already long list of Catholic
dogmas, it forgot—this world so wise, so
watchful, so tenacious of its own history—
what Art had said century after century
concerning this Immaculate Virgin; and,
while manuscripts may be interpolated, and
sentences misconstrued, the language of
Art, and the declaration of Art, and the

* Near Rio, Wis., 1886.

testimony of Art to the belief of Christians in the Immaculate Conception of Mary, stand incontrovertible; proving that when Pio Nono, of holy memory, pronounced that Bull, fitly termed "Ineffable," he did but place within just limits, strictly make known and define, the belief of Christians of all ages in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Among the Dusseldorf series of religious prints is a veritable *Immaculate Conception*, of the ancient school of Lower Germany, and taken from a chasuble in the Church of Xanten(?).^{*} Not a single attribute or symbol necessary to an *Immaculate Conception* of to-day is wanting in this design embroidered upon a chasuble to be worn at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass with all the authority which such circumstances could give. Angels are seen, not disporting among the clouds, but sustaining with reverence and admiration this meek Virgin in the midst of the *mandorla*, or glory, in which She appears, under a flood of light pouring upon Her from heaven, Her feet resting upon the crescent moon, while below Her appear the habitations of men and the summits of lofty mountain ranges. The hands are joined as if in adoration, and the eyes are veiled by their lids with a modesty which is also humility. Among the rich arabesques of the embroidered ornaments is a scroll, on which appears: *Sancta Mariæ Immaculata Conceptio*.

We shall never forget our exultation on seeing this picture in the midst of the discussions raised among those opposed to the definition of the dogma. Here was a picture giving, more than four hundred years ago, incontrovertible evidence of the belief in this dogma, and also conforming to the present received type in its representation; while who could suppose this to be the only one, even of the devout German school, much less of that Italian school so enthusiastically devoted to the honor of Mary?

^{*} Ex ant. schola German. infer. de casula eccles. Xant. The date of this chasuble may be assigned, with perfect safety, to 1439.

Among the late issues of the Dusseldorf prints is one from the modern German school, by Felsburg, and so entirely in the spirit of the ancient school, that we feel certain the same traditions have influenced it. In this last a half veil lies on the Virgin's head, from which escape the long, wavy tresses, falling lower even than the girdle; but the hands are folded together precisely as in the other and older picture, and on the face is depicted the same modesty and humility. The same *mandorla* surrounds the entire figure, and, as in the other, the light terminates, not in rays but flame-like points. She does not stand on the crescent moon, but on the earth, and Her foot is on the head of the serpent, bearing in his mouth the apple of Eve.

Guido Reni, who was born in 1575, and died in 1641, painted the Immaculate Conception with great beauty: standing on the crescent moon, which rests upon the heads of two cherubs, Her hands crossed on Her immaculate bosom, crowned by twelve stars, and between clouds which seem to have parted as before the coming of the new moon after a storm. Guido painted four pictures under the title of the Immaculate Conception, and may be said to have given the type for his century.

To almost everyone, however, the name of Murillo (1613-1685) is associated with the Immaculate Conception as his masterpiece. In fact, Murillo executed more than one masterpiece to honor the Immaculate Conception of Mary, and all the twenty-five have a charm peculiar to that artist. But the one which we have always regarded as his most perfect inspiration is still in Spain. Instead of a multitude of angels, and a certain flutter of their wings and agitation in their movements, this one has but four angels, and of these only two are in full light (the other two are in deep shadow); and these in full light bear with solemn sweetness the lily, the olive and the palm, as they hover around this Sinless One, Her feet resting on the crescent moon. But how describe the entranced figure before us?

No *mandorla*, only the head seems to emi-

a tender glory, and the outlines of the figure are lost in the misty background from which it comes forth—as if its tissues still clung to Her garments—as the new moon comes forth from the mists of twilight. The head, so young, so absolutely virginal, is turned heavenward, the eyes fixed upon a glory far above the stars, drawing Her whole heart, Her whole soul, Her whole being; expressed by the very folding of the hands, one over the other, on Her bosom.

All this may be thought to apply to some other *Immaculate Conception* by the same artist; but, when compared, how unspeakably this surpasses all others in the simplicity of the pose, the abstraction of the enraptured face! There is the same hair flowing over the shoulders, the same white robe, the same blue mantle; but we seem to have floated with Her into limitless space, —into that eternity from which the Creator called forth this Flower of light, this Lily of purity, this Woman clothed with the sun, crowned not alone with twelve stars, but a *nebula* of starry worlds, and the moon under Her feet. Solitary in Her immaculate purity, she rises above the summits, the very mountain-tops of human virtue; the ideal Woman indeed, but more than this; for She is the impersonation of a womanhood not in the natural order alone, nor in the preternatural order like Eve in her innocence; but in that transcendent order of grace surpassing angel and archangel, the crowning perfection of womanhood under possibilities bestowed only by God Himself.

The Aspiring Shepherds.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

IN the last year of the last century, on a day in August, far back amid the picturesque McGillicuddy Reeks of Kerry, the crown inclines of Druim-an-Bo were moted by browsing sheep. They were not such sheep as those which supply mutton for English tables; indeed, their long legs and lithe bodies gave them more the ap-

pearance of diminutive deer. Even the old ewes were nearly as lank and agile as lambs in other countries. Instead of moving slowly along, and fattening itself with quiet dignity, like a South Down flock, that makes a mouthful of every blade of the rich grass it finds to pasture on, this flock was skipping about from one clump of dry heather to another; while its stragglers raced up and across the hill as far as eyes could reach them. They belonged to Pierce Roche, of Tralee.

Pierce Roche was proud to call himself an Irish gentleman, and he kept the sheep, not for their mutton or their wool, but because they were sheep, and because they were the pure-blooded, unmixed, descendants of the sheep which his family for generations had been keeping—ever since one of his ancestors had driven the ancestors of this flock away from the tribe land of the O'Keefes. They do things for reasons of their own in Ireland, and that was Pierce Roche's reason for keeping sheep.

A part of the wool from the shearings went regularly to the poor, to weave into blue frieze for their coats and their cloaks; and as for the mutton, what there was of it, and such as it was, some of it went to make Irish stew at Roche's Castle (as the owner's rather dilapidated residence was called), and some went into the stew-pots of all the happy-minded beggars from Tralee to Castle Island who would take the trouble to be on hand at the slaughter. It was but few of Roche's sheep that ever found their way to the fair on Lady Day at Tralee; for the dickering traders from Limerick and Kilarney, who were accustomed to assemble at that fair, would not have condescended to buy such sheep, even to hang up as crow-baits.

Like a true Irish gentleman, he kept shepherds for his sheep—three of them. As Roche used to say, "before the Cromwellian blackguards, whose descendants now call themselves gentlemen," came into Kerry, the Roches had nearly as many shepherds as sheep. And brawny shepherds they were, too; for in that day the sheep were not so

often bought and sold, as fought for and taken or lost. That was one reason why the flock that was feeding on Druim-an-Bo were not fat and lazy. They belonged to a breed that of old had been accustomed to go galloping up and down hill, and across wide stretches of country, at a lively pace, accordingly as O'Keefe or Fitzgerald, Roche or O'Sullivan gained the upper-hand for the time being, and took hasty possession of the flock.

The three shepherds of Druim-an-Bo were not warriors by any means, like the Roches' shepherds of the olden time. They were pious, peaceable lads; very illiterate, it is true, but, among other things, they were ignorant of harm. They were cousins, of course; not first cousins, but cousins so far removed in degree that it would take a Kerryman to trace any blood-relationship whatever between them. Nevertheless, they were called cousins in Kerry; and not one of the three had ever seen any world but Kerry, and even of that nothing but what was visible from the heights of the McGillicuddy Reeks. All but one of the three—Finan. Finan, who was just twenty, and the oldest, had once, some years before, had a far-away glimpse, towards the West, of the Atlantic Ocean—the "*Sean Arragh*," or "Old Sea," as it is called in Gaelic, the only language these three youths knew.

Finan, open-faced and loose-jointed, lay stretched on his back, with his hands clasped under his head. His rusty hair, almost the color of the heather, hung down on his broad forehead, and bristled out through the rents in his dark woolen bonnet. He wore a thick, unbleached linen shirt, a sheepskin vest, and a frieze coat having one entire skirt and a fragment of another; while, below his corduroy breeches, his bare legs and feet were crossed in contemplative content.

At Finan's feet sat the youngest of the three, Donal, an angular yet well-knit youngster of seventeen, who, on account of his brown skin and dark hair and eyes, was known as Donal *donn*. Cahal, a fair-complexioned fellow of nineteen, with square features and a set, determined expression,

was erect on his knees, his hands resting on Donal's shoulders. He was looking intently at Finan.

"Tell us, Finan," began Donal, "is the Old Sea all water?"

"Now listen to that, Cahal!" said Finan.

"What a question Donal is asking me!—is the Old Sea all water? Do you suppose, Donal, that the Old Sea has stir about floating on it?"

"Indeed, then, and I wish it had, Finan, and plenty of it," remarked Cahal; "for in that case it is down there I would be going this blessed minute, if it were the will of God, instead of breaking my heart trying to keep those wild animals there beyond from breaking their long necks. Look at that fool of a ewe now where she's going! She has less sense than the 'slabs' of lambs that she is running away from."

Donal meantime had risen to his feet, and with many soothing calls and much affectionate chiding was bringing the wanderers back from the steep and treacherous declivity to which they had strayed.

The long shadows of evening were drawing down the faces of the hills towards the East, and the mist was already gathering on the higher crests and ridges, as the three youths, with sharp cries and many flourishes of their crooks, headed the flock gradually off towards the glen, which served as a fold.

Night fell, and the shepherds, finally done with their long day's work, were sitting about a fire at the mouth of the glen, one by one dipping a wooden spoon into the pot of oaten-meal that rested beside the fire of glowing turf. The stars shone above them, but their earthly view was narrowed on all sides by the black masses of the surrounding hills.

"It's a fine thing to have travelled like you, Finan," said Cahal. "And did you see a town that day you looked at the Old Sea?"

"I did not," replied Finan. "It was through the hills I went with Roche, that day I helped him to find his foster-sister to be foster-mother to his sister's child. But they say a town is a grand thing!"

"Yes, and I have been told it is a bad thing to see," said Donal. "It was my Aunt Sheela told me."

"Is it your Aunt Sheela *dall*, you mean, Donal?"

"The same," answered Donal. "And she told me never to go near a town."

"Yerra, Donal," said Cahal, "hasn't Sheela been blind since her birth? How could she know what is good or bad to see?"

"Old Sheela Brosnan is blind indeed," replied Finan; "but she is not deaf, and she has been many a time as far as Killarney. I myself have been told that the things one hears in a town are very bad, let alone what one sees."

"And my aunt, you know," continued Donal, "understands the Saxon speech."

"I wish I did," said Finan.

"And I wish I did," added Cahal.

"If we could speak the Englishman's speech, we would make our fortune."

"And lose our souls, perhaps. The English are very bad, I have heard. Think of their doings last year down below!"

"But everyone that speaks the Saxon is not a Saxon," protested Cahal.

"Yes; there is Father O'Leary," said Finan. "They say he speaks the language as well as the English themselves."

"Ah! how can that be?" asked Donal, incredulously. "My Aunt Sheela knows what the Saxon says when he speaks, but she can not say a word of the language. Old Roche can speak it, but his mother was of the Saxon blood. How can a real Irishman speak anything but Irish?"

"Well," said Cahal, "there is Father Cormac, that speaks Latin, and Latin is not Irish."

"True for you, Cahal," observed Finan; "and surely, Donal, if an Irishman may learn to speak so noble a language as that, we poor boys could easily learn the *stuttering babble* if we tried."

"Let us try," said Cahal.

"But how shall we try?" was Finan's query. "Does either of you know any one that speaks the language? I do not."

Cahal, who was lying at full length, poking the fire with the heel of his crook, sat up, and, resting his chin in the palms of his hands, was lost for a moment in study. He sprang to his feet, and, twirling his crook around his head, cried out: "I have it!"

"Tell us your plan," both Finan and Donal said, half rising from their recumbent posture, and turning towards Cahal, who was pacing excitedly up and down, stopping now and again to kick the embers at the edge of the fire.

"Listen," said Cahal, approaching and taking a seat on a clod of turf, so as to face his companions, who drew closer up, and watched him with expectation. "To-morrow is Lady Day, and the fair opens at Tralee. I can stand this no longer. I am determined to see a town and a fair, and to learn the English speech, so as to make a fortune; and I have a plan that will make the three of us rich and wise. We'll go to Tralee at once. You, Finan, know where to find the road, and we'll follow it when it is found, until we come to the town. From what I have heard of the distance, if we set out at once we shall be at Tralee before the sun is very high to-morrow."

"But what are we to do, Cahal, when we are at Tralee?" asked Finan.

"I am going to tell you. As soon as we reach the town, you, Finan, will go one way, and you, Donal, another, and I'll go my way; and each of you will listen to the first that you hear spoken of the *Sacsanach*, and I'll do the same; and then we three will meet at the market-house—which I have heard is a very big house,—and there we'll each tell the other two what we have heard. Then we will scatter again, and come back again to the market-house; and so by the time the day is done we will be able to speak as well as any of those rich Englishmen we have heard of so often."

"But what," asked Donal, "is to become of the poor sheep? I never saw a flock with so little sense, and I pity the wool that's left on their hides if they are allowed a day to themselves. What will the creatures do

without us when they awake in the morning?"

"It is little I'm thinking of the sheep themselves," said Finan; "but there is Pierce Roche! Won't he be the angry man when he finds we have gone off and left the flock to shift for itself! Why should we be doing harm to people that have done no harm to us?"

"Oh!" replied Cahal, "that is all very well in its way. It is not harm I wish to the sheep or their wool, or to Pierce Roche, or any one belonging to him—the Lord preserve and strengthen him, for he is a good man!—but our life is before us, and wouldn't you both like to make your fortune?"

"Oh, of course!" rejoined Finan and Donal.

"Well, who is to make our fortune but ourselves?" Cahal went on; "and how can we make our fortune unless we speak the Saxon speech, and if we speak the Saxon speech are we not bound to make our fortune?"

"Oh, to be sure!" the others answered.

"But," said Donal, "if we go off this way, as soon as we have made our fortune we ought to give Roche a fine new flock for the one we leave here on the hills."

"Yes," said Finan; "and we ought to buy him a splendid hunter—as fine a one as there is in Ireland."

"Indeed and we shall," Cahal assented, freely. "And we will do more than that. We will have all the masons and handy men in Ireland down to build Roche a new castle, with planks in the floor, and with windows with glass that you can see through."

"But if the castle is to be so fine, the people that are in it will not wish to look out; and if you could see through the glass, impudent people might be ill-mannered enough to look in through the windows when they were not invited in at the door."

"You are always thoughtful for others, Finan," said Cahal, musingly. "We'll have real gold windows for Roche's castle when we make our fortune."

"That will be fine, no doubt," answered

Finan. "I don't know how it is, Cahal; you are younger than I, but you think of things that would never come into my head. You'll make your fortune first."

"Not at all," was Cahal's somewhat indignant reply. "We'll make our fortunes together, and it is back here we will come this day a year—if the Lord is good to us—to build a grand fold for a new flock of sheep for Roche; and then we will go once more to Tralee, to see how the masons and handy men have finished his new castle."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Johannes Janssen.

[The following sketch—the first to appear in English—of the great German historian we borrow from that excellent periodical, the „*Mittheilungen und Neue Welt*." The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to some of the friends of Dr. Janssen's youth for the incidents of his early years, and to other friends from whom he received a number of original letters.]

JOHANNES JANSSEN was born at Xanten, on the Rhine, April 10, 1829. His parents were excellent Christians, and the early lessons taught by them made a life-long impression on the heart of their son. Even in the first years of his school life, Johannes was remarkable amongst his companions for his amiability and piety. One of the friends of those early days still remembers with feelings of pious emotion how on extraordinary occasions—as, for instance, in Holy Week—Johannes used to take him to the church, where, followed by his little companion, he went from altar to altar offering up the prayers taught him by his mother. Four years after her death, the charity of that good mother was strangely remembered in favor of her boy. As he was returning home in the twilight two robbers stopped him on a solitary road, demanding his money and valuables; but when they came near enough to distinguish his features, one of them exclaimed: "Hold! this is the son of Hanneke Janssen, whose bread we have so often eaten. We must not touch him."

It was from his mother that Johannes inherited his tender love for Our Blessed Lady. Almost every year he made a pilgrimage to Her shrine at Kevelaer, and on his way thither was not ashamed to recite his beads aloud. It may be said that it was at the feet of Our Lady of Kevelaer, whither he accompanied his mother and aunt in 1837, on his first pilgrimage, that Janssen's future vocation was decided. Friends of his youth relate that on this occasion his mother bought him a little tin chalice and other articles for "saying Mass," which was one of his boyish delights. At the same time his aunt gave him a volume of Annegarn's "Universal History," which happened to be that which treats of the last epoch of the Middle Ages. The eight-year-old boy read the volume with the greatest eagerness.

Johannes now began to "say Mass" at home, and, before a large audience of his fellow-pupils, "lectured" on history, questioning his hearers after the lecture. He kept a careful list of his youthful attendants, and took notes of the answers; and those who acquitted themselves satisfactorily were rewarded by his mother with choice fruits. On a certain occasion the writer happened to see one of those lists, and Janssen said, laughingly: "As Professor of History in Frankfort, I have never had such a large audience as I used to have in Xanten, when I was a little boy of nine or ten." The venerable historian still has a great affection for the author from whom he first imbibed his love of history.

When Johannes was about thirteen years of age his mother died. During the last four years of her life the good lady had been suffering almost continually from ill health, and this circumstance exercised its influence on the boy for life. Every day he read some pages of a pious book to his sick mother; he also joined daily in praying for a happy death for her, and in petitions for the departed souls who had none to pray for them.

When his mother related anecdotes, he listened to her with the greatest attention.

The story she loved best to relate was the legend of St. Genevieve, which she touchingly explained even in its minutest details. His father also took pleasure in entertaining the boy with incidents from his life in the wars with France. The old soldier was filled with indignation when speaking of the sacrilegious atrocities of the French. He had a picture of old Blücher which he received when guardsman at Potsdam. Pointing to the marshal, he would exclaim: „Der hat all die schlechten Franzosenerten kapot geschlagen!" which may be freely translated: "He was the fellow to send all those rascally French infidels where they belonged."

After his mother's death, young Janssen was apprenticed to his step-mother's father, Lahaye, the master coppersmith. But under his leather apron he would hide his books; and besides, as his master complained, he kept the other apprentices from their work; for he was always telling them stories. "I have a great liking for Johannes," remarked the master to one of Janssen's friends; "but he will never make a coppersmith; and a student is spoiled in him." It eventually turned out that Lahaye's words were verified. A friend of the family, now parish priest at Wankum, succeeded in persuading Janssen's father to send his son to the Rectoralschule, of which he was at that time rector, and where Johannes had already spent two sessions.

Some years ago, when we happened to be speaking to Janssen about the first volume of his "History of the German People," which had just appeared, and in which he depicts the labors of the artisan with so much zest, he showed us a letter from Master Lahaye, to whom he had written in 1853, informing him that he had graduated as Doctor of Philosophy. We took the liberty of copying the following notable passages: "That a coppersmith's apprentice could in nine and a half years become a doctor, never occurred to our minds. Almighty God has blessed you, because it was not through laziness that you determined not to become a workman, but you believed that God had called you to

wield another kind of hammer than that of a smith. Do not repent, however, of having been an apprentice to the trade, and always preserve a regard for artisans." "These words," said Janssen, "were constantly present to my mind whilst I was writing on handicrafts."

Between the Easter of 1844 and the latter part of 1846, Janssen by unwearying industry made his way from *quinta* to *secunda*, or, as we would call it in our colleges, from the second year preparatory to the junior year. He distinguished himself especially by his progress in German and in history. Even in those years it was his constant practice to extract from the books that came under his hands whatever was most valuable, and to arrange this material in order. He hardly ever read anything without having his note-book beside him, wherein to set down any thoughts or expressions in his author that took his fancy. When in *quinta* he once related with charming simplicity that he had read Overberg's Bible History so often that he almost knew it by heart; but, not yet having come across the third volume, giving the history of the Church from the death of the Apostles to our days, he had written for it to a bookseller in Münster. The studious youth was not aware that this third part did not exist; but, like a born historian, he felt, what St. Augustine had so long ago declared, that the full outline of the history of religion should be taught to children.

In his *tertia* (Sophomore year), Janssen had prepared a useful abridgment of Welter's "Universal History," and spent his Summer evenings in communicating the results of his work to his trusty friend Gietman, now pastor of Haldern. The aged publisher Schaffrath, of Gelderin, used to relate how, in 1845, he had been in communication with a boy of sixteen, named Janssen, for the publication of an abridgment of history. But the youthful author required fifty dollars to be paid down, which he intended secretly to convey to a poor family.

In the Autumn of 1846 Janssen entered the

gymnasium of Recklinghausen, and passed into *secunda*. At that time his eyes troubled him considerably, and in consequence of frequent bleeding from the nose he suffered from general debility. He was afterwards subject to hemorrhages, which were sometimes so severe as to make his friends fear that they would prove fatal. It was, therefore, regarded as a manifest intervention of Providence that subsequently he so far recovered as to be able to write those great works that have made him famous.

After undergoing a successful examination, Johannes, in 1849, entered the academy at Münster, to study theology. In 1850 he attended the Catholic University of Louvain, where the thoroughly Catholic spirit of all the surroundings made a deep and lasting impression on his mind. He was particularly taken with Father Roh, who during the month of May preached daily in French. He became an active and zealous member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which afforded him ample opportunity for the practice of that Christian charity with which his heart was filled to overflowing. He attended lectures on philosophy and theology, and plunged into the study of that misrepresented and misunderstood period, the Middle Ages. When some persons happened to speak of the darkness of this period, he—then in *prima* (senior year)—remarked, with some vehemence: "Hereafter, when we ourselves can go into researches, we shall see whether the Middle Age was as dark as it has been painted." At this time also, under the leadership of Professor Feye, a Dutchman by birth, he studied "The Genesis of the Revolution in Holland," and published the results of his inquiries in the German edition of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which was issued at Münster.

Up to the Autumn of 1850 Janssen devoted himself to the study of theology. But the consideration of his physical weakness made him think that he was unsuited for the duties of the priesthood, and therefore he began to turn his attention principally to languages and history. In the following Autumn he removed to Bonn, where he

continued his study of history under the celebrated Aschbach; and in 1853, as has been already stated, he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Having then passed six months at home, during which time he finished his first great work on the Abbot Wibald von Stablo and Corvey, he went for a Summer to Berlin, to complete his studies, and to make use of the libraries there, as well as to follow the courses of some of the celebrated professors. In Berlin he became a member of the first Catholic Studenten-Berein (Students' Union).

In 1854 Janssen prepared himself to be private teacher of history at the academy of Münster; but, being invited to the chair of Catholic Professor of History in Frankfort, he accepted the latter position. In Frankfort he contracted the closest friendship with the great specialist in history, Johann Friedrich Böhmer, who was destined to exercise a decisive influence on all his future investigations. The two learned men met regularly. On one day of each week they had a conference on history, and, as Böhmer wrote to Professor Aschbach at Vienna, under date of April 5, 1856, Janssen "never failed to have abundant matter for investigation and criticism."

In Freiburg Janssen took particular delight in the company of the lamented Church historian, Alzog, and the learned and pious Alban Stolz. The latter, too, had a special regard for Janssen. He speaks of him as "our amiable Democrat; he will not be moved from his ideas, but he is a Democrat of the style of the Middle Age; and never forgets that he comes from artisans, and that he himself was once an artisan." In his last "Kalendar of the Eight Beatitudes," which appeared only after his death, Stolz relates a touching incident about Janssen and a laborer, which we reproduce in all the simplicity of Stolz's own words.

"A certain professor, who is also a priest, once related to me how one day, when walking outside the town, he was met by a poorly clad laborer, who said to him: 'Berret, du Pfaff!—Down with the priests!' The priest in question is naturally gentle

and of a friendly disposition, and we need scarcely say that he made no angry reply; he did not, however, pass the man by in silence, but asked him why he saluted him with such an imprecation. He went on to tell the man how priests do not inflict any injury on the poor, and do not persecute them, as too many great and little lords do; how, on the contrary, when the priest is called by the poorest in sickness or at death, he goes and asks no pay; in like manner the poor and unfortunate do not go to the poor-house to ask for alms, but to the priest. During the course of these remarks the man had taken off his hat, and finally said: 'Father, what you say is true. I have just come from a meeting of Communists, where the priests came in for particular abuse. I was quite excited, and that is why I addressed you in such a rude manner. After some time the same man came to the priest's room, told him that it was seven years since he had been to confession, and that now he wanted to make a general confession, which he accordingly did.'"

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Two Flowers.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

THESE Carmen* camps' delicious green,
While others mourn the lingering drought,
Turns thought to Thee, my dearest Queen!
These breezes, too, which waft about

Thy blessing—balmy airs, that bring
Thus early, in the wonted hour
Of chilling gales,† the sense of Spring—
Remind us of Thy gentle power.

II.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel keeps
Around Her town‡ a garden fair,

* "Carmen" is Spanish for Carmel. The "Carmen Camps" are the plains around Carmen de Areco, a town in the Province of Buenos Aires.

† September is the March of this climate.

‡ The town is named after Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and has its church dedicated to Her.

And richer dews than evening weeps
Are falling ever fruitful there.

And one choice flower 'tis mine to know:
A lily—all so pure and sweet
That only Mary's self can show
The treasure blooming at her feet.

To me She shows it. Ay, my Queen:
Thou bidst me prize what Thou dost prize;
And 'tis enough when I have seen
Wherever rest those gracious eyes.

And lo! beside this lily rare
A rose unfolds its blushing leaves,
And looks—so fresh, so free of care—
But form'd to smile where nothing grieves!

It shall. But ah! not yet, not here,
Can rose or lily smile for aye!
There's need of many an April tear
To deck them for eternal May.

III.

How favor'd I, to share a task
Which angels covet—yèa, Thine own,
Sweet Mother! Thou hast deign'd to ask
A prayer at Jesus' altar-throne—

A faithful prayer through years to come—
To help Thee cherish lives like these!

I promise. Let my Northern home
Reclaim me—daily o'er the seas

Shall memory, dove like, wing her flight,
To circle round Thy Carmen bower,
Until that other garden's light
With glory robe each fadeless flower.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

ON the following day Nemesius was led before the tribunal, and questioned by the judge, the examination being attended by all the formalities usual on such occasions; for the iniquitous proceedings had to be draped with a semblance of legality, to subserve the Roman laws to the despotic will of the reigning tyrant. Nemesius' answers

were firm, and worded with such simplicity that it was impossible to misunderstand them. He declared himself a Christian; he refused to sacrifice to the gods; he expressed his strong abhorrence of idolatry, and, when threatened, made answer that he coveted no higher blessing than to be permitted to seal his faith in Jesus Christ by the shedding of his blood.

"Despite thy wicked obstinacy, the Emperor is inclined to be merciful, Nemesius, and will afford thee time for more reasonable thoughts before sentence is pronounced; meanwhile it may console thee to know to whose keeping he has confided thy daughter," said the judge, with a malignant sneer; but he held back the information that every effort was to be made by her new protector to corrupt the child's mind, and force her to worship the gods. "Wouldst thou see for thyself?"

"My daughter!—what of her?" exclaimed Nemesius, starting, as he glanced around.

"Go look from yonder open casement into the court below; she is there, unless they have removed her," responded the judge. "Make way for him, soldiers."

The soldiers moved back, and, attended by his guards, Nemesius quickly reached the window, and on looking down beheld a sight which nearly froze his blood. There, surrounded by soldiers, her soft, dimpled hand in the grip of a bold-faced, flaunting woman of remarkable size and stature, stood his little Claudia. They had not stripped off the pretty dress in which she had that morning arrayed herself to welcome Camilla; and, with the sunlight upon her golden hair and her spotless white attire, she looked like a fair lily in some savage morass, or, what is more true, a celestial spirit surrounded by demons. Nemesius heard the woman's loud, coarse laugh as low, ribald jests were bandied between herself and the soldiers. And now while his eyes rested horror-stricken on this scene, obeying some signal, they led her away, his innocent one—led her away, for what and with whom?

"What woman is that with the child?"

he asked, almost suffocated with emotion.

"That," answered the soldier, with a grin, "is Lippa, the cyprian; thou hast heard of her, mayhap?"

Aye, he had heard of her as a disturber of the peace, a betrayer of innocence, the most infamous woman in Rome, whose house was a resort of the vilest characters. Could it be that his pure child was to become the inmate of such a den, and under such tutelage as Lippa's? Could fiendish malignity go further? A storm of natural emotion surged through the strong, noble soul of Nemesisus, almost rending his heart. Had they broken his body by slow tortures on the rack, torn his flesh with hot pincers, beaten him with spiked clubs, none of these could have equalled the inexpressible anguish caused by the sad condition of his child. He thought of the cruel treatment she would receive, the horrible suggestions she would be obliged to listen to; and might they not succeed by their devilish arts in corrupting her innocence? Oh, bitter cup for a man like this to drink! Oh, terrible assault of nature and hell to shake the integrity of his soul!

It was but a little while that the dark shadow eclipsed his spirit; and, although the pain was not removed, he, remembering in whom he trusted, offered her to Him, and implored the protection of His Virgin Mother for his innocent one. She had disappeared from his view; he turned away from the casement and faced his enemies, who waited with fiendish glee and curiosity to see and exult over the effects of their cruel and malicious work; but his grave, majestic countenance gave forth no sign of the passion of pain that had torn his heart; his tongue, no word. His lips, perhaps more firmly set, and a gray pallor overspreading his face, were all that but faintly expressed his agony.

"Cruel parent!" cried the judge, as Nemesisus once more resumed the criminal's place on the *catasta*; "wilt thou not, even to rescue thy beautiful child from a fate like that which awaits her, cast a few grains of incense into the brasier?"

"She and I are in the hands of Him who created and redeemed us; He is strong to deliver her out of the jaws of the devouring wolves to whom ye have cast her, and to punish forever in hell those who would destroy His innocent one. Again I say I will not burn incense to idols," answered Nemesisus, with such majesty and impressive determination that the judge fairly cowered; for it occurred to him that there had been many terrible examples of what the prayers of the Christians could bring down upon their persecutors; had not Nemesisus himself only yesterday killed Maximus, the consul, by his incantations?

"Her fate and thy own be upon thy head!" said the judge. "Soldiers, back with him to the Mamertine!"

In the solitude of his dungeon, Nemesisus prostrated himself on the rough, slimy floor, and, pouring out his tears, lifted up his heart with intense fervor and unshaken faith to God, and besought Him to deliver his child out of the pit prepared for her destruction by the malice of idolaters. From the fetid depths of this place of sorrow, cleaving through its impervious walls, swiftly arose his prayers to Heaven, and soon was his resignation rewarded beyond all human conception.

We will follow Claudia as, full of fear, she was led by Lippa to her house. Making her way through the rabble—there was always a rough crowd hanging around her door—that pressed forward to stare and ask questions which she disdained to answer, and, without relaxing her grasp on the tender hand, she passed quickly through her vestibule into a room, where several men—wrestlers, gladiators, and a soldier or two off duty—were gathered around a table, noisily engaged in a game of *micare digitis*,* their stake a bottle of wine. "*Tutti*" had just been shouted, and wild excitement prevailed; for there had been a fraudulent

* The oldest game of chance then known. It was brought from Egypt to Greece, thence to Italy, where, under the name of *Mora*, it is as popular now as then. Its name signifies flashing of the fingers.

count of thumbs. Oaths, frantic gesticulations, a wild uproar of voices, and flashing knives, were the sounds and sights that greeted the innocent, sensitive child.

Lippa called to them to clear out, fearing the carouse would end by some one being murdered, and the reputation of her house would thereby be ruined. They turned their heads at her voice, and at once their attention was attracted by the beautiful, richly dressed young girl clinging to her hand. One more daring than the others rushed towards her, but a well-aimed blow of Lippa's sinewy fist caught him between the eyes with such violence that he staggered backward. Claudia shrieked and clung to the woman, who had not delivered the blow in defence of the child, but because she feared that Guercino might wrench the jewel from her tunic, or the glittering chain from her neck, knowing what adroit thieves the men were who infested her drinking-rooms.

But the depraved woman had felt the child's arms clinging around her; the delicate, trembling form pressed against her, and it touched some far off, buried memory of the days of her own youth and innocence. But the reflection was transitory; it awoke no pity in her now callous heart towards the gentle little creature, to whom she spoke harshly, and shook off. Then, leading her into a small, gloomy room reeking with unsavory smells, she stripped off her beautiful garments, secreted the pearl clasp and gold chain in her own bosom, clothed her in the cast-off, dirty dress of a slave, then went away, fastening the door on the outside.

Finding herself alone at last, a stream of tears flowed from Claudia's eyes, sobs convulsed her breast, and the only ray of consolation she had was in calling upon the Holy Name of Him who was enshrined in her pure heart. Was this suffering for Him? Then welcome. It was not death, but would He be well pleased if she bore it patiently for the love of Him? Then for His sake she would make no moan, and she offered herself to Him to suffer as He pleased; all

she asked was His love, and grace to resist evil, and to be at last with Him. Happily she was ignorant of the nature of the perils that environed her, and a sweet composure stole over her. When at night some coarse crusts and a cup of water were brought to her, although nature turned from them in disgust, she tried to eat; and when later she was ordered to go into a close closet to sleep on a heap of rags and other refuse, she lay down in peace, knowing that the dear *Christus* was her refuge, and would watch while she slept. She thought of her father with tender affection, happy to know—as she imagined—that he was in safety in the Catacombs.

And so this lovely, sensitive child, who had been reared in softest luxury, and guarded from every word, sound or sight that could shock or sully her stainless innocence, was, for her faith in Christ, cast down into the very depths of human cruelty and depravity, where every effort the enemy of souls could suggest to his human instruments was to be put into operation to corrupt her, and force her to return to the worship of idols. But the language of depravity and lewdness was as incomprehensible to her as if she had suddenly been transported to a distant and barbarous land, while many things she was compelled to look upon frightened and sickened her with instinctive disgust.

Day after day new trials beset the little heroine; she was required to burn incense before a statue of Hercules, the favorite deity of the house, and commanded to deny Christ; refusing to do so, she was beaten, and sent to work with the slaves. Nothing that could wound or fill her with horror was spared; Lippa often left her without food, but the brave little heart never faltered, and at last—as it is related—her heavenly patience, her sweetness and innocence touched the savage natures of her persecutors, who began to feel ashamed of their depravity and cruelty.

There was one of Lippa's women, a coarse, handsome creature, who had at first been the harshest and most wicked of them all

in her assaults on the brave little Christian, but who now, grown softened and kinder, spared and protected her whenever it was in her power to do so. Her name was Cypria, and day by day the influence of Claudia's example impressed her more deeply. One evening Cypria questioned the little girl as to the name and rank of her father. It was the first time any one had spoken to her on the subject, and she answered readily, with tears in her eyes:

"My father is named Nemesius; he was the commander of the Imperial Legion, but now he is a soldier of Christ."

"Oh! is it indeed so? Art thou the child of that brave officer who once saved me from Cecco's knife just as he was about to cut my throat?" cried the woman, falling at Claudia's feet, kissing and bathing them with her tears. "And now thou leadest me to a better life. I, too, will be a Christian; teach me; forgive me!"

They were alone. Claudia lifted up the woman's wet face, kissed off her tears, and exclaimed, joyfully: "I will tell thee about the dear *Christus*, and He will lead, and His Virgin Mother will be thy advocate."

"Oh! will They not spurn me for my wicked life? Oh! there is no evil that I have not done!" she cried.

"No: for such as thee, too, did He suffer death," she answered, in soft tones. "Oh! no, Cypria; He loves thee with everlasting love, and He will welcome thee to His Fold. By and by, when my father comes to take me away from this dreadful place, thou shalt go with us to one who will give thee Holy Baptism, and instruct thee better than I can; for I am only a child."

Later Cypria told her that a pale woman, bowed with sorrow, came to the door every day, praying for tidings of her; but she was always driven away, and ordered not to come again; still, on the morrow she was there at the same hour, asking the same sad questions, which were answered only by gibes and insults and derisive laughter.

"I know that it's my nurse, Zilla, who has been a mother to me ever since I was born.

O kind Cypria! see her, and give her my love; and tell her that I am well, and that no harm has befallen me; for the dear Christ has sent His angels to watch over and guard me," she said, her countenance irradiated with such a soft light that the woman turned to see whence it came.

Cypria promised, and kept her word; for it was, indeed, the broken-hearted Zilla.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Value of a Good Book.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE advantage to be derived from the habit of reading good books is too well known to require proof, but it is often especially valuable as a means of leading remiss souls to the practice of religious duties. All are supposed to be familiar with the *Tolle, lege; tolle, lege*,—"Take up, and read; take up, and read,"—which the unseen voice addressed to the proud young Manichean as he reclined on the grassy bank. Looking round, he caught up the life of a saint, and the reading of it gave to the Church her greatest light—St. Augustine. If the pastor or a friend approaches the delinquent, he may offer excuses—for the poorest man in the world is the one who can not afford an excuse,—or he may make promises which he may or may not intend to keep; or he may grow fretful, and put his mentor off with a rebuff; or, in a good-natured way, but with as much determination, say that it is a matter for himself to look after, without interference, which means: "Mind your own business, and I will mind mine." But when a good book is put into the hands of a man who is at all given to reading, it is almost certain, sooner or later, to make a favorable impression on him. And this for many reasons.

In the first place, reading generally leads even the most superficial to think, and awakens feelings that claim consideration and will not easily be put to rest; then, one can not talk back to a book, and tell it to

mind its own business; again, there is commonly a desire to read a book through when it is once begun; and still another and, as I may say, a paradoxical result of such reading is that, whereas a person will not permit his best friend to admonish him, he rather likes a book that reproves, and, so to speak, scolds him. And, from wondering how it came to hit the nail so exactly on the head, he will come not merely to acknowledge the justice of its animadversions on his conduct, but to feel their force, to give way to remorse of conscience, and finally to repentance and a return to Christian duty. Did Catholics but know the value of a good book, judiciously selected, as a preacher of repentance to sinners, more of them would be placed in the hands of the delinquent. But no little judgment is required in the selection of a book, and perhaps even greater judgment in hitting upon the time, place, and introductory remarks, when handing it to a friend.

As an instance of the effects of pious reading the following may be cited, which fell under my own observation some twenty-five years ago, and which, although containing nothing very remarkable, may for that reason be the more valuable. There lived in a country place a farmer, whom we shall call William, who went occasionally to the neighboring city, some forty miles distant, on business connected with his farm, and who was accustomed on such visits to bring back with him a small collection of prayer-books and other religious works for the convenience of his neighbors, who requested him to do so, or from the promptings of his own piety; for the trifle he made on them—if, indeed, he made anything—was far from being the motive which influenced him. It happened that he had a friend, and a most singular friend he was, who had long been away from confession, and who, though a good man in his way, would not permit any one to speak to him on the subject, dismissing him with the remark, spoken good-naturedly, that that was his business, and he was able to attend to it.

Thomas G—— (we may as well name

him) was indeed a strange man in many respects; and I, who have known him all my life, have often felt a curiosity to learn how he merited the grace of persevering in the good he did, and the further grace of entire conversion. I am strongly inclined to attribute it to some devotion to the Mother of God; for such results are not generally brought about without the hand of Mary interposing. Born in a Catholic settlement, he practised his religion with fidelity till he had attained the age of perhaps nineteen years, when his parents moved to the then Far West, far from church, and with "stations" only at intervals. Here, although other members of the family remained faithful, Thomas fell away, as far as the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion was concerned. But he continued to pray with the greatest regularity, hear Mass without fail whenever an opportunity was presented, observe the holydays, and fast with a rigor that would have edified a Trappist; do everything, in a word, and do it well, except go to confession, and that he would not do, and it was worse than useless to urge the matter upon him. His friends were, quite naturally, interested, but how to proceed they knew not. Only one vulnerable point was presented: Thomas was an inveterate reader, or, more properly, a devourer of such books as fell within his reach where books were scarce, and readers not plenty.

At this time it was that Father Faber's works were first published in this country, and, from a conviction of the good they would effect, our farmer friend was interested in securing a good circulation for them in his neighborhood. At each visit to the city he brought back with him such volumes as had appeared since his last visit; and he had Thomas, among others, in his mind's eye the while. On his way to the county town he would pass the shop of the industrious Thomas—for the latter was a mechanic—when some such conversation as this might be heard:

"Well, Thomas, how are you the day?"

"Oh! sober, sober. How are you?"

"Well, I have no reason to complain. I was in the city last week, an' I brought up some books, as usual; an' among others I got a new one by Father Faber."

"Has he published another? I liked the last one very much, and I have read it over two or three times. Last Sunday there was no Mass, and I spent nearly all day with it. I liked it so well, in fact, I could hardly lay it down to go to dinner."

"I thought you would like to have the last one too, an' I brought one up with me. Here it is."

"Well, I *would* like to have it, but I have no money just now, and the times are close; and if I take it, I don't know when I can pay you."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself about that. You will pay me sometime, and I am in no hurry just now; I can easily wait till the next time I come to town."

The bargain was made, and Thomas was impatient for a leisure moment to address himself to the new book.

The result was that Father Faber was all the while silently preaching to him, and making a far deeper impression than the unsuspecting reader imagined, till at length it became too strong to be either ignored or resisted. For whether it was "Bethlehem," with its plaintive cries of the Divine Babe in the manger, who for love of us had "emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant"; or "All for Jesus," showing him how he might have done so much good with little cost, and his ingratitude in failing to do so; or "The Creator and the Creature," teaching him his relation to God, and his true nobility and greatness; or "The Foot of the Cross," so vividly portraying the tragic scenes in the life and death of the "Man of Sorrows," and the dolorous part which Mary took in the great work of man's redemption; or, in fine, the overflowing love of "The Blessed Sacrament," the work was silently going on. Grace at length triumphed, and the delinquent found himself at the age of sixty, compelled as it were, to seek reconciliation with Holy Church. Returning to the feet of his Divine Master, he

humbly confessed his sins, and obtained pardon for them.

From that day forward he has been a regular and frequent communicant, striving by his fervor to make up for the misspent past; and now, with the weight of more than fourscore and five years upon him, he resignedly awaits the summons of the Good Shepherd, who so long followed him in his wanderings, and ultimately brought him back to the path of duty by means of good books.

Advent.

THE time of Advent, which begins the ecclesiastical year, comprises four weeks, symbolical of the four thousand years which preceded the birth of the Messiah. It is so called from the Latin word *adventus*, which signifies *coming*. It is the season which the Church has set apart to prepare the faithful, by various exercises of piety, for the celebration of the great Feast of Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of Our Saviour Jesus Christ. The mystery, then, with which the Church is occupied during Advent is that of the coming of Christ. This coming is at the same time simple and triple; single, for it is the Son of God Himself who comes; and triple, because He comes at three different times and in three different ways. His first coming, as St. Bernard observes, was in flesh and feebleness; the second is in spirit and in power; the third will be in glory and in majesty. An ancient spiritual writer thus explains this triple visit of Christ:

"There are three comings of the Lord: the first in the flesh, the second in the soul, and the third at the Last Judgment. The first took place at midnight, according to the words of the Gospel: 'In the middle of the night a cry was heard: Behold the Bridegroom!' This first coming is past: Christ has walked on the earth, and conversed with men. We are now in the second coming, provided, however, that we are in a fit state to receive Him; for He has said that 'if we love Him He will come to us, and make His dwelling in us.' The second coming,

then, as far as we are concerned, is a matter of mysterious uncertainty; for what other but the Spirit of God knows those who are of God? Of the third coming of Christ it may be said it is very certain that it will take place, very uncertain when it will take place; since there is nothing more certain than death, and nothing more uncertain than the hour of death. The first coming was humble and hidden; the second is mysterious and full of love; the third will be dazzling and terrible. In His first coming, Christ was unjustly judged by men; in the second He renders us just by His grace; at the last He will judge all things with equity;—in the first coming a Lamb, a Lion in the last, in the second a Friend all tenderness."

During Advent the Church omits the *Gloria in excelsis* in the Mass, unless when the festival of a saint is celebrated. These sublime words were sung by angel voices at Bethlehem only at the moment when the Saviour was born; they are therefore suspended for the time, to be caught up again with renewed exultation on the anniversary of that great event. The solemn salutation "*Ite Missa est*," at the end of the Holy Sacrifice, is also omitted, and replaced by, "*Benedicamus Domino*," which the priest says turned towards the altar.

The time of Advent is at once a season of joy and of sadness, but more of sadness; of joy, inasmuch as it recalls the first coming of Jesus Christ, who brought peace and happiness to the whole world; of sadness, inasmuch as it calls to our mind His last coming to judge all men. Hence the color of the vestments in which the Church clothes herself at this season—*violet*, which is symbolical of sadness and penitence.

(Of retreats, etc.) FILL your cruise out of the spring at the appointed resting-place, else you will not have strength for the remainder of your journey across the desert.—*Father Tracey Clarke, S. J.*

THE mercy of God is eternal, so also should be our confidence.—*Ven. Mother Barat.*

Catholic Notes.

At the close of the month of October the Holy Father addressed a letter to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome on the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and urged its daily public practice in the churches of the Eternal City. In this letter His Holiness alludes to the joy with which all faithful hearts throughout the world received his Encyclical Letters on the subject of this devotion, and the proofs of the salutary fruits produced in souls through its influence. But he does not feel that he has done enough to propagate a devotion which has so strong a hold on the popular heart, and his only desire now is to see it established in every place, and form one of the daily practices of religion in every church in the world. And this desire is all the greater because the times are, day by day, becoming more evil, and the need of divine assistance more urgent; not, indeed, so much in behalf of the Church—for she is a divine work, whose perpetuity is assured by promises which can not fail—but in behalf of souls who are exposed to incalculable evils, and many of whom miserably perish. Therefore, the Sovereign Pontiff wishes that throughout the Universal Church there should be uninterrupted recourse to God through the intercession of the glorious Queen of the Rosary, the Help of Christians, whom the very powers of hell fear so that they tremble at Her name.

An interesting anecdote is related of Mrs. Bronson, of New York, the widow of the late Mr. Arthur Bronson—the lady who, gossip has it, is to become at no distant date the second wife of the poet Browning. It is said that during her residence in Venice, after her husband's death, she was so pained by the constant use of profane language by the gondoliers, that she resolved to make a determined effort to put a stop to it. The means she chose was (for a Protestant) singular. Being convinced that if they had constantly in sight something which they revered, they would hesitate to blaspheme in the presence of such an object, she placed tiny shrines of the Blessed Virgin on the walls in many places along the canals. "Now," she said to them, "you can not swear before a lady you know, how much less in the presence of Our Lady of Sorrows!"

It ought to be discouraging to the enemies of religion in France to observe with what ill success their efforts to destroy the faith of the people are attended. Proofs of this are constantly being presented. For instance, during November the cemeteries were visited by enormous crowds. Statistics prove that more than 300,000 persons went to lay flowers on the tombs of their dear dead ones.

The outrageous law on primary education was passed in the French Chamber of Deputies by a large majority, in spite of the energetic opposition of the Right. During the debate, Monseigneur Freppel having mentioned the Name of God, the radical Mayor of St. Germain arose and said: "God! Who is God? There is no God!" By this shameful law the boys' elementary schools are to be secularized within five years, but the period when the nuns are to vacate the girls' schools has not yet been fixed upon.

Cardinal Simor, whose jubilee was celebrated October 31, furnishes a splendid example of the democratic spirit of the Church. Son of a poor shoemaker of Stuhlweissenburg, he said his first Mass fifty years ago in a poor little church in Hungary, and his mother was obliged to sell a calf in order to purchase a surplice for him on that occasion. Now the Archduchess Clotilda, of Austria, brings him a magnificent surplice, on which all the archduchesses of the imperial family have worked. The Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by the Ministers of the Hungarian Kingdom, comes from Pesth to congratulate the Cardinal on his jubilee. The secret of his life is constant work and constant prayer. He has a royal revenue, and yet that is not sufficient for him; for he is in debt. He gives all that he has, and more, too,—hence his debts—to the poor. "The rich have no need of me, except to give to me," he says; "but the poor have need of me to live." He is head of the Chamber of Magnates in Hungary, and his seat is higher than any of theirs, except when the Emperor is present. At his entrance into the Chamber all the magnates rise, and bow their heads to receive his benediction as Primate of Hungary. It was he who soothed the agitated minds of the people in the Anti-Semitic disturbance, in a pastoral letter which will be to the eternal honor of the writer. His fellow-countrymen

adore him, and remember that it was he who, in 1867, crowned the King of Hungary, by which Home Rule was established in that country. He is penetrated with the highest sense of duty. "He who tries to perform his duty conscientiously," he remarked on one occasion, "fulfils the end assigned to him on earth. There are people of whom it may be said that they have nothing in this world except that virtue; and yet these are as powerful in their sphere, as solid, as respected, as a king upon his throne." These words were pronounced by him in the Cathedral of Grau, in preaching upon St. Stephen, King of Hungary.—*Rom. Cor. Pilot.*

Another Episcopalian clergyman has returned to the One True Fold. The Rev. George Washington Bowne, formerly rector of St Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Salisbury, Md., was baptized a short time ago by Father Dwight Lyman, of Baltimore, who is himself a convert to the Church, and brother to Bishop Lyman, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of North Carolina. Mr. Bowne has been for several years an Episcopal clergyman, and in the parish of which he had charge created some dissension among his congregation by his extreme High Church views. Arrangements have been made for his admission to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he will prepare himself for the reception of Holy Orders. Mr. Bowne, we are informed, is about thirty years old, possesses considerable literary ability, and is an excellent musician.

A writer in the New York *Evening Post* has a long letter on the "Decay of the New England Churches." New England, the old centre of a most active religious life, a country settled by ardent believers, whose Puritan faith impregnated every civil institution even which they established, is, this writer declares, in its rural quarters fast drifting into a state of practical heathenism.

According to the directions of the Bishop of Tarbes in his recent Pastoral, all the cures effected at Lourdes are submitted to severe medical examination, in order to silence accusations of fraud which are often made by irreligious people. Close to the Grotto there stands a wooden structure, bearing the words, "*Bureau des Constatations*," where Dr. de St.

Maclou remains all day to examine into extraordinary cures. To make the investigation as complete as possible, each sick person, before setting out on the pilgrimage, is required to have a medical certificate, describing the origin of the disease, its different phases, and its treatment. These certificates are numbered by Dr. de St. Maclou, who gives a card, with the corresponding number, to each sick person. This is worn exteriorly. Instead of proceeding privately to his professional investigations, the Doctor invites all his colleagues present at Lourdes to assist him in verifying the facts. When a cure is effected, the subject of it is borne to the "*Bureau des Constata-tions*," and the physician of the Grotto, taking up the certificate, begins his investigations, which are minutely written down; after this the other doctors are free to repeat the examination, and consign the result to the registry. After such precautions there is no room left for doubt in the minds of unprejudiced scientists solely intent on knowing the truth. The test of time is also required for these supernatural cures; after six or twelve months, the doctors who took care of the patients in their respective homes are requested to send a communication to Lourdes, stating if the recovery has been complete.

Cardinal Mezzofanti has at length been surpassed as a linguist, though, let us add, by one of his own countrymen. The "living miracle of Pentecost," as we believe Pius IX. styled him, is said to have spoken some fifty-eight languages (according to Dr. Russell, thirty "with rare excellence," nine "fluently," and eleven "less perfectly"). Signor Marcantonio Canini is reported to "know, speak, and write" the almost incredible number of *ninety-three* languages! Signor Canini, at present staying in Paris, has recently published the first volume of a collection of poems translated into Italian from all imaginable languages, ancient and modern.—*London Tablet*.

In connection with the recent enactments secularizing education in France, the words of one whom the radicals seek to apotheosize have a significance which none other could give in their eyes. In one of his novels—"Claude Gueux"—Victor Hugo wrote as follows:

"When France knows how to read, leave not

undirected that intelligence which you have developed. That would be but another disorder. Ignorance is far preferable to evil knowledge. No. Ever remember that there is a book more philosophical than "*Compère Mathieu*," more popular than the "*Constitutionnel*," more eternal than the Charter of 1830; and that is the Bible. Now, a word of explanation.

"Whatever you may do, the lot of the mass, of the multitude, of the majority, will always be relatively poor, unhappy, wretched. Theirs it will be to labor hard—burdens to drive, burdens to drag, burdens to carry. Look to the scales: in the one balance are all the comforts of the rich, in the other are all the miseries of the poor. Are not the two unequally divided? Must not the scales necessarily incline to one side, and the State with it?"

"Now, on the side of the poor—in the balance of the wretched—throw the certainty of a heavenly future, place therein the aspirations after eternal happiness, give them paradise, and what a magnificent counterpoise! Then you establish the equilibrium. The side of the poor is made as rich as that of the possessors of worldly goods.

"So it was that Jesus spoke to us long before Voltaire knew aught of humanity. Let the people who labor and suffer, let those for whom this life is so wretched—let them have and feel the influence of their belief in another and a better world. They will be peaceful and patient; for patience is the fruit of hope."

The *Catholic Universe* quotes a non-Catholic historian of Kentucky as saying: "The Roman Catholics were represented among the very first settlers in the State. Dr. Hart and William Coomes, who settled at Harrod's Station in 1775—the one a physician, and the wife of the other a school-teacher,—were both Maryland Catholics; so, as Collins remarks, '*the first practising physician and the first teacher in Kentucky were Roman Catholics*.' They were both valiant and valuable men. They were followed by many other families, who founded the large Catholic community that still exists near Bardstown, in Nelson County." The *Universe* adds: "The first church building was erected in 1792. The priest of 1787 was the Franciscan, Father Whelan, who had been the first resident priest in New York city after the Revolution."

Our fund for Father Damien now amounts to \$837.65; it will be closed on the 10th inst. The following offerings have come to hand since our last acknowledgment:

James Easley, \$5; A. R. K., \$1; Miss Maggie Batemans, \$5; Louise M. Moran, \$100; Sarah A.

Archabold, \$1; E. K., \$1; A Friend, Norich, Conn., \$1; Mrs. C. Woods, \$10; N. L. S., \$1; J. J. P., \$1; A Sympathizer, \$1; Mrs. William S. Allgaier, \$5; Margaret O'Reilly, \$1; J. R. K., \$1; John Brennan, \$1; Children of Mary, \$2; An offering in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, \$1; A Family *per* E. H. B., \$10; B. A. F., \$1; For Love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, \$1; Presentation Convent and Pupils, \$14; Thomas McWiggin, \$1; Mrs. Marie Henrie, \$5; Philomena Buerkle, 85 cts.; M. A. T., \$1; Friends, Cohoes, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. R. Farrell, \$1; Mary J. Mahaney, \$1; H. F. Sheen, 1\$; Margaret Daly, \$1. Through Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., \$3.25;—A Friend, 25 cts.; K. Noonan, \$1; M. McCullough, \$2; Friends, \$1.

New Publications.

A MEMOIR OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S. J. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: F. A. Fasy. 1886.

Miss Donnelly has given us, in an elegant volume of 450 pages, a most entertaining and graphic sketch of the life and labors of Father Felix Barbelin, who was for many years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, for the benefit of which the book has been published. The work is divided into four parts, the first of which contains an account of the childhood and youth of the man who was afterwards to endear himself to so many hearts on a soil far distant from that of the country where he was born and brought up. The second part treats of Father Barbelin's religious life and labors; the third describes his character and virtues, and the fourth and last part is devoted to the subject of his last illness and death. The book is written in Miss Donnelly's usual graceful style, and there is not a chapter in it that will not enhance the reputation of its richly gifted authoress. The most interesting and at the same time most touching part of the volume is that which describes how the last years of Father Barbelin's life were spent; how, notwithstanding extreme physical suffering, he nevertheless continued to perform all his duties to the last, and when no longer able to stand, was carried to the confessional by his devoted friends.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CARROLL INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C. 1886.

The Carroll Institute is a Catholic young men's association in Washington, D. C., the objects of which, as set forth in this pamphlet,

are improvement in literature, the encouragement of education, and the defence of Catholic faith and morals, combined with the provision of due means for social intercourse and rational amusement. That these objects have, one and all, been successfully attained is shown by the report of the Board of Directors. What pleases us in particular is the excellent programme of literary exercises, which seems to form the chief feature of the regular weekly meetings. To spread among young Catholics a taste for good reading, and excite an interest in literary topics, is a noble object for any institution, and one which is too often lost sight of.

GEMS OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates.

This pretty little volume consists of sayings of eminent Catholic authors, and has been compiled to refute the widespread calumny that Catholics have no literature of their own. Such a collection as this can not aim at completeness in any sense of the word, but we think that Miss Sadlier's little book will be found valuable both by Catholics and non-Catholics: by the former as a means to open their eyes to the rich treasures of Catholic literature of which they are too often ignorant or regardless, and by the latter as a suggestion that the old cry, "Catholics have no literature," is now somewhat out of date.

VERSES ON DOCTRINAL AND DEVOTIONAL SUBJECTS. Vol. II. By the Rev. J. Ca-ey P. P., Author of "Intemperance," "Our Thirst for Drink," and Other Poems." Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

This little book is a compilation of verses on an endless variety of religious subjects, and bears the endorsement of several bishops. While we can not help thinking that, in many instances, poetry has been sacrificed in the interest of practical illustrations, we highly commend the pious zeal which has prompted the publication of the book, and have no doubt it will excite devotion in the hearts of those for whom it was written—viz, children in Catholic schools and colleges.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD, and Other Poems. By John J. McGin. Boston: Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin Street.

The author of "The Destruction of the World" displays considerable poetic talent.

From the many pleasing little verses scattered through the volume, we should judge him to be an ardent lover of Nature, with an eye for beauty in all its forms, a devoted patriot, and a fervent Catholic. The book is nicely bound in red and gold, and printed on excellent paper, from clear, attractive type.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead,"
—2 МАЧН., xii., 46.

The following persons lately deceased have been commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father Sautois, a venerable priest of the Society of Jesus, whose life of unwearied labor for the glory of God and the good of souls was crowned with a holy death on the 14th ult. He was one of the oldest members of his Order in the United States.

Rev. Brother Alexius, who yielded his soul to God on the 5th ult., in Troy, N. Y.

Sister Mary of St. Zita, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who breathed her last at Park City, Utah, on the 21st ult.

Sister Mary Agnes, of the Sisters of Charity, whose precious death occurred at Kingston, Canada, on the 31st of October.

Mr. John J. Roe, well known in Ireland and many parts of the United States as a devoted friend and benefactor of deaf-mutes, who departed this life on the 3d ult., at St. Mary's Hospital, Virginia City, Cal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, an exemplary child of Holy Church, who passed away at Burnsville, Ind., on the 9th of October.

Mr. Thomas J. Kinney, of Broddock, Pa., whose death, after a long illness, took place in November. He was highly respected by all who knew him.

Mrs. Ellen O'Kane Murray, deceased in Philadelphia. She was a woman of superior mind, and gifted with remarkable faith and piety.

Mr. Bernard Murphy, who, after long suffering, died in St. Louis on the 23d ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. John Connors, of Chicago; Mr. John McKenna and Mrs. — Dorcey, Boston; Mrs. Ellen Smiley, Silcox, Mo.; Mr. David Finley, Mrs. M. Finley, Mrs. Lizzie Greenham, and Mr. John McElhinny, San Francisco; Mr. George Hughes, Vallejo, Cal.; Annie Gallagher, Chester, Pa.; John R. Reilly, Philadelphia; and Mrs. Maria E. Carey, New York.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Story of Little Mathilde.

BY S. H.

Many incidents have been related of the stormy period of 1871, when the Commune was at the height of its infamous reign, and the evil passions of hell seemed to have been set loose throughout France. Among the numerous episodes it was my fortune to witness, or which came under my notice in various ways, none is more striking than the following story, true in every particular, save names and localities.

At this time there lived in Paris, in the neighborhood of the Place du Château d'Eau, the young widow of a civil engineer, distinguished during life for his talents and probity, and revered after his death (which had occurred about six years before) for the noble and stainless record he had left behind him. But one precious *souvenir* of this happy union remained to the desolate widow: a little daughter, Mathilde, a lovely child, with beautiful features, long silken curls, and eyes that seemed to mirror at once heaven's azure and its purity, so sweet, so clear, so frank and open was their every expression.

Mathilde was the well-spring of her mother's life; without her, the world was nothing; with her, hope and joy revived the saddened fountains of her heart. Possessed of an easy competence, until the terrible days of 1871 dawned on Paris, Madame Etienne had little to fear as regarded worldly fortune; but in those times, that tried men's souls, the estimable woman was too sympathetic not to feel their terrors with every throb of her sensitive heart.

The last days of the siege were fraught with horrors; all who could do so remained shut up in their houses, filled with incessant

apprehension, day and night. The Communists were at this time monarchs of the streets; death followed their footsteps, and fire and sword were the heralds of their conquering march. The Place du Château d'Eau was strongly barricaded, because of the beautiful boulevards in the vicinity; and the widow lived in fear and trembling, lest some stray shot might pierce the windows of her apartment, and injure or kill her little daughter, for whose safety she was always alarmed. Finally, one morning, after a sleepless night, passed in listening to the cries of the Communists, and their incessant clamor as they worked at the barricades, the poor woman became so nervous that she was unable to rise, and, exhausted by fatigue and watching, she fell into a profound sleep.

Poor little Mathilde, fearful of awaking her mother, stole softly to the window, which opened on a balcony, and, gently unbarring the shutters, she stepped out joyously into the fresh air of the morning. In her hand she held a toy balloon, which rebounded lightly in the air, while she ran hither and thither, the string poised between her fingers, her golden hair waving, her blue eyes dancing with joy.

At that moment a man, passing on the other side of the street, was attracted by the actions of the child, and paused to watch her innocent gambols. She was so frail, so delicate, so lovely, one would have thought that the sight of her must have calmed the passions of an almost impenetrable heart. Alas! not so. To the demon, who stood looking at her with undisguised hatred in his eyes, she was the embodiment of a civilization he despised, the personification of an order which it was his mission to destroy.

How can I relate it? He seized a huge paving-stone that had been left after the erection of the barricades, and, hurling it with all his might at the child, struck her in the forehead, and she fell to the sidewalk. Not satisfied with his fiendish work, the man crossed over, and, flinging the stone once more against the poor little head, al-

ready crushed and bleeding, he went his way.

In a moment the neighborhood was all excitement. The unhappy mother, aroused from slumber, missed her little daughter, and, hastening to the balcony, soon discovered what had happened. In an instant she was on the pavement, clasping her child in her arms, but in what a state! Let us pass over the agony of those moments.

Madame Etienne was a Christian, and God came to her assistance. When her maternal soul would rebel against the cruel death that had snatched her child from her arms, the thought of the Crucified One was all potent to console her; she marvelled at her own resignation, but the Lord never forsakes those who trust in Him, and He thus rewarded her piety and charity. Henceforth she lived but to do good, in the hope of rejoining her angel child in heaven.

Time passed on; Paris was once more restored to tranquillity. Madame Etienne had early removed from the scene of her sorrow to another quarter of the city, whence she journeyed during the Summer to pay some visits to relatives in the country. On returning home, she found that the chimney of her apartment smoked, and ordered the *concierge* to send for a mason to repair it. She afterwards related that when the man came into her presence she experienced a feeling of repugnance towards him, and a shudder ran through her frame; but she accounted for this by his sinister and forbidding appearance. He also seemed abstracted and almost incapable of attending to her directions. However, as the *concierge* had told her that he was in need, and a good mechanic, her kind heart reasserted itself, and she bade him go on with his work.

A few moments after she had retired to an adjoining room, she heard a loud cry, and, hurrying to the scene, found the mason prostrate on the floor, his forehead and skull crushed, and his brains oozing from a ghastly wound, while beside him lay the instrument of destruction—a huge stone, which, while he was looking upward into the chimney, had fallen from its place and

struck him on the head. A physician was hastily summoned, as also the wife of the unfortunate man. The former pronounced death only a matter of a few hours, at most; and when the woman saw what had befallen her husband, she cried out:

"My God! my God! Thy ways are just! Oh! that Thou hast made his death the atonement for his awful crime!"

"What do you mean?" asked Madame Etienne, amazed at the conduct of the weeping wife.

"Alas!" said she, "during the last days of the Commune, my husband was mad with rage and hatred against those whom he called the aristocrats—the persecutors of honest men. One morning, passing along the Place du Château d'Eau, he saw a child playing on a balcony. He flung a paving-stone at the innocent creature, and she fell to the ground, as he told me afterwards, bleeding and crushed. Remorse entered his soul; from that time he has never known a moment's peace. Every night he would cry out in his sleep, and would imagine that a boulder had fallen on his head. Alas! alas! my God, Thy judgments are just!"

Madame Etienne sank into a chair, as she exclaimed:

"Unhappy wife, unhappy mother! it was my child, my darling Mathilde, who met her death at the hands of your husband." Then falling on her knees, she cried out. "O God! Thou knowest I did not harbor revenge, I did not ask for retribution! Grant forgiveness to this unfortunate man. I ask it of Thee with all my soul."

For an hour the two women watched beside the dying man, praying and weeping by turns. But his eyes never opened again to the light of day. Once or twice the eyelids flickered, as though responsive to the eager solicitations of his wife, who begged for a sign of recognition. It may be, however, that the poor soul, fluttering between life and death, was conscious of the supplications offered in its behalf; God alone knows. It passed so gradually that the watchers did not know the end.

Madame Etienne paid the funeral ex-

penses, and found employment as a laundress for the widow; and to this day (for she still lives, and I have known her) she never fails to pray fervently for the murderer of her darling Mathilde.

Truly the arm of God is not shortened, nor have all the heroines of charity passed away. Christians, let us hope on, pray on, work on; the Lord remembers His own, and sustains them always; the darkest hours of suffering and sorrow are purified and brightened by His all-watchful love and care.

The Emperor and the Minstrel.

BY L. M.

In the year 1273 the feuds which had so long disturbed Germany came to an end, and Rudolf I., Count of Hapsburg, was elected Emperor. A touching incident occurred at his coronation.

The Emperor was presiding at the feast given in honor of the event at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the ancient hall of the castle. The seven electors encircled him, each anxious to fulfil the duties of his office. The large gallery around the hall was filled with courtiers and vassals, whose acclamations mingled with the flourish of trumpets. Laying down his golden cup, the Emperor exclaimed:

"This feast is indeed a bright one, and cheers my imperial heart. But where is the minstrel? I miss the harmony which ever thrills my soul, and raises my thoughts to Heaven; I miss the minstrel, who in the days of my youth I loved to hear improvise, and I will not now be deprived of the sweet influence of his enchanting strains."

The princes made way, and the minstrel appeared before the Emperor. He was clad in a flowing robe. Age had whitened his hair, which encircled his brow like a silver crown. Sweet harmonies slept in the chords of his lyre. "O tell me!" he exclaimed, "what I can sing, on a day of such solemnity, that would be worthy of the great Emperor whom we wish to exalt!"

"It is not my province," replied the monarch, smiling, "to command the minstrel; he has to obey One greater than I, and to answer to the spirit that moves him. Like unto the spring which rises from the depths of the earth, the minstrel's song comes from his inmost soul, and awakens within us most sweet thoughts."

Taking up his lyre, the minstrel, in a powerful voice, began his improvisation.

"A noble lord, on a fiery steed, started to hunt the wild deer, followed by his serving-man and dogs. Borne out of the forest by his horse, the count came to a meadow, when the sound of a bell struck on his ear. He listened; then, dismounting, knelt on the ground, humbly bowing his head, the bell having warned him that the priest whom he saw coming was bearing the Blessed Sacrament. The noble huntsman, full of faith, threw himself on his knees to render homage to Him who redeemed the world, and in His mercy dwelleth among men. Now, the stream which ran through the meadow had overflowed its banks, and rose like a barrier before the priest. But he did not hesitate; taking off his shoes, he prepared to cross the brook.

"What are you going to do, Father!" cried the count. "My lord," replied the priest, "a dying man is waiting to receive the Viaticum; the rivulet has become as a torrent, but it must not stop me, or deprive the sick man of the Heavenly Food." "Nay, good Father, the waters shall not stay you," answered the count; "I pray you take my horse; it will carry you safely across the stream." Thus speaking, he helps the priest to mount his richly caparisoned steed, and, again kneeling on the ground, watches the religious cross the water. Then, springing on the horse of his serving-man, he drives into the forest. The next day the priest (not riding now, but leading the horse,) appeared at the castle gate. "God forbid," cried the count, when he heard of his arrival, "that I should henceforth ride the horse which has carried my Creator! I, his master, have offered him to my Master. Has not God given me all I have?" "May

God, who is almighty," answered the priest, "listen to my poor prayers, and give you glory in return for the homage you have paid Him! You are a powerful lord; your name is famous in all Switzerland; your home is adorned with seven daughters; may you possess seven crowns in your house, and may your glory extend to the last of your descendants!"

The minstrel ceased.

With head bent low, the Emperor seemed lost in thought, as if calling back memories of the past. Then, fixing his eyes on the minstrel, he sees the meaning of his song. Tears flow down his cheeks, and fall on the purple robe. Every eye is fixed upon him. The vast assembly now interprets the song, and beholds in the Emperor the noble huntsman, and in the minstrel the holy priest.

How a Priest Took Revenge.

BY C. A. J.

At a railway station in France two priests stood in the crowd, awaiting the arrival of the train. Their modest, dignified appearance commanded the respect of all, with the exception of some disorderly young men, who persisted in annoying them by their coarse remarks and rude jokes. They kept up their insolent behavior for some time without receiving any attention from the priests, and at length began to indulge in the coarsest of insults. Suddenly an old man advanced from the crowd, and confronted the youths, speaking in a strong, firm voice. "Stand back! You insult me when you insult these men, and, for my part, I shall not put up with it." The young men, surprised and overawed by the commanding appearance of the speaker, muttered some words, and slunk away. The train soon arrived, and all took their places.

To a fellow-traveller, who had questioned him, the old man related the following incident:

"Some fifty years ago I acted as travelling agent for a well-known firm in Paris,

and passed the greater part of my time on the road between that city and Toulouse. At that time I was just like those young men whom you saw me rebuke—lively, frivolous, and without thought of religion, or respect for its ministers. On one occasion I was riding with three other agents—intimate friends of mine—in the stage from Paris to Limoges. Among the other travelers was a poor priest, whom for two days we unceasingly tormented with our rude jokes. At length we arrived at a town, where we were all obliged to put up for the night in the same hotel. Myself and friends were assigned a large room on the top story. We were all fast asleep, when, about two hours after midnight, we were suddenly aroused by loud cries of 'Fire! fire!' The flames seemed to devour the old rookery of a hotel, and the din and confusion were terrible. In rushing from the room, I stumbled over one of our boxes, and fell, breaking my leg just above the ankle. I cried out to my friends to help me, and not leave me to perish in the flames. One of them stopped just long enough to say that the stairs were burning, and they could only save themselves, and then disappeared.

"I could see the flames surrounding the room; the stiff curtains fluttered above my head; burning embers came flying in every direction, and the fire was fast approaching me. I dragged myself to the door, calling loudly for help; but saw nothing before me, save a burning, seething furnace. Outside, the bells were clanging from the church steeples, the people were shouting, and the burning timbers of the building, as they crackled and crashed, made a terrible noise. I felt that death was near me. As the window-frames disappeared in the flames, I could hear the cries from below: 'Come back! He'll slip and be killed! He is lost! He's a fool! The firemen will not follow him!'

"Suddenly through the burning window a man bounded into the room, black with smoke, his clothes torn to shreds, his head bruised and bleeding. He looked quickly around him, and, despite the smoke, dis-

tinguished my motionless body. To lift me in his arms, place me on his back, and take hold of a rope was all the work of an instant. I recognized the priest, and then lost consciousness.

"When I came to myself, I was lying on a pile of straw at the end of the garden, and a surgeon was attending to me, while an anxious crowd looked on. From scraps of conversation, I gathered what had taken place. Several lives had been lost, and many were injured. The priest had shown himself a hero. Before the terrified gaze of thousands of men, he had climbed to the roof of the burning building, and saved the life of his persecutor. But he had been horribly burned, and was now enduring the most terrible tortures in the hospital near by.

"As soon as I was able to walk, I went to the bedside of the suffering priest. I stood for a long time, unable to speak, until at length I found voice to say: 'Father, pardon me; my friends abandoned me, and you saved me.' Pointing to the crucifix near his bedside, the good priest murmured: "'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

"You can understand now why I took the part of those priests at the depot a short time ago."

EVERY night you undress is a symbol of your death. You put off your clothes and enter into peace, for the most part; and so it will be with death. We put off our shrouds, which bear us down, and which can not enter the true rest.—*Gen. Gordon.*

HEARTS good and true
Have wishes few,
In narrow circles bounded;
And hope that lives
On what God gives
Is Christian hope well founded.
Small things are best:
Grief and unrest
To wealth and rank are given;
For little things
On little wings
Bear humble souls to heaven.



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER II, 1886. No. 24.

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The Better Part.

FROM THE FRENCH OF S. F., C. S. C., BY M. E. M.

LOVERS of things celestial, even now,
Monks full of faith, ecstasy on your brow,
Drinking long draughts as steadily ye plod,
From the Book, wisdom; from the Chalice,
God.

Restless we moan, weighed down with sombre
care,

Unknown the calm, the sweet delights of
prayer;

Plucking the bitter fruits of love in sin,
While our sad hearts bleed silently within.

You smile and sing, your trembling voices rise
In sacred harmonies that pierce the skies;

The heavens are parted, stilled are all earth's
sighs:

You see Jesus—monk, angel, both in one—
But we with senses blunted, souls undone,
Bewail our pleasures, faded ere begun.

The "Catholic Dictionary" and the Brown Scapular.

THE current number of *The Month* opens with an able article on the Brown Scapular, from the pen of the editor, the Rev. Father Clarke, S. J. The occasion of it is a regrettable article on the same subject in the "Catholic Dictionary," a learned and useful work, which has just passed to a third edition. The unfortunate production caused surprise and regret wherever it was read; but as the

Dictionary supplied a want long felt by English-speaking Catholics, and as a whole was deserving of praise, the passage in question was allowed to pass without the censure it so richly deserved, and which, for our part, we are now sorry to have withheld. Having published a favorable notice of the Dictionary, recommending it as a work calculated to do good service to the Catholic cause, we took care to lay before our readers a full and exact account of the devotion of the Brown Scapular, as an offset to the article in the Dictionary, to which, however, for the reason immediately to be stated, we thought it better to make no reference.

The attention of the authors of the Dictionary was called to their offensive writing; they were informed that the work on which they had based their arguments against the devotion of the Scapular as understood and practised by the faithful, was penned by a disloyal Catholic, a bitter opponent of the Holy See, and a defamer of the Religious Orders. We supposed that this would be sufficient to cause the suppression of the scandalous article when a new edition of the Dictionary should be called for. We have been disappointed: a third "revised" edition of the work is now being advertised in London, and the notice of the Scapular appears as it was originally written. Furthermore, one of the authors, in a letter addressed to the *Tablet*, has had the effrontery to attempt a defence—if it can be called such—of his disgraceful production.

Silence, then, is no longer golden; on the contrary, we think it high time for the Catholic public to protest against this attack on a cherished devotion, and for the Catholic press to call for the suppression of an article which, as Father Clarke observes, is "likely to be very mischievous to the ignorant and ill-informed, and to disgust all well-informed and loyal Catholics, and all faithful servants of Mary and lovers of Truth."

THE "AVE MARIA" is intended chiefly for perusal in Catholic families; the discussion of mooted points of theology, ecclesiastical history, canon law, etc., is altogether outside its province; it is published for the people, and we are convinced that very few of our numerous readers are interested in foggy disputations on subjects concerning which *savants* are constantly wrangling. But when, as in the present case, a slur is cast upon a devotion specially dear to the children of Mary,—a devotion universally practised by Catholics,—a devotion repeatedly approved by the Holy See, we should be recreant to what we consider our bounden duty to remain silent, all the more so from the fact that the very object of our little magazine is to honor the Mother of God. And we are sure that this subject will deeply interest our readers.

The object of the reverend editor of *The Month* in writing his excellent article was to show (1.) that the arguments adduced in the "Catholic Dictionary" to discredit the supernatural origin of the Brown Scapular are groundless. (2.) That there exists evidence sufficient, and more than sufficient, to prove the fact of the apparition to St. Simon Stock. (3.) That in a matter concerning the honor of a great religious order, and a devotion dear to the faithful everywhere, it is very unseemly that a Catholic author should take as his authority a book condemned by the Holy See, the production of an unscrupulous writer, disloyal to the Church and opposed to the Religious Orders. That these points are well established no unprejudiced reader can for a moment deny. The arguments employed are entirely conclusive; the evidence brought to bear can not be rejected;

and Launoy is proved a notorious defamer of the Religious Orders, and an enemy of Rome and of religion. Furthermore, it is shown that the very work on which the author of the "Catholic Dictionary" has based his arguments against the supernatural origin of the Scapular has been on the Index of Prohibited Books for two hundred years.

Instead of expressing regret for his unfortunate production, and promising to withdraw it from the next edition of his work, as we had a right to expect of him, the author of the "Catholic Dictionary," on reading the protest of *The Month*, makes matters worse by publishing in the *Tablet* a rejoinder, in which he reiterates the arguments of his original article, and says in excuse for relying on the authority of Launoy that he regards him "as a man of extraordinary learning." Moreover, he reminds the editor of *The Month* that the Dictionary bears the *imprimatur* of the highest ecclesiastical authority in England. This is subterfuge. He himself ought to remember that Cardinal Manning's approbation could extend only to what is good in the work; nor should he consider it necessary to wait until formal disapproval is expressed of the account given of the Scapular before erasing it from the pages of the Dictionary.

The sentiment of the Catholic public has already condemned the article, and it is needless to remark that it would never have been printed had the *ensor deputatus* discovered it in time. It is not to be expected that MSS. submitted for the approbation of ordinaries will be read through and through before such recommendation is granted; hence the necessity of ability and learning, sound faith, and the instinct that comes of it, in those who undertake to prepare works like the "Catholic Dictionary," which sooner or later are sure to find their way into the hands of Protestants as well as Catholics, and to which those ill informed will turn for authoritative statements of Catholic doctrine, and for full and exact information concerning the ceremonies, councils, rites, discipline, etc., of Holy Church.

In reasserting the honor due to the holy Scapular, as a gift from Our Blessed Lady's own hands, carrying with it privileges almost miraculous to those who wear it as a pledge of their devotion to Her, we can not refrain from quoting two passages from Father Clarke's article,—an article creditable alike to his scholarship, his faith, and his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

"We do not believe that there is any practical danger of Catholics placing any undue confidence in the efficacy of the Scapular. We certainly have never encountered an instance. The tendency is quite the other way. One of the strongest practical arguments in favor of the privilege attaching to it is that a continuance in sin almost always carries with it the voluntary or involuntary abandonment of the Scapular. We could quote instances without number which have come under our own experience. Often a Catholic who intends to commit mortal sin will deliberately take off his Scapular. Bad he may be, but not so bad as to insult the Holy Mother of God by wearing Her uniform while he is outraging Her Divine Son. More often the indifference to holy things which is one of the effects of sin will make him careless, and one day he will forget or neglect to resume it after it has been taken off. Somehow or other—and many of my readers will confirm the truth of what I am saying from their own knowledge—the abandonment of the Scapular is one of the most certain signs which accompanies wilful persistency in wrongdoing, and a determined resistance to the grace of God.

"All over the world the Brown Scapular is not only a popular but a universal devotion. Not only is it dear to the faithful, but their confidence in it is unlimited. They accept it as the gift of Mary. Bishops recommend it to their dioceses, missionaries preach it, priests explain it, catechists instruct the children under their care respecting it: one and all, they give the same account of it; one and all, they profess and inculcate their absolute confidence in its celestial origin; one and all, they confirm

by their own experience the truth of the promise made—that none wearing it fails to die well; one and all bear testimony that the hardened sinner, sooner or later, loses or throws off his Scapular. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. In spite of the attacks made upon it by Gallicans and other enemies of the Holy See,—in spite of the insinuations of the 'Catholic Dictionary,' this absolute reliance remains, and will ever remain, ineradicably fixed in the hearts of the faithful children of Holy Church. What the *Ecclesia docens* teaches in every country and every age, what the *Ecclesia discens* accepts and approves, what Catholic instinct—the unfailing touchstone of truth in things spiritual—pronounces to be in accordance with the ways of God's Providence, and what an ever-increasing experience confirms and ratifies, can not be rejected without the greatest peril, except where invincible ignorance excuses."

The Aspiring Shepherds.

A KERRY LEGEND.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

II.

THE Rebellion had been quenched in blood the year before, but peace was still far from being re-established. Many of the "boys" (as the people sympathetically called the insurgents) were still "out," and scarcely a week went by that a detachment of the hated yeomanry did not come into Tralee with some of these young men as prisoners to be kept for trial at the next assize.

There was in Kerry scarcely a decent family of the old Irish that had not one representative, at least, either already hanged or transported, or in danger of such a fate. There was little gayety, therefore, among this naturally gay people. But even when minds are greatly wrought up, and the country is sorely disturbed, there must be eating and drinking, and, consequently, buying and selling. It was Lady Day, and the an-

nual fair was to open this day at Tralee.

The commodities chiefly dealt in at the Tralee fair were horses, catt'e, sheep, and pigs. woolen and linen cloths, iron-mongery, delft, and tobacco, with all the odds and ends which a country so poor as that portion of Ireland was at that period could be expected to produce or to purchase.

The generality of the people in the streets and around the booths on the common were talking Gaelic when among their own kin or neighbors; but there were traders from Waterford, Clare, and even from Galway; and when a mixed gathering broke into conversation, English was often preferred as a medium, because of the difficulty which many found in understanding one another's dialects of Gaelic. There was even a person from Dublin, who attracted much attention. His clothes were in the English style, and he wore his hair done up in a *queue*, which hung gracefully down the centre of his back. He spoke the beautiful Dublin English, and seemed proud that he could not understand the "ja-argon," as he called the ancient language of his own race and country. He was said to be, or rather he called himself, Mr. John Murphy, woolen-draper, and he had the best lodging at Mrs. Houlahan's inn.

Mr. Murphy was sitting at a little table by himself in the small common-room of the inn, eating his breakfast, consisting of a rasher of bacon and a cup of "tay," with a dash of "poteen" in the tea. He was a large, well-fed man, and as he extended his legs under the table, and nourished himself at his ease, he had all the airs of what the starvelings around him would call a "comfortable man." The Widow Houlahan, whose head scarcely reached above the bar behind which she was arranging the bottles of various sorts of spirits, was keeping her eye on Mr. Murphy, though that individual appeared entirely unconscious of her scrutiny.

Just behind him was a low-seated window looking out on a side street; and through that window, if he turned around far enough, and through the door on his left,

which opened into the high-road, if he turned but a little, Mr. Murphy could have a view of the throngs which were already pressing about for the fun and the business of the fair.

"Mrs. Houlahan!" said Mr. Murphy.

"Sir!" responded the landlady.

"This is foiné tay you provide for me."

"It's the best Bohay, sir," said she; "but it's little I know fat you mane by sayin' I 'perwide' it. It's bart it I did av Lanty Soolivan', an' I have the proofs av what I'm sayin' if I was to be shot by the yeomen this day."

"Ah! Mrs. Houlahan, it's aisy to be seen you've not yet acquired the more elegant stoile of English. I meant to say that the tay is good that you have put before me. But to change the subject, I understand the boys of Kerry are still bound to have *their own*."

"Are you afther knowin' anny o' thim?" was the cautious form of response.

"And how should I know any of them, and I a stranger here?" said Mr. Murphy. "But I don't moind telling *you*" (and he emphasized the "you," and looked slowly about, as if desirous not to be heard by any one but the widow,) "I have a dale of sympathy with the *cause*; and from my business standing in Dublin I might be of assistance at the Castle to some of the boys, if I could know where to foind them."

"Yerra, thin, but it ud be hard to find thim. They're as keen as foxes, so they are, an' as dumb as oxes; an' there is a song here—

"I'd sooner be hung or be nailed to a tree
Than have an informer in my family."

"I don't blame them for their caution, Mrs. Houlahan," said he; "for there must be many informers, as there is so much money to earn by informing."

"Musha, thin, an' I don't know," Mrs. Houlahan answered. "There are not so manny, considherin' how much there is to earn, an' how manny a poor man there is could earn it, if he liked."

Here Mr. Murphy dropped his efforts to be social with the landlady, and quietly di-

rected his attention to a "horsy" looking party who entered from the high-road, and were placing themselves at a table near the door. The widow was wiping the table for them with the width of her apron.

"God save all here, Mrs. Houlahan!" was their greeting.

"God save ye kindly, thin," was the landlady's return; "an' how are ye all?"

"Thanks be to God we are all well, as you see," replied the most chatty of these men, who were horse-dealers from the County Limerick, and, in spite of their rather tricky profession, were as clean-minded and honest, if shrewd, fellows as ever loved a good animal. The speaker was Murty Hayes. "Mrs. Houlahan," said he, "will you be givin' us a noggin apiece?"

"Indeed an' I will so. An' how manny o' ye have come from Askeaton?"

"We three," replied Murty, indicating his two companions and himself. "What's that *gamach* doin' there, Mrs. Houlahan?" he asked, pointing to a young mountaineer, the greater part of whose body was thrust into the window of the side street, and whose eyes were peering curiously around the interior, examining every object of furniture, but seemingly most interested in the appearance of Mr. Murphy, upon whose *queue* his gaze finally became riveted.

"How do I know, sure?" said Mrs. Houlahan, as she looked benevolently at the strange figure, which was no other than Finan. She invited him in in Gaelic: *Tair an's teach, a mhic*,—"come in, my son."

At the sound of the Gaelic, Finan merely frowned, and, while listening to the English conversation of the traders, continued to scan the Dublin man, who had now twisted around in his chair, and was examining the shepherd in turn.

"As I was goin' to say," resumed Mrs. Houlahan, placing the noggins of liquor in the table before the traders, "I tart it's more there'd be of ye, but it seems there's no one kem wid ye from Askeaton but yourselves."

"That's it," replied Murty, divining the cause of the woman's curiosity, but disposed

to tease her before gratifying it; "none but ourselves—just we three."

With a smile on his face, and muttering something over and over to himself, Finan withdrew from the window and disappeared.

Mr. Murphy began to be uneasy. He gulped down the remainder of his breakfast. "That's a strange character, Mrs. Houlahan," he said, motioning with his head towards the now unobstructed window. "Do you know him?"

"Faith an' I do nat," was the landlady's reply. "I suppose he's one of the mountainy b'ys. But, Conn," said she to another of the traders, "Murty's as close-mouthed as an iseter. Do you be tellin' me fy Garret's not come wid ye from Askeaton."

"Yerra, woman," Conn answered, "sure there's a weddin' this day at Askeaton that'll kape him from comin'."

"A weddin'! An' who's to be married?"

"An' who but himself! He's to marry Nora McCarthy, no less."

"Oh, aye!" said the landlady. "Musha, thin, but it's quare goin's on there is, sure enough, at Askeaton. An' fat's she goin' to marry Garret Fitzgerald for?—the likes o' him!"

"For his money," answered the third of the traders.

Mr. Murphy, who was just finishing his cup, became very fidgety now; for another strange face was at the window, close to his shoulder. It was Cahal.

"Don't mind the b'y," Mrs. Houlahan said, somewhat annoyed, nevertheless, at the interruption to the interesting theme of a marriage. "For his money, you say?" she resumed, turning towards the three traders.

"For his money," they repeated all together.

Cahal, with a triumphant look, vanished.

"Well, my fine fellows," said Mrs. Houlahan, "weddin' or no weddin', it's a bad fall ye'll be havin' from those Waterford cattle min. I'm told there's a dozen o' them in town now, an' more to come."

Another strange face presented itself at the window—Donal this time.



"The divil a care we care!" was the disdainful answer of Murty Hayes; a sentiment in which his companions agreed, each in his turn repeating, "The divil a care we care!"

Donal glanced quickly around the room and was gone like a flash. Mr. Murphy evidently could stand this no longer. He rose from his chair and walked rapidly out of the door into the street, and was lost to view amid the passing crowds.

"Who's that, Mrs. Houlahan?" asked Murty.

"He's a Misther John Murphy, of Dublin, a woolen-draper—so he says. But," and she moved close to the table, and leaning over, in a tone but a little raised above a whisper, "he may be a shpy from the Castle sint to find out fat he can about the b'ys. But do ye have nothin' to do wid it, if ye take my advice."

"Indeed an' we'll not," said Murty. "If there was any good to be done by kapin' up the war it ud be different. As it is, we'll attind to our horses, an' have nothin' to say or do wid anything else. But I'm thinkin' if *you*, innocent woman that you are, have marked him, there are others in the town that have his measure by this."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Johannes Janssen.

(CONCLUSION.)

ALTHOUGH Janssen dreaded the heavy responsibilities of the priesthood, still, in the midst of his secular studies he felt a longing for that holy state. After having made trial of his vocation for many years, he began preparation for the reception of Holy Orders, by entering on a retreat at Tübingen, which he prolonged for several months, during which time Böhmer felt his absence keenly. "It would make a great void in my life," he wrote, "if Janssen, after his entrance into the ecclesiastical state, for which he is preparing, should be prevailed upon to leave Frankfort and accept another appointment. He will not go of his own

choice; he loves Frankfort too well for that, and his surroundings suit him perfectly, which, alas! I can not say for myself this long time. In the gymnasium he is equally beloved by pupils and professors."

On March 26, 1860, Janssen was ordained priest in the Cathedral of Limburg. From the reputation which he had already acquired it was but natural that he should at once be thought of for ecclesiastical dignities; but he constantly refused them, and often complained to his intimate friends of the annoyance occasioned by these offers, remarking that he had no inclination and no abilities except for the study of history. In 1866, however, Archbishop Vicari, of Freiburg, named him canon, and in 1880 our Holy Father Leo XIII. appointed him Prelate and Protonotary Apostolic *ad instar participantium*. Amongst the works undertaken by Janssen for Archbishop Vicari we will mention only the famous pastoral, "The Papacy in History."

The pleasantest years of Janssen's life at Frankfort were those that he spent with his father, from 1865 to 1869. The elder Janssen was highly esteemed and respected by his fellow-townsmen; he was one of those of whom it could be said with truth: "He never intentionally harmed even a fly." The mourning at his death was universal, as well among the common people as among the higher classes. We have before us a touching letter written by his son immediately after his death, from which we quote as follows:

"Try not to comfort me; for grief must have its way. The four years that my father passed with me—since the death of my stepmother, whose memory was equally dear to us both—are now gone, with all their pleasant and cheerful surroundings. He had received only an ordinary education, but took a great interest in and had a clear understanding of higher things, and even during his last illness he preserved remarkable vigor of mind. All who knew him admired his amiability and childlike simplicity, which seemed to increase with his years.

"A pious and thoroughly earnest Catholic, he hated all wrangling about matters of religion, and shortly before his death he said to me: 'Do all things for your faith—live and die for it; but in your intercourse with others do not be drawn into controversies; hurt no one's feelings, and love all men.' He repeated these words to my friend Professor Stumpf, who took particular pleasure in conversing with him when he was here during the holidays. 'But,' he would add, 'we must not allow our faith to be misrepresented. If we are attacked, we must defend ourselves; otherwise we are paltry cowards. An old major in Berlin used to say to me: "Young man, whoever permits injustice to be done him, and his honor to be attacked, is just as contemptible a fellow as he that does the injustice." I have often thought of these words,' continued my father, 'especially in regard to our faith; for that is man's real honor.'

"My most cherished reward," writes Janssen in conclusion, "was when my father's eye rested on my work, and I saw that he was pleased with it. Now I am again quite alone. . . . He died without agony; whilst making the Sign of the Cross, pronouncing distinctly the words, 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen,' he fell asleep in the Lord."

Janssen's work, "Schiller as a Historian," first published in Freiburg in 1863, met with remarkable success. With a crushing weight of evidence, he shows that those much-read historical works of Schiller are the merest poetical inventions. The hope expressed by a critic on reviewing the volume on its first appearance—that in future well-informed men would know what to think of Schiller's historical writings—has, in part at least, been fulfilled; nowadays no "well-informed" historian would venture to refer to Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War" as an authority.

In December, 1863, some weeks after the death of his friend Böhmer, Janssen visited Rome, and became the guest of Cardinal Reisach. He was three times admitted to

private audience with Pius IX., who took the greatest interest in his historical researches. At one of these audiences the Holy Father presented him with a medal, on one side of which was his portrait, and on the other the "Washing of Peter's Feet." "I am accustomed to give this medal only on this day [Holy Thursday]," said His Holiness, "and only to the thirteen apostles; but, as a historian, you have the work of an apostle to do. It is, indeed, an apostolical work to be occupied in the spread of historical truth, and to be thus occupied in the spirit of charity and peace."

It was during his stay in the Eternal City that the fourth volume of the collection of original documents concerning the history of Poland, made its appearance (published by Theiner, librarian of the Vatican). The numerous important and hitherto unpublished papers relating to the period immediately prior to the division of Poland were of the deepest interest to Janssen, who set to work to study these documents, and all other original writings concerning this epoch and that which preceded it. The result of his researches was his volume *„Über Genesis der ersten Theilung Polens,"*—"Remarks on the Origin of the First Division of Poland,"—a work indispensable to the right understanding of this period.

Janssen next wrote, *„Johann Friedrich Böhmer's Leben, Briefe, und kleinere Schriften,"*—"The Life, Letters, and Shorter Writings of Johann Friedrich Böhmer." One who would become acquainted with the historical researches that have been going on in Germany of late years, and who wishes at the same time to learn the true spirit and the proper direction of such studies, should not neglect to read this Life. In order that a wider circle of readers might become familiar with the disinterested labors of his departed friend and guide, Janssen the following year published a shorter, independent Life, entitled, *„Johann Friedrich Böhmer's Leben und Anschauungen."*

Our wonder at Janssen's fertility as a writer is greatly increased when we bear in mind that, besides the various works re-

ferred to, and others which we have not mentioned, he never ceased to occupy himself in the preparation of what may be called his life-work, "The History of the German People." He has also won considerable fame by his contributions to periodical literature. The numerous articles on purely historical subjects, as well as on the history of literature and of manners and customs, that appeared especially in the „*Historisch-politische Blätter*“ and in the „*Katholik*," are distinguished, as is everything that proceeds from his pen, for the classical beauty of their language, and stand in the highest rank as scientific investigations. Some of these articles were republished separately, others were incorporated into his History, and still others were collected in his „*Zeit- und Lebensbilder*." The effects of these "contributions to the comparative history of civilization" were really surprising. No one before Janssen's day had ventured so mercilessly to tear away the mask from the idols of modern progress; and meantime he never allowed himself to be carried away by passion, but was "provokingly" cool and composed.

The chief production of our venerable author is his "History of the German People." When he was only a student he had conceived the plan of this work, and held correspondence in regard to it with Böhmer, amongst others. In 1854 the latter wrote to him: "There is certainly no more beautiful or more fruitful task than that of a history of the German nation,—popular in the nobler sense of the word,—which shall, as far as possible, use the researches already made, and, collecting together the essentials, shall place them before the educated public in powerful language. I congratulate you who, in your youth, aspire to execute such a high task."

After more than twenty years of preparation, the first volume made its appearance in 1876, and the universal verdict was that here was the work of a master. Whilst the learned wondered how the author was able to employ the almost endless amount of material, and to put it together in such a

smooth, masterly style, the general reader was carried away by those life-like descriptions of the ways and doings of the German people in the most dangerous period of their development. This enthusiasm was not confined to Catholics, but extended even to non-Catholic circles; Protestants of the strictest type could unhesitatingly declare of the first volume that it was imperishable.

But as the History progressed, especially when it began to treat of the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, opposition arose, as could not but be expected. Champions of more or less fame, learned and unlearned, came forward and sought to refute the work; but in vain did the former expend the feeble armory of their science, in vain did the latter give vent to passionate invective. If anything was needed to insure the success of the book, it was afforded in the overthrow of the opposition, which called forth a regular crusade, or we might call it a deluge of writings against Janssen, until the author at last was forced to defend himself, which he did, in his brilliant and dignified style, in two works, „*Ein Wort an meine Kritiker*," and „*Ein zweites Wort an meine Kritiker*."

As the opposition increased, the History spread the more rapidly, so that the edition of the fourth volume was twelve times the size of the previous one—namely, 24 000 copies; a fact, observes a Protestant reviewer, which is unheard of in regard to a scientific treatise of several volumes treating of German affairs. And this fact is all the more remarkable when we remember that most of those copies of a work eminently Catholic were sold in the north of Germany—a stronghold of Protestantism. The best fruit produced hereby is, however, the considerable number of conversions to which it has given occasion.

When we reflect on Janssen's clear method, by which he succeeds, apparently without an effort, in disentangling the most chaotic points, it is hard for us to realize how many days of utter prostration and suffering intervened between the various parts of the work. Thus it is that the ap-

pearance of the fifth volume of his German History, which was expected to be read by last Christmas, was deferred in consequence of long illness.

We have given the principal points in the life of this great investigator of history, —a life devoted to the service of the Church and of truth. May he be granted many more years to prolong the same noble service! May he, above all, be permitted to crown his life-work, and not only to bring the "History of the German People" to its completion, but also to give a popular version of the work, so that it may be in the hands of all! His general health, thanks be to God, has greatly improved in the last few years.

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIX —(Continued.)

ONE morning Fabian received a summons to the Emperor's presence. He would have disregarded the mandate had it been possible; for his very soul revolted at the thought of him. He had a motive, however —although he was not hopeful as to its results,—which induced him to obey, instead of going with all speed to Ostia, to embark on his galley, and put out to sea, as he had at first resolved.

Valerian, on the other hand, learning that there was an ill-feeling among the soldiers on account of the arrest of Nemesius (who was the idol of the army), and the cruel fate of his lovely child, grew uneasy, and determined to manifest a desire to be merciful, which, if rejected by Nemesius, would throw upon his own head the responsibility of all that should follow.

"It is needless for me to relate what has befallen Nemesius through his own obstinacy," said Valerian, after the usual salutations. (They were alone in his private cabinet.)

"I know all," replied Fabian.

"I confided in and honored Nemesius

above all men, until he ungratefully betrayed both my friendship and trust, by giving himself up to the delusions of magic, and united himself with the enemies of the gods for the overthrow of religion and the destruction of the State,—both capital offences," continued the Emperor, affecting a dignified and injured tone; "but, even so, I am disposed to be merciful, and to use every possible effort to recall him to his senses. Therefore, knowing thy life-long intimacy with him, it has occurred to me that, if thou wilt take the matter in hand, he may be induced to heed thy persuasions, and be sufficiently amenable to reason to recant his folly; in which case he will be restored to his military rank, to his child, and to the enjoyment of his possessions."

"It would be but time wasted, *Imperator*, for me to attempt such a thing; for, although Nemesius has, in my judgment, done a most foolish thing, and I have made use of every argument to dissuade him, he, being a man of great integrity and uprightness, and of a singularly noble sincerity of mind, does only that which appears to him right solely on conviction; therefore it is right, in this case, for him to have acted just as he has," said Fabian, with gravity.

"What! right that he should become a Christian?" angrily cried the Emperor.

"Yes, right even to that extreme, from his point of view; and, such being the fact, and I having failed to convince him to the contrary, a fresh attempt on my part would be needless insult; it would be as vain," said Fabian, with a bitter laugh, "as the efforts of Enceladus, who, with a mountain pressing upon him, throws rocks at the gods, which all fall short of their aim."

"Perhaps thou sharest his delusion?" observed Valerian, enraged; "if not, prove it by casting spices in yonder brasier before the statue of Mercury."

"A measure if thou wilt; not only here, but before every deity in Rome!" exclaimed Fabian, with suppressed fury, as he strode to the spot, and threw a handful of frankincense on the glowing coals, which instantly filled the room with a cloud of aromatic

smoke, that was at the same time pungent and suffocating.

So fitful are the moods of tyrants that, although coughing violently, and nearly suffocated by the incense—which, being a religious prince, he always kept on hand for his private devotions, as well as for emergencies like the present—Valerian laughed as soon as he recovered his breath; and, his good humor restored, he told Fabian that he had abundantly satisfied him of the sincerity of his fidelity to the gods. In the midst of the smoke Fabian wished he had been more prudent, fearing that he had marred the success of the object he had in view; but, reassured by Valerian's extraordinary mood, he thought the moment was propitious.

"*Imperator*," he said, "I wish, with thy gracious permission, to submit a proposition to thee."

"I am willing to serve thee, Fabian; name it."

"It is this. I offer to the treasury of the State one half of my enormous wealth for the ransom of the child Claudia. I propose to adopt her as my own, and remove to Britannia Prima, where I have an estate."

"It is a generous offer, more than the spawn of a Christian is worth," replied the scowling tyrant. "It depends on Nemesius whether or not the ransom will be accepted; for if he persists in his madness, he shall suffer through her to the end."

"All, *Imperator*—all that I have, even my life, for both!" urged Fabian.

A hoarse, rumbling laugh was Valerian's answer to this noble offer. "*Fidius!* it is equal to anything in the tragedies of Euripides; but remember, Fabian, that this is real life, and not a stage."

"Such things were once realities in Rome," was the proud answer.

"Thou knowest the only conditions on which Nemesius and his daughter will be spared," returned the Emperor, rising. "I regret losing thy agreeable society; but, this being the hour I go to the Baths of Sallust every day, I must say farewell."

Fabian, on being thus abruptly dismissed,

bowed and withdrew. "The cranes of Ibycus still fly, thou monster!" was on his lips, as he passed under the gilded leather curtain from the imperial presence.

At last a day came when Claudia was to leave the infamous abode of Lippa. That morning everything had gone wrong with the depraved creature, and her fiery temper spared nothing that came in her way. She saw Claudia working among the domestic slaves, called her, and ordered her to lift an article which it was beyond her strength to move, although in a spirit of sweet obedience she made an effort to do so. Lippa snatched up a scourge, and gave her a sharp cut across the shoulders; and the child would have received another stroke from the uplifted arm, had not Cypria run in, breathless, to say that the 'Emperor or the Prefect, or somebody, had come to take Claudia away.'

"I'm glad enough to dance!" exclaimed Lippa; "she has left me in a fever ever since she has been under my roof, so that I've not had a night's rest. Take her to the bath, and put something clean on her before she goes. As for me, I'm going to gossip with my friend the barber, and then to the circus."

"Where am I going?" asked the little girl, in surprise.

"To meet thy father, dear child,—one of the soldiers told me; come let us hasten," said Cypria, leading her by the hand. "I have some of thy own pretty garments, brought by thy nurse, hidden away ready for thee."

When the lash had stung Claudia's tender flesh, and she had cried out with pain, she thought of the scourging of the divine *Christus*, and, though she wept bitter tears, in her heart she was glad to suffer a little as He did and for Him; and now, in union with this sorrow, she offered the joy that filled her at thought of meeting her father. Her golden hair once more fell in curls over her shoulders; refreshed by the bath, and some sweet salve with which Cypria anointed the crimson welt left by the lash, and arrayed in her simple tunic and robe

of white embroidered with lilies, she looked a very image of purity and innocence. She thought not of the soldiers who guarded her, of the staring crowds, the rough stones of the street; for the celestial love that glowed in her heart, and the certainty that in a few moments she would be in her father's arms, made her oblivious of all else.

Nemesius meet his child near the Temple of the Earth, to which both were being conducted, and where the tribunal sat that would pronounce the final sentence. In a moment she was clinging around his neck, while he embraced her fondly, and, aware of what was impending, could scarcely command his emotion; but this she did not observe, in her joy at once more seeing him.

"Thou wilt keep me close, my father, and not let them take me back to Lippa. Oh! it is a terrible place! I must have died but for the love of the dear *Christus*, who comforted me, and the protection of His Holy Mother. Oh! let them kill me, only save me from Lippa! But, my father, there is one even in that dreadful den who wants to be a Christian,—a woman whose life thou didst save when a wicked man had his knife ready to cut her throat. She was good to me after she heard I was thy little maid. Her name is Cypria," said Claudia.

"Fear not, sweet one, thou wilt not return to Lippa. May God reward with His choicest graces her who was kind to thee!" he answered, knowing what was at hand. Her words tore his heart, and he "felt it a greater sacrifice to offer to God the impulses of revenge than the shedding of his own and his daughter's blood."*

This offering, so pleasing to Almighty Love, was succeeded by an unspeakable joy that flooded his soul at the constancy of his brave Claudia, and, leading her by the hand, he went in, serene and undaunted, before the tribunal of Valerian. He had laid aside forever the glittering trappings of his martial rank, and appeared in the graver

habiliments of a Christian, his military peace-toga thrown about him. He was in the prime of a noble manhood, perfect in masculine beauty, tall and stately, and bearing in his presence a natural dignity, which now, as it had always done, commanded involuntary respect and admiration. Among the many present were several of his comrades in arms, who were touched with profound sympathy when they beheld their brave commander and his innocent little maid conducted to the criminal's stand.

Valerian, wearing his imperial robes, and crowned with a wreath of sweet olive, sat, conspicuous and scowling, in his curule chair of ivory and gold, which was elevated on a dais several feet above the floor; soldiers, lictors, and priests of the idol to whom the Temple of the Earth was dedicated surrounded him. The judge and other legal officials were in their places. Nemesius and his beautiful child stood on the *catasta* in view of every eye, and a breathless silence prevailed. Then spake the judge, with impressive solemnity:

"Nemesius, where is that prudence always so conspicuous in thee, whose public career has ever been so illustrious in word and deed? Dost thou not think that we know what is good for thee, and will recommend it? We counsel thee, therefore, not to abandon the worship of the gods thou hast followed from thy childhood."

The words of the judge were less than nothingness to Nemesius, who was contemplating the result of his refusal to sacrifice. Thought of the tender one clinging to him caused nature once more to assert itself, the exaltation of his spirit drooped, and unbidden tears rushed to his eyes;* but, lifting his heart to Him who was sifting His servant like fine wheat, he composed his voice, and answered with firmness and dignity:

"Thy words of praise apply not to me, who have always been but a sinful man. I rejected the truth, preferring idolatry; I have shed innocent blood, and when burdened and crushed with guilt I found mercy

* The incidents now related of the martyrdom of Nemesius and his lovely child follow closely the account given by Dr. O'Reilly, gleaned by him from the "Acts of the Martyrs."

* "Acts."

at the hands of the great and only true Ruler, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Although late—my life having reached its meridian—I now know Him who redeemed me with His Blood, who gave sight to my child whom no earthly skill could cure, and at the same time illuminated also the eyes of our hearts, that, despising the blindness of idolatrous superstition, we might be converted to the light of Christianity. Him I fear, and Him only will I adore; to Him I offer the poor service of my worship. I reject idols of stone and metal, which I know to be devils, that seek our ruin, and wish to drag us with them to the woes of eternal death."

As he proceeded with his simple and glorious confession, Valerian's face grew livid with suppressed wrath, and he roared out in his rasping, guttural voice:

"I know the spell of thy magic words, and the power of thy incantations, which even slay whom thou wilt; for it was by them Maximus was slain, that thou mightest escape justice. It is plain, moreover, that it is thy purpose to try thy dark arts against me, thy lawful ruler, and the safety of the State. Thou deservest the severest penalties instituted for such crimes; but, willing to show mercy, sentence shall be delayed to offer thee another chance. Wilt thou sacrifice?"

The reply of Nemesisius was a stern, emphatic negative.

All through this trying scene, Claudia clung close to his arm, her pale face pressed against it, listening to his words, and whispering prayers to the divine *Christus* to deliver them out of the hands of the wicked, and bring them safely to the joys of His presence.

A deep silence pervaded the place, the supreme moment had come; then, surging and rumbling out upon the stillness, the voice of the malicious tyrant pronounced sentence: "They are to be taken hence to the Temple of Mars, on the Appian Way; there the daughter of Nemesisius shall be put to death before his eyes, unless, when seeing his child about to be executed, he consent

to save her life and his own by abandoning his wicked delusion and sacrificing to the gods."

Thus Valerian washed his hands of the blood of his victims by throwing the fatal responsibility on the head of Nemesisius, sparing him the customary sufferings, to torture him more cruelly through his affections.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Fool's Prayer.

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now for us and make a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord! we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the wrath from Heaven away.

"Those clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossom without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth that we have kept—
We know how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not cause to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them
all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall!

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes:
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

A Happy Anniversary in Rome.

"T-O-MORROW will be the eleventh anniversary of my reception into the Church; what shall I do to celebrate the day, in this city of the soul?"

Such was the question of one of three American ladies—all converts from the Episcopal persuasion—as they came from the porch to the piazza of St. Peter's, and looked with wonder and delight on the vast crowds of worshippers coming and going, to and fro, as the glorious Easter festivities arose to Heaven from

"This eternal ark of worship undefiled."

"You can not do better than visit some of the holy rooms in Rome—the rooms of saints," was the reply of the good lady who had been a resident for many years in the Eternal City.

Thus it came to pass in the early spring-time, when Roman skies are most beautiful, and Roman air most exhilarating, after an early Mass and Communion in St. Andrea delle Fratte—the favorite church of all converts, always fragrant with the memory of the pious Ratisbonne,—that the trio of ladies took their carriage and were driven, first to the rooms of St. Ignatius Loyola; for where is the convert whose heart is not drawn to the Jesuit Fathers, that faithful band of God's servants, ever found in the van of the battle, and always first to be attacked by the enemies of the Church?

Some years after the death of St. Ignatius, the houses and a church where he had established the Company of Jesus were taken down, to build what was called the Professed House, by Cardinal Farnese, who had already, in 1577, erected the beautiful

Church *Il Gesù*, near by. This house was to be the residence of the General of the Order and the Provincial of the Roman province. It is to day occupied, in a great part, by troops! But the Government, though holding the building as barracks for soldiers, has not as yet laid sacrilegious hands on the rooms where St. Ignatius lived and died. When the house was built by the Cardinal, in 1599, the apartments made sacred by the presence of so many servants of God were left intact, as they remain to-day.

Passing through a gallery which seemed to separate the rooms from the newer house, our attention was called to the remarkable frescos, representing the life of St. Ignatius. These paintings are of the 18th century, and were the work of a lay-brother, P. Pozzi, who also decorated the adjoining church. The rooms occupied by the Saint were four in number, besides an antechamber which we first entered. In this room may still be seen an old tile fireplace closed by shutters; here the holy recluse burned the letters of his family without reading them. There are also three doors of the same date with the fireplace, and a closet which once held the garments of the Saint.

The apartment which we next entered, through the very same door by which saints have passed, is an object of special interest, joined with love and veneration; for here the holy founder of the Society of Jesus died; here is the place where stood the couch on which he breathed his last, July 31, 1556, at the age of sixty-five years. In the centre of one side of this room still stands the altar where he daily offered the Holy Sacrifice; over the altar is a picture of the Holy Family, which the Saint regarded with great affection. At this same altar St. Charles Borromeo offered his first Mass; St. Philip Neri often came here to pray and to confer with St. Ignatius; St. Francis Borgia occupied this room for some years, and died in it. St. Aloysius was here admitted to the Society of Jesus, taking his first vows; St. Francis de Sales came here, to gather strength in the conflicts with heresy in which he was always engaged.

This sanctuary exhales the perfume of true piety and unalterable devotion to Holy Church. We seemed to hear a voice saying, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The walls are hung with precious mementos—portraits of St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis Borgia, St. Francis de Sales, and a very striking one of St. Ignatius himself in the garb of his Order. Here may be seen autographs of all these saints, as well as those of St. Vincent de Paul, Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, and Blessed John de Britte. Directly opposite the altar is an embroidered picture of Our Blessed Lady, before which St. Francis de Sales delighted to pray.

Near the ancient door which leads to the next chamber, we saw on the wall the original act by which the first followers of St. Ignatius bound themselves to obey and serve the Church. This precious paper was signed by their own hands—St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, Laynez, Salmeron, Bobadilla, Blessed Lefevre, and Blessed Rodriguez. Here, too, St. Stanislaus Kostka made his profession.

After feasting our souls on these good things, dwelling in the company of that white-robed army of confessors so intimately associated with the foundation of the Society of Jesus, we followed our guide into another room through a door that had often opened to saints. This was the apartment reserved for Brother John Paul, attendant and companion of St. Ignatius. Here we observed a large portrait of the Saint in the costume of a young knight, as he appeared when an officer in the army of Charles V., of Spain. Here is preserved an image of Our Blessed Mother which had belonged to St. Veronica Julianna; also the relics of Benedict Joseph Labre, whose canonization was then being sought for, and is now accomplished. We were also shown many other precious autograph letters, which we could not help coveting.

A door from this apartment led into a museum filled with precious objects which had been used by the saints, among them the vestments in which St. Ignatius said

Mass—the chasuble, alb, amice and beretta. The chasuble, being worn by age, was repaired by the Archduchess Mary Anna, of Austria. In this room St. Ignatius wrote the immortal Constitution of his Order. Here we came upon an object that brought to our memory the holy St. Francis Xavier, a shining star among the Jesuit Fathers—viz., the parasol which he carried in the East Indies. It looked very like the Japanese shades that we see in our day. Opening out of this last room was a *loggia*, where St. Ignatius was wont to come to breathe the air and to meditate in the night time. Here he was favored with many of those remarkable visions and those heavenly graces which we read of in his Life; here he cried out, "*Quam sordet mihi tellus quum cœlum aspicio!*"

Reluctantly we turned away from these hallowed precincts, exclaiming in our hearts and with our lips, "It is good to be here." We drove silently to the Roman College, which had St. Ignatius for its founder. We were met by Father Lambert, who took us at once to the rooms of St. Aloysius and Blessed John Berchmans. The body of the former is in the Church of St. Ignatius, near the Roman College, while the body of St. Ignatius himself rests in *Il Gesù*. Both these saints have altars of wonderful magnificence, each a study in marble and precious stones.

After climbing many stairs, we came to an ante-room decorated with scenes from the life of St. Aloysius; here he took his vows, at the close of his novitiate. The adjoining room, where the Saint lived, is now a chapel; over the altar is a most excellent likeness of the holy youth. Some of his manuscripts were shown to us, and an autograph letter to a lady friend,—all written in most delicate and perfectly formed characters, and fair and spotless as himself. We kissed his precious crucifix, and were given some mementos of his wonderful miraculous powers, in the shape of pieces of cloth which he had multiplied for the poor, and little packages of flour which had been increased by his blessing. There was also

an interesting picture of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, who had a vision of the Saint at the time of his death.

St. Aloysius was a prince in his own right, but gave up the throne and embraced the Cross. His life was a touching example of purity of heart; this is why he is the chosen patron of youth. He died June 21, 1591. At the time of his beatification (which took place fourteen years after his death), his mother and two brothers erected, in the sacristy of the Church of St. Ignatius, a magnificent altar of various marbles and precious stones. Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory, gave to the Roman College a treatise on Theology written entirely by the hand of this saintly youth, who was learned as well as pious. During a fearful epidemic he distinguished himself by taking care like a brother of the sick and dying, and fell himself a victim to the malady.

In the sacristy which divides the chamber of St. Aloysius from that of Blessed John Berchmans, we found many objects of interest, among them some autographs of St. Veronica Julianna and St. Aloysius; also the picture of the Crucifixion before which the latter Saint prayed and wept. Beyond this we came to the chamber of Blessed Berchmans. All pious travellers from Belgium visit this room; for the youth was a native of that Catholic country. He was a rare scholar, and died in this College in 1621, at the age of twenty-two, having passed five years in the Society of Jesus.

At the suggestion of Father Lambert we went to visit the observatory, in which we found much that was interesting. Within these walls, at the time of which we write, dwelt the renowned scientist, Father Secchi. When the present *paternal* Government took the College from the Jesuits, it desired earnestly to retain Father Secchi; he was too useful to be turned out. But the religious refused to remain, except as the loyal subject of the Holy Father, and in obedience to his superiors. The *merciful* usurpers, in consideration of the value of his labors from a worldly and scientific point of view, suffered him to retain his position as a

Jesuit, and to acknowledge the Pope as his sovereign.

The Rev. Father told us that among the many false rumors concerning the state of things in Rome since the coming in of the Italian Government, and the occupation of religious houses by the dependents of the controlling power, none was more unfounded than the report that more Roman youths come now to the Roman College for instruction than before the usurpation. He had taken pains to investigate the story, and had found that, whereas there had been in previous years from ten to thirteen hundred students each year, the number since the College was taken out of the hands of the Jesuits had never exceeded three hundred, and this year it was even less.

As we left the College, thanking Father Lambert for his kindness, we turned our faces in the direction of the rooms of St. Stanislaus Kostka, another pious youth, whose name is intimately associated with those of St. Aloysius and Blessed Berchmans. His apartments are in the house of the Jesuit Novitiate, near St. Andrea, on the Quirinal. We entered by a long corridor, and passed through a sacristy into the chamber where the Saint lived, which is now used as a chapel, where Mass is daily offered. Over the altar is an authentic portrait of the Saint; beyond this is a famous picture of the Blessed Virgin presenting Her Divine Son to St. Stanislaus, who kneels at Her feet in rapt devotion. On the spot where he breathed his last is a recumbent figure of the Saint, in black, white and yellow marble; he has in his hand his Rosary and a picture of the Blessed Mother.

Over this statue of the dying boy (for he was only eighteen at the time of his death) hangs a lovely picture of a vision which appeared to him at his last moments—the holy ones welcoming him to heaven. Our Blessed Lady, with the Child Jesus, stands on the clouds, while bright angels hover about Her; in the background appear the three patron saints of the youth: St. Agnes with her lamb; St. Barbara bearing the chalice and Host; and St. Cecilia, with the

harp and other instruments of music at her feet.

Beyond this sacred chamber is another, called the chapel of the Madonna. Over the altar is a copy of the miraculous Madonna of St. Maria Maggiore, said to have been painted by St. Luke. Another room is filled with objects belonging to the venerable Cardinal Bellarmine, who was the confessor of St. Aloysius. On the wall are numerous precious autograph letters and portraits of St. Aloysius and St. Leonard of Port Maurice, and a reliquary filled with pious mementos. There is also a small chamber where St. Francis Borgia lived for some time. The inscription over the vestibule is as follows: "*Romanum Societatis Jesu tirocinium a S. Francisco Borgia in hac ædium parte institutum S. Stanislaus Kostka vivens coluit et moriens illustravit.*"

A noted writer has remarked: "The chamber of St. Stanislaus is one of those places where prayer springs spontaneously in the pious heart." It is said of this holy youth that his heart burned so fervently with divine love, that he was often obliged to bathe his breast to cool the flame. The Saint belonged to a noble Polish family; he was born in 1550, and died in 1568. His relics repose under a beautiful altar in the Church of St. Andrea, on the Quirinal,—a favorite spot, where pious Roman youth come to pray. Near the main altar is the tomb of Emanuel IV. (the grandfather of Victor Emmanuel), who resigned his throne in 1802, and embraced the rule of St. Ignatius in 1815.

How sad it is to think that the rooms which stood on the outside of St. Stanislaus' chamber have already fallen beneath the pickaxe of the demolisher, and even the Saint's own room will, probably, too soon share the same fate!*

We returned to our apartments for bodily

refreshment, after this long day of spiritual sustenance, and closed the anniversary by going to the Chapel of Perpetual Adoration, called the Chapel of the *Pregatrici*—an enclosed order of nuns, clothed in white with blue mantles. Go into the sacred edifice when you will, there is always a nun kneeling in adoration. They have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every day, when visitors are allowed to look into the chapel from behind a wooden screen, and to hear heavenly music from the voices of these Sisters, the whole congregation joining in the "*Ora pro nobis*" of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

This was a most happy ending of our anniversary, crowning the day with sweet and hallowed memories. We visited many other holy houses in Rome, where saints have lived and died, of which we may some time write; but the day of our eleventh anniversary is one that will be always marked with a white stone.

ISADORE.

Favors of Our Queen.

A WONDROUS CURE.

[To the countless number of prodigies effected in the world by the ever-Blessed Virgin for the relief of the miserable, the following marvel of recent occurrence is to be added. We give it in the simple words of the man in whose favor the cure was operated.]

"**P**ENETRATED by the deepest sentiments of gratitude, I yield to the necessity which my soul feels to make known the wonders worked on me, Her unworthy son, by the Mother of God. Unworthy I truly call myself, because, born a Catholic, I professed a very poor kind of Catholicity: to admit that there is a God, to do no injury to any man, in this consisted all my religion.

faithful. But the urgent representations of the Polish Catholics to Queen Margaret—who on her mother's side claims Polish descent—have not been without effect, and an order has been issued by King Humbert to remove the chamber bodily to a space behind the church, when the Jesuit novitiate is converted into stables for the royal horses.

* We learn from a late issue of the London *Tablet* that there was an immense concourse in the Church of St. Andrea, on the Quirinal, on the Festival of St. Stanislaus; and it was perhaps thought that this would be the last feast of his when the sanctuary of his room could be visited by the

Whatever else there was in religion I either laid aside as doubtful, or treated with indifference. To my shame I may add that I was consistent with my doubts and indifference; I would have nothing to do with external worship, nor cared for the laws of the Church or her Sacraments. To give myself the air of a learned man, as I thought became my occupation of elementary teacher, I spoke of miracles as legends, and treated the history of religion as a pious fable.

"But, by the divine mercy, I was, as it were, to touch with my hand the folly of my convictions. On the morning of August the 13th of this year I felt a very severe headache, and on returning home from school I suddenly lost the sight of my right eye. Soon afterwards I was deprived of my speech. The doctor was called in, and he pronounced my ailment to be cephalic apoplexy. He bled me three times in quick succession, and put leeches behind my right ear; sinapisms were also applied, which I hardly felt; but his efforts to administer sedatives were in vain, because my teeth were closed convulsively. Another physician was summoned, and, after repeated experiments, they agreed in declaring that the sight of my eye was destroyed, and the right arm was totally paralyzed.

"On the morning of the 14th, being able to open my mouth a little, they gave me some spoonfuls of broth and wine, which it cost me a great effort to swallow. Soon afterwards I felt a second stroke of apoplexy; my mouth closed again, and the doctors pronounced my case desperate. By their advice the pastor was summoned, and I made my confession by signs. I myself, as well as all who stood around me, were convinced that my last hour was at hand.

"It was at this moment that the school-mistress of the place, according to a pious custom of the country, assembled some other ladies, with whom she proceeded to a little church near by, wherein is a much venerated miraculous image of the "Madonna of the Penitents." All joined in fervent prayers to the Blessed Virgin to preserve me, as the support of my mother,

wife, and children; but meanwhile my malady was making rapid progress. About noon my breathing became difficult, then irregular, and the doctor declared that I could not live more than a few hours.

"At this time the good ladies who had been praying for my recovery returned, bringing with them a handkerchief that had been placed on the sacred image. My wife, taking it from them, laid it on my forehead, which was already bathed in the cold sweat of death. At its touch I was stirred by a secret power—I felt life coursing through my members; I opened my eyes, called for my mother, and cried out joyfully that I was perfectly cured. I asked for food, and, to the surprise of all present, I rose from my bed.

"The glad news of my sudden cure soon spread amongst the people, who had known how low I was, and a great number came running to see me. In the midst of this excitement I left the house to go and make my thanksgiving to God and Our Lady in the parish church, where the pastor, yielding to a universally expressed wish, had a most devout celebration in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

"The above is a true relation of the prodigy effected on me, testified to by a whole people, and certified by the declarations of the physicians."

"Glory be to God and to His Most Holy Mother! and may Heaven grant me the grace that my future life may be a constant reparation of my past disorders, and a constant expression of gratitude for the favor bestowed upon me!

"D. A., *School-Teacher*.

"POGGIO S. LORENZO IN SABINA, Sept., 1886."

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right employment of them.—*Montaigne*.

LIKE the angels, we must do good to all, but without awaiting their gratitude.—*Ven. Mother Barat*.

JESUS weighs His gifts and favors with the measure of our confidence.—*Id.*

Catholic Notes.

A lady who had been cured at Lourdes thirteen years ago of a fearful cancer in the breast, recently submitted to a fresh examination by Dr. de St. Maclou, the physician stationed at the Grotto. He found no trace of the malady save a large scar. In 1873 her condition was such that it was judged useless to employ remedies; and on learning her resolution of going to Lourdes, her physician, one of renowned skill, declared that if she returned well, he would recognize a supernatural power. She was instantly cured, and in a few days he saw her perfectly healed. The man of science acknowledged himself vanquished, and became a fervent Catholic. He has since died, but the patient whose case he declared hopeless thirteen years ago lives on in good health.

We are happy to learn that the Rev. Mr. Rose, the founder of a Ritualistic community known as the "Brothers of the Common Life," and Mr. Poock, one of his novices, have been received into the Church.

In an article on "The Helpers of the Holy Souls," which appeared in THE "AVE MARIA" in the month of November, 1885, the hope was expressed that the Society would soon be established in our own country, the writer not being aware at that time that preliminary steps had already been taken to this end. We have recently learned that an "Association of Honorary Members of the Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls" has been in operation for several years, having its headquarters in New York city. It has been approved by the late Cardinal and the present Archbishop, and has been formed in this country with a view to the ultimate foundation in America of the active order of Helpers of the Holy Souls. For the better accomplishment of this desirable result, we think greater publicity should be given to the object and ends of the Association, which are, if we mistake not, almost unknown outside of New York. We are pleased to facilitate the progress of the good work by giving the address of the locality. All communications should be sent to "The Association of Hon. Members H. H. S., Station E., New York City."

It is no surprise nowadays to hear the strongest condemnation of our Public School System from the lips of Protestants, even ministers, so completely have non-Catholics changed their minds on the subject of education. The Rev. Thomas E. Green, pastor of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Chicago, is quoted as saying from his pulpit, a few Sundays ago, that just as sure as the secular tendency of the schools prevailed, atheism and infidelity would flourish in the land, leaving the inevitable fruits of anarchy and communism. He declared that the secularization of the schools was largely responsible for the growing evils of the social and business world.

If the statement of a Berlin correspondent who is usually well-informed be correct, Emperor William cherishes the desire to ratify the re-establishment of religious peace in his dominions by a personal meeting with His Holiness Leo XIII. The following report appeared in a recent issue of the *Osservatore Cattolico*: "We hear from Berlin that Mgr. Thiel, the learned Bishop of Varmia, has had an interview with his Majesty the Emperor. The Minister of Worship, Baron Gossler, was present during the audience, which lasted about an hour. The Emperor, in the course of the conversation, said to the Bishop: 'I am glad to have restored religious peace to my country. I wish to see the Pope before I die, but how can I do it?' After the interview, the Bishop dined with the Emperor.—*Catholic Times*."

From the institution of the Legion of Honor to the year 1852 only five women received the decoration, and they were all religious. In 1865 the Empress sent the Cross of the Order to Rosa Bonheur. During the Franco-Prussian war a female telegraph clerk and a *cantinière* were decorated for acts of heroism performed at great risk of life, and resulting in important services to the French army. The recent war with China added two more to the list of decorated ladies, both of them Sisters of Charity, eminent for their services to the wounded on the field of battle. The latest *chevalière* won the insignia for her services to archæology rendered during the recent expedition to Persia.

The Rev. John Edwards, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in East Four-

teenth Street, New York city, recently told the people of his parish that he wanted a collection. The response was \$3,600. East Fourteenth Street is not a "brownstone district," but it has had a most successful Catholic school in operation for many years, and Father Edwards says that helps to account for this generosity. Next year the zealous rector hopes to paint, decorate, and improve the interior of the church. Recently the exterior has been painted, pointed, and made weathertight.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

In spite of the protests of the medical staff and the indignant appeal of the public, the two remaining hospitals in Paris devoted to children have been placed in charge of lay nurses. The Necker Hospital was served by the Sisters of Charity and the Hospital of the Child Jesus (fitting name for a home dedicated to the suffering little ones He loved) was in charge of the Sisters of St. Thomas. This change involves a heavy addition to the hospital budget, but the irreligious officials could not tolerate the presence of religious by the bedside of sick and dying children.

Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the zealous rector of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, Ind., made time last month from his numerous and exacting duties to conduct the exercises of the Jubilee in Leo, a little town in the same State, the worthy pastor of which is the Rev. Father Vagnier, C. S. C., formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame. The sermons were well attended, and the fervent eloquence of the preacher brought back many careless Catholics to their duty. Leo, though a very small village, bears an honored name. Forty years ago and more, when a post-office was established there, Mr. William Müller, one of the early settlers of the town, gave it the name it bears in honor of Leo XII., then reigning. May the Jubilee proclaimed by Leo XIII prove the source of abundant blessings to the congregation of Leo, and of much consolation to its worthy pastor!

Writing of Christmas gifts, *Le Couteux Leader* suggests a year's subscription to some Catholic magazine as one of the best presents that could be made. This is sensible. A periodical coming to hand every week or month

would be a pleasant remembrance of the sender all through the year, and few gifts would be likely to prove more beneficial. There are not a few persons who order THE "AVE MARIA" sent as a Christmas or New-Year present to friends or relatives abroad.

Our fund for the apostle of the lepers, which amounts to \$946.90, is now closed. The tabernacles he desired will be purchased as soon as we are informed as to the most suitable material, etc., and the remainder of the money will be remitted by draft. Besides the following sums received within the past week, we have to acknowledge the receipt of a lace surplice, an elegant specimen of needlework, also a beautiful pyx case, the gifts of sympathizing friends in Cambridge, Mass.:

M. O'Connell, \$5; M. C. M., \$5; M. D., \$1; Philip Clarke, \$1; The Rev. Father Malone, \$10; The Sodality of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New York, \$10; Mary Corrolan, \$1; John Meehan, \$1; The Rev. John Edwards, \$10; Mrs. C. Hahn and Mrs. L. S. Karst, \$5; Miss Bridget Goodall, \$1; A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; Miss Bridget Madden, \$1; A Friend, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, \$2; A non-Catholic gentleman in St. Louis (through Mrs. E. E. Sherman), \$25; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; A Convert, "asking prayers for the conversion of my mother," \$1; John Bashford, \$5; M. F., 25 cts.; J., \$1; A Friend, \$1; An unknown friend in Baltimore, \$2; Thomas McDonald, a subscriber of the *Catholic Columbian*, \$1; James Riley, \$1; Mr. J. V. Moffit, \$2; E. B., E. H., J. B., and M. Z., \$2; Readers of THE "AVE MARIA" in Portugal, \$10; Mrs. C. J. White, \$2; An offering in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1.

New Publications.

PURGATORY: DOCTRINAL, HISTORICAL, AND POETICAL. New York: Sadlier & Co.

We think that Mrs. Sadlier's object in writing this book was an excellent one. Doctrinal and devotional works on the subject of Purgatory exist in abundance, but unfortunately they do not attract the attention of the general reader. To make Purgatory more real and more familiar to the faithful, and thereby to promote devotion to the Holy Souls, such were the ideas Mrs. Sadlier had in view in the compilation of this most instructive volume. The first part of the work is doctrinal and devotional, and comprises extracts from theo-

logians, both ancient and modern. The second part consists of anecdotes and incidents relating to Purgatory, which, while not all authenticated, will be read with edification by pious souls. The third part contains some historical matter on the same subject, and the fourth and fifth contain selections in prose and poetry from various authors who have written on the subject of Purgatory. The legendary and poetical portions of the book will be found by the majority of readers the most attractive, and contain some pieces of the highest literary excellence. We heartily commend the book to the attention of all our readers, as we feel sure that all will find something to interest them in a perusal of its richly varied contents.

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN ANNUAL. 1887. Boston, Mass.

This pretty little *Annual*, which is published by the Brothers of Charity for the benefit of the orphans and destitute children in the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, and is now in its eighth year, contains a useful and entertaining series of biographical sketches and short articles on subjects of general interest to Catholics. The Brothers of Charity are doing an excellent work in undertaking the charge of orphans in Boston, and we trust that this *Annual* may be the means of procuring them new friends and an increase of funds.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, have been commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Captain James May, formerly of Pittsburg, whose death occurred at the Sisters' hospital, Springfield, Ill., on the 25th of October. He was a good citizen, a kind father, and a faithful Catholic.

Miss Ellen Glass, a Child of Mary, who was called from this world, on the 23d ult., at Emmittsburg, Md.

Mr. William Cahill, a worthy young man, who lately departed this life in Philadelphia. He was beloved by all who knew him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Donoghue, of Springfield, Mass., whose lamented death took place on the 26th ult.

Mr. William Lyons, of Chicago, Ill.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Bear and Forbear.

BY R. H.

LEARN to "bear and forbear," wrote wise Plato of old,

'Tis a motto to print on the heart;
In forbearing be gentle, in bearing be bold,
And you'll act throughout life a man's part.
Aye, bear and forbear, 'tis a motto will wear,
And be new till the end of life's span;
Keep it always in view, to its lesson be true,
For it simply means this—be a man!

Our Lady's Care for a Wayward Child.

BY E. V. N.

"Lottie, perhaps you can tell me where our class has wandered?" said a bright-eyed girl to a schoolmate who had just joined her in picking up some fine chestnuts that had fallen after an early frost.

"I fancy they have continued on this road as far as the turnpike gate. I heard them talking about *asclepias*, and during the Summer there were a great many growing about there."

"True, they *did* say something about the pods maturing and being full of silk; it has been proposed, they say, to attempt to manufacture silk tissue from these seed-bearers. But why are you so late, Kate?"

"I stopped to take a piano lesson from the German master."

"And I could not pass this dear old chestnut-tree. This one, and those above the knoll near the cemetery, will have a place in my memory as long as I live. Shall we go and join the others now? My pocket is nearly full."

"Yes, as soon as I have gathered a few more nuts. It is so windy this afternoon that

the burs are falling everywhere. Just look how those boughs near the top are tossing about! The brown and fawn-colored leaves contrast beautifully with the clear, vaulted blue."

"I do love this season—the changing of the leaves, the gathering in of fruit, and that sort of mystic rune of the swaying trees, as if they were mourning the departure of Summer! But come on, Kate."

"Do you know, Lottie, I am glad to have met you alone? I have been trying to find an opportunity to invite you to join our Congregation."

"I wish I were a good, true Child of Mary, dear Kate. It seems to me that the silver badge of Our Lady's protection is more to be coveted than the graduate's golden token of the highest honor. But, you see, with my temper—so harsh and impatient—I should have to make very generous efforts to merit the votes of the members."

"Dear Lottie, since you appreciate so highly the privileges of a Child of Mary, why not send in your petition, so as to be received at our next Sunday's reunion?"

"I believe I will. My head is full of dreams of success on Distribution Day. I feel quite interested in my studies—but—"

"But—what will acquirements avail without good deportment, Lottie? Now, if you really resolve to overcome yourself, the efforts, joined to prayer, will be the very best means of attaining literary success. This is the last week of October; you can surely merit the medal of the Congregation by the 8th of December— But I hear our class."

"Yes, by the sound of their voices they must be nearing the great bridge. Let us sit on these rustic benches by the lake till they come up. We can explain our delay to Madame afterwards."

"Very well," answered Kate. "And they will enjoy these lovely chestnuts with us."

The 8th of December dawned. At Holy Mass the altar blazed with lights, and all day long the shrines of the Mother of Sorrows and the "Lily of Judah" were ornamented

with tapers and a rich burden of fragrant flowers. The pupils of the academy, in veils of filmy lace, and bearing branches of St. Joseph's lilies, walked in procession through the convent halls, to the chant of their most triumphant litanies, alternating with hymns breathing warm and tender devotion to the Mother of God. At every shrine the simple pageant, gay with banners in honor of the Immaculate Heart, the angels, and the sainted Gonzaga, halted to invoke the Queen of Virgins.

At the solemn hour of the Benediction a select band of Sodalists of Mary, in white robes, veiled, and crowned with roses, modestly entered the broad aisle of the convent chapel, and solemnly advanced to the altar, accompanied by the music of a soft and melodious march, improvised by the sympathizing organist. Three new candidates were to be received, and all the former members were to renew their promise to love and honor Our Blessed Lady. A short exhortation was to be delivered by their spiritual director, and then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was to crown the favors of that glorious festival. Among the newly received candidates was Lottie, and warmly did the zealous Kate welcome her to their consecrated fellowship.

During the remainder of the year, Lottie was untiring in her efforts to become a close imitator of the Virgin of the Temple. Modest amid the most brilliant success in her studies, ever ready to aid a companion less quick at comprehending or memorizing an allotted task, generous in working for the poor of Christ, careful of all the rules of the academy, and observing marked deference toward her superiors and her schoolmates—both teachers and companions were delighted to award her the "Blue Ribbon" (decoration for perfect conduct), and the laurel crown of victory. To the heavy chain that bore the gold medal of success was suspended the more glorious (in her eyes) silver medal of a Child of Mary.

When the Archbishop and his clerical assistants withdrew from the hall on Prize Day, Lottie hastened to embrace Kate,

pressing her to her heart with tears of mingled joy and gratitude, and assuring her that to her zeal in urging her to become a Child of Mary she owed her overflowing cup of happiness. The friends parted, promising to exchange visits and letters.

Two years glided into oblivion, during which Kate and Lottie kept up a regular exchange of friendly letters and visits. The first Christmastide Lottie spent at Kate's home, and Kate passed the Summer with Lottie at her parents' stately mansion. The next Christmas Kate visited Lottie, and the two families met during the following Summer at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia. On these occasions, notwithstanding the gaieties and amusements by which they were surrounded, our two young friends were faithful to the rules of the Sodality, making their morning meditation, and devoting some time every day to spiritual reading, and the recitation of the Rosary.

Preparations soon began to be made for Kate's wedding. Lottie accepted her invitation to act as first bridesmaid; and, while the parents and relatives of the bride contributed all that social position and wealth could offer on the festive occasion, Kate insisted that every particular concerning the Sacrament of Matrimony should be conducted according to strictly Catholic usage.

A few months later the marriage bells chimed anew in honor of Lottie's bridal feast. But the ceremony at the cathedral was neither consoling nor brilliant. While Kate and her betrothed had on their wedding-day occupied a *prie-dieu* in the sanctuary, which was redolent with the perfume of holy incense and emblematic flowers, and had received Holy Communion at the Nuptial Mass, the ceremony of Lottie's marriage was cold and cheerless; for she had given her hand to a Protestant. Hence she was wedded in the sacristy. No lighted tapers symbolized faith, no fragrant flowers typified the blessing of the Church on the future life of the bride and groom, and no Holy Communion made their hearts one with the Heart of their divine Saviour.

Each of the bridal parties visited Europe.

Lottie and Mr. W—— went to Berlin, Kate and Mr. Y—— to Florence, thence to Rome to ask the blessing of the Holy Father. During the greater part of the year the two friends kept up a regular correspondence, relating interesting details of all the wonders that attracted their attention. Lottie was the first to delay in replying, and Kate observed that she no longer signed herself "*Enfant de Marie.*" Alarmed at this, the zealous friend wrote at once to beg a novena in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, from the Directress of the Sodality at the academy in which both friends had been enrolled under that sweet banner. The steamer that brought Kate's letter also bore a letter from Mrs. Lottie W——, and a neat case of fine red morocco. The letter was affectionately grateful, full of interesting descriptions of society and customs in Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and Baden, but concluded with explaining the meaning of the morocco case and its contents—viz., Lottie's Sodality medal. She thus closed her lengthy missive:

"My husband has taught me, dear and respected Madame, that the invocation of the Virgin Mary is pure creature-worship; and, as he insists upon my discontinuing to wear the Sodality medal, I forward it to you. No doubt you will be pained when I tell you that I am pretty well convinced that Mr. W——'s views are correct in respect to prayers offered to the Mother of Our Saviour; but I could not bear to see the badge (which is a sweet *souvenir* of school-days) in the hands of those who would despise the image it bears."

Mme. Z—— burst into tears, then hastened to the chapel to confide her grief to the Comfortress of the Afflicted; after spending some time in humble supplication, she arose and hung the medal on the arm of the statue, saying, "Thou alone, Blessed Mother, canst restore this heavenly token to Thy wayward child!"

Six full years that abandoned medal continued to rest on the arm on which the confiding Directress of the Congregation had so reverently placed it. On Rosary

Sunday a reception of new candidates was to take place. On examining the box in which the medals were kept, it was discovered that there were not enough, and hence one of the accepted ones must defer her expected happiness until new medals could be procured from a Parisian jeweller, who had the die. A consultation was held, and as one of the candidates had expressed a desire to follow our dear Lord in His counsels, it was reasonably presumed that she would take the disappointment with greater fortitude than the others.

Louisa acquiesced meekly, but ran to offer her grief to the Mother of Sorrows, and while raising her tearful eyes observed the medal suspended from the arm of the statue. She had never noticed it before. Was it a vision? Did the Blessed Virgin offer her this view to console her? The pious client of Mary made haste to communicate her thoughts to the Directress, who then disclosed to her the secret of that precious but discarded token.

"But could I not wear it—it is so long now since Lottie gave it back?"

"I have never given up my trust in Our Blessed Mother's care over her child; it was placed there as a constant, silent invocation. But if you will promise to recite six 'Hail Marys' every day for Mrs. W——'s conversion, I will allow you to wear the medal; for it will be some time before we can get a new invoice from Paris."

"Gladly will I recite six '*Aves*,' and even the whole chaplet; and I will obtain all the prayers I can from others for that intention."

Louisa was received, and kept her promise. At the Sodality meeting this little episode of school-life was narrated, proper inferences drawn, and all agreed to join in fervent prayer for the unfaithful client of the Queen of Heaven.

Early in the month of December of that same year a grand carriage stopped before the convent entrance. A lady in fashionable attire, accompanied by two lovely children and their attendant, alighted and sent in her card to Mme. Z——, Directress of the

Sodality. The name on the card was that of Mrs. W——. The religious hastened to the parlor with mingled sentiments of hope and fear. But the latter sentiment was speedily banished; for Mrs. W—— ran to meet her former teacher and guide, and, sobbing audibly, begged her pardon for the great disedification she had given.

After some conversation, the lady explained the new mystery by saying that a mission had been given near her home, and, perceiving the multitude that entered the church morning and evening, she had resolved to pay a visit, to see and hear what was going on. Captivated by the earnest words of the preacher, she attended sermon after sermon, and assisted at the recitation of the beads and at the Way of the Cross. Finally confession came, with holy contrition, and she had resolved henceforth to live up to her faith. Her husband had been invited to listen to the eloquence of Rev. Father X——, and was at present receiving instruction; her little ones had been baptized, and now she had come to beg the restoration of her medal of a Child of Mary.

Those who love and confide in Her who was never invoked in vain, will easily comprehend the holy joy of Mme. Z—— and of the pious sisterhood.

The Lesson the Water-Drops Taught.

A little Spanish boy, wearied with the drudgery of learning, ran away from school. As the sun grew hot, he sat down to rest beside a spring that gushed from a rock. While reclining in the shade, he noticed that the constant dropping of the water had scooped a hole in a hard stone beneath. "If the light drops can, by continual falling, accomplish so hard a task," he thought, "surely by constant effort I can overcome my unwillingness to learn." He returned to school, persevered in his studies, and became famous in after years as a great Saint and Doctor of the Spanish Church—St. Isidore of Seville.

Saved by a White Owl.

In the cabin of a bark lying at a San Francisco wharf is a good-sized glass case containing the body of a large white owl. It is a beautiful specimen of its species, and is the property of the master of the bark, Captain Edmonds. It is fully two feet in height, and its snowy breast is nearly nine inches across. But there is a story attached to Captain Edmond's owl, and this was related by the Captain himself while we were inspecting the bird.

"Three years ago," said the Captain, "I was in command of a schooner owned by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, plying between Ungara Bay and other points along Hudson's Straits, and Newfoundland and Halifax. You must know that all through the wild and desolate North country are trading posts, where hundreds of white trappers and Indians in the employ of the Company leave their bundles of furs and hides. From these posts parties are sent out to carry the furs to the coast, where they are picked up by the schooners and barks, to be taken to civilized regions. Well, so far, so good. It was late in the season, and I had my cargo all aboard, with the exception of a lot of furs from Fort Hut-ton, several miles below the mouth of the Whale River. Days passed, and as they did not arrive, I got anxious, and at last determined to set out for the Fort and find out the cause of the delay. It was a good day's journey to the Fort, and, taking some provisions in a bag, which I slung over my shoulder, I started on my snowshoes, leaving the vessel in charge of the mate. To make a long story short, I reached the Fort, and was told that the furs had been dispatched to another schooner. So I hastened on my return, as I wanted to get my vessel out of the straits before Winter set in in dead earnest.

"Before I had covered my first mile the band on one of the snowshoes gave way, and I sat down in the snow to mend it. While so engaged I did not notice anything about me; and when I did look up, snow was falling, and the atmosphere had grown very dark—the sure sign of a storm. I replaced my shoe and hurried onward, but was soon in the midst of a howling, blinding snowstorm. In my bewilderment I lost my bearings, and wandered aimlessly about, hallooing and yelling,

with small hopes of my cries being heard. Some hours passed in this way, and it became pitch dark. Benumbed and exhausted, I at last fell down in the snow, and gave up all hope of ever seeing my schooner again. As with people freezing, I became semi-conscious, and my extreme cold gave way to a prickly heat, which I knew was preliminary to death.

"Suddenly I heard one of the most unearthly noises near me. It affected me like an electric shock, and caused me to stagger up, and look around. I heard another 'hoo—hoo,' and then I saw something white in the darkness. My fears increased. I thought it must be a spook. The fluttering was repeated, the object came nearer. Then I saw my mistake. It was a white owl, out in the storm with myself. Then I recalled the old Esquimaux superstition, that a white owl always appears when one is in distress, and that if followed, the bird will conduct one to a place of safety. I approached the owl and it receded. I staggered ahead and it still went before me, but it never got out of sight. I don't know how far I followed the bird, which at intervals emitted its mournful 'hoo—hoo,' as though to encourage me. Thinking I must be near the ship, I hallooed with all my feeble might, and was rejoiced to hear a response. Soon through the falling snow I saw a lantern, and I knew that I was saved. The owl seemed loath to leave me, and I threw it the remains of my provisions, which it devoured greedily. It was not long before I was once more on the schooner; and now you know why I think so much of this owl, as it is the very one that saved my life."

"But how did you get it?" we asked.

"That is the queer part of it," resumed the Captain. "In the morning the owl was seen flapping around in the snow, and one of the men secured it without trouble. It died soon after it was brought aboard. I concluded that in its hungry condition it had gorged itself with the food I threw it, and its death was the result. Being somewhat of a taxidermist, I stuffed it myself, and money couldn't buy it."—*Catholic Youth*.

"GOOD BYE" is the contraction of "God be with you." When you say "Good-Bye" you always say "God be with you."



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 18, 1886. No. 25.

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Virgin Immaculate.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

ABOVE the moon, Her face reflecting
Heaven,
Beneath Her feet the world and all its strife,
Thus is She pictured, who to man hath given
The Source, the Author, and the Crown of
Life.

Mary Immaculate! O sweetest name!
Second to none but His, Thy God, Thy Son;
Enkindle in our hearts love's brightest flame,
Virgin of Virgins! O Belovèd One!

Thou beauteous promise of Creation's dawn!
Destined restorer of our fallen state!
Bright Star that ushered in Redemption's
morn!
Shine on our darkness, O Immaculate!

Purer than crystal streams or mountain snows,
Whiter than lilies on the lake's blue crest,
Distilling fragrance sweeter than the rose,
Virgin Immaculate! we hail Thee blest.

Archbishop Corrigan on the Right of Property.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is a crisis in the social order to-day, and its greatness can be determined only by the issue which fast approaching events will bring. The conflict between labor and capital—long standing, and we may say it will ever stand—has now assumed such

proportions that a clear, proper distinction between the rights of both, made in accordance with those true Christian principles which form the basis of civilization and modern society, becomes of primal necessity. As in the past, so in the present, the world, amid the dangers with which it is threatened, turns to her, the one safe, divinely-commissioned arbiter, who, down through the centuries, has ever proved true in the fulfilment of the work entrusted to her, of guiding and directing mankind;—the world to-day turns to the Church, and seeks her aid and influence in enabling it to withstand the tidal wave which threatens to break over its social organization. No better proof of this could be given than the utterances of the daily press, which, accordingly as emergencies arise, clamors for the pronouncement of some definitive authority, not from freethinkers or the loose utterances of their own sects, but from the Catholic Church.

Now, every fair-minded reader of the pastoral letter recently addressed by the Archbishop of New York to the faithful of his charge (which we regret we can not publish entire) must see that he sets forth clearly and concisely the true Christian principles in relation to the right of property, and effectively combats the wild Socialistic and Communistic theories which of late years, in a more or less disguised form, have begun to take hold upon the masses. It is but too true that when, as is the case in these days, instances are presented of the

laboring class becoming the victims of a grasping monopoly,—when the just wages which labor can claim as its right are withheld,—the result is that the minds of the oppressed are but too well prepared to yield to the influence of the Socialist wildly promising a division and community of goods and possessions.

The words of the distinguished prelate have, therefore, a character of timeliness, and will not fail to be productive of good towards providing an efficacious remedy against the evils which threaten society. The Archbishop, to use his own words, appears "like the sentinel on the ramparts of a city under siege," and considers that a highly important duty of a bishop's office is to be quick in discerning dangerous movements, and prompt in sounding timely alarm. "Therefore," he says, "we commend you, brethren, to be zealously on your guard against certain unsound principles and theories which assail the rights of property. They are loudly proclaimed in our day, and are espoused by many who would not willingly advocate what is wrong. It is the fair-seeming of those theories which captivates the minds of many, inasmuch as they abound in promise of large benefit to those who are in sorest need."

The Church, with a true mother's love, would gladly see "the poor relieved and the burden of the toiler lightened wherever and whenever just means are used to reach the desired end." But she will not be deceived by specious theories, or capriciously change her course. She is ever the same in her guardianship of truth and her care for souls. "Hers is the noble task not only of directing the actions of mankind, but also of guiding their very thoughts; because she never is unmindful that thought is the parent of action, and that sound principles are the only solid foundation for pure morality."

After explaining the true meaning of the statement that "all men are born equal"—that they are equal in the sense that "they are all destined to the same ultimate end, have the same essence, and are endowed

with the same faculties wherewith to attain that end,"—Archbishop Corrigan sets forth the true Christian doctrine of the right of property, as follows:

"Undoubtedly God made the earth for the use of all mankind; but whether the possession thereof was to be in common or by individual ownership was left for reason to determine. Such determination, judging from the facts of history, the sanction of law, from the teaching of the wisest and the actions of the best and bravest of mankind, has been and is that man can, by lawful acts, become possessed of the right of ownership in property, and not merely in its use. The reason is because a man is strictly entitled to that of which he is the producing cause, to the improvement he brings about in it, and the enjoyment of both. But it is clear that in a farm, for instance, which one has, by patient toil, improved in value; in a block of marble out of which one has chiselled a perfect statue, he can not fully enjoy the improvement he has caused unless he have also the right to own the subject thus improved. He has a right—and evil are the laws and systems which ignore it—either to ownership and enjoyment or to a full compensation for the improvement which is his.

"To strive to base an argument against ownership in land by reasoning on the universal distribution of air and light is only a freak of the imagination. Human industry can not scatter a cloud from before the face of the sun, nor lift a fog that might be freighted with damaging vapors; we take the air and the light as God gives them, and we owe Him thanks for His bounty. It was only the earth which fell under the primeval curse when man had sinned; and it is only the earth, not the air or light, which man's industrious toil can coax back to something like its original fruitfulness. When he has done so, his just reward is to enjoy the results without hindrance from others. Even in such a necessary, abundant and free commodity as water, if a man by artificial means congeals a portion of it into ice, is he not entitled to enjoy its exclusive

ownership? Can he not demand for it with justice a compensation equivalent to his industry? Once deny the right of ownership, and you sow the seed of stagnation in human enterprise.

"Who would burrow the earth to draw forth its buried treasures, if the mine he was working were at the mercy of the passer-by whom its riches might attract? Who would watch with eagerness the season when to sow and to reap, and to gather the harvest which is the very fruit of his labors, if he were told that those who stand by the wayside idle are equally entitled to its enjoyment? True, indeed, in many painful instances the rights of the toiler are trampled on, and the fruits of his labor snatched from his grasp. True, this is done too frequently with the concurrence, or at least the connivance, of law. This is the evil that needs redress, but such redress can never be brought about by denying a fundamental right or by perpetrating a radical wrong. Seek rather for redress of such irksome grievances by the wise methods which the Church is forever teaching, though her voice may pass unheeded by the great ones of the earth."

Palms.

BY ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Concluded.)

THEIR sentence having been pronounced, Nemesis and his little daughter were led to the Temple of Mars. The scene that followed has lost none of its heroism and soul-touching pathos, or been dimmed by the seventeen hundred years that have since passed, but thrills the hearts of those who read of it now as if it had happened only yesterday.

The *atrium* of the Temple was thronged to witness the spectacle. Many were in tears at the sight of the beautiful, innocent little maid, whose purity shed a halo of sweetness around her. She trembled when her eyes fell on the rough soldier, with his gleaming axe, who stood ready to slay her. It is not

recorded what passed between her noble father and herself in their last embrace, but we can imagine that he bade her have courage, that her suffering would only be for a moment, and that He whom she loved and His Holy Mother were already waiting at the portals of the Celestial City to receive her; and that she would scarcely have won the diadem wherewith she would be crowned, and the palm they would place in her hands, before he too would be there, to be united with her forever. The end was so near that his courage, kindled by divine anticipation and undimmed faith, rose to a sublime height; with his own hands he cut off the golden curls that fell over her fair neck; that the axe might strike sure, and bound a handkerchief over her eyes; then, holding her soft hand in the firm, tender clasp of his own, led her to the block, and bade her repeat the Holy Name of Jesus.

The executioner, unnerved at the sight, hesitated to strike off the beautiful head; but, terrified by the rough command of his captain, he advanced with uplifted arm; there was a flash of steel, and the next moment it was crimsoned with innocent blood. Like a dove that had broken the fowler's snare, her angelic soul escaped, and she was already singing her glad song of praise with the celestial hosts.

Nemesis bent his neck to the axe, still dripping with the blood of his innocent one, and, repeating the Holy Name aloud so that all might hear,—the Name that had lighted her way and strengthened her heart,—he too passed to his eternal reward.

That night Fabian, almost benumbed with grief, was alone in his private apartment, where he had been for some time waiting the appearance of a person he expected. By the *clepsydra* it was far past midnight. He heard a light footfall along the corridor, a rustle against the leather curtain that hung over the doorway, and the boy Admetus entered, bearing a small parcel which had been confided to him by an official at the Temple of Mars. Fabian looked up as the messenger approached,

and bade him speak his errand, which he did with fast-falling tears, his strangely beautiful face as white the while as a piece of rare Grecian sculpture.

Camilla sent him to say that, with the connivance of certain Christian soldiers, helped by one of the Temple officials (to whom she had offered lavish bribes), she had obtained the sacred remains of Nemesius and Claudia; and by his wish, expressed some weeks before to the Pontiff Stephen, who in turn communicated it to her, they were to be entombed in the Catacombs, and were at that moment lying at her villa, near the Via Latina, in case Fabian should wish to visit them.

"Tell the Lady Camilla it is well. I leave Rome at dawn. My coming would not restore life to the two I most loved, and I have not courage to look upon them dead; but I thank her in their name for her tender care," was Fabian's brief but pathetic answer.

Admetus delivered the parcel he had brought, and, drawing his cloak closer, departed as silently as he had come.

Fabian trimmed the wick of his lamp, and with trembling fingers undid the fastenings of the clumsily folded package, and as the coarse napkin fell apart, he saw that the treasure it contained was the golden curls of Claudia.* The Temple official, who had promised to secure him one, gathered them up after Nemesius had cut them off, and preserved them until they could be conveyed to him. The little girl had promised him one—how well he remembered the day, and all that had passed between them!—and as the hair shone in beautiful coils and waves of gold in the lamplight, and he thought of the cruel death she had just suffered, he bowed his face upon them, and wept aloud. When he lifted his head, his once smiling countenance was set in stern lines, as if nothing earthly could ever brighten it again, and every vestige of color had fled from it. The old Fabian was no more.

He was going away at the first glimpse of

* Called in the Martyrology Lucilla, the name given her by Pope Stephen in Baptism, when she received her sight.

dawn, and there were one or two things to be done before he could say a last farewell to the past. He opened an ivory cabinet, and took out the "keepsake" Claudia had given him, which he had not unwrapped; for she had bidden him not to look at it until after she had gone away. She was gone, and he would open it.

Unfastening the silken cords that had been tied by her own dainty fingers, he saw a small gem-studded casket in which lay glowing and flashing the ruby amulet, with the gold Etruscan chain coiled around it, which Laodice had given her that happy day they had spent at the ruined Temple of Jupiter on the Aventine. A strange, faint odor exhaled from it, and reminded him that there had been a mystery associated with the jewel, which he would now penetrate. No whisper of this had reached Claudia's ears when the article was laid aside, as an ornament too rich and heavy for a child of her age to wear; she, knowing Fabian's passion for curious gems, said then that it should be his, and she had not forgotten.

He selected a small, finely tempered instrument from an assortment he had, and with delicate skill took the ornament to pieces. In the process he discovered that the gold band by which the two halves of the split ruby were held together, leaving a narrow space between, was perforated with innumerable small holes, which were concealed by the gold filigree work, in which were set the encircling pearls. Within he found several grains of a poisonous Eastern drug, so powerful that, when worn upon the person, its exhalations produced slow but certain death. He had heard of this deadly drug in his wanderings, and had once seen it. He threw the poison on the expiring coals of the brasier that stood on a tripod near him; there was a hissing as from a nest of vipers, then a blue thin flame shot up to the gold-fretted ceiling, expiring in fumes of deathly odors.

Cleansing the gem, and dropping perfume in it, Fabian folded one of the golden curls between it, then hung on his neck the old Etruscan chain to which it was sus-

pended; and the amulet, thus consecrated by the relic of a martyr, never left its resting-place on his heart, even in death. With a bitter malediction he consigned Laodice to the evil Furies that punish crime. He laid two of the beautiful curls in the little casket that had held the amulet, marking one for Camilla and one for Zilla; and, after sealing it, directed it to the former, in care of his notary, to be delivered as soon as received. Then—beautiful thought of his pagan but faithful heart—he kindled a fire of cinnamon and spices on his brasier, and laid what was left of the golden tresses on the perfumed flame—the funeral pyre of his love,—and watched them until they were consumed. When the sun rose, Fabian was on board his galley going southward.

Symphronius was arrested, and brought before Olympus, a tribune, who was commanded by Valerian to torture him, by which cruel means he hoped to obtain from him the treasures of Nemesius. They stretched him upon the rack until his bones were disjointed, they tortured his flesh until every nerve in his old body was stung with pain; but his brave answer through it all was still the same: "If you seek from me the riches of my master Nemesius, you will not get them; for they are already distributed amongst the poor. If I am to sacrifice, I will sacrifice only to Our Lord Jesus Christ."

His glorious testimony and pious constancy excited the wonder of Olympus, who ordered the lictors to cease torturing him; the grace of God had touched the heart of the tribune, and before the dawn of another day he and his family were converted to Christianity.

When their conversion was reported to Valerian, his rage exceeded all bounds; he ordered that Symphronius, with Olympus and his family, should be brought in chains to the Temple of the Earth, whence, after being severely tortured, they were to be taken and burned to death before the statue of the Sun, near the Flavian Amphitheatre.*

* Their bodies were borne away that night by Pope Stephen and his deacons, and buried on the Via Latina.—"Acts."

No time was lost in the execution of this cruel edict, and the victims received the crown and palm of martyrdom.

The war with Persia, so many months impending, finally began. Sapor, at the head of an immense army, had invaded the Roman possessions in the East, and was capturing cities and laying waste the lands over which he passed. Gallienus, the son of Valerian, who shared the Empire with him, was called to Rome, and charged with the defence of the West during his father's absence. Assured of victorious campaigns under the invincible Eagles, and that Sapor would be brought captive to Rome to grace a triumph, the public mind was lulled into a seductive state of ease and security, until one day, in the midst of the Saturnalian revelries, news of disaster came, which fell upon Rome like a thunderbolt. In an attempt to relieve Edessa, the Emperor had been defeated and captured, his whole army made prisoners, and the Persians were overrunning Asia Minor.

Shall we not anticipate events a little, and tell the fate of this detestable tyrant, who had so long persecuted the Church of God, and poured out the blood of His saints like water? History records that "the Persian monarch Sapor, or Shah Pur, treated his victim with the greatest indignity and cruelty: He used him as a footstool for mounting his horse, and finally ordered him to be put to death; then caused him to be flayed, and his skin to be painted red and suspended in one of the Persian temples as a monument of disgrace to the Romans."

We return now to panic-stricken Rome. Gallienus had gone to his father's villa on the Latian coast, below Ostia, for the benefit of the warm salt baths. The disastrous news from the army flew as on the wings of the wind to every camp in and around Rome, rousing the soldiers to an excitement that broke through the restraints of discipline; and the populace, recovering with quick rebound from its panic, flamed out in still more extravagant excesses than the Saturnalian license allowed, until by

the time night closed over the scene a general tumult ensued, and Rome was for the present given over to lawlessness and pillage.

Before midnight the guards around the imperial palace had been driven in, and every avenue of approach to it was choked up with a drunken, yelling crowd, endeavoring to force their way in for plunder and other crimes; and while they are battering down one of the iron-plated doors, we will enter, for what purpose it will be presently seen.

The Cypriot has preceded us to the apartments of Laodice, and is advising her to gather up her jewels and gold and fly to a place of safety, to which he will conduct her. Faithful slave! confiding mistress! She fills a leather wallet with her rare, costly jewels, worth the ransom of a king; the Cypriot stuffs another with gold. They hear a frightful crash: the iron-plated door has fallen, the populace press in. Snatching a dark-hooded cloak, and terrified almost to death, she grasps the Cypriot's hand, and together they fly along dark passages and out through the stables, she with the jewels, her companion with the gold—a heavy enough load for a man in a wild flight for life.

Passing through narrow, zigzag ways, they reach the Pincian Hill, and are tearing their way through a dense thicket, she slightly in advance, stumbling in the darkness, when suddenly a sharp, hot sting pierces her under the left shoulder, and she falls without a cry—dead. The Cypriot draws out his stiletto from her heart, seizes the wallet of jewels from her still warm hand, and flies on, on, on, in mad race, until by ways known to himself he reaches the Viminal, which he begins to ascend, when he is suddenly confronted by a party of half-drunken soldiers; they try to halt him, but he breaks away, and is off again like a mountain goat, they pursuing in hot chase. They gain upon him; he is now on the Urban Way, and, weighted as he is with his plunder, he despairs of escape; for his legs tremble under him, and he feels that in a few

moments they will fail him. But suddenly he thinks of the house of Hippolytus, which for some time past has been deserted; he knows it is near at hand—he sees it looming through the shadows, and by a supreme effort he collects every energy, reaches it, and disappears.

The Cypriot plunges through the cellars opening into the dungeons; he hears the soldiers clattering down the stone steps; he is trapped—but no; he crowds into a narrow, deep archway, pressing himself flat against the wall; a door gives way behind him; he rushes forward, running, running, through winding passages and cavernous galleries, until no sound reaches his ears; the silence of death reigns, and the hunted wretch drops exhausted. He had found his way into those unexplored Catacombs from which none who had ever ventured within returned to tell the tale, and out of which he came no more. Starving, and mad with despair, he died, clutching his stolen treasures, all of which he would have given for a loaf of bread and a cup of water.*

Tertullus fell in battle, and Camilla, accompanied by Zilla (now a Christian), retired to the old walled villa out near the Via Latina, where, in the exercise of every Christian virtue, and spending much of their time in the Catacombs, ministering to the needs of the persecuted Church, they lived, until the army of Constantine, led by the Sign of the Son of Man in the heavens, overthrew the altars of the gods, and planted the Cross upon their ruins. Then was accomplished the prophecy of the seer from the Euphrates, on Mt. Phogor, in the Land of Moab, seven hundred years before the Roman Empire was founded: "They shall come in galleys from Italy; they shall overthrow the Assyrians, and waste the Hebrews; and at the last they themselves also shall perish."

One day a monk, still noble-looking, though bowed with years, asked an interview with the Christian Pontiff. It was

* Some years ago a party of scholastics from the Propaganda ventured into this labyrinth and were lost. It is yet unexplored.

Fabian, come to deliver up the trust confided to him by Nemesis, and turn his own wealth into the treasury of the Church, now no longer hiding in the Catacombs, for the shadows had fled; she had come "forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in array." * Clothed in garments of beauty, the Spouse had come forth with songs of rejoicing.

And when at last Fabian died, his remains were entombed near those of Nemesis and his child Lucilla, by the holy priest Admetus, who knew the exact place of their repose. When preparing his body for sepulture, a ruby medallion, which enclosed a curl of golden hair, was found upon his breast. "It is the relic of a martyr," said Admetus the priest, who knew what it was; "let it abide with him in death."

(THE END.)

Through the Shadows.

BY C. W. S.

ALL in a dream i' the twilight,
Glimmering stars in their glee
List to the murmur of far-off
Ripples of tropic sea.

Low is the sun in the westward,
Bleeding to death in the wave—
Staining and tinting with crimson
The corals that fashion his grave.

Out through the mist and the vapor,
The cloudy wreaths and the rings,
Sunlight has flown like a butterfly
Brushing the gold from its wings.

Quiet is coming and folding
Our troubles away; and our woes
Are hushed in the cool, fragrant shadows,
Like bees in the heart of a rose.

Come forth, little stars all silver;
For the terrible sun has gone,
And out of her misty harbor
The moon has set sail for the dawn.

Pale are the stars, for the morning
Is blooming as fresh as the May;
So through the shadows we wander
Seeking the perfect day.

Isabella Braun.

BY B. S.

IN the afternoon of the 15th of May, of this year, a seemingly endless funeral procession moved along the road that leads to the southern cemetery of Munich. A band of children in white frocks with black sashes opened the way, bearing palm branches and flowers; and, though the Spring breezes played with their fragrant burdens, the children's faces were sad and downcast. Men of every age and station followed; many of the most illustrious names in the City of the Isar were there represented,—amongst them priests, distinguished officials, officers, authors, and *literati*.

Over the heaped-up wreaths and flowers with which the bier was covered, the black and yellow colors of the city waved from an enormous laurel wreath—such a wreath as the magistrates usually send to deck the coffins of the city fathers; and to an uninitiated spectator it might well appear that some such personage was being borne to his last resting-place. But no—it was the funeral of a woman, one who had left the city no golden treasure, but, living in quiet and retirement, had for fifty years labored unweariedly for the instruction and ennoblement of youth.

Isabella Braun, who shortly before the time of which we write had seen her seventieth birthday celebrated with great pomp, was born in Jettingen, in Swabian Bavaria, in the year 1815. Her father was agent on the Count of Stauffenberg's estates; he lived in that nobleman's ancient castle, with its four towers and splendid demesne, where Isabella spent a happy childhood. She was a wild, high-spirited child, the favorite companion of her brother and

* Canticle, vi., 9.

his friends, and their usual associate; so browned was her complexion by constant exposure to the weather, that the villagers knew her by the nickname of "Brown Belle."

She tells us of her childhood in a charming little book called „Aus meiner Jugendzeit“ (The Days of my Youth), which should be familiar to all children. The authoress by no means depicts herself as a model heroine, but frankly confesses her youthful peccadilloes in her usual fresh, gay style. Through all the merry scenes of play and mischief, the warm-hearted, upright nature of the child shines forth, and her object through life was to banish from the hearts of children prejudices and contempt of those beneath them. Her beautiful tales of "Lasche" and the despised comedian Wiegand, whom the children nicknamed "Wicked Golo," were written for that purpose, and must have left their beneficial impress on many a youthful mind.

With her father's death ended Isabella's happy country life; her mother migrated to Augsburg for the sake of her three children's education, and poor "Brown Belle" felt like a transplanted country blossom within the city walls.

She was placed at the school of the good Sisters of Our Lady, whose convent is known as the "English Institute," and there relegated to the most backward class, while the city children laughed at her old-fashioned dress and country manners. No wonder that the poor little child's head flew back to her sunny Swabian home, and she was considered idle and inattentive. But the day came at last when her talents were brought to light.

The mistress of her class gave the children as a subject for composition a description of their homes. Isabella, who was only ten years old, and had hitherto enjoyed no tuition save that of the village teacher, knew nothing of the rules of composition; but Love and Homesickness are mighty teachers; they guided the little girl's hand; she wrote what her full heart dictated, forgetting all around her, and with wet eyes

gave it into the hand of her mistress. The result was that the composition was read as a model to the whole class, and Isabella took her rightful place in the estimation of her teachers. She had found the only true way to be a writer—that of drawing from the interior resources of her own heart and mind.

The limits of this sketch will not permit of more than a hurried indication of the chief events in Isabella Braun's career. At the age of twenty-one we find her installed as teacher in the Free School of Neuburg. She felt herself quite happy in this new sphere, and remained there until a change of direction occasioned her departure. She had already begun to write little tales for her pupils, to assist her in forming their minds and hearts. These first attempts became known to the venerable patriarch of all writers for youth, Christopher von Schmid; he caused them to be published, and wrote the preface to the first volume of "Pictures from Nature." The little book proved such a success that the young authoress published year after year one or more volumes. Her attractive style and natural descriptions soon procured her a large circle of readers; and, although all her works are distinguished by a highly moral aim, they are never formal or pedantic, but invariably pervaded by a quiet strain of natural drollery.

In the year 1854 the President von Stengel, whose daughter Amanda was Isabella's dearest friend, removed with his family to Munich. Isabella went with them, and thenceforward her life entered on a new phase. She was soon surrounded by a large circle of friends, amongst whom were to be found Geibel, Güll, Kobell, and the eccentric Count Pocci. The latter was very intimate with her; when at Christmas, in 1854, she published her first volume of „Jugendblätter," or "Pages for the Young," he aided powerfully in its circulation, and procured from the Ministry of Public Worship its authorization for the school-boards. Two-and-thirty years have passed since then, and the modest publication still

thrives, while year after year the school-boards employ one or two hundred copies as prizes.

Isabella was highly honored for her indefatigable efforts, in the „Jugendblätter," to improve the manners and hearts of her youthful readers. She was beloved by old and young during her whole life, and on her seventieth birthday received many touching proofs of the estimation in which she was held by all classes. The royal family of Bavaria specially patronized her; the King bestowed on her a pension, the Lewis Medal for Art and Knowledge, and the Maximilian Medal also.

Her private life was a most happy one, surrounded by a loving and appreciative circle of friends, and united in the strictest bonds of friendship with Fräulein von Stengel, who shared all her intellectual pursuits and joys. She was very proud of the co-operation of the poets above mentioned—Geibel, Güll, and Kobell—in the publication of the „Jugendblätter." Her greatest sorrow, in a severe illness she had some time ago, and which resulted in the final laying aside of the busy pen, was the thought that the journal to which she had dedicated her life would no longer profit of her care; but she was at rest before it ended, in the thirty-second year of its publication.

Many of her faithful fellow-workers had preceded her to the grave; the first to go was Princess Alexandra, of Bavaria, who up to the period of her last illness was an active contributor to the journal, and a warm personal friend of Isabella Braun's. A year later occurred the death of Count Pocci, who was famous both as painter and writer, and whose comedies in the puppet-theatre, which is one of Munich's specialties, still enchant thousands of little folk. His love of drollery was akin to Isabella's, and many were the tricks they played on each other during their long years of intimacy.

We give one instance of their mutual love of fun. Count Pocci made a wager with Isabella that he would make her an "April fool" every 1st of April. As he was inventive, he succeeded easily enough for some

years, but later Isabella was on her guard, and the plot to ensnare her had to be carefully laid. He knew that she received many letters from strangers passing through Munich, asking permission to pay their respects to the celebrated authoress; such letters came very frequently from teachers in particular. Pocci fabricated a letter purporting to be written by a young painter from Dusseldorf, who admired her works extremely, and begged for the honor of an interview. She consented, but that was not enough; knowing her dislike to dress, her sly friend undertook to convince her that it was quite unseemly to receive her visitor in the loose jacket which formed her ordinary attire, and that she should don her "best dress," which consisted of a black silk gown known by the above title for at least ten years previous.

As the 1st of April fell on Sunday that year, Pocci succeeded in persuading his unsuspecting old friend to comply with his wishes, and she sat in state in the "best dress" until midday, awaiting her guest. Instead of the painter appeared Count Pocci, with a bouquet of flowers as a peace-offering. Isabella laughed heartily as she acknowledged he had won his bet, and the two old friends enjoyed the joke with all the gayety of youth; for theirs were hearts that never grew old.

Our age is unfavorable to the development of such characters; much that they wrote would be found by our modern children "not interesting"; but those who prefer real, warm feeling to sensational excitement, will echo the words of the priest over Isabella's grave: "Did we not feel, as Isabella Braun told us her charming tales in the „Jugendblätter," as if we were sitting close to some friendly grandmother, who, clasping us to her heart with the left arm, and laying the right hand in blessing on our heads, looked on us with loving, maternal eyes as she began her story, while we hung in rapt attention on her lips, so happy, so blessed, so enthusiastic for everything good and noble?"

Such were the feelings of many child-

hearts, and such will be those of many more who are fortunate enough to have still in store the pleasure of reading the collected works of Isabella Braun.

The Aspiring Shepherds.

A KERRY LEGEND.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

IT was late that afternoon when, in accordance with their programme, the shepherds met at the outskirts of Tralee, on the high-road to Killarney. They had begun the execution of their project to acquire English on the co-operative plan, and thus make their fortune. Finan was the first to arrive, and, in excited haste to exchange what he had learned for Cahal's and Donal's newly won English, he glanced impatiently up the road into Tralee.

Cahal was coming at headlong pace, his elbows bent and his fists clenched close to his hips. At every stride he cleared a yard and a half.

"We three!" shouted Finan, exultingly.

"For his money!" returned Cahal, with glaring eyes, not to be outdone in the display of readiness.

"The devil a care we care!" came a shrill cry from the sturdy young Donal, who in spite of his shorter legs was approaching rapidly down the road after Cahal.

The three met in high glee. Their success had more than equalled their hopes. They had carefully avoided one another during the day, and, in mingling with the throngs at the fair and about the streets, had kept away as much as possible from those who were talking Irish. Many curious little scraps of English had they picked up, without, of course, understanding their meaning; but they seemed to be particularly impressed with the three phrases which they had severally overheard at the Widow Houlahan's window.

The meaning of the words they were to learn they considered as of no consequence just at present. Children learn to speak a language without having any one to explain the meaning of the words, and why should not these enterprising and ambitious young shepherds? They would learn to speak English first, and afterwards they would find out the meaning of what they were saying. That was the ingenious system they had devised.

On coming out of the town, they economically took off their brogans, and hung them by their stout laces across the end of the shillalah which each carried at his shoulder, alongside of the knotted handkerchief containing all his worldly goods, as well as his provision of bread and bacon for a day or two. Full of merriment, and chattering glibly, in Gaelic, about the uses to which they were quickly to put the Saxon's speech, they trudged forward towards Killarney, intending to reach there sometime in the night, and to begin in that wonderful city their active career in the world and their public display of English.

Dusk was coming on, and but few wayfarers were encountered by the shepherds, and those mostly of the sort with whom the three were not just now disposed to be sociable; for the kindly salutations of "God save you!" and "The blessing of God and Mary on you!" were delivered in Gaelic, to which the young men, therefore, persistently refused to make any intelligible response, much to the astonishment of these good people.

The road now wound around into the entrance of a shallow gap. From the earth-embanked fence on one side, the hill rose up bare and bleak; while on the other side a stream of crystal water rippled along on its way to join the River Maigh.

"The Lord look down upon the sorrowful! but what is that man doing lying in the field there beyond?" exclaimed Donal, pointing to a prostrate figure of a man inside the fence.

At a bound Cahal sprang over the dike, followed by his companions. They endeav-

ored to rouse him. In vain. The man was dead, and the pistol behind the ear told the means. He had evidently been killed somewhere else, and his body carried hither by his assassins, until abandoned by them, perhaps because he was too heavy to carry farther. The dusk was not yet so dark but that his features could be distinguished.

"That," said Cahal, "is the man with a tail to his head that I saw sitting at the inn window this morning."

"And I saw him there, too," said Donal.

"So did I," added Finan.

"Well," said Cahal, "the poor man is dead, and it is not Christianlike to be gossiping about him this way, when we might better be praying for his soul."

The three youths knelt devoutly down beside the dead and recited the Lord's Prayer and the "Hail Mary" with an earnestness and an unction such as one does not often observe among some more cultivated Christians.

A party of horsemen were coming up the road from the direction of Killarney, but the shepherds were still praying.

"What's that you are cackling about there in your Irish gibberish?" the leader of the mounted party asked, in a harsh, domineering tone.

The shepherds looked up from their prayers, and, seeing these men in red coats and fully armed, rose to their feet. They beheld a yeomanry officer and a squad of common soldiers staring hard at them.

"This is another assassination, you scoundrels! Take charge of them, corporal," the officer said to his subordinate. The officer, his corporal, and some of the men dismounted and crossed the fence to where the body lay.

"Now I recognize the dead man—a King's servant, too. Who killed him, you rascally Croppies?"

The shepherds had forgotten a moment their horror at finding the dead body; for they were stunned by the gorgeousness of these yeomanry men, never having seen soldiers before. They saw that the captain, who was a portly, red-faced man, was very

angry, but they did not suspect the motive, as they understood nothing, of course, of what he said. They were struck with admiration at his shining sword-scabbard and his gold epaulets, and their eyes were gloating on his magnificence, from his silver spurs up to the crimson plume that nodded to them from the side of his helmet. All these horsemen were a sight to behold, but the captain's grandeur was the most fascinating of all.

Here was a chance for them to begin; no need to wait until they reached Killarney before making their first venture.

"Do you hear me?—who killed this man?"

"We three!" said Finan, in the pleasantest tone imaginable.

The English officer's eyes nearly popped out of his head with rage. "You Pope-worshipping beggars, what did you do it for?" he demanded.

"For his money!" replied Cahal, with a grin that brightened his face greatly.

"You crop-head rebels!" roared the Englishman, "you will be hanged, every one of you, on a new rope."

"The divil a care we care!" answered Donal, gaily.

To their indescribable amazement, the shepherds were handcuffed, and dragged into the road, and then driven on towards Killarney ahead of the yeomanry—not to make their fortune, but to be tried for murder at the next assize.

The poor young men had a narrow escape of it. The Widow Houlahan in the court swore to the truth. She pitied the shepherds; for, somehow, she believed them innocent; yet she had to testify that she remembered them, and how intently each had, one after the other, seemed to observe the Castle spy, whose continued absence was first called to her attention by the three horse-traders. The yeomanry captain and his men swore to the confession of the crime which the shepherds made at the moment of their arrest, and to the rollicking, insolent manner in which they made that confession,—more of a boast it had seemed to these

yeomanry men than a confession. Under the English law the shepherds could not testify in their own behalf.

But their old friend and confessor, Father Cormac, came to their assistance. He too was convinced of their innocence, and, after much coaxing, he was able to soften Pierce Roche, who was indignant at first at the abandonment of his flock. He learned the truth, or guessed it rather, on a visit to the shepherds in Killarney jail; and, through a skilful lawyer whose services he secured, it was proved to the satisfaction of judge and jury that, whoever might have taken the life of the unfortunate Government agent, these youths were innocent. Amid the roars of laughter of the entire court, and to the great amusement of a large part of the "Kingdom of Kerry," the real story of the shepherds' adventures was brought out, and they were acquitted before the jury left the box.

Finan, Cahal, and Donal returned to Druim-an-Bo, and to the care of Pierce Roche's sheep, and on their knees made a sincere thanksgiving for their escape from an undeserved and ignominious death.

For a long while the memory of the three shepherds of Druim-an-Bo served as a warning to other mountaineers of Kerry against attempting to learn the speech of the English.

Agnes Violet.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

BRING violets—not purple, although set
 In vernal meadows, wet
 With vernal rain:
 Their purple stain
 Might bring a thought of pain;
 But white. They bloom in meadows fair,
 Albeit rare;
 And these our little one could claim
 In virtue of her innocence and name—
 Our Agnes Violet *

* Agnes Violet, daughter of Walter and Margaret Scammon Lockwood; born St. Agnes' Eve, 1880; died November 29, 1886.

The Church and the Fine Arts.

I.

THE love of the beautiful is one of the purest of our inclinations, and the foundation of most of our noblest sentiments. It has been aptly compared to a sacred light that continually lures us upward to its august Source. Hence the fine arts have captivated the attention of mankind in all ages and in every clime. Their origin, progress, and perfection have been laboriously traced, until, lost in a maze of insuperable difficulties, the unenlightened student concludes that "a compassionating seraph crossed the wandering path of lost man, and, teaching him Art, gave him power to draw a blessing even from the blighting curse." But Faith casts a brilliant and infallible light over the mystery, showing us true Religion as the source of all that is good and lovely in Art, and bidding us consider the Creator of the universe as the earliest Master, the Maker of man as the first and grandest Sculptor; in fine, as the Author of beauty in every form.

Obedient to a sentiment as old as his existence, man feels the need of consecrating some place in which he may offer the Deity his adoring homage and humble supplications. He borrowed from the forests his primitive ideas of solemn artistic beauty; hence the lofty grove and the silent wilderness became the earliest temples to the God of Mysteries. The Egyptians, accustomed to see the banana and sycamore, adopted a towering and colossal style of architecture; the Greeks, impressed by the palm-tree and its graceful crown, imitated it in their elegant Corinthian column, with its leafy capital; but it was reserved to nations enlightened by revealed religion to establish, after some vicissitudes, the architectural expression of genuine beauty.

The temple of God in the Catacombs was consistent with the sublime poverty of the persecuted worshippers, and then the appropriation of pagan basilicas led to a complex style. But Catholic Art, when unfettered

in its creations, records only the mysteries of the orthodox faith. Though the edifices first erected for Christian worship were not as vast as those built to heathen deities, they had what pagan temples had not—that exquisite taste and harmony which is an essential of true excellence.

Christian Art lives and flourishes in the light of eternity. Its noblest production, the Gothic Cathedral, combines the rarest and choicest collection of poetic beauty and heaven born grace. The minutest tracery of the vast pile suggests in every detail all that is morally lovely in the past, the present, and the predicted future. The massiveness of its proportions is a symbol of the everlasting truths proclaimed within its walls; its pointed spires can not fail to remind us of the promised resurrection from the dead, and they contrast beautifully with the curved trefoil that brings before our minds the ever-Blessed Trinity, with whom the risen faithful soul will forever dwell. The very ground on which the ivy-crowned Cathedral stands is hallowed; for with it are mingled the ashes of those who sleep the sleep of the just.

II.

This sacred temple is the genial home of Painting and Sculpture. Sacred History is their noble theme, Religion their mother, nurse, and protectress. Art has never produced any truly admirable work when deprived of Piety's devout inspirations. The early Fathers of the Church never wearied of eulogizing the fine arts; and, in fact, no modes of conveying instruction have more successfully lured youth into paths of wisdom and virtue than the representations of typical events in sacred history, or the soul-subduing acts of the Passion of Our Lord and of His martyrs. If pagan Greece and heathen Rome attained a high degree of civilization and refinement through the influence of classic statuary, what must be the sublime effect of sacred Art, nurtured in the bosom of infallible truth, and drawn from a divine ideal? Are the Graces of polytheism as exalted themes as the Graces of Christianity—Faith, Hope, and Charity?

Can the Penelope of Zeuxis compare with the Madonna of Raphael, or the sacrifice of Iphigenia with the immolation of Jephtha's daughter, or, indeed, with any one of the thousand martyrs of Christianity?

The greater number of Christian artists have been men as much admired for their saintly lives as for their transcendent genius. They consecrated their powers to the Church, and she was their protectress and their recompense. To estimate the value of the productions of the great Catholic masters, we should follow them to the studio. The Blessed Angelico never began any work without fervently imploring inspiration from Heaven, and he never painted the Crucifixion without bathing his emaciated cheeks with scalding tears. Lippo Dalmasio would never attempt any subject but Madonnas, and was so deeply impressed with the sublimity of his work that he ever sought supernatural aid in vigils, fasting, and the reception of the Sacraments. Vitale and Lorenzo worked at the same pictures in the cloisters of Bologna, until they were about to reproduce the Crucifixion; then Vitale was completely overpowered by the grandeur of his subject, and abandoned the painting to his friend.

In our own age Carlo Pesanti, of Genoa, inspired by a heavenly vision, often devoted thirty consecutive hours to the work of sculpturing the masterpiece known as the Genoese Crucifix,* fasting the while, and keeping his heart united to the divine Subject of his enthusiastic toil. How many a penitential tear has been shed, how many an act of perfect contrition evoked by a devout contemplation of that unrivalled work!

The Monk Lazarus had the courage to die for his art. In vain Theophilus ordered the hands of the artist to be burned, so as to render them incapable of holding a brush. Concealed in the vault of the Church of St. John the Baptist, the religious painted with his mutilated fingers the great Saint whose intercession he implored, and who is so

* Now in the Cathedral of Philadelphia.

worthy of being appointed the patron of men whom the spirit of God's inspiration has raised above the level of their kind.

III.

Music, like her sister arts, owes her full development to the fostering hand of revealed Religion. Undoubtedly our first parents consecrated their vocal powers to singing the name, the glory, and the beneficence of their Creator, until to the admirable melody of the human voice were added the musical instruments made by the sons of Lamech. The Hebrews were cultivators of music from the earliest times, though the harp which the desponding Jews hung on the willows of Babylon did not discourse as thrilling melody as the harp whose echoes roll to us across the centuries from the halls of Tara. In the days of King David music was cultivated to a high degree, and we learn from the Book of Chronicles that the ceremonies of worship instituted by the "sweet singer of Israel" were more splendid than had yet been introduced in the public service of any nation.

The Christian architect, not content with erecting a miniature forest for a place of worship, has even imitated the forest's murmurings, its loud howling winds, and its peals of thunder, by inventing that majestic and harmonious instrument, the organ. Enter the grand cathedral. Does not the *Kyrie eleison* of trembling love, uttered by a thousand devout worshippers, remind you of the choruses of the promised heaven? Ah! yes; the most exalted sphere of music is the Christian sanctuary. Egypt and Greece did, indeed, astonish the Gentile world with their skill in adapting music to their religious ceremonies, but the theme and its execution sink into insignificance compared with the hymns of Christian inspiration. What human strains can there be more deeply solemn than those of the *Dies Iræ*, what more transporting than the *Regina Cæli* of Easter triumph? Where can songs be found more enthusiastic than the "Canticle of Miriam" or the *Magnificat* of the Blessed Virgin? In vain may we seek for a nobler expression of gratitude

than the *Te Deum* of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

If we pass to works more scientifically wrought, what dramatic compositions can compare with the Masses of Palestrina and Mozart, or with the Psalms of Allegri? No doubt profane music, when wedded to true and noble sentiments, may and does affect the mind delightfully, but it has never attained to the lofty height that sacred music has reached. The lyres of Amphion and Orpheus moved the rocks and streams of inanimate nature, but the harp of revealed religion breaks the sinner's hardened heart, and opens a gushing fountain of contrite and saving tears.

Thus we may be enabled to realize how every art has been preserved and ennobled in the service of the Church. As in the Noachian deluge specimens of what the world of nature had been and materials for its physical restoration were preserved in the Ark, so in the Gothic Cathedral are preserved the elements of all that is great in the soul of man, as an earnest of its destiny when the domes of earthly worship shall be exchanged for the mansions of Our Father's House.

A Conversion by Means of the Rosary.

A FAMOUS preacher of the last century, was called early one morning to hear the confession of a man stricken with paralysis. Hastening to the house, he found him in a state of unconsciousness. He then returned to the church, and offered for the dying man the votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin. Scarcely had he taken off the vestments, when a servant came to say that his master had regained his speech. Upon returning to the bedside of his penitent, the priest found him ready to confess, filled with sentiments of the deepest repentance, and offering his life to God in expiation for his sins. The priest at once heard his confession and administered the last Sacraments.

Not knowing to what this happy death

might be attributed, the confessor observed that he considered the circumstances somewhat remarkable.

"Father," replied the dying man, "I can only attribute the great graces I have received to the prayers of my beloved mother. On her death-bed she called me to her, and, telling me of the dangers to which my youth would expose me, she said: 'The only consolation I have, my son, is that I have put you under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. Promise me to say your Rosary every day.' I promised, and for ten years it has been the only act of religion I have performed."

At these words the confessor recognized the visible protection of the Blessed Virgin, which continued to be manifest until the sufferer drew his last breath.

Where the Apostles Rest.

CHURCH authorities state that the remains of the Apostles of Christ are now in the following places: Seven are in Rome—SS. Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias, and Simon. Three are in the Kingdom of Naples—St. Matthew at Salerno, St. Andrew at Amalfi, and St. Thomas at Ortano. One is in Spain—St. James the Greater, whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the body of St. John the Evangelist, the remaining one of the twelve, there is no knowledge. The Evangelists SS Mark and Luke are also in Italy; the former at Venice, and the latter at Padua. St. Peter's remains are, of course, in the great church which is called after him, as are also those of SS. Paul, Simon, and Jude. Those of St. James the Less and St. Philip are in the Church of the Holy Apostles; St. Bartholomew's are in the church on the island in the Tiber called after him; St. Matthias' are in the Santa Maria Maggiore, under the great altar of the renowned basilica.

LIBERALITY consists not so much in giving a great deal, as in giving seasonably.

Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin.

HOW often do we hear it said, "We are living, indeed, in an extraordinary period"! And the assertion is more than justified by facts that occur every day. Frightful as are the enormities of wickedness in these times, we witness, on the other hand, boundless good appearing everywhere, and in the most unexpected manner. The most remarkable feature of our age is, however, the visible intervention of the invisible world in the destinies of mankind. Supernatural apparitions have been witnessed in quick succession, accompanied with prophecies, and followed by a large number of miraculous cures. Vast countries are roused to the greatest degree of excitement by these phenomena; entire populations wend their way to the hallowed scenes of these apparitions. Even in the remotest parts of the world a general interest is caused by the news of these occurrences. A lively controversy about their truth and importance is opened in the daily papers.

If the nature of these events is more closely examined, they develop themselves chiefly into revelations of Mary, the Mother of God. And it is this very feature of the apparitions which, on the one hand, gains so rapidly the faith and interest of the Catholic populace, and, on the other, awakens the fierce hatred and scoffing blasphemy of the infidel world. Mary! name how full of consolation and joy for the faithful mind! but, again, what a stumbling-block to the erring and unbelievers!

The Catholic people seize joyfully upon the conviction that Our Lady has appeared, and hope for some new exhibition of Her inexhaustible goodness. An experience of 1800 years teaches them that they are right in their expectations. Such revelations of the Mother of God are nothing new. Every generation has been more or less favored with them. And it is precisely this frequent intercourse of Mary with the Christian people that gives to our devotion to the Queen of Heaven that fervor and vivacity which is so great a stumbling-block to those outside the Church.

We are reminded again and again that the Mother of Our Lord is not only an historical personage, who dwelt on our earth eighteen hundred years ago, but that the devotion offered to Her, the fulness of virtue and grace

admired in Her, the glory and immense power of intercession ascribed to Her, as well as the maternal solicitude with which She is said to relieve our misery,—all this is not a mere invention of pious fancy, but a truth that has become in the course of time self-evident.—*Herald des Glaubens.*

Catholic Notes.

By a strange coincidence Paul Bert was struck down by the terrible disease of which he died on the very day that the French Legislature sanctioned the expulsion of religion from the State schools, which was the object of his constant desire. He was the most zealous propagandist of the anti-religious policy of Gambetta, in whose short-lived cabinet he was Minister of Education and Worship. And some time ago we were reading of the neglect with which Gambetta's grave is treated. The great man, who compared the ovations he received on occasion of his famous tour through France with the processions on Corpus Christi, is so completely forgotten that there is no one to care for his last resting-place. It will be the same with Paul Bert.

The announcement of the conversion and baptism of Garibaldi's eldest son, we regret to say, seems to have been unfounded. It is denied by the leading Italian journals, one of which—the *Gazzetta di Torino*—publishes a letter from the mother of the young man, in which she manifests her hatred of the Church by saying that "the baptism will never take place, because the family will maintain intact their traditions, and respect the wishes of my lamented husband." We may hope, however, that a rumor so general must have some slight foundation in truth, that the young man has felt the influence of the good associations in which he had at times been placed, and that God will grant him the inestimable gift of Faith.

A valuable *Descent from the Cross*, by Rubens, has been found at Montreuil-sur-Mer, not far from Boulogne; while almost simultaneously a beautiful *Entombment*, by Van Dyck, is reported at Auchy, in the same neighborhood.

In the following eloquent passage Hallam pays a well-merited tribute to the genius of

one of Italy's greatest men, who was inspired by the atmosphere of Christian Rome to show that a Catholic architect could surpass the mightiest efforts of antiquity. This was Philip Brunelleschi (1377-1444). Incidentally, also, the passage contains one of the most beautiful images of the episcopate to be met with in any writer. In describing the prospect of Florence from Lorenzo di Medici's villa at Fiesoli, Hallam says: "One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral,—a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable; radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven."

At a certain country church it was decided by the members to assemble together at a given time to pray for rain, which was badly needed for the growing crops. At the appointed hour the people began to gather, and one little fellow came trudging up with an umbrella almost as big as himself. "What did you bring that for, youngster?" some one asked, with a smile. "Cos I don't want to get wet going home," was the confident reply.—*Catholic Citizen.*

Mgr. Palma, Archbishop of Bucharest, is building a magnificent seminary, towards which the Holy Father has contributed the handsome sum of forty thousand lire.

A life of heroic labor and self-denial has lately been brought to a close. Sister Louise, the founder and superioress of the twenty-seven houses of the Sisters of the Order of Notre Dame in this country, died in the Convent of Notre Dame in Cincinnati on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Sister Louise was one of those heroines of unselfishness and piety always to be found in religious sisterhoods. Her name in the world was Josephine Susanna Van der Schriek. She was born in Holland, and received her education first at a day-school in Antwerp, and afterwards at the famous convent of Namur, in Belgium. From her earliest years she showed signs of a vocation to the religious life, and was the idol of the poor chil-

dren in Antwerp, whom she instructed, with the assistance of some of her companions, in making lace. Her father and family strenuously opposed her inclination to take the veil, and it was nine years before she obtained their consent. In the year 1840 she came to America, and five years later was appointed superior of all the houses of the Order of Notre Dame. Sister Louise's last hours on earth were a fitting close to her laborious and well-spent life. She had withdrawn from the world because she felt that its spirit was antagonistic to the spirit of Christ; and with her dying breath she begged those who stood round to keep out the world from the establishments of the community, nor let its spirit under any pretence creep in. Her labors are over, and she has been called to her great reward. May her soul rest in peace!

M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours, had great devotion to St. Antony of Padua, and prayed to him not only for the recovery of material things lost or mislaid (which he did even on what would be called the most trivial occasions), but for an object much less common: the recovery of *lost graces*,—graces which had been allowed to pass unheeded, or, if received, had been wasted and forfeited by neglect. This practice he most earnestly recommended. "We can never know," he wrote, "how much a true sentiment of faith is capable of effecting in the search for lost graces."—*Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

Signor de Sanctis, the distinguished Italian portrait painter, has recently completed an historical picture of a colonel of the Swiss Papal Guards, clad in the armorial dress of six centuries ago, which has fallen into disuse since Papal court ceremonials have ceased to be public affairs in Rome. The costume consists of a cuirass, helmet and armlets of jointed steel, overlaid with ornamental designs in gold, among which appears the armorial crest, or insignia, of the Pfiffer family of Switzerland, in which the position was for centuries a hereditary one. Attached to the cuirass is a short skirt of knitted mail. Knee-breeches of crimson velvet, bound at the bottom with gold bands, and rosettes at either side, silk stockings of the same color, low shoes with red velvet heels, and adorned in front with rosettes in gold and crimson, and a high Elizabethan

ruff in double folds of white around the neck, are the other details of a costume alike rich in color and form.

Mgr. Edmund Prince Radzivil, Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, and Vicar of Ostrowo in the Prussian province of Posen, has entered the Benedictine Order, wherein he received the name of Benedict.

M. Louis Baillargé, a pious lawyer of Quebec, while reading a number of *Catholic Missions* conceived the sublime idea of rendering honor to the Five Wounds of Our Saviour by raising five altars, one in each of the five parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and America. The first, already erected, is at Hai Men, or Amoy, in the district of Fo Kien in China; it is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. The second has been given to the missions of Cardinal Lavigerie in the north of Africa; the third to Father Strade, S. J., for his mission to the Aborigines of Northern Australia; the fourth to Monseigneur Bossé, Prefect-Apostolic of San Salvador in South America; and the last to a poor mission in Scotland.

Among the prized relics which are shown in the National Museum, at Mexico, is the banner under which Cortez conquered the empire of the Montezumas. It is of red damask, with a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin painted upon it. Her hands are united, as if to implore Her Son to aid in overthrowing the idolatrous dynasty. On the reverse are the arms of Castile and Leon. The banner is about three feet square; and was preserved in the University in a frame under glass to prevent decay. A few years ago it was removed to the National Museum for better preservation. Its authenticity is sustained by a series of accounts, beginning with that of Bernal Diaz, who describes how it was borne in procession when Cortez returned thanks to God at Cuyoacan for the capture of the city of Mexico in 1519.—*Catholic Herald*.

The first Eucharistic Congress in America was held last July in the city of Quito, Republic of Ecuador, and was presided over by Archbishop Ordoñez. It was divided into two sessions, in one of which were discussed the means of promoting devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and the Sacred Heart, and in the other, the spread of the spirit of Catholic char-

ity. It was resolved to erect a church to record the national vow by which the Republic had been consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Submission to ecclesiastical authority, the education of youth, good reading, Catholic association, were the principal subjects treated of in the second session.

The world moves. The Rev. Father Perry, S. J., the distinguished astronomer, has been decorated with an honorary degree, with three other distinguished scientists, by the Royal University at its recent sitting. In 1878, when the British Association visited Dublin, the name of Father Perry was included in the list of honorary degrees proposed to be conferred on the most eminent among the scientific visitors. But the Board of Senior Fellows of Trinity College could not be induced to inscribe a Jesuit's name on their lists, and vetoed the proposal. Father Perry bids fair to succeed to the honors in the scientific world of his late brother Jesuit, the distinguished astronomer, Father Secchi, of Rome, who was second to none in his particular department, and who acquired a world-wide reputation for his investigations and discoveries.—*Catholic Review*.

New Publications.

THE GLORIES OF DIVINE GRACE. By Dr. Scheeben. Translated from the German by a Benedictine Monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1886.

The German original of this work is an adaptation from a Latin treatise on the subject of Grace, by P. Eusebius Nieremberg, S. J., a theologian whose ascetical writings are too little known and appreciated. It is on this work that Dr. Scheeben, who is professor in the archiepiscopal seminary at Cologne, based his German treatise, which has now been translated with great fidelity and success by one of the Benedictine monks of St. Meinrad's. Father Scheeben was led to undertake the writing of the work some twenty years ago, by the discovery which he made that, in the whole range of German theological literature, there was scarcely one popular dogmatical or ascetical work which treated the subject of Grace with anything like thoroughness or complete-

ness. We may say the same with more emphasis with regard to the treatment of the subject by English theologians. Neither from the pulpit nor in literature has this all-important subject received one tithe of the attention that it deserves.

It may, indeed, be alleged in excuse that the subject is a very difficult one. Undoubtedly in its metaphysical developments it is one of the most difficult of all subjects, but that is no reason for neglecting altogether a presentation of it which would be appreciated by the popular mind, which is not tolerant of, and has no relish for, abstruse metaphysical disquisitions. That such a presentation is practicable the volume before us is a convincing proof, and we are sure that Dr. Scheeben's hope that pastors and teachers of the people will find in the work a new and rich mine for the instruction of the faithful will be amply fulfilled. There is no reason why the subject of Divine Grace,—a subject so full of beauty, so invested with attractions for every devout mind,—should not form the subject of sermons to a greater extent than it does; and the handling of the theme in the pulpit would be well calculated to augment piety, and help to counteract the delusive and pestilential dogmatism of sciolists and scientists.

While such great and untiring efforts are made by learned men of the present day to popularize theories of natural science which scarcely deserve the name of theories at all, being puffed into a brief and illusory light to-day and exploded next week or next month, surely it is incumbent on ministers of religion to do their best with both tongue and pen to explain and inculcate the supernatural truths of Divine Revelation, in the forefront of which stands, as the corner-stone on which all teachings of theology rest, the doctrine of God's grace, flowing like an inexhaustible river, from which all that thirst may drink bountiful draughts, which shall be for them a fountain of waters springing up to life eternal.

—"Cantabo Domino" is the well-chosen title of a careful selection of Latin hymns and motets, compiled by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and published by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of New York and Boston. The pieces are arranged for two and three voices. In such a large collection it would be too much to ex-

pect that all the compositions should be first class. There are quite a number that we would not have included; but tastes differ, and perhaps some of the least meritorious of the pieces will prove the most popular. The publishers have done their part with the carefulness and good taste for which they are distinguished.

— 'MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS,' a valuable collection just published by Prof. Singenberger, includes four charming pieces for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Leaders of choirs in search of appropriate music for Christmas-tide will find this collection very acceptable. The name of Prof. Singenberger is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of any publication on music.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Brother Jerome, a novice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose holy life was crowned with a blessed death on the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. He was an employe of THE "AVE MARIA" Office, and left to his co-laborers and the community an example of piety and devotedness which will long be remembered.

Sister Francesca (Sweetram), of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose death, fortified by the last Sacraments, took place at Loreto Convent, Belleville, Ont., on the 25th of November.

Mr. Michael A. Lambing, father of the Rev. A. A. and M. A. Lambing, who died the death of the just at Manorville, Pa., on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Lambing had just entered upon his eighty-first year.

Mr. John Bennet, a venerable citizen of Baltimore, whose happy death occurred on the 6th ult.

Miss Catharine McKeon, a fervent Child of Mary, who was called to a better world on the Feast of All Souls. She was one of the first subscribers to THE "AVE MARIA," and always a warm friend of the magazine.

Mrs. Alice E. Fay, of Boston, who peacefully breathed her last on the 12th ult.

Patrick Hayden, of Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Rose R. Kiernan and Catharine Flannelly, New York; Mary Lynn, Manchester, N. H.; Mary V. McGrath and Edward Howland, Faribault, Minn.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



I.

"Mamma, dear mamma!" exclaimed a sweet, eager voice, and a girl of thirteen years ran into the room where Mrs. Rushton sat at work. "Sister Antonia says that there is a prize to be given at the close of the scholastic year to the one in our class who writes the best composition. I mean to compete for it; pray for me, mamma, that I may win it."

Minnie Rushton was a lively little creature. She had run all the way home from the convent school, and her round straw-bonnet hung on her neck instead of shading her brow, while a profusion of soft, dark brown hair streamed in disorder about her glowing face.

The lady drew her little daughter towards her, and smoothed back the rebellious curls, through which Minnie's eyes, full of life, and beaming with love, peeped into her mother's mild countenance with all the beauty of a fresh, innocent soul.

"My dear Minnie, how disorderly you look! I am really ashamed of you!"

"Mamma, it doesn't matter in the least how I look; if I were a beauty, you know, like Matilda Peacock, I should be more particular about my toilet. But, dear mamma, do please give me a subject for my composition. I want to begin it right away."

"First go brush your hair, change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can," said Mrs. Rushton, quietly.

Minnie was inclined to pout, but she met her mother's tranquil smile, and, kissing her with childish affection, bounded away to do her bidding.

While she is gone we will inform our readers that Mrs. Rushton was a widow, with a moderate fortune, residing in a handsome

house on Walnut Street, Philadelphia. She had once shone as a star in fashionable society, but after the death of her husband she retired from the gay world, and devoted herself to the education of her daughter—a wild, impulsive creature, but who showed promise of acquiring, with careful training, solid and redeeming virtues.

When the little girl returned, it seemed that the act of obedience had rendered her more calm and thoughtful, and she consulted her mamma about a patron for her composition. "Shall I choose St. Joseph?" she asked. "I have read that he helped Père Nouet to write beautiful compositions."

"No doubt St. Joseph will help you, dear, if you are humble," said her mother; "but why not take St. Aloysius? When I was at school at the Sacré Cœur, in France, there was one of my classmates, Anna du Rousier, who had great difficulty in memorizing her lessons. She was very anxious to become a religious of the Sacred Heart, but feared that the Ladies would not receive her unless she were capable of teaching. Thus she saw in the light of her vocation an urgent need to advance in her classes. So she determined to ask St. Aloysius to aid her, and promised to learn by heart a summary of the Saint's life. She accomplished her task, and thenceforward was blessed with a most retentive memory, and made rapid progress in her studies."

"Did she become a religious, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, and served God so well in her holy vocation, that, being superior in Turin, the revolutionists set a price upon her head. She and her community had to flee from the city, which was controlled by the enemies of the Holy Father. Some years later, the courageous lady went to Chili, where she founded several houses of her Order, and succeeded in spreading the devotion to St. Aloysius."

"Mamma, I think I will ask St. Aloysius to help me. I shall put his initials at the top of the page in my composition book, and will hear Mass to-morrow morning in his honor."

Then running to her room, and invoking the assistance of her new patron, she began her composition.

II.

Minnie had a maiden aunt, who was extremely fond of her lovely, engaging little niece. However, it is painful to be obliged to say that we can not compliment Aunt Harriet on being a model of womanly accomplishments. She had completed her education in a modern Ladies' College. The study of physics, metaphysics, and a variety of *ologies* had unfortunately drawn her out of the sphere which her sex is intended to adorn, and rendered her almost useless, and at times disagreeable. She scribbled verses, and left them, by accident, in the leaves of books, where guests would be likely to meet them. She loved to talk about the human soul and its noble emotions, but always had an almost inexhaustible shower of tears, or fell into a fainting-fit, when any exigency in the circumstances of her friends demanded self-possession, energy, or prompt assistance.

Hygiene and anatomy were favorite themes with Miss Harriet, and, as she had attained an "uncertain age," it was natural to suppose that she had acquired experience in waiting on the sick; but whenever an invalid needed watching or careful attention in administering medicine, Aunt Harriet was unfortunately seized with a jumping toothache, pain in the side, nervousness, or some trouble that utterly precluded the propriety of asking her aid.

With a mind so liberally furnished, Minnie's aunt was, of course, a great admirer of the "human face divine," and sometimes when she would call her niece, exclaiming, "O you angelic child! I do think you are the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!" she imagined she was displaying the most graceful enthusiasm. But no one ever saw Aunt Harriet take care of the child, attend to her wants, or do anything for her benefit. The only tangible expression of her affectionate regard was given in the shape of confectionery, a box of which cost quite as much as a pretty book.

III.

While Minnie was engaged on her composition, Aunt Harriet happened to enter the room unobserved. She went over to see what absorbed the child so thoroughly that she did not hear the approaching footsteps, nor observe the intruder peeping over her shoulder.

"Ah! I see you are composing a story! That's right, Minnie, my love! It is delightful to see you taking to intellectual pursuits. Let me have the pen a moment; I will improve the sentence for you."

"Thank you, auntie dear, but I do not care to have it improved."

"Well, there's vanity! A little girl of thirteen not want her composition improved!"

"But, auntie, I am competing for a prize. It would not be fair to get any one to help me. I have placed my work under the patronage of St. Aloysius."

"Competing for a prize! So much the more reason for having some assistance. Now, run away to your play, and I will write the article for you; then you will be sure to win the prize."

At every word Aunt Harriet uttered, Minnie's eyes seemed to grow larger and darker, and at the last phrase she turned them, filled with amazement, from her aunt's face to her mother's. Reassured by the expression of the latter, she replied:

"But that would be acting a falsehood, you know."

"Not at all! A falsehood indeed! It is a very common thing. Who ever supposes that all the compositions read at school exhibitions are the original work of the pupils?"

"Circumstances vary," said Mrs. Rushton; "if those compositions are revised, it is by the teacher or professor of the class, who has a certain implied authority to give moderate correction to those competitors who excel in a department. But in this case, Minnie's composition, with the others of her class, is to be given to her teacher. I think you had better leave the task to herself."

"If you had been to college you would see things in a very different light," said Aunt Harriet, as she left the room, secretly determined to have her own way; but she said no more about it, and Minnie resumed her work without further interruption.

IV.

At the convent day-school on Walnut Street, the Rev. Mother Superior had advised with the directress to stimulate the pupils to literary efforts by offering a premium in each of the two higher classes. The pastor, the Rev. Father Merrick, and the parents of the children would be invited to be present at the reading of the best among the little essays, and to witness the donation of the prizes.

The appointed day arrived. Minnie had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother. It was a simple, graceful, childlike narration of a visit she had paid, with her parent, to a bedridden woman, who was the mother of a large family, and in great distress. The composition was not highly ornamented, but had more of originality in thought and expression than is generally found in the efforts of children of her age.

Mrs. Rushton was pleased with the subject her daughter had selected, and the unpretending way in which she had treated it. Above all, it showed a kind heart. Aunt Harriet, however, criticised it rather unmercifully, and a sort of sly, triumphant expression flitted about her smiles, as though she were in possession of a secret.

Minnie had been to early Mass, and now she peeped into the breakfast-room, and said: "Good-bye, mamma; good-bye, Aunt Harriet. Pray for me, please." She looked very pretty in her uniform dress of white merino. The story was in her hand, neatly enclosed in an envelope, and her eyes beamed with hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

"I am sure you will win the prize," said Aunt Harriet. "But don't look surprised, dear, at anything that may occur, only be thankful."

"If Katie Keating doesn't win it, I do

hope I shall," replied the eager child, and away she tripped to the academy.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Rushton and her sister took their seat among the little audience assembled in the study-hall. After an overture with four hands on the piano, the reading of the compositions began. The pastor read those of the higher class, and their prizes were given. A pretty vocal duet was next performed, after which the compositions in Minnie's class were handed to the reverend Father. The first was a sentimental essay on "Love and Friendship." The pastor seemed surprised, then amused, then vexed; while a fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous seat, was observed to toss her head and fan herself with a complacent air, meeting with a nod of satisfaction the conscious glance of a beautiful girl of fifteen who sat among the pupils.

"By Matilda Peacock," said the Father, and, laying aside the paper without further comment, he took up the next envelope—"Lines on Generosity." It was short and simple.

"Give as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give as the free air and sunshine are given—

Lavishly, piously, joyfully give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever-glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing—

Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

"KATE KEATING."

The third was a story. All the girls were anxious, because only the three best in each class were to be criticised; but Minnie Rushton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same story that she had written, and yet not the same. The incidents were hers, but the sentiments were more romantic, and many a flowery, highly-polished sentence had been introduced which she had never heard before.

The little girl was full of wonder and dismay when Father Merrick called out her name. She looked up, and saw in his hand a richly chased cross of gold, suspended to a highly-wrought chain of the same material. The sound, the sight recalled her

bewildered senses, and ere she reached the platform she had resolved to do what was right, whatever it might cost.

"Miss Rushton, the prize is yours," said the priest, leaning forward to throw the chain around her neck.

"No, reverend Father," she answered, in a low but distinct voice, looking up at him modestly but bravely; "I did not write the story that you have just read. The one that I put in the envelope was not so good; it was changed without my knowledge, so I must not take the prize."

The tall beauty who had written on "Friendship" laughed rather scornfully, but a soft murmur of approval ran through the little assembly. Aunt Harriet took advantage of the momentary excitement to glide quietly out of the room—"French leave," she called it.

Miss Matilda Peacock was next called up. Affecting the airs of a fine lady, the fair and really graceful girl sauntered up to the platform, while the portly matron, her mother, inclined smilingly forward. Languidly extending her hand to receive the prize, the amazed and mortified girl received only her own envelope.

"Miss Peacock, I can not praise your selection," said the reverend president, softly. "The next time you want an extract on that theme, I would recommend you the pages of St. Francis of Sales rather than those of a flashy magazine."

Poor Matilda burst into tears, and the portly lady turned very red; but all thought the reproof well deserved, as the crestfallen miss returned to her seat, carrying her MS. in her now trembling hand, and seeming utterly discomfited.

"Miss Catharine Keating," resumed the good Father, smiling benignly on a noble-looking girl who came forward as he spoke. "I presume there can be no mistake about your little effusion. It gives me much pleasure to present this reward, due not only to your mental cultivation but to the goodness of your heart. What! do you, too, hesitate?"

"Will you be so kind, reverend Father," said the generous Kate, taking a paper from

her pocket, "as to read Minnie's story before you decide? I asked her for a copy several days ago; here it is."

"You shall read it to the audience yourself, my child; I am sure that Sister Antonia and those present will gladly listen to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf."

Then Kate, with a modest self-possession which well became her native dignity, did full justice to the pretty and touching story, of which Minnie had been so cruelly robbed.

"It is well worth reading," said Father Merrick, when she had finished. "Your friend has won the prize, dear child; and as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it."

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Minnie's neck; and Minnie could not restrain her tears, while she whispered: "I take it not as a prize, but as a gift from you, dear Kate."

"And now, Miss Keating," said the amiable pastor, "I must tell you that, although only one premium was at first offered, the critics have awarded this second prize to you, on account of the merits of your little poem." And a beautifully bound copy of "Selections from Shakspeare" was presented to her.

Then the good Father withdrew, and the audience quietly retired.

"Minnie, will you lend me the Maltese cross you received as a prize?" said Mrs. Rushton the next morning. She was dressed for a walk, and Minnie wondered what she could wish to do with her pretty cross; but she immediately unclasped the chain from her neck, and handed it to her mother, without asking any questions. "I hope, my daughter, that you have recognized the protection of St. Aloysius, and that you will offer a Holy Communion in his honor to show your gratitude."

"I certainly will; for I am sure I owe my prize to him. What can I do to imitate him, dear mamma?"

"My child, try always to set a good example to all your companions. St. Aloysius

was very exact in the performance of every duty; and, although he never preached a sermon in his life, his virtuous example has induced thousands to love and serve God in the world and in the higher life of Christian perfection."

When Minnie returned home from school that day, she found her cross had the word "Truth" engraved on it in handsome Gothic capitals; and in a little box near it was a beautiful gold ring, elaborately chased, and adorned with a glittering pearl. In the interior of the circle was inscribed, "Souvenir from Minnie to Kate." We leave our young readers to imagine how affectionately she kissed her kind and thoughtful mamma.

A Mother's Prayer.

There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire—"Do not forget to pray for me." She did not forget to do what he had asked, but prayed for him morning and evening.

One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger: he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army at the battle of Buffalora. Soldiers who stood on his right and left were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away, and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flints hit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even received a scratch.

Mozart's Prayer.*Catholic Telegraph.*

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot covered with vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years old Frederika could play well on the harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat; but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: "Let us take a walk to the woods. How sweetly the birds sing! and the sound of the river as it flows is like music." So they went.

As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said, thoughtfully: "Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray!"

Frederika asked, wonderingly: "What should we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," replied her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederika, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents, and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederika.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music; and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know any one was near them. Turning, he saw a fine gentleman who had just come from the woods.

The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him, "Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he

can earn money, so that we shall be no longer poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederika answered: "He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That can not be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the little boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard, and on opening the door the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening. Thus God answered the children's prayer.

Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata, which he had composed, the stranger entered, and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterwards the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers. From that time the father and his children gave concerts in many cities of Germany and France.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Catholic as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servant. By the fulfilment of His will, mine is satisfied."

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build,
Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

—*Longfellow.*



VOL. XXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 25, 1886. No. 26.

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On Christ's Nativity.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

HAPPY the babe whose eyes first see the light
Of life upon the holy Christmas Day!
Some special grace will be with him always,
And Mary keep him ever in Her sight:—
Blessèd the soul that takes from earth its flight
Into eternity! For on this night
The gates of Heaven stand open, and the way
Thereto illumined by the radiant flight
Of joyous angels in a shining throng,
Who sweep their wings among th' expectant
spheres,
And raise their voices in triumphant song;
Hearing which, the earth-shriven soul that
nears
The golden heights, could no more miss its
way
Than the sun misses his straight path thro'
day!

The Liturgy of Christmas Day.

ON Christmas Day three different
Masses are celebrated—the Mid-
night Mass, the Mass of the Morn-
ing, and the Mass of the Day,—and each of
these Masses has a special character of its
own. God the Father gives His Son to the
world; this miracle is wrought by the Spirit
of Love, and the whole earth renders to
the Most Glorious Trinity the homage of a
triple sacrifice. He whose Nativity we com-
memorate on Christmas Day is manifested

by three births: He is born of the Blessed Virgin; He is born by His grace in the hearts of the Shepherds, who are the first fruits of Christianity; He is also born eternally in the bosom of His Father, amid the splendors of the saints. This triple birth is honored with a triple sacrifice. The Midnight Mass is celebrated in memory of the birth of Our Saviour according to the flesh; the Mass of the Morning is offered to honor the birth of Jesus, Son of God and the Virgin Mary, in our souls by His grace; the Mass of the Day commemorates the eternal birth of the Son in the bosom of the Father.

I.—THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

"The Lord said to Me, Thou art My Son; to-day I have begotten Thee." These are the first words of the Introit of the Midnight Mass. Then comes the *Kyrie eleison*, which serves a prelude to the hymn of the angelic choirs, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Let us join heart and voice in this ineffable and rapturous concert of the heavenly host. Our brethren the angels begin this canticle; they are round the altar, as they surrounded the Crib of Bethlehem, and they are singing the song of our happiness.

Before the Epistle the priest says the following prayer: "O God! who hast illumined this sacred night with the splendor of Him who is the True Light, grant, we beseech Thee, that, having known this mysterious Light here below, we may hereafter enjoy in heaven all the blessings of which He is the source." Then follows the

Epistle, which is taken from the Epistle of St. Paul to Titus: "Beloved son, the grace of God Our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instructing us that, renouncing impiety and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly, and piously in this world."

In the Gospel we assist at the birth of the Infant Jesus in the Grotto of Bethlehem, accompanied by the songs of the angels. At the Offertory a glad cry of rejoicing goes up from the heart of the Church: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad before the presence of the Lord; for He is come." In the Secret the celebrant asks of God that the offering which is presented to Him may be agreeable to Him, and that we may become like the Infant Jesus, in whom the human substance is united to the Divinity. In the Preface the priest thanks the "Almighty Father, Eternal God, because by the mystery of the Incarnation of the Word a new ray of His splendor has been sent to shine on souls" God makes Himself known to all in a visible manner, in order that by this sight of Him we may conceive a rapturous love for His invisible beauties. At the Communion the faithful soul addresses its Redeemer in the words which God spoke to His Son: "In the splendors of the saints I have begotten Thee, before the morning dawn."

II.—THE MASS OF THE MORNING.

The Introit of the Mass of the Morning celebrates the rising of the Divine Sun: "Light will shine upon us to day, for the Lord is born to us; and He shall be called Wonderful, God, Prince of Peace, Father of ages to come; and His reign shall have no end. The Lord has entered on His kingdom; He is clothed with glory and with power." In two Collects the Church begs Almighty God, who has made the new light of the Word Incarnate to shine upon us, to grant that the faith in this mystery which enlightens our souls may also shine forth in our actions, through the intercession of the Blessed Anastasia, of whom we celebrate the solemn memory. St. Anastasia was a widow at Rome, who on the birthday of the

Redeemer was born to the celestial life, by her cross and sufferings, under the persecution of Diocletian.

The Epistle teaches us that the Sun which is risen upon us is God the Saviour, in all His goodness and all His mercy. The Gospel brings before us the Shepherds at Bethlehem, "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen." At the Offertory the Church glorifies the power of Emmanuel: "God hath confirmed the earth: it shall no longer be shaken. Thy throne, O God! is established from eternity: Thou art before all time." At the Communion is heard again the note of joy and gladness: "Rejoice, O daughter of Sion! sing songs, O daughter of Jerusalem! Behold thy King cometh unto thee, the Saviour of the world."

III.—THE MASS OF THE DAY.

The Word is the Child, which is born to us, according to the prophecy of Isaías; the Introit proclaims Him in the words of that prophecy: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; He bears on His shoulder the sign of His sovereignty." In the Collect we ask of Almighty God that the new birth by which this Word, His Eternal Son, has condescended to be born, may restore us liberty, and deliver us from the yoke of sin. The Word, according to the Epistle read in the Mass—which is taken from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews,—is the true Son of God, by whom He created the worlds, and whom He has made heir of all things. It is of Him that the words are spoken: "Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." This Word, too, is the Saviour who is mentioned in the Gradual: "All the whole earth has seen the Saviour that our God has sent; praise God with joy and gladness, all ye inhabitants of the earth." So in the Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. That was the true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

Again, this same Word is the infinitely powerful King who is spoken of in the

Offertory: "Heaven and Earth are Thine. Thou hast made the world and all that is therein; justice and equity are the foundations of Thy throne." The Communion expresses the happiness of the world, which to day has seen its Saviour, the Word made Flesh without suffering any diminution of His glory.

Let us complete the Liturgy of Christmas Day by addressing to the Blessed Virgin the words of a chant of the fifteenth century:

"Christians, offer your tribute of praise to the Virgin Mary.

"Eve, hapless mother, was the cause of our ruin, but Mary has given us a Son who has redeemed sinners.

"Tell us, O Mary, sweet and clement Virgin! how didst Thou become Mother of Thy Creator?

"The Angel is witness of it, sent to Me from heaven. Of Me is born the Child who is My hope."

"Yes, we know that of a truth Christ is the Son of Mary.

"Have mercy on us, Christ Our King, who was born for us! Amen."

The Brahmin's Christmas.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

I.

IT was the afternoon of the 2d of December in the year of Our Lord 187—, and the Indian sun was but little past the meridian, when two figures came slowly down the path toward the village of Mutnoor, in the Guntoor District. One was a white man, tall of stature, square-shouldered, and of soldierly build; his white robe fell to his ankles, a broad scarlet sash girdled his waist, a wide-brimmed scarlet hat covered his head, and he carried a long bamboo rod. The other was of smaller, slighter mould, with rich, bronze-colored skin, and his fine white draperies, turban, cord, sandals, and beads proclaimed him a Brahmin of high degree.

They had met on the journey up country

from Masulipatnam; a friendship had sprung up, cemented by the priest's saving the Hindoo's life; and now the latter was going to Mutnoor with his deliverer, to witness the celebration of the Feast of St. Francis Xavier.*

A group of children stationed in the road, and evidently on the lookout, spied them, and rushed into the village, shouting with shrill and gleeful voices, "The great *Swami* [master] is coming! He is here!" And men and women dropped whatever they were doing, and crowded and clustered about him in such numbers, echoing the children's cry of "*Swami! Swami!*" that his progress was stayed.

All the castes and conditions of Mutnoor were represented—the rich weavers, the farmers, the shepherds, and booth-keepers; and the Brahmin drew his robes about him, and stepped aside in haughty disgust, as a fair young woman knelt with her year-old baby raised in her arms for a blessing.

Accursed, indeed, was she, according to the laws of caste; for she was the wife and daughter of a *Tchandala*;† and yet the priest's left hand lay as gently on her child's head as his right did on that of the Catholic Brahmin boy near by.

"Why, O Richard! priest of the Church of Rome, dost thou defile thy hand by touching so vile a thing as that?" he asked.

"She for whom my Master died is as dear in His sight as a rajah's child," answered the priest.

"How! Thy Master died for that thing?"

"Do you not know, O brother! that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died for all mankind? That the wood of His Cross is the bridge to heaven? That His Blood was the

* This feast (the 3d of December) opens the ecclesiastical year, and is the gorgeous prelude to Christmas, the Epiphany being the third in order and importance of Catholic India's festivals.

† The child of a Pariah father and a mother of Brahmin descent. Such children are considered lower than Pariahs, and their children worse yet. The accidental touch of a Pariah is believed to so pollute the soul of a Brahmin that he has to offer a sacrifice to the gods and be purified, else he is lost forever.

ransom of every soul that shall be created till the end of time?"

"But not in like degree," said the Brahmin, incredulously.

"Yes: 'full measure, pressed down and running over.' And only those are lost who will not be saved—who sin against Him, and die with those sins unrepented.—Coming, Devaya"—to a young farmer who stood near. "And how have things gone?"

"Well, *Swami*. But they need you at Pedacotla Ignacy's. The last of his powder won't mix."

"I'll be there in a half hour," he answered, and moved on toward the church.

As they went the Brahmin gave a keen glance that swept the village, then said:

"This *Xaveri* is one of your gods?"

"We have no god save one, the supreme and only true God," answered the priest.

"Why, then, the *taru*,* the fireworks, the *pandal*, and the crowds that gather?"

"To do honor to a faithful servant of the Lord, and thereby praise that God. Listen to His command." And in the sonorous Hindoostanee he repeated the First Commandment, concluding with, "Worship is His alone, but His faithful servants we revere, and ask their prayers, that they may help us to a happy eternity."

II.

The nearer they came to the priest's house, the greater grew the bustle and activity. Every man, woman, and child seemed to have some specific duty, and to be engrossed in performing it. Some of them ground sulphur in stone pestles, some pounded charcoal, others polished the long narrow cannon whose bronze throats would welcome in the morning of the beloved Saint's festival; others filled buffalo-horns with powder, others stuffed rockets and "snakes" (but these worked in inclosures, around which boys flocked like bees about a hive); others toiled at the great *pandal*, or scaffolding, in the open space of the village; and some fastened rockets, horns, and

snakes to a huge wheel erected beyond the lake opposite the *pandal*.

The booths were going up, the air was filled with the sound of *tom toms*, and the sharp, bold notes of the clarionets; while from every direction came streaming the people, who, as the day waned, gathered in larger and larger numbers—Brahmins, soldiers, merchants, shepherds; women, with children to be presented in the church next day; and hosts of young girls and youths laden with wreaths and garlands of white and yellow marigolds with which to deck the altar and the statues of Our Lady and the beloved Apostle of India.

Here and there sharp words and *slippers* flew; for in the press a Pariah would sometimes draw too near a Brahmin, and horror of the outcast's touch made him snatch at the most available missile; and every man cried, "*Swami*, look!" or "*Swami*, see!" or "Is this as it should be?" or "Help us, *Swami*!" And to every man aid or advice or approval was given.

"What a contrast to our priests!" thought the Brahmin. "*They* move among the people as gods among slaves: exacting divine honors, and giving no thought to the suffering of the world, though they fatten on its labor. Who comes to *them* for help? Who looks to *them* for comfort?"

A welcome to his guest, a few minutes in the church, a light repast, and then the priest was in the confessional to shrive his people for the festival, and later was among them to superintend the decoration of altar, statues, and scaffolding, and finally to inspect the fireworks, detail the *taru*-bearers, and then, with a courteous good-night to his visitor, he withdrew for a short night's rest.

At daybreak he was afoot, and the young Brahmin with him; for it was the first Christian festival he had seen, and he was an interested witness of all that happened.

First came a cloud of white canopies, and under them women clad according to their state of life; some were wrapped in plain white scarfs from head to foot, but others wore brilliant blue skirts with scarlet jack-

* A portable circular shrine surrounded by pillars, which support its canopy, or roof.

ets, gold-threaded scarfs, rich armlets and ankle rings, and jewels on their foreheads; and all carried children, whom they dedicated to God and put under the protection of Our Lady and St. Francis. With them were their kinspeople, bearing offerings of gold; preceding and following them were bands of drums and clarionets, or drums, tambourines, and reed flutes, while all the company chanted native hymns. The aisles were soon filled with these mothers, who advanced on their knees from the door to the altar; and mingled with them were hundreds of Christians (and pagans as well), who offered candles, and besieged Heaven for favors.

In the mid-morning came the grand High Mass, with a sermon on St. Francis; and then the congregation dispersed, and the crowds of petitioners again filled the aisles.

Outside, the fun and traffic waxed high; the bazaar was filled with vendors of sweets, fruits, jewels, golden ornaments, and silken and cotton stuffs; and jugglers played their tricks, and chaffering and laughter filled the air. Disorder there was in plenty, but neither—the Brahmin noted—license nor indecency. How different from the festivals of Rama, Siva, Krishna, and the host of gods that swarmed in his creed!

The Holy Name of *Jesu* replaced the salutation "Rama, Rama!" and cheerfulness reigned. Suddenly, however, a clamor arose, and a woman's voice, shrill with fright and agony, screamed, "*Swami*, O great *Swami*, save me!" and into the heart of the crowd thrust the figure of the priest. The people were standing irresolute, half-cowed; for it was the highest Brahmin of the village that held in his grasp the frightened creature.

No one dared interfere, because an indignity, even a remonstrance, offered a Brahmin is followed by terrible punishments (not the worst of which is the cutting out of the tongue); but the priest made short work of him, seizing him by the throat, and, with a good will and a tremendous strength, laying the bamboo about his head and back till he fairly roared.

Again the young Brahmin's pride of caste arose, but the priest said: "Shall a tiger destroy one of my flock and I stand idly by?"

And then again the Brahmin youth was constrained to ponder on the creed of love taught by this Church of Rome.

"But the punishment!" he said; and the people crowding about their pastor repeated, fearfully: "Yes, the punishment! It may be death; for awful is the vengeance of the Brahmins."

"And even then I would have done it," smiled the priest. "'The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep; the hireling flieth.' But he will not have me put to death,* nor yet shall he fine you."

But they shook their heads; for had not a heavy fine crushed them only a few years before, and their other priest been sent away, for resisting and striking a Brahmin?

Again, however, he assured them no harm should come to them; and this time they looked at one another and said, "The *Swami* never lies," and dispersed to their afternoon meal with light hearts.†

III.

Higher rose the excitement as the sun went down; for the great event of the day was at hand—the procession; and toward eight o'clock the crowd streamed to the church, and, as the priest ascended the steps of the shrines of Our Lady and St. Francis to incense the statues, the congregation, indoors and out, swayed and bent and moved with the thrilling interest of the moment; and hands were outstretched, eyes grew brighter, and from a thousand lips cries of "*Devera-Talli!*" (Mother of God), and "*Xaveri!*" rose in ardent salutation.

The altar blazed with hundreds of lights, and the mass of vivid yellow flowers banked upon it and in the sanctuary filled the in-

* The Brahmins rarely strike a death-blow themselves but usually *have it done*.

† A case the parallel of this, was brought by the infuriated Brahmin into the courts, and—honor to the name of Grant Duff—his complaint was dismissed by the judge, with the advice to "take the beating as a penance for your sins."

terior with brightness; and as the stalwart, handsome men in their white robes, voluminous turbans and floating scarfs, advanced toward the statues, also half-buried in garlands, a gladder, more brilliant scene can scarcely be imagined. The great figures were raised and set in the *tarus*, the candles lighted around them, and, preceded by the children of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, the line of march was taken up for the *pandal*.

Torch after torch was kindled, and cups full of crimson, green, blue and yellow tableau powder were fired and carried aloft on long sticks; hundreds of men waved buffalo-horns above their heads, from which burst balls of blue and crimson fire; others lighted rockets, that tore through the night with burning sticks that never seemed to fall, for no damage was done; and large choirs of children sang native hymns to Our Lady and St. Francis.

Every few minutes the *taru*-bearers halted, and then, like chicks under their mother's wing, women and children, the lame and suffering, huddled under the *taru*, imploring the prayers of *Devera-Talli* (whose name echoed everywhere*), and Her Son's great servant Francis; and during these halts companies of native men mounted the nearest eminence, and sang sweetly, while the crowd took up the refrain.

Arrived at the *pandal*, the statues were set up, the priest seated on his throne with his guest and friends, and then the wrestling and leaping began, the air meantime being a-flame with rockets, squibs, and bursting globes of light, sent in twenty cases out of twenty-one from the bare hands of the men.

When the prizes were awarded, and the people's fireworks exhausted, then the great wheel was touched off and set in motion. As it swung faster and faster, the rockets streamed out like burning spokes; fiery serpents darted through the air, and the buffalo-

horns spit out their gorgeous, flaming balls. Loud, rapturous shouts greeted each fresh display, and the excitement died away only when the lake* quenched the last sparks of the whirling, exploding splendor.

IV.

Two weeks went by, and still the Brahmin lingered, and the days were days of grace; for, first through courtesy, then through interest and then through faith, he listened to the words of the priest, and found that the thirty-three million gods of his own belief were human makeshifts and indifferent substitutes for the Mighty God of Heaven, His Holy Spirit, and Jesus the Saviour of men.

For the Blessed Lady he conceived a tender love and reverence; for his quick brain recognized the wonderful part She played in the plan of Redemption; and his heart bowed before Her sweetness and purity, recoiling from the memories of Sita, Mahri, and Doorga, and the orgies carried on in their names; while the communion of saints opened channels of communion with God, that set his heart at rest, and raised his soul on high as by rounds of a golden ladder; and his affection for Richard the Priest grew so strong, that when the latter started for Peringhipuram (the head-station) to celebrate the Nativity, he followed him.

On the eve of Christmas he came to him and said: "I too would be a Christian. How can I break free from my creed?"

"By baptism and the Holy Ghost," was the answer.

"But my people, my friends, my home, my riches and honors?" asked the Brahmin.

"Sacrifice them to God."

"Bitter is the thought, and cruelly it pulls at my heart-strings; for if I do it, contempt will be my portion, and beggary my lot; from my kindred I will be estranged, and from my home cast out"

"But eternal life will be your reward," added the priest.

* The devotion of Catholic India to Our Lady is equalled nowhere except in Ireland.

* The wheel is put beyond the lake, so the people can not get near the danger.

The Brahmin thought. Then—"What is the Veda of the youth who would follow *Jesu?*"

And he listened attentively, repeating softly at the close:

"If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me."

Then he added: "I will do it, O Richard! and to-morrow thou shalt baptize me."

Then they parted, the priest to go among the people, the Brahmin to kneel in the church to pray for the coming day.

Hours passed, and, wrapped in meditation, the Brahmin did not notice that the noises without were lessening, that the crowds about the confessional had long departed, that the priest had been summoned in haste, and had not returned; nor did he observe, creeping with cat-like tread, a white figure, that stole from point to point to where he knelt, in the dim light of the sanctuary lamp. But when the stroke fell that stung like a cobra bite beneath his shoulder, he heard a voice hiss:

"There, foul pig! Strike a Brahmin again if thou darest!"

And as he fell he saw the Brahmin of the *fête* day hurrying away, with an evil smile on his lips and triumph in his eyes. And he knew he had received the blow meant for the priest, and he thanked God he had saved his friend.

"A life for a life," he murmured, and then his senses failed.

When next his eyes opened it was not a church he saw, nor an altar, nor the mild-eyed statue of Our Lady, but an open stable, from which streamed a light unlike the sun or moon or torch or flame. It centred about and rayed from a tiny Child, that lay on a young Maid's knee.

"*Jesu!*" he breathed, and then, with joyful recognition, "*Devera-Talli!*"

And up the mountain rode three men, kings all of them; for their crowns gleamed in the light; and—hush! what was the music that rose on the night? Richard the Priest had told him of it:

"Peace on earth—good-will to men!"

"Peace"? What could be sweeter than to lie and gaze on that scene! Good-will? Yes, yes; and thanks as well to the hand that struck the blow to his body. "Forgive him, *Jesu!*" And as he said it he seemed suddenly to be at the feet of the Child with the Kings; but while they offered Him gold and incense and myrrh, he noticed that in his own hand there lay only a tiny heart, on which was cut his name and those of the people and possessions he had always held dearest; and he felt abashed at the poorness of his offering. But the Child smiled a mysterious and radiant smile, and touched him three times with His cool, soft hand; and then it all vanished, and he saw the face of Richard the Priest bending over him, with tears in the dark eyes, and he said:

"I have baptized you. Gladly would I have died for you. Pray for me; for, freed from sin, you will this day be in Paradise."

"This day?"

"Yes: listen!"

And as the bell rang midnight, and the Christmas hymn rose on the air, the Brahmin's soul went out to meet the Child whose coming set us free.

Christmas Hymn.

BY M. A.

HE comes, our Infant Lord and Love!
He leaves His throne of light,
And comes to dwell with us on earth
This blessed Christmas night.
How can we fitting homage pay
To our dear Infant King,
And, kneeling at His sacred feet,
What offering can we bring?

The angel choirs to greet His birth
Carolled glad hymns of praise,
Would that in anthems like to theirs
Our voices we could raise;
And would that ours were precious gifts
Like those the Kings of old
Offered with reverential love—
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold!

On that first Christmas night He came,
 Our heavenly Infant Guest,
 In Blessed Mary's arms to lie,
 Or on St. Joseph's breast;
 But now He comes with still more love,
 Still more humility,
 To rest in these poor hearts of ours,
 To dwell with you and me.

And can we, then, make no return,
 Our gratitude to prove?
 Dear Lord, Thou knowest we have naught,
 Thou dost but claim our love.
 Come, then, our glorious Infant King,
 Our hearts Thy home shall be;
 Come make Thine empire in our souls,
 Reign there eternally.

The Blessed Night.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

IT is night, but what a night! The glittering snow, creaking under the footsteps, reflects the brilliancy of moon and stars until darkness seems to have been expelled from earth. The pines are loaded with snow, held by their strong, upright needles, while the hemlock boughs droop under its weight. The beauty of this Winter night, whether in woodland or on prairie, mountain or valley, in village or city, is not to be told; and yet it is only a reflection of the glory of that night which saw, for the first time, "the Word made Flesh and dwelling among us." No moon or starry heavens could give an idea of that light which shone, all at once, over the Stable of Bethlehem; and no waste of untrodden snow could have given back its brilliancy like the face of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

The brush of the artist seems to fail as he tries to give us the luminous atmosphere of the Stable of Bethlehem, and the harp feels the hand of the poet faltering over its strings as he tunes it in praise of "the Babe lying in a manger." Even Milton's Hymn on the Nativity makes us feel that angels alone could fitly sing the joy of that resplendent night. It is only when the "full-voiced choirs" of earth help us to fancy

ourselves among celestial songsters, that we are content.

And yet—how wonderfully the human mind adapts itself to its limited musical scale, to its short list of tones in color! The joy of a ceremony is not according to its actual perfection, but according to the glory or majesty which it suggests to the mind. And thus it is that, while even all religious solemnities (and these are the grandest and the most perfect, in themselves,) must fall short of the glory of a Christmas or Easter mystery, they still lift the mind, as it could not lift itself, to that plane of heavenly contemplation, whence the imagination wings its flight to a region trodden only by angels and by the souls in blessedness,—that region of Beatific Vision to which we must aspire during life, although it is to be reached only through death.

And still another wonder. This Church, this Holy Mother, gathering her children under her mantle, whether this mantle be one of riches or of poverty; and leading them to her altars, whether in basilicas glittering with mosaics on their gold grounds, or in some far-off chapel in a grove on the Western prairies, or, poorer still, the log-cabin of a pioneer,—whether her liturgy is intoned by some cathedral-voiced prelate and responded to by world-renowned choirs, or simply read in the Low Mass by some missionary priest with a single acolyte,—still dispenses all the graces of the Christmas night, still bears in her hands "the Word made Flesh," and lifts Him up as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. No straitness of circumstance can curtail her benefactions, and there is no richer gift for cardinal, prince, or Pope himself than she dispenses at the hand of the humblest priest to the humblest of his penitent flock.

O blessed altar-rail of the poorest of sanctuaries! thou art that Bethlehem which is truly the "House of Bread," at which those who eat shall be fed with the Food of Angels!—may we not say, rather, Food surpassing that of angels? For what angel has ever partaken of that Eucharistic Bread, in which Christ is truly present?

Well, then, may we say to the Christian people, to the true children of the Catholic Church, our Holy Mother: Lift up your eyes and behold! lift up your hearts and adore! "The heavens have indeed dropped down their dew, and the skies have poured down the Righteous One. The earth has opened and brought forth the Saviour. The waste places have given sweet buds, and out of Zion the perfection of beauty, our God, has come manifestly. This day is the true peace come down unto us from heaven. This day, throughout the whole world, the skies drop down sweetness. This day is the daybreak of our new redemption, of the restoring of the old, the everlasting joy!"*

There can be no shadow on this Christmas joy; for it comes not from earth but from heaven. No prosperity can increase, no poverty or sorrow or bereavement can diminish it. Sin, and sin alone, can dim, can even blight and utterly destroy it. Let us, then, put away all circumstances from our ideal of Christmas. Let it be to us, as it really is or it is nothing, "The Child born to us, the Emmanuel with us!"

The White Cornet.

IN the midst of the Red Caps of 1793, Sister Teresa, with her white cornet, like a dove in a tempest, passed with gentle step from the prison to the scaffold. There was no more king, no more church, no more altar, no more God; but there were the poor, the unhappy, and the suffering; and Sister Teresa's cornet was their banner of hope. Of the heroism and devotion to suffering humanity under that white cornet, the history of the time says little, but it was known to God and God's poor. It was currently reported that this servant of the sick, this friend of the people had renounced lace and diamonds for her garb of serge, and exchanged heraldic honors for a chaplet. The people knew, venerated and loved her; they valued her benefits, her bravery, and her gayety.

* See Advent Responsories in the Breviary, as translated by John, Marquis of Bute.

One day Sister Teresa was denounced as one of the hated aristocracy in disguise; she only said, smilingly, "If they want my head, I offer it with a willing heart; but I shall go to the guillotine with my white cornet, and all my friends of the lanes and alleys shall accompany me to the scaffold."

They did not touch the White Cornet; it would have caused an outbreak.

One Christmas evening Sister Teresa was in a poor garret in the Rue Brutus. A young woman was lying on a miserable pallet with twin babies just born. Upon a bundle of straw, tossed and moaned a child of three or four years, a prey to fever and famine; the father was dead. On that day the poor White Cornet had encountered only humiliations and menaces; her ice-cold hands were empty. Endeavoring to stop up the chinks of the little window that lighted that miserable shelter, she was attracted by the brilliant illumination of a princely dwelling not far distant, which was occupied by a rich man, a member of the Convention. This person, who owed his fortune to the illustrious family of Montmorency, was now one of the most rabid and haughty members of "the Mountain," the political party then in power.

"We are saved," said the Sister of Charity to the sick woman. "I shall soon return." And, crossing the street, she hastily entered the grand mansion.

At sight of her the domestics were stupefied. A religious!—a White Cornet!

"Will you kindly announce me?" asked Sister Teresa, smiling. "I am in great haste."

"What do you want?" said he of "the Mountain," casting a glance of anger and surprise on the proscribed dress of the religious.

"I ask alms."

"Alms for yourself?"

"No: for my masters."

"Who are your masters?"

"The poor. I am their servant. In a garret, on the opposite side of the street, a poor woman has just given birth to twins. She has neither fire, food, nor clothing.

She is your neighbor, and I hold out my hand."

"But that costume!—don't you know that is proscribed?"

"The faubourgs know and protect it; the people respect and love it. They call me the White Cornet."

"You were speaking of twins?"

"Yes; their mother is suffering—hungry and cold. And it is Christmas."

"Christmas! What of that?"

"It is the children's feast, and when they are abandoned, when they are poor, charity ought to be doubly theirs."

"Well, here is something for them, and make them hurrah for the nation."

"We must wait till they are older," said Sister Teresa, smiling.

"All right," replied the terrible Conventional, surprised at his own pleasantry.

"But take care of your white cornet, or one of these days its wings will be reddened."

"As it pleases God. I am ready, and my poor also; more than a thousand of them have promised to accompany me to the scaffold."

"They will not be allowed."

"But they will do so, nevertheless."

"Stop! here is something more for your little twins."

"Thanks in the name of their young mother."

"What is your name?"

"I am called Sister Teresa."

"Pshaw! that is no name."

"I own no other."

"Oh! you understand me very well. I ask your name—your family name. Sister Teresa is only a nickname. But what was your name formerly?"

"Formerly," said the White Cornet, drawing herself up a little,—“formerly I was called Louise de Montmorency.”

Sister Louise.

"BY their fruits ye shall know them." Po-tent words, and never more fitly applied than to her who, on the 3d of December, 1886, the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, laid her measure of good works at the feet of her Master,—a measure full, pressed down, running over; her God-given talent multiplied a hundredfold.

Wherever the Sisters of Notre Dame are known in America—and they are widely and favorably known through their successful efforts in the cause of Christian female education,—the memory of Sister Louise, late superior of the Mother House in Cincinnati, is to-day mourned and venerated; for she was the founder and guardian of every offshoot from the first foundation in this country, the fostering spirit that combined the different elements into one harmonious whole.

Josephine Susanna Van der Schrieck was born Nov. 14, 1813, at Bergen-op Zoom, in Holland. Her father, a wealthy merchant of that place, subsequently removed to Antwerp, where several years of her life were spent. A highly educated and cultured man, of a philosophical turn of mind, he spoke Latin fluently, and transmitted to his daughter many remarkable intellectual qualities; while she inherited from her mother her beautiful gentleness and sweetness of disposition.

They were a happy family of twelve children—nine boys and three girls. Josephine attended school for some time at Antwerp, but afterwards became a boarder at the Mother House of Notre Dame, at Namur. While from her earliest years she gave evidence of a religious spirit, her temperament was remarkably cheerful, and endowed with that keen sense of humor peculiar to the Flemish, free, however, from all trace of irony or sarcasm.

At the completion of her education, she devoted herself to various works of charity, becoming especially interested in a school for lace-making, in which many girls of the poorer classes were instructed and employed. In company with several other young ladies, she gave a considerable portion of her time to the encouragement of this excellent work, and soon became the idol of the pupils, who on her entrance into the religious state were inconsolable at the loss of their devoted friend and preceptress.

WE look around, in our stroll on Christmas morn, at the corners and cross-streets. Where shall we find a beggar soliciting alms as usual? They, too, seem to be enjoying their Christmas; for Christian charity has touched them, and they are happy.

She had for some time cherished the desire of becoming a religious, and finally made known her wishes to her family, by whom she was greatly beloved. One and all opposed her resolve; but, with that quiet determination so characteristic of her through life, she bided her time, preferring to wait patiently rather than to break suddenly the strong ties which bound her to her home. Seven years elapsed before she was permitted to carry out her dearest wish, and she was often laughingly heard to say that she had been obliged to wait a year for every one of her brothers, of whom there were then seven.

At the expiration of this time, seeing that further opposition was useless, and that he was probably interfering with her happiness, her father gave his consent to her departure, and himself accompanied her to the novitiate at Namur. Having heard that, according to the rules of the community, each Sister was obliged to perform daily some menial avocation, he begged that, in consideration of her former habits and delicate training, no such employment as that of standing over the wash-tub, or the like, would be given her. The superioress smilingly replied that each member of the Order was taken care of in accordance with her needs; and we may be sure that the gentle young aspirant would have been perfectly satisfied with any duty, however menial or distasteful, that had been assigned her.

More than once during our school days do we remember forming part of a group, who, by accident having caught sight of "Superior" at the wash tub, would gleefully peep through the window, and run away laughing at the novel sight; while she, looking up from her employment, would playfully shake her head at the group, in smiling deprecation of our childish amusement.

After an edifying novitiate, Sister Louise received the black veil of a professed Sister, May 19, 1839, and in the following year began her new mission.

During a visit to Europe about this period, the late Archbishop, Purcell was much impressed by the methods and great success of the Sisters of Notre Dame in the education of young girls, and resolved to invite them to his diocese. In response to the invitation of the Archbishop, a foundation in Cincinnati was determined upon, and in 1840 Sister Louise, with seven companions, sailed for America.

Although not given the highest authority in the little band, she was virtually the leader, by reason of her knowledge of English, which she had studied at home, and of which the others were entirely ignorant.

Arrived in Cincinnati, the Sisters were heartily welcomed by the Archbishop, and after a short residence on Sycamore Street, opposite old St. Xavier's Church, they established themselves on Sixth Street, where the original convent still stands, though surrounded by several, more commodious buildings erected at different times. The Sisters of Charity had a small day-school in the southwestern part of the city, but no boarders. The Sisters of Notre Dame received boarders at once, and these were from the best families in the city, the larger proportion being Protestants.

At the solemn High Mass of *Requiem*, celebrated by her own request at St. Xavier's Church, on Thursday, the 9th inst., numbers of those early pupils were present, most of them mothers, many grandmothers, to whom the remembrance of their convent days had been for years scarcely more than a dream, until the announcement of the death of Sister Louise struck the tender chords of memory;—aliens in faith, separated in the ranks of life by difference in position and circumstances, in numerous instances strangers to one another, but all united in the common bond of sympathy and retrospection,—girls and companions once more in their desire to pay the last tribute of love and gratitude to her who had known and loved them all.

For five years after the arrival of the Sisters in this country, Sister Louise taught several classes daily, and, thorough in all things, she proved an earnest and successful teacher. She continued to give some lessons even after her appointment to the office of superior, which occurred three years after the foundation was made in Cincinnati; but the press of other duties, and the accession of new members to the community, soon precluded that necessity.

She assumed her new position cheerfully and obediently, but with great inward reluctance, dreading the responsibility, and fearful of her unfitness for the charge. Nearly forty-seven years of stewardship demonstrated how wise a choice had been made in the selection, judging from the administrative ability she displayed, the admirable system under which

she organized and governed her immature subjects, the perfect satisfaction resulting from her simple but thoroughly practical methods; the gentle yet inflexible rule that rendered her subordinates as it were the very reflex of her thoughts and wishes; above all, the intense personal love and admiration felt for her by each individual member of the community over which she presided

The subjoined statistics (of 1886) will best show what Sister Louise accomplished during the forty-six years of her administration.* It was her custom to visit annually the foundations which had sprung from the original establishment in Cincinnati,—another proof of her excellent management; for she thereby became familiar with the progress and needs of each community, and intimate with its members, being to all a wise counsellor, an experienced directress, and a personal friend.

When we endeavor to analyze a character so admirably balanced and adjusted to the requirements of practical as well as the hidden *minutiae* of spiritual life, so eminently distinctive of the rarest qualities, so fitted to deal with worldly affairs and withal so detached from the spirit of the world, we see the impossibility of being able to do any kind of justice to this realized ideal, or to convey to those who did not know her an adequate idea of the qualities of mind and soul she so pre-eminently possessed. As was well said by a friend and companion after her death, "she had all the best qualities without any of the defects of a man; all the tenderness and gentleness of a woman, without any of her weaknesses." Hers was a strong soul, capable of battling to their overthrow with the greatest difficulties; a thoughtful, logical reflective mind, which, while it grasped a subject with unerring mental quickness, still viewed it from every side. Never impulsive, she was endowed with prompt and true intentions; and here her fem-

inine nature asserted itself; although those who knew her best believed that this great sagacity, this fine perception of differences, this astuteness in reading character, came from a higher source—that it was the wisdom which seems, like the shadow of the Holy Ghost, to rest upon a few chosen, perfect souls.

Her trust in Providence was unbounded. When human aid seemed of no avail,—when human means (of which she always used those at her command) were inadequate to the necessity involved, she placed the difficulty in God's hands, and left it there. Her trust was always rewarded, perhaps not invariably as was most natural to fallible minds to hope and expect, but she was satisfied with the results.

She had absolutely no human respect. Her whole life was a protest against the futile and degrading compromises which are made so frequently by Christians with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Her most earnest teachings were those so distinctive of the spirit of the community wherever it exists—unqualified honesty of word, deed, and purpose, joined to perfect simplicity. Once assured that as between right and wrong her course lay here or there, no thought of worldly policy or possible beneficial effects could move her. Measures which others might think best for the advancement of the interests of Notre Dame, and which of themselves were, from a purely human point of view, proper and legitimate, were never adopted by her on the plea of being conciliatory. Utterly disinterested, fearless in her denunciation of the spirit of the world, which she dreaded above all things in a religious community, she was yet so peaceful by nature, and so loth to incur enmity, that she often suffered imposition rather than insist on rights, which, after all, she would say, amounted to nothing.

Her charities were numerous and unstinted. Seldom did the appeal of misery seek her ear in vain, and many instances could be related of the delicacy and generosity with which she ministered to the wants of those whom sudden poverty, or a continued succession of misfortunes, had reduced from comfort or affluence to penury. She rejoiced at the beginning of every new charitable undertaking, and gave to it abundantly,—of counsel when asked, and often of means unsolicited. Although the rules regarding the admission of papers and

* Number of houses of the Order in the United States, 27. Parish scholars, 23,000. Day scholars, 868. Boarders, 221. Sunday scholars, 13,934. Sodalists, 24,296. Adults for Baptism, 93. Adults for other Sacraments, 593. Number of souls in all the establishments, 61,053. Professed Sisters, 645. Novices, 84. Postulants, 10. The houses of the Order on the Pacific slope, of which there are six, though branches of Notre Dame, were not founded under her supervision, having been established by Sisters sent directly from Belgium.

periodicals into the community are very strict, she subscribed liberally, towards all Catholic publications—few of which she ever saw, but to the success of which she was always anxious to contribute to the best of her ability.

On the day of her death she called the attention of her assistant to a memorandum of her charities—life was then so near its close that her humility no longer shrank from divulging what would be to the deprivation of many to conceal. "I have always done so and so for such and such people," she said. "I would like you to continue it." The Sister, already aware of her great charity, was surprised at the extent the memorandum revealed.

She had a hatred of gossip. Legitimate news, such as was proper and profitable to be known of the community, she was willing to hear; for she was too wise not to be aware that, for greater usefulness in their calling, even religious must have some knowledge of outside affairs; but she was never so stern as when anything was broached in the nature of comment or uncharitable construction of the actions of others. "Stop!" she would say; 'such things are not for us.'

As long as human nature exists it will have its affections and partialities; but if Sister Louise had such, they were unknown of men. Her sense of justice was perfect, and it was probably this fact that caused her to be so impartial and free from preferences. Thus she became endeared beyond understanding to her spiritual children, to the humblest of whom she was as accessible as to the most gifted; she knew no distinction of age or youth, or talent, or superior virtue, or natural endowment, if we may except the very old and the weak and ailing, to whom she was especially kind. Change of air or occupation was always insisted on when she saw that a Sister was becoming unfitted for her charge, and in illness no trouble or expense was ever spared by this truly maternal guardian of so many valuable lives.

Her duties were so well systematized that they fitted into each other without the loss of a moment; and such was her forethought and care for the future, that when, a couple of years ago, she found her strength failing, she asked that an assistant be given her before she should become incapacitated from duty, wishing gradually to transfer the reins of government into her hands. When the end came

all things were in order, and she in readiness to go; for, while she did not long for death, she quietly and gladly responded to the call of her Maker.

She was gifted with a remarkable memory, and never lost interest in those who had been educated at Notre Dame. She rejoiced in their prosperity, but it was when adversity came that they fully realized how dear they were to the heart of that tender mother. Many who read this sketch will bear testimony to the debt of gratitude they owed her while on earth, feeling comforted by the thought that she will not forget them in heaven. Among the pupils in the various schools which she regularly visited, the announcement of her coming created anticipations of joy, and a word of commendation from her lips was as great a reward as the little testimonials of merit she delighted to bestow.

In appearance she was tall and stately, looking, on account of her dignified carriage, even taller than she really was. Her fine, benevolent features portrayed that even character and gentle disposition which were her predominant outward characteristics. Her manners were at once gracious and reserved; her words few but well chosen. During her last years age and suffering dimmed the clear brightness of her large, tranquil eyes, and somewhat changed the expression of her features; but as she lay clothed for the grave in the convent parlor during those last days, the old expression appeared to have returned, and she seemed a spiritualized likeness of herself, "fresh from the hand of God."

Of the end, though long expected, yet sudden when it came, and all too soon for those she left behind, there is little to be said. From an eye-witness we quote the following: "She had a word of comfort and sympathy for each. Forgetful of self, she spoke to all as they came and went. 'Have you no message?' her assistant asked. 'No,' she said; 'I have told you all, I think. Keep out the world. *On no pretence let its spirit creep in!*' Always cheerful, she kept up her spirits to the end; although breathing with difficulty, and very weak, she insisted on performing her religious duties to the last hour, and without shortening the time. To one Sister, who asked her for some word to remember, she said: 'It must be short. Submission to the will of God; make this your life; relish it above all things.'

'Do not think of my death,' she said again; 'go on with your occupations. You gain nothing by grieving; on the contrary, you lose much.' And so to the end "

On the Tuesday morning after her death a Solemn Mass of *Requiem* was celebrated in the convent chapel by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, who also paid a fitting tribute to her memory in a few impressive and appreciative words. This Mass was attended only by the community and assistant priests, but on the arrival of the funeral *cortege* at Mt Notre Dame, where the cemetery of the Sisters is situated, Mass was again celebrated in the chapel of the Academy, at which friends and some old pupils were present. The remains were subsequently taken to the burying-ground, the Sisters and pupils walking in solemn procession to the hallowed spot, where she had so often assisted at the obsequies of her beloved daughters.

Hushed were the sobbings and subdued the lamentations over that quiet grave, but the sad faces and falling tears of the Sisters as they turned away told of the loss they had sustained. Yet we doubt if there was one among them who did not inwardly rejoice that the dear one had put aside the garment of mortality for the shining robe of the beatified, or who did not feel herself one step nearer heaven for her watchful and tender guardianship, believing her still mindful of her children in that home where all hope to be reunited and parted no more forever.

But, perhaps, it may be remarked and noted as strange that no mention has been made of any defect or shadow of a fault in the character of this favored servant of God. To which the writer can answer truthfully, as to her Redeemer and the Redeemer of the dear departed, that through an acquaintanceship of more than thirty years,—not intimate it is true, for she had no intimates apart from the members of her own community, yet with such opportunities of intercourse and knowledge of her as were possessed by few outside the convent precincts,—she has never heard her name mentioned in connection with fault, error, or imperfection. This opinion will be echoed by the children of her soul, the daughters of her household, the poor whom she loved, the afflicted whom she comforted, the sinners whom she counselled, the friends of her youth, the companions of her maturity,

the survivors of her old age. If she had faults or imperfections, they were like breaths upon the surface of the mirror, so fleeting and evanescent on the beautiful crystal of her soul that they were known only to herself and God.

Yet, knowing so well how she in her perfect humility would deprecate the thought—how it would have distressed her in life to have anticipated that we might thus exalt her after death, we will not close this record without asking from all who read it a prayer for the soul of her whose lips and heart were ever responsive to the pleadings of the departed, adding from the depths of our own grateful affection a fervent *Requiescat in pace!*

Catholic Notes.

At this blessed season of Christmas, as we listen in fancy to the angel-songs, and lean with the simple Shepherds by the manger-cradle of the Infant Redeemer, we mingle our adoration of the Infant with holy veneration of His Virgin Mother. Such devotion seems only natural, and in accordance with common sense; but for the benefit of those who have been nurtured in unreasoning prejudice, and for the edification of Catholics in general, we think we can not do better than reproduce the following words of Cardinal Wiseman, which fully express our sentiments, and express them far more eloquently than anything we could frame ourselves:

"If any one shall accuse me of wasting upon the Mother of my Saviour feelings and affections which He hath jealously reserved for Himself, I will appeal from the charge to His judgment, and lay the cause before Him, at any stage of His blessed life. I will go unto Him at the Crib of Bethlehem, and acknowledge that, while, with the Kings of the East, I have presented to Him all my gold and frankincense and myrrh, I have ventured, with the Shepherds, to present an humbler oblation of respect to Her who was enduring the Winter's frost in an unsheltered stable, entirely for His sake. Or I will meet Him as the holy fugitives repose on their desert-path to Egypt, and confess that, knowing from the example of Agar how a mother cast forth from her house into the wilderness, for her infant's sake, only loves it the more, and needs an angel to comfort her in her anguish (Gen., xxi., 17), I have not restrained my eyes from Her whose fatigues and pain were a hundredfold increased by His, when I have sympathized with Him in this His early

flight, endured for my sins. Or I will approach a more awful tribunal, and step to the foot of His Cross, and own to Him that, while I have adored His Wounds, and stirred up in my breast deepest feelings of grief and commiseration for what I have made Him suffer, my thoughts could not refrain from sometimes glancing toward Her whom I saw resignedly standing at His feet and sharing His sorrows; and that, knowing how much Respha endured while sitting opposite to her children justly crucified by command of God (II. Kings, xxi., 10), I had felt far greater compassion for Her, and had not withheld the emotions, which nature itself dictated, of love and veneration and devout affection toward Her. And to the judgment of such a Son I will gladly bow, and His meek mouth shall speak my sentence, and I will not fear it. For I have already heard it from the Cross, addressed to me, to you, to all, as He said: 'Woman, behold Thy son'; and again: 'Behold thy Mother' (John, xix., 26. 27.)"

The following touching and striking account of a confession heard and absolution given *in articulo mortis* has lately been brought under our notice. A French army officer told a religious that one day after a battle he had found among those left for dead a soldier, holding a Scapular in one hand and a Rosary in the other, and asking for a confessor. His forehead had been pierced by a ball, which had come out on the other side of the head; the brain could be seen through his fractured skull; in fact, he was in such a condition that nothing less than a miracle could have kept him alive for a moment. Assistance was brought to him; he arose, made his confession to the chaplain with great piety, and expired after having received absolution

We learn from the *Weekly Register* that on the same day that Mgr. Edmund Prince Radziwill entered the Benedictine novitiate, at Maredsons, in Belgium, mention of which was made in our last number, his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, was received as a postulant by the nuns of the Third Order of St. Francis, at Maria Schein, in Austria. Another brother, Prince Wladislaw, is a Jesuit; and another sister, Princess Hedwig, is a Sister of Charity.

The Syro-Orientals, the legitimate descendants and heirs of the holy Magi, have handed down to us a tradition, received from their fathers, that the extraordinary and portentous star which appeared in the heavens on the night of Christ's birth, "bore the image of a

young Virgin holding a Child in Her bosom, with a royal crown on His head."

Since the year 1858 Dr. Vergez, a learned and conscientious physician, and a Fellow of the Faculty of Montpellier, has made a searching investigation of the miraculous cures obtained at Lourdes. His convictions are those of a master of the art of healing, whose competency is unquestionable. Dr. Vergez speaks of the cures at Lourdes in the following terms:

"I am asked what I have seen at Lourdes. In answer, a few words will suffice. I have seen well-authenticated facts, facts beyond the power of science or art, works wrought by the hand of the Divinity—miracles. I have seen natural water gifted with supernatural and versatile powers. I have seen this water restore to health a child in the agony of death; I have seen it restore sight to an eye injured beyond any aid from science. I have seen it restore life and movement to totally paralyzed limbs. I have seen it cure ulcers of the worst description; such were some of its first operations. The harvest has been rich, abundant, and of long duration."

Could any testimony be more convincing? Well may we say of the miraculous cures at Lourdes: *Fingant quid tale hæretici!*—"Let the heretics invent something like them if they can!"

The *Catholic Review* quotes from an article in the *New York Sun*, entitled "How Mormonism is Recruited," in which the writer says that, while the Mormons have extended their field of evangelization over Switzerland and the whole of Northern Europe, where Protestantism is prevalent, in the southern countries, on the other hand in which Catholicism predominates, the apostles and disciples of Mormonism never found a favorite ground for their seed. We fully endorse the remark of the *Catholic Review*, that just in proportion as Protestantism is found to be less and less modified and restrained by surviving Catholic tradition, just in that proportion is there to be observed an increase of contempt for Christian marriage. This contempt for the marriage tie among Protestants, when they had degraded it from the rank of a Sacrament to that of a mere civil contract, began with the days of Luther, and has gone on increasing ever since, having now attained such gigantic proportions that the looseness of the marriage tie is the crying curse of every Protestant country in the world.

We have to acknowledge the following sums for Father Damien. Our fund was closed on the 10th inst., but we include the offerings received up to the end of the week. The whole amount is \$1,063.90:

Charles V. Jones, \$1; A Family's Offering, \$3; K. M., 50 cts.; L. McC., \$1; Thomas Bollin, 50 cts.; H. S., \$2; Mary Conway, 75 cts.; James Neely, 50 cts.; A Client of St. Anthony of Padua, \$1; Two Friends, \$1; Bridget Hickey, \$1; Mary Maloney, \$1; M. M., \$1; Mrs. B. A. Quinn, \$5; Mrs. Catherine Verdon, \$1; Mrs. A. McDonald, \$2; For the love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, \$3.65; D. J. C., \$2; A Family, \$1; Two Friends, \$2; A Subscriber to THE "AVE MARIA," \$3; P. Joyce, \$1; R. R. M., \$1; A Friend, \$1; Mary Barry, \$1; Rose Kleiber, \$1; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$10; A few Friends, New Britain, Conn., \$2; J. A. M., \$2; Mrs. William Kennedy, \$1; William Kennedy, \$1; E. P. C. and family, \$5; E. Henry, \$1; Aloysius B. Mukautz, 75 cts.; Mrs. M. E. Mukautz, 75 cts.; Mr. M. Davust, 25 cts.; Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch, 20 cts.; E. Schreiner, 10 cts.; Michael F. Kearney, \$1; John Conway, \$1; Patrick Quinn, \$1; the Rev. M. J. Dorney, \$5; In honor of the Blessed Sacrament, \$1; A Child of Mary, \$1; A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; Mrs. H. Joyce, \$1; Mrs. J. Crowley, \$1; Maggie H. White, \$1; Robert Shea, 50 cts.; Mrs. T. McDonnell, 25 cts.; Mrs. Duffy, 25 cts.; Annie Flannagan, 50 cts.; J. Griffin, 25 cts.; Bridget O'Connell, 25 cts.; Mary O'Connell, 25 cts.; M. J. S., \$1; A Child of Mary, 50 cts.; A Friend, \$5; Two Children of Mary, \$1; J. M., \$2; M. and D., 30 cts.; Mrs. Annie Salisbury, \$1; A Friend, \$2; A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; V. J. H., \$2; Mary F. Donovan, \$1; A Subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," \$2; A Friend, \$1; A Child of the Sacred Heart, \$1; A Friend, \$1; "A poor sinner," \$10; "One who needs resignation to God's will," \$1; Francis, \$5.

A Notable Book for Boys.*

In "Midshipman Bob" we have at last a Catholic story for Catholic boys—the first of its kind; though we hope the talented author will devote the rest of her life to writing for that most neglected portion of the reading community, Catholic children of either sex. "Midshipman Bob" is not the story of a truly admirable but worn-out type of boy (in stories), who in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles becomes a priest, and subsequently a bishop; nor of the often delineated hero

who supports a widowed mother and several smaller brothers and sisters in affluence, on a salary earned by working hard all day and during the greater part of the night, finally falling heir to the vast possessions of an unknown uncle or grandfather; nor the dispiriting account of an orphan, who, after a variety of heart-rending adventures, dies in the ward of a charity hospital. It is not the history of the everyday American boy, who, after reading dime novels and frontier stories *ad libitum*, steers his fortunes to the Wild West, where he falls a victim to three bullets of a six-barrelled revolver, or becomes a candidate for the penitentiary, where he spends the remainder of his days binding brooms, and concealing his identity; or who ends on the gallows, where, after making full and frank confession of innumerable crimes, he "dies game," and goes up in a blaze of glory.

It is with none of these that we have to do in the exhilarating story of "Midshipman Bob." He is a genuine, old-fashioned, rollicking, mischievous boy,—bright, clever, dutiful and affectionate, and withal determined to be a sailor, in spite of pleading mother and reluctant though sympathetic aunt. We grow very fond of the pure, clean-hearted, clear-minded lad, whose religion is as much part of his life as the air he breathes, and who never loses sight of its teachings through his naval career. For he does become a sailor, and is helped to the accomplishment of his heart's desire by a Catholic priest, formerly in the United States service, and whom Bob considers a special instrument of Providence in his behalf.

The story is interesting from beginning to end; we have but one fault to find with it: Bob's ultimate success, outlined at the end, should have been left for a sequel, with full details. What though the book abounds with nautical terms as bewildering to the general reader as they were to Bob's young aunt, the boys will like it all the better for the sea-flavor. Healthy and happy in tone, it contains lessons in self-control and true manliness that no boy who reads it can fail to heed and long to imitate. It will make a beautiful holiday gift; and if the writer were as ubiquitous as Santa Claus, with his wondrous resources, every Catholic boy in America would wake up on Christmas morning to find himself the proud and happy possessor of the story of "Midshipman Bob."

* "Midshipman Bob." By E. L. Dorsey. Reprinted from THE "AVE MARIA." Notre Dame, Ind.: Joseph A. Lyons. 1887. 265 pp. Price, \$1.



Christmas Eve.

FULL, many a hearth is decked to-night,
 To hail the blessed morn
 On which, in ages long ago,
 The Saviour Child was born;
 The churches all are wreathed with green,
 The altars decked with flowers,
 And happy, lowly hearts wait on
 And count the passing hours;
 Until the midnight chimes proclaim
 The hallowed season come,
 When Heaven's broad gates are open wide,
 And earth's loud roar is dumb.
 The myriad voices in acclaim
 The song of homage yield,
 That once from angels' lips was heard
 By shepherds in the field.
 Stilled for a time are angry thoughts,
 The hearts of men are mild;
 The father with a holier thrill
 Bends o'er his sleeping child.
 And, fountain-like, o'er all the world,
 Where Christ's dear name is known,
 Leap up the sounds of prayer and praise
 Toward the Eternal Throne.

Little Paul, the Christmas Child

BY M. S. M.

High up on the coast of North America there is a small fishing village, where little Paul lived with old Grandpère Michel. He was not Paul's real grandfather; in fact, he was no relation to him. Mr. Michel always said Paul was a Christmas gift, and I am going to tell you why he said so.

The village in which the old man lived is situated on a very dangerous part of the coast: there are rocks and shoals out in the water, where sometimes, in stormy weather, vessels are wrecked. One Christmas Eve it was very cold and stormy, and the next morning Grandpère Michel, who lived all

by himself, found little Paul lashed to a piece of wood on the shore in front of his house. He was nearly frozen to death, but *grandpère* took him in, and nursed him until he was well and strong. He was a very little boy then, not more than two years old, and could not speak plainly enough to tell anything about himself. Mr. Michel was very good to him, and Paul—this was the name he gave to the child—loved him dearly. The little fellow was pretty, with yellow curly hair, and big blue eyes, just the color of the sea.

Jean Michel was a fisherman, and would often take Paul out with him in his boat; but if it was stormy, or he expected to be gone long, he would leave him under the care of Madame Philipe till he returned. This good lady was Grandpère Michel's niece; she was a plump, rosy-cheeked woman, with a house full of children—healthy boys and girls, all older than Paul, except Marie, who was just about his age, and exactly as tall as he was. Paul and Marie were great friends; in Summer they used to wade together on the beach, and hunt for shells; and in Winter they would sit by the fire and tell each other stories.

One Christmas, when Paul was about six years old, his grandfather was obliged to go to the next town, three miles away, and he left the boy in the house by himself, with his big Newfoundland dog Carlo. Paul was not at all afraid; it was only about one o'clock when his grandfather left, and he knew he would be back before dark; besides, he was making a boat as a Christmas present for grandpa, and he wanted to work on it without his seeing him.

"Now, Paul," said his grandfather, when he was leaving, "it is very cold, and you must keep up a fire in the stove, and be sure not to let any coals drop on the floor. Be a good little boy, and if I see St. Nicholas, I will tell him to bring you something pretty." And he kissed him good-bye. Paul stood at the door and watched him go down the road, but the wind was so cold that he soon went in to the fire.

He called Carlo to him, and they began

romping on the floor;—presently he heard some one running up the steps, the door opened, and in came Marie. "Mamma said I might come and stay with you until uncle returns," she said.

Paul was glad to see her; they drew their chairs close to the stove, and he got his knife and began working on his boat.

"It is blowing hard, and mamma says she thinks there will be a storm," said Marie.

"I wonder if St. Nicholas will come if it is stormy?" asked Paul.

"Of course he will," answered the little girl; "that won't make any difference."

"I wish St. Nicholas would give me what I want, but I am afraid he won't," and Paul sighed.

"What do you want, Paul?—a drum?"

"Oh! I know I will get that, because grandpa said he would tell him to bring it. I mean something else. But I am afraid you will laugh if I tell you."

"Please tell me," begged Marie.

Paul stopped whittling and looked into the fire a minute, then whispered to Marie: "I want him to bring me a mamma."

"A mamma! Why, Paul, your mamma is out in the water."

"But can not the good God take her out of the water, and give her to St. Nicholas to bring to me?"

"But she has been there so long she must be dead," said Marie.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the poor little fellow, almost in tears; "I want a mamma! Everyone has a mamma but me, and I want one too!"

"Never mind, Paulie; you can have my mamma for yours too, and you may call her mamma."

"But I want a real one, for my own, my very own. Don't you think, Marie, if I pray real hard to the good God He will send me one by St. Nicholas?"

"Maybe He will, Paul; and I will pray too. We will ask Him to-night, and maybe in the morning you will find one standing by your stocking."

"If she is in the water she must be very

cold," said Paul; and they both went to the window and looked out at the angry waves as they dashed against the shore.

The sea was white with foam, and the sky bleak and gray, while the wind whistled around the little house as if it were doing its best to blow it away. Evidently a fearful storm was impending, but the children were used to such weather, and never thought of being afraid. They kept up a blazing fire, popped corn, romped with old Carlo, talked about Christmas, and were as happy as could be all the afternoon.

Towards dark Grandpère Michel returned, and one of Marie's big brothers came to take her home. The wind blew more furiously, and when night fell there was a perfect gale.

"It is an awful night to be on the water," said Mr. Michel; "I am glad we have such a nice warm fire." He was sitting in the big arm chair, with Paul in his lap. The little fellow was thinking of his mamma, and wondering if she could be out in the water; but he resolved not to say anything to his grandfather about her.

"Do you think the water feels very cold, grandpa?"

"Yes, indeed, sonny; if the wind goes down before morning, I think it will be frozen. It is sleeting now."

The boy was silent for some time.

"Why, Paul, you are very quiet for Christmas Eve. Don't you know you are going to hang up your stocking to-night, and St. Nicholas will fill it with pretty things? You ought to be very happy, my little man, instead of looking so solemn."

Paul listened to his grandfather, and after a while was as merry as ever. Before going to bed, he borrowed one of *grandpère's* socks, and hung it up by the chimney, and when he said his prayers he added an extra "Hail Mary," and asked the good God to send him his mamma.

He woke early the next morning, and saw his grandfather preparing to go to Mass. Paul jumped up quickly, and ran to his stocking to see what St. Nicholas had brought him. He was delighted with his

drum and other pretty things, but was sadly disappointed not to find a mamma. He looked everywhere, but could not see her. "Never mind," he said; "I'll go to church, and pray to the Holy Infant, and maybe when I return she will be here. Grandpa, may I go to Mass with you?" he asked.

Now, Grandpa Michel could not refuse Paul anything, so, after wrapping the boy in his warmest clothes, they set out for the church. It was very cold; the ground was slippery, and the wind cut their faces like a knife. They could scarcely hear themselves speak for the roaring of the wind and waves.

When they reached the church, they found many others who had ventured out, notwithstanding the severe weather, amongst them Marie, who had persuaded her mother to let her come. Paul whispered to her to pray that he might get a mamma, and they passed into the church.

The altar was bright with lights, and tastefully decorated with evergreens. Paul thought it very beautiful. The priest came in from the sacristy and began Mass. The choir sang, and it seemed to the boy he had never heard such sweet music. "It must sound like the angels when they sang to the Shepherds," he thought, and then he began to pray.

When the Holy Sacrifice was over, and the last echoes of the music had died away, the priest turned to the people, and, having spoken about the festival, said: "Let us pray for those who are at sea." While he was reciting the prayers, and the people were making the responses, above the sound of their voices, and above the loud roaring of the storm, they heard the booming of cannon repeated again and again at short intervals. They knew at once that it must come from a vessel in distress. When the prayers were ended, the people poured from the church and hastened to the shore.

They knew that some of their fellow-men were in peril, and, dark and dangerous as the water was, they did not hesitate to go to their assistance. The life-boats were soon out, and the brave men glided over the

angry waves as fast as possible, out towards the great dark object that was faintly outlined in the morning air. Jean Michel hastened home with little Paul, and, opening the door, told him to stay with Carlo, while he went to the beach to assist in the rescue.

Paul was glad to go home; he wanted to see if St. Nicholas had brought his mamma while he was away; but the house was just as he had left it, and Carlo the only living creature in it. The little fellow was very sad, and did not care to eat his candy, nor play with his toys; he was disappointed, for he had prayed so much that he felt sure of obtaining his request.

After a while the day grew brighter, the wind died away, and Paul thought he would go and see if his grandfather was coming. Opening the door, he saw a great crowd of people, but there was no one near the house. He looked at the sea. "I wonder," he said to himself, "if my mamma is in it?" And he walked to the water's edge, Carlo bounding on before him. Suddenly the dog gave a low whine, then went racing down the beach. Paul hurried after him, and, on drawing nearer, noticed that Carlo was licking something. Arrived at the spot, he saw stretched out on the beach the frail form of a lady, her face pale as death, and her long hair trailing on the sand.

"Oh! oh! it must be my mamma!" exclaimed the frightened boy. "The good God has taken her out of the water for me; but she is so cold!" And he laid his hand on her face. "Lady, please wake up!" he cried; but she did not move. Hastening towards the crowd of people, who were farther down the shore, he saw his grandfather coming to meet him. "O grandpa!" he cried, "I have found my mamma! The good God took her out of the water for me."

"What is the child talking about?" said Jean Michel, as he hurried along. "His mother has been dead these four years, I suppose."

"I prayed to the Holy Infant to give St. Nicholas a mamma for me, and He has done so," explained Paul.

"Oh!" said his grandfather, when he saw

the lady, "she must be the one who was washed overboard; we have saved all the rest; they told us that there was only one person missing."

He was a strong old man, and easily lifted the slight figure, and carried it in his arms up to his house, and sent Paul for Madame Philipe. The good woman came in haste, and soon had the lady in bed, well wrapped in warm blankets. After a while the patient opened her eyes, then closed them again and fell asleep.

Madame Philipe sent little Paul to her house to spend the day, while she remained with the stranger. The boy went much against his will; he would rather have stayed with his mamma, as he persisted in calling her. However, he was glad to tell Marie about her, and to see what St. Nicholas had brought his little friend.

Towards evening Paul could stay away no longer, and so he returned to his grandfather. The lady was still sleeping when he came in, and Madame Philipe went home for a while, promising to return soon, and leaving her charge in care of her uncle. Now, poor old *grandpère* had been up since before dawn, and, being tired out, soon fell fast asleep beside the fire. Little Paul had been sitting near him, looking at his new picture-book; and now that everything was quiet, he arose and went on tiptoe into the next room, where the sick lady lay sleeping.

The fire was burning brightly, making curious shadows on the wall, and casting a pretty red light on the white bed where she lay. Her hair was hanging over the pillow, and now, being dry, it was a pretty golden color, just like Paul's, but much longer—it reached nearly to the floor. Her face was very white even in the rosy fire-light, and it looked sad—oh! so sad, but so sweet! Paul crept gently to the bed, and looked at her. "She must be my mamma," he said, and then climbed up beside her, gazed at her intently, and, leaning over, kissed her softly on the mouth, and stroked her pretty hair. It was a very gentle touch, but the sleeper stirred, and suddenly opened her eyes, and looked up in Paul's face. He

was a little frightened; he had not meant to awaken her.

"Where am I?" she asked, as she looked around; "how did I get here? I thought I was in the water."

"The good God took you out of the water, and gave you to St. Nicholas for me."

The lady looked at Paul attentively. "You are a strange little boy," she said; "what is your name?"

"My name is Paul. I did not have any mamma, so I prayed for one. *You* are my mamma."

"Your mamma, baby? I wish I were!" And the pale face looked sadder than ever.

"But you *are*!" insisted Paul. "You have been in the water ever since I was there."

The lady smiled at his talk. "You look more like a dear little angel," she said; "will you give me a kiss?"

Paul gladly kissed her again, and was about to have a good talk with her, when Madame Philipe entered the room, and told him to run and play. She brought some soup to the patient, and was pleased to find her so much better.

"Who is that little boy?" asked the lady.

"He is a child who was washed ashore just four years ago to-day. We supposed a vessel must have been wrecked somewhere near, but he is the only sign of it that ever came to light. My uncle found him on the beach, and has kept him ever since. The little fellow has been so much alone that he is somewhat peculiar."

The lady had listened with deepest attention to what Madame Philipe said.

"How many years did you say since he was found?" she asked, excitedly.

"Four years," repeated Madame Philipe, surprised at her eagerness.

"And you have never heard to whom he belonged?"

"No, although my uncle made careful inquiries, and left no means untried to find some clue to his parents."

"Was there nothing about the child that might help you to identify him?"

"Nothing, except a little gold medal set

with stones, which led us to believe he was a Catholic. His clothes were very costly, and uncle laid them away carefully."

The lady sat up in bed, and her pale face flushed. "Four years ago!—a medal set with stones! My God! could it have been my baby! Were there six stones—a diamond, a ruby, a pearl, a topaz, an emerald, and a turquoise? And did it bear a date—the year of his birth, 1870?"

In her excitement she had almost risen from the bed. Madame Philipe was astonished. "Yes," she answered, "your description is correct. Paul still wears the medal. I will call him, that you may see it."

Paul entered the room, accompanied by his grandfather, who had been awakened by the sound of their voices.

"Paul," said Madame Philipe, "the lady wishes to see your medal."

The child walked over to the bed, unbuttoned his little blue shirt, and drew out the medal—a bright gold piece surrounded by gems, and bearing on one side in tiny figures the date 1870. The lady took it in her hand and examined it carefully. "God be thanked!" she exclaimed, "it is my darling boy!" and sank back unconscious on the pillow.

Madame Philipe hastened to apply restoratives, and in the meantime told her uncle what had happened. Poor Grandpère Michel was glad to think Paul had actually found his mamma, but he was almost inconsolable at the thought of losing him.

When the lady had revived, and gained a little strength, she told them her history. Her name was Mrs. Seymour. Five years previous, her husband being in ill health, she accompanied him to Europe, leaving her only child, a baby about a year old, with relatives in America. Finding that her stay abroad would be longer than she had expected, she wrote to have the child sent to her. He was put under the care of a faithful old nurse, who had been in the family for years; but the vessel in which they took passage was never heard of after she started, and the afflicted mother was forced to resign herself to the idea of never seeing her

child again. Her husband did not long survive the shock; he died in Italy, and she was now returning, sad and broken-hearted, to her relatives,—wealthy in the eyes of the world, but stripped of all that her heart held dearest.

"And so, little Paul, you are my own dear baby, and I am your true mamma," she said, as she kissed him, and pressed him lovingly to her breast.

"Yes, and the good God *did* take you out of the water, because I asked Him; didn't He?"

"No doubt, my darling, He heard your innocent prayers."

"And must I give up my little Paul?" said *grandpère*.

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Seymour; "you shall come with us, if you wish; and if not, I will bring him here every Summer to see you. But, my boy, your name is not Paul; you were christened Noël, because you were born on Christmas. I lost you on Christmas, I found you on Christmas, and you came to me first on Christmas,—surely you are a Christmas child!"

Christmas Eve in Holland.

Christmas Eve was a time of eager expectation among the younger members of the family of Dr. Verheyn, of Harlem, in North Holland. Santa Claus would then pay his annual visit, and the children were aware that, if their old friend was indulgent, he was also just; and that before giving them presents, he made a strict investigation of their conduct, so as not to encourage idleness or obstinacy. Their consciences smote them with the vivid recollection of misdeeds, yet they hoped that the good old Saint might relent in consideration of their sincere repentance and wholesome resolutions. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the state of tremulous excitement they were in as they stood gathered in the drawing-room, late in the afternoon, waiting for Santa Claus to make his annual appearance.

"I wonder what Santa Claus is going to bring me?" exclaimed Suze, a bright-eyed little tot of six.

"I can easily settle your mind about that, Miss Suze," replied Anton, whose ten Summers gave him great superiority over his little brothers and sisters; "a rod is the only fit present for a naughty girl, who cries every night of her life when she is sent to bed."

"People who live in glass-houses ought not to throw stones," said Lina; "I suspect the rod will be for you, who are always quarrelling with us, and wanting to be boss."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Rudolph, vehemently, "he always wants me to be the horse; and the other day when it was my turn to be driver, he said I knew nothing about horses, and gave me a severe blow."

"Which you were not slow in returning, young man," retorted Anton. "You know somebody must be the horse, and it is only right, as I am two years older than you, that you should obey me."

"That I never will!" cried Rudolph, stamping his little foot with anger.

"Hush, boys!" said Lina; "you must not quarrel; Santa Claus might hear you, and then he would have nothing to do with us."

"No fear," replied Anton; "he never comes till nightfall; he is still a long way off, because, you know, he has to stop at so many places."

"He is on horseback, isn't he?" inquired Carl, a little fellow just three.

"Of course he is," said Anton; "you don't think he could travel on foot! He is accompanied by his servant, carrying two large bags, one full of sweetmeats, and the other containing beautiful toys."

"And," continued Lina, "as he walks on the roofs of the houses, he can hear through the chimneys what is going on below; that is why I was warning you not to raise your voices."

"Oh! well," said Suze, "*we* are not fighting—Carl, Iza, or myself; Santa Claus will not scold *us*."

"I am good," said tiny Iza, with self-complacency; "so I'll get the sweetmeats; won't I, sister Lina? And perhaps I'll get a doll: mine is broken, you know."

"Yes, indeed," cried Rudolph, "we know that you have broken every doll in the house, both your own and those of the others."

Poor little Iza grew quite red under the rebuff.

"I haven't broken them all, only their heads."

"And pray what use are they once they have lost their heads?" asked Rudolph.

"Oh! but I love mine all the same," protested Iza.

"Well, it doesn't matter, anyhow; I take no interest in such nonsense as dolls; they are only for girls."

"How can you say that, Rudolph," exclaimed Lina, "when yesterday you and Anton insisted on helping us wash the dolls' clothes, and you rubbed so hard that every little thing you caught hold of was torn into ribbons!"

"What silly talk!" replied Anton; "we just wanted to have the work done quickly, so that we might all play together at blind-man's-buff."

We do not know how the dialogue might have ended, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of their mother. They all sprang towards her, exclaiming, "O mamma! will you call Santa Claus? Perhaps he may not be far off."

"I hope, my darlings, you will sing your verses nicely to the Saint when he comes—I mean *if* he comes, because one can never be sure."

Mrs. Verheyne, walking up to the large mantel-piece, called out, softly: "Santa Claus, are you there? These children are very anxious for your kind visit."

The little ones held their breath, while a deep voice answered: "Yes, Madam; I will be with you in a few moments. I shall inquire into their behavior, and must hear the truth, and nothing but the truth."

The children were bewildered, and began entreating, in whispers: "Please, mamma,

don't say that I fastened a saucepan to the dog's tail."

"And don't say that I took papa's razor to shave myself."

"Please, mamma, don't tell him that I got into a passion on my birthday."

"Alas! my children, I fear Santa Claus will need all his indulgence when he makes his appearance here. I hope he may not question me too closely, or I should feel obliged to relate all these sad stories."

"O mamma!" they all chimed, "we will be so good that you will never have to complain of us again."

During this scene the maids had lighted the lustre in the centre of the drawing-room, as was usual on great occasions. Suddenly a loud ring was heard; the doors were thrown open, and Santa Claus entered, in full pontificals. His golden mitre, crosier, and vestment were dazzling, and his white hair and venerable beard struck the children with awe; they sank on their knees.

He advanced with measured steps, greeting first the mistress of the house, then inquiring in a solemn tone if she had reason to be pleased with the conduct of her children, and if they had been faithful to the resolutions taken on his last visit.

"Be indulgent, holy Santa Claus," she replied; "truth compels me to confess that they have sometimes forgotten their promises; but I am sure you will make allowance for human frailty, and take into account their tender years and their sorrow for past offences."

"I congratulate you on your frankness, madam, and hope your children will prove themselves worthy of their mother. Now arise, my little ones, and sing the hymn you have prepared."

Each child then had to go through the ordeal of standing alone before Santa Claus, and singing a verse, with beating heart and trembling voice.

"Well, my little ones," he said, "I am delighted with the pious sentiments expressed in the hymn you have just sung, and I will leave some token of my pleasure in the shape of sweetmeats. As to the more

important gifts, which you perhaps expect, I must reflect on your respective merits and demerits before bestowing them. Farewell, my dear children; love God and your parents."

Thus saying, the good old Saint disappeared, leaving the youngsters wild with delight and full of hope.

Shortly afterwards their father came home, and heard a full description of Santa Claus' visit. His peculiar smile escaped their unsuspecting notice; he only remarked: "Beware, my children, of raising your expectations too high; you might be disappointed, although Santa Claus is both generous and forbearing. However, we shall see to-morrow morning, so now good-night."

The following morning the children were up at daybreak, anxiously questioning their mother about the looked-for presents, but she could give them no information on the subject, and proposed visiting the house from top to bottom. They eagerly followed her, while she opened the door of each room. They explored every corner in vain; their spirits began to droop, and they grew silent.

"Ah! my darlings," said their mother, "Santa Claus has not deemed you worthy of his bounties; however, we have not yet visited the garret."

They climbed the stairs with alacrity, and lo! as they entered the garret, they beheld what seemed to them a little paradise; the room was tastefully decorated with flowers, and a large centre table was strewn with presents of every description, bearing the names of the exultant troop, who burst out in cries of grateful delight to their mysterious benefactor.

Our young readers can easily understand that Santa Claus is a very popular Saint in Holland, and even those who have abandoned the true faith still keep up the old custom of their Catholic forefathers. And it is not only in the Netherlands that Santa Claus is a favorite: in France and Belgium he is found to be equally generous, but he shows a decided predilection for little boys.

Ave Maria.

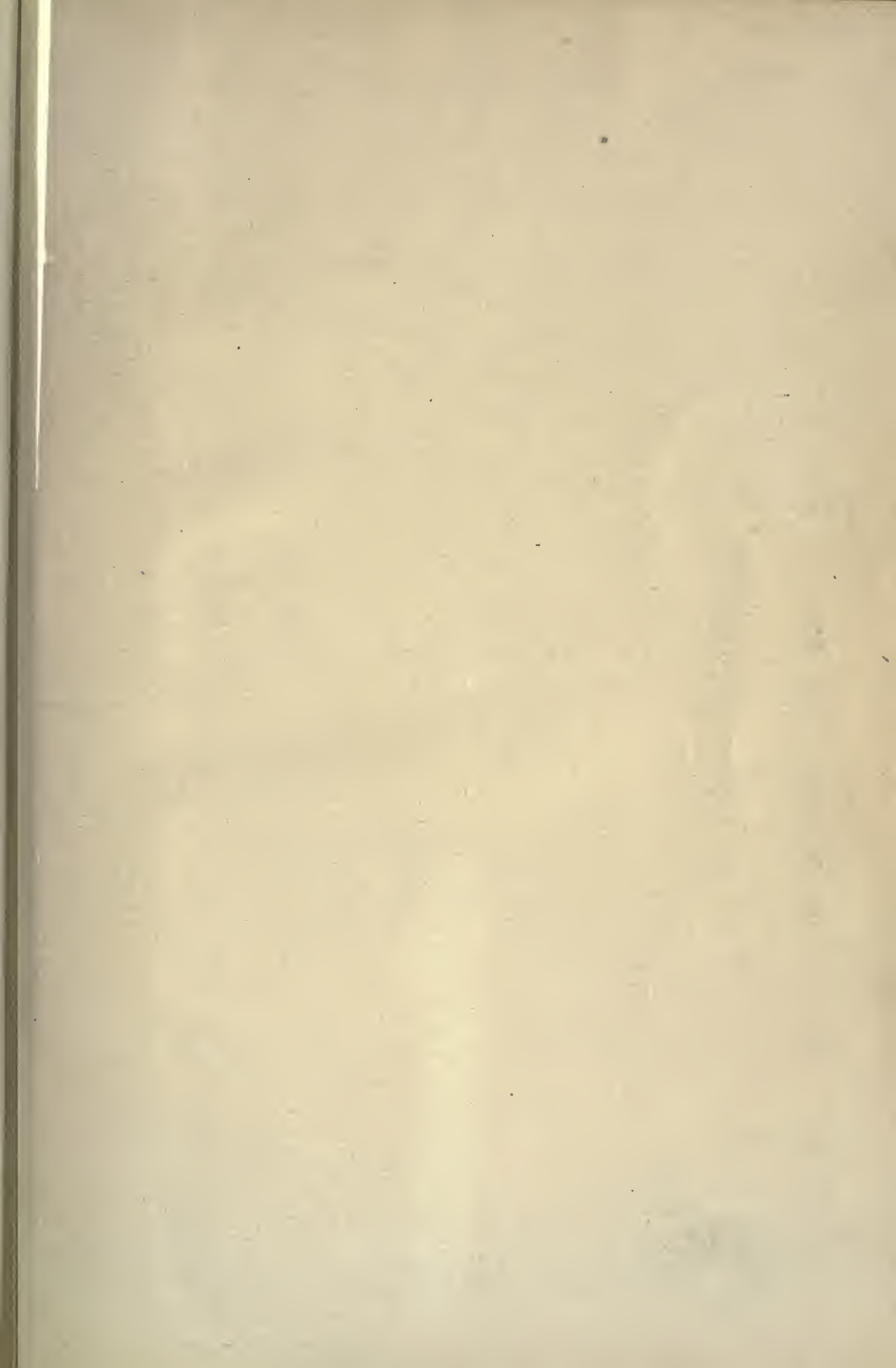
Soprano
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Ave Maria.

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